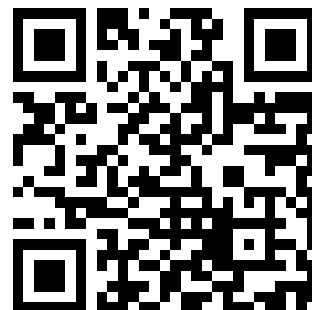

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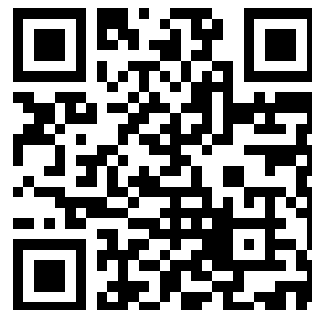
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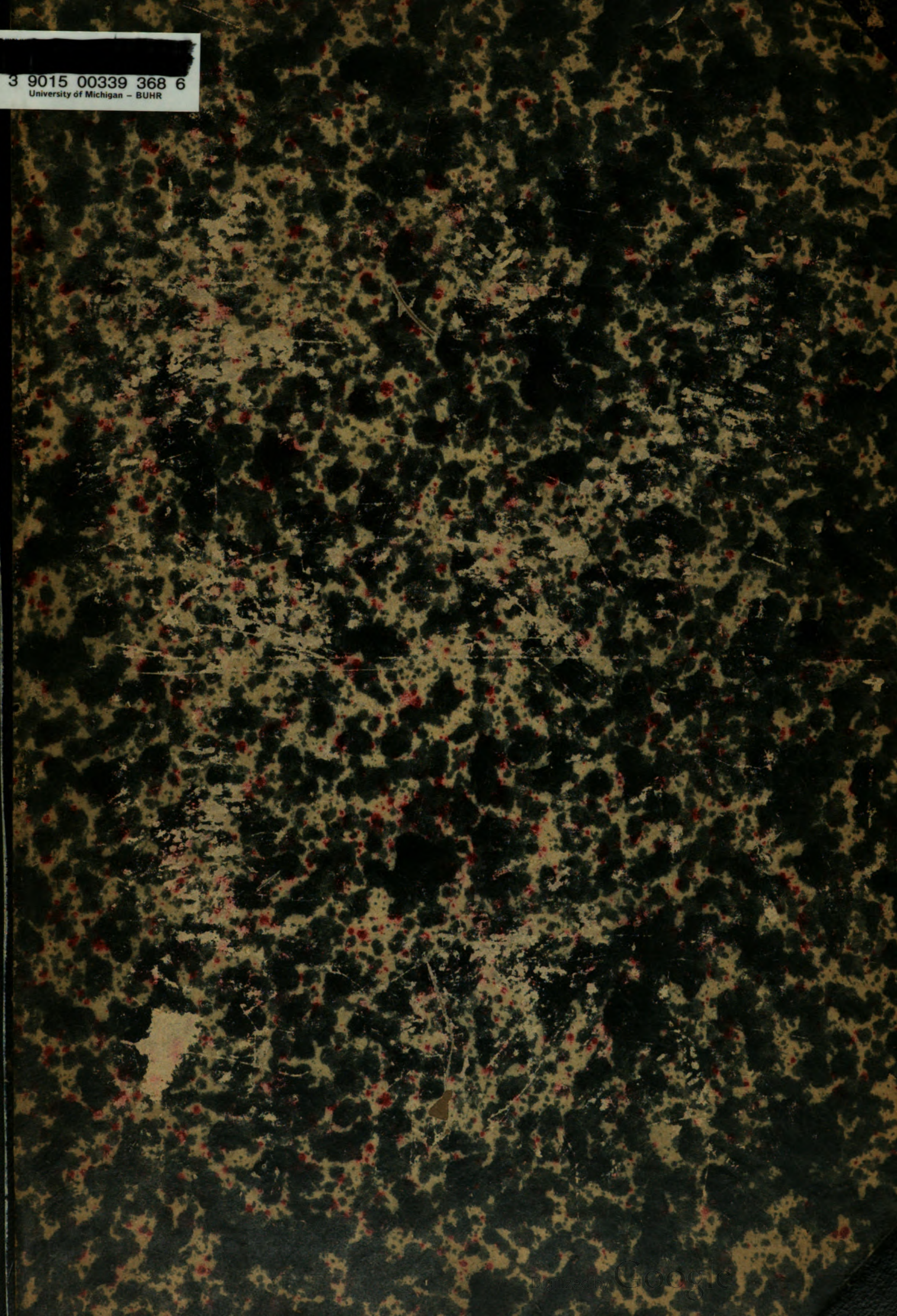
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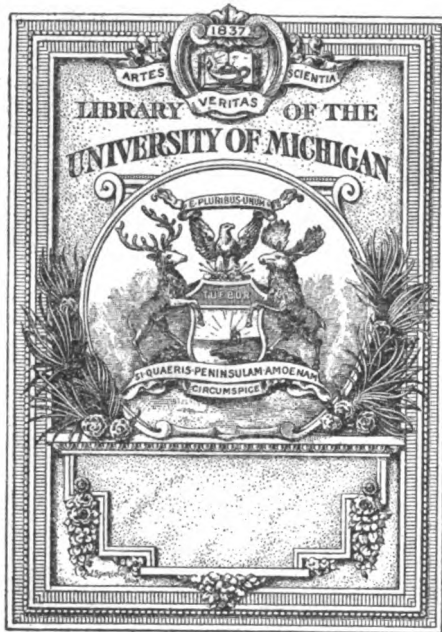
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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

No. 791, *New Series*.

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LITERATURE.

The English Church and its Bishops, 1700—1800. By C. J. Abbey. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

MR. ABBEY'S work has expanded to dimensions which he little contemplated when he first began to collect its materials. It was his original intention to have confined his volumes to a series of sketches from the lives of the prelates of the Established Church during the eighteenth century; but with him, as with many of his predecessors, the journey on which he set out has gradually led him into lands which he never purposed to tread. His review of the lives of Queen Anne's bishops was not unnaturally supplemented by a narrative of the principal characteristics of Church life in her reign; and, for the sake of uniformity in his undertaking, the memoirs of the Georgian prelates were accompanied by a similar summary of ecclesiastical history under the rule of her successors. This is the plain story of the expansion of his subject. His labour has grown upon his hands until it has comprehended within its boundaries a full history of the English Church from the accession of the good Queen Anne to the close of the last century.

Dr. Johnson, with the consuming partiality for Charles II. which he never lost an opportunity of showing, launched out on one occasion in terms of the warmest praise on the excellence of his favourite king's Church patronage, and showed in the selection of his topic his usual sagacity for the strong points of a case. "Charles II.," he said, "knew his people, and rewarded merit. The Church was at no time better filled than in his reign." The merits of the bishops selected by Charles and the inferior character of the episcopal nominees of the Georges have been tersely illustrated by a recent Church historian. His statistics show that during the twenty-five years after the Restoration there were raised to the episcopal bench sixteen divines on whom the epithet of eminent may be conferred, and that the same laudatory expression can only be assigned to twenty-one occupants of the bench during the 123 years that intervened between the arrival on English shores of the first of our Hanoverian rulers and the death of William IV. In a comparison of this kind theological tastes and, perhaps, prejudices may sometimes be brought into play; and other critics might be tempted to enlarge the roll of distinguished prelates under the Georges. When every allowance is made for reasonable differences of doctrinal opinion, the second schedule should certainly include so famous a theological controversialist as Hoadly, such a reasoner as Conybeare has been deemed by the highest

critical authorities, and so acute a critic as Watson. Mr. Abbey, with more moderation, dwells on the strength of Queen Anne's bishops in language which would find agreement in the minds of men of all parties. To his assertion that the list of bishops at that time "is a distinctly stronger one than it was as a whole through many subsequent years" no fair exception can be taken. The reason for this decline in the episcopal character lies on the surface. Under the rule of the Georges the vacancies on the bench were filled by divines of one cast of thought in political and ecclesiastical opinions. They were, with scarcely an exception, Whigs in politics and Low Churchmen in doctrine; and the qualities of character which found favour in the eyes of successive prime ministers were moderation in opinion and in expression. They were all safe men, warranted not to set the Church on fire, and not to press too hardly on those outside its pale. During this period parliamentary government became omnipotent, and with it the influence of borough patronage began to assert itself. The generality of the borough constituencies passed under the sway of patrons in the principal English families; and, if the seats were filled by the friends of the ministry, it was essential that the price of the purchase should be paid. It soon became clear to the ministerial wirepuller that the prizes of the Church afforded the means of conciliating the leading borough-mongers in the peerage; and during the eighteenth century many a younger son found his way through family influence to the episcopal bench.

The sketches of the bishops of this age are drawn by Mr. Abbey with sufficient fullness and with adequate appreciation. Two good instances of his system of portraiture may be found in the delineation of Hurd's mincing conceits and Newton's smug complacency. His enquiries have brought out many amusing traits of character in the episcopal mind. Bishop Compton, as is well known, showed a cheerful alacrity in accepting the position of commandant of the small force which safeguarded the Princess Anne when she deserted her father in 1688; and Mr. Abbey, when drawing his sketch of that prelate's life, remarks on the curious circumstance that the last bishop "who appeared in arms and took the command of troops" should have been succeeded by the last bishop (Robinson) who in our country has held a high diplomatic appointment. This love of martial or diplomatic life was not confined to these two prelates. Mews, who presided over the see of Winchester until 1706, had served under arms as a young man for Charles I.; and Talbot, the Bishop of Durham, appeared on horseback at a review so late as 1722, "in a long habit of purple, with jack-boots, and his hat cocked and black wig tied behind him like a military officer." It is even more strange to note the fondness of the occupants of the episcopal bench, whether high or low, for smoking tobacco. Sancroft's usual breakfast consisted of "two small dishes of coffee and a pipe of tobacco." Burnet, to enjoy his pipe and his pen at the same time, "perforated the broad brim of his large hat, and, putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again." Archbishop Blackburn, the jolly old Primate of York, around whom

many stories gathered, is said to have ordered, while on a visitation tour, "pipes and tobacco and some liquor" to be brought into the vestry of St. Mary's Church at Nottingham for his refreshment; but the offended vicar would not allow them to be fetched. Perhaps the strongest illustration ever pronounced on the bishops of the Georges was that expressed by Macaulay when he defied any well-informed man to state in correct chronological order the names of the Archbishops of Canterbury during the last century. Who now remembers anything about Potter than that he was the father of the disreputable politician who at one time was considered a likely rival to the first Pitt? Even so much fame is denied to Hutton and Herring. Of Archbishop Cornwallis the only incidents impressed on the recollection are that his wife's parties at Lambeth were suppressed by the order of George III.; and that he himself, although deprived by a paralytic stroke of his use of his right hand, showed marvellous dexterity in shuffling and playing his cards. The nepotism of many of these bishops has been unnoticed by Mr. Abbey. Brownlow North's tenure of the see of Winchester was long remembered through his relation's mastership of the hospital of St. Cross, near that city. A Thurlow held until recently a rich sinecure worth many thousands a year, conferred upon him by his ancestor when Bishop of Durham; and a Randolph long enjoyed one of the best endowed prebendal stalls in St. Paul's, the fruit of a Randolph's bishopric of London.

The memoirs of the bishops are the freshest part of Mr. Abbey's labours; and we have preferred to deal in this notice with that division of his work rather than with his remarks on the Church history of the century, but his views on the politics of the Church are conveyed in a commendable spirit of fairness. If we mistake not, the candour with which he approaches the consideration of ecclesiastical questions has not diminished since the appearance of the joint volumes of Abbey and Overton nearly ten years ago. His treatment of the suppression of Convocation after the death of Queen Anne stands out in welcome contrast to the attitude assumed by most Church historians. He does not overlook, and he is justified in laying stress on, the loss occasioned to the Church by the suppression of the sole body which adequately represented the views of the clergy; but he does not affect to ignore the provocation which the Lower House had given to the government of the day. No less fair are his comments on the action of Church politicians under the good Queen towards Dissenters. They were resolutely bent on what "can hardly be called by any milder name than persecution." The Schism Act which they promoted was "a disgraceful bill." On a number of side questions, interesting to students of Church history, Mr. Abbey has collected much novel information, or rearranged the old materials in a more effective system. Witness his summary (pp. 42-44) of the contributions to theological literature during the first fourteen years of the century, and his graphic account of the self-denying labours of Dr. Thomas Bray in the foundation of parochial libraries at home and the spread of missions in the colonies of

North America. A generation later High Church mobs had ceased to rule the chief towns. The various classes of Dissent dwelt kindly together, and Church people ceased to look askance on their rival religionists. The condition of Nonconformity under George II., and the growing tolerance toward all ranks of life, saving the Jews, are illustrated by a skilful selection of quotations from theological writers, and by numerous references to contemporaneous occurrences. The spirit of the age possibly resembled too much the humour of the shrewd man of the world who, during the Gordon riots, saved his house by chalking over the door, "No religion here"; but freedom from oppression came as a welcome relief to the turmoil of the preceding hundred years, and was justly characterised "a redeeming feature of the time." When Methodism presented a novel form of religion, alien to the disposition of both the classes and the masses, the fury of the populace broke out again, and theological odium asserted itself anew. Such works as that of Bishop Lavinton on *The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared* may be forgiven now; but it was little to the credit of an English clergyman, dwelling in a county where he could not but observe the good effects of the Wesleyan movement, that the bishop's scornful diatribe should have been reprinted under his editorship more than seventy years after its first appearance.

There is much to admire in Mr. Abbey's work; but in justice it must be added that greater attention should have been paid to the spelling of the proper names mentioned in its pages. W. P. COURTNEY.

The Great Silver River. Notes of a Residence in Buenos Ayres in 1880 and 1881, by Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart. (John Murray.)

THE author of this graphic picture of South American life and scenery has done himself great injustice by delaying its issue for six years, and by now publishing it without maps, without index, with so few illustrations, and especially with a title which conveys a most inadequate idea of its varied contents and comprehensive scope. The "Great Silver River," although somewhat hackneyed, may doubtless attract some readers by its glitter; but many more are likely to be repelled by the "Notes of a Residence in Buenos Ayres"—a topic which, if anything, has rather been overdone of late years. Meantime a very large portion of the volume, about a third altogether, is occupied with a very much more interesting—because far less known—subject than either the Plate River or its great emporium. This subject, thus strangely kept in the background, is the little-frequented and rarely described Uruguay River, which the traveller ascended, under favourable conditions for studying its surroundings, as far as the old Jesuit station of Santo Thomé, on the Brazilian and Argentine frontier. The trip was made partly by rail, partly by water, on board a steamer of the American type, built in England, and specially adapted for navigating the upper reaches of this great artery.

At a distance of over 350 miles from its mouth, the Uruguay was found to be still as broad as, but much deeper than, the Thames

above Windsor. As it here leaves the open, treeless pampas, penetrating, as it were, by a backdoor into the sub-tropical woodlands of South Brazil, a comparison was inevitably suggested between the sylvan charms of the two streams.

"Though the woods that cast their purple shade across it, and left but a silver track in its centre, were not to be compared for loftiness or massive leafiness with glorious Cliveden, there was such an infinite variety in their foliage; each tree with its rich drapery of creepers and twisting tendrils and swinging air-plants, formed such a vegetable wonder in itself; beneath there was such an intricate growth of flowering shrubs and underwood, such a wealth of humbler ferns and reeds and grasses, that nature seemed really to have exhausted every form of vegetation in clothing the banks that hemmed us in on either side" (p. 185).

When in London last year, Dr. Schweinfurth, also fresh from sub-tropical lands, unhesitatingly declared English scenery of this class to be the most perfectly beautiful on the surface of the globe. Even these lovely South Brazilian landscapes, though more gorgeous, with greater wealth of colour and variety, have less repose and majesty. Instead of the dreamy haziness that soothes and prepares for the renewed work of life, they diffuse dank vapours, a sickly steaminess suggestive of ague and sapping the energies of mind and body. Even the stout Teutonic settlers in the South Brazilian provinces are unable to resist these subtle influences; and conspicuous among the "dejected inelastic" groups met with along the river-side tracts is the "tall German doctor, with long sandy hair and ragged beard," who appears to have become as inert as the rest of the foreign settlers, and to have lost his self-respect, "to judge by his linen, his tipsy talk in atrocious Spanish, and his general air of beeriness."

It is satisfactory to find that some at all events of our race still hold out, that the Scotch and Irish stockbreeders in Argentina are conspicuous for their intelligence and industry, and that the indomitable British civil engineer is noted here, as all the world over, for his physical energy, his professional skill, and exuberant spirits. It was scarcely, however, in the best of taste to expend some of these exuberant spirits in practical jokes on those half-famished Italian strolling actors lost amid the South-American backwoods, who were brought on board and treated to

"ham sandwiches, with mustard half an inch thick, which they swallowed with watering eyes and beads of perspiration on their foreheads. Perfect internal sinapiisms some of them must have been, all mustard and no ham! Poor wretches! though they may have thought the food peculiar to these *indivolvati Inglesi*, they seemed to appreciate its substantial qualities, and washed it down with so much beer that it at last became somewhat difficult to get rid of their uproarious cordiality" (p. 176).

Nor is this passage penned in quite the best of taste; and, although the author can write good English, he can also at times commit himself to the most startling vulgarisms, as when he speaks of people being "struck all of a heap." He has also an unfortunate weakness for interlarding his sentences with scraps of French, Latin, and other foreign

tongues, mostly without the least necessity. Instances are *minauderie, culte, bénitier, chemin croix*, capped by such tentative efforts at a mixed language as "retrempé'd" and "échelonné'd."

But perhaps these eccentricities are not meant to be taken seriously; and they are in any case amply compensated by the generally healthy tone of the book, which contains many amusing descriptions of the author's personal experiences, as well as much sensible advice to intending emigrants to "The Great Silver River." A. H. KEANE.

A History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. By T. Dunbar Ingram. (Macmillan.)

As one reads Dr. Ingram's defence of the Union, one cannot help recalling the strong words of condemnation used by Mr. Lecky in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*. "There are, indeed," he says, "few things more discreditable to English political literature than the tone of palliation or even of eulogy that is usually adopted towards the authors of this transaction." Dr. Ingram has investigated the matter, and has found that the eulogists were right. He has gone to the original sources of information, and has convinced himself that the Union was "free from any taint of corruption." In his opinion the only mistake was that it was not immediately followed up by a general measure of Catholic emancipation; but this was not the fault of Pitt, Cornwallis, or Castlereagh. His verdict is certainly startling. It is all the more startling that, with the exception of one letter from the Cornwallis correspondence, which he has completed from the Public Record Office, his original sources of information are those which have been open to everybody for the last thirty years.

If Dr. Ingram had been more moderate, he would have written a more useful book. It was quite worth while to show, as he has done, that Irishmen were not opposed to a union with England so long as the alternative was a state of dependence, and to argue that the form of partial independence which was attained in 1782 was not a good form or one likely to remain unchanged. It is undeniable that in the last years of the century there were powerful reasons for reforming the constitutional relations between the two countries; though it is by no means so clear as Dr. Ingram evidently thinks it that an incorporating union was the only escape from the difficulty. Union, however, was at any rate a perfectly intelligible and defensible policy; there is nothing unreasonable in the argument that it was a necessary policy. Pitt and Cornwallis, moreover, did seriously desire that it should be accompanied not only by emancipation but by a settlement of the tithe difficulty; and but for the obstinate bigotry of the king they would have endeavoured to satisfy the hopes which they had raised. This defence could fairly have been maintained by Dr. Ingram, and in developing it he would have usefully drawn attention to a side of the controversy which, perhaps, has been unduly neglected. He might have urged that the object was so clearly good that we should not too carefully scrutinise the means. If he had been more anxious to write an impartial history,

he would frankly have admitted that the means were often discreditable. He would have given a faithful picture of the Cornwallis correspondence, warning his readers beforehand, as the editor of the Cornwallis correspondence warns his, that a mass of documents relating to the Union have been purposely destroyed. His picture, drawn from the evidence still remaining, would have shown the English ministers and the Irish executive engaged in a constant and anxious intrigue, discussing with one another how to win over this or that individual, what promises might be made to one class of the people without exciting the opposition of some other class, and often despairing of their ultimate success. There would have been ample opportunity of dealing with the exaggerations which have gathered round the subject, of showing that the grant of compensation to proprietors of disfranchised boroughs did not seem so immoral then as it does now, and of pointing out where the evidence as to the grosser forms of corruption breaks down. But in whatever way he treated the matter, an impartial writer would not have tried to make out, as Dr. Ingram does, that the Union was carried with the hearty assent and concurrence of the vast majority of the Irish people. Nothing is clearer than that the three great religious bodies had to be bought over—Churchmen by linking the Church of Ireland to the Church of England, and thereby guaranteeing the continuance of Protestant ascendancy; Presbyterians by a promise (which was kept) of increasing the Regium Donum; and Catholics by a promise (which was not kept) of removing their disabilities. Even then, with the way thus gilded, the result was uncertain. In December 1799 Lord Cornwallis writes: "I entertain every day more doubt of our success on the great question of the Union." As late as April 1800 he writes: "I believe that half of our majority would be at least as much delighted as any of our opponents if the measure could be defeated." Over and over again one meets with such expressions of doubt; and in face of them one wonders what Dr. Ingram can mean by the hearty assent and concurrence of the people of Ireland.

The book is open to criticism on other points; but, if it thus fails in the chief point, in proving that the Union was freely accepted by Ireland, it fails altogether. There is no need, therefore, to measure the precise depth of corruption which was reached in the course of the negotiations. The only untenable position is that they were "free from any taint of corruption." Why, if they were as pure as Dr. Ingram would have us believe, does Lord Cornwallis so often break out into self-reproaches, and excuse the baseness of the means by the greatness of the object to be attained? "I despise and hate myself every day for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without the Union the British empire must be dissolved." Why should he despise and hate himself if no unworthy arts were employed?

No one, it is to be hoped, will take a single page of Dr. Ingram's history on faith. It is not, indeed, actual misstatement, but one-sidedness, that the reader has to guard against. A little independent examination will show, for instance, how incomplete and, therefore, inaccurate is his account of the failure of the

commercial negotiations in 1785, how ludicrously he exaggerates the importance of the local resolutions in favour of the Union, and how totally he misjudges the real strength of the Catholic vote after 1793. Dr. Ingram writes with evident honesty of purpose; but he has attempted to prove too much, and his case has run away with him.

G. P. MACDONNELL.

Buddhism in Christendom. By Arthur Lillie. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

CHRISTIANITY seems to act on many minds like a magic mirror in which they find reflected the habitual object of their own thoughts or desires. To the pious athlete it, of all religions in the world, is "muscular" and "manly." To the British Philistine it is something between a mercantile transaction, a legal fiction, and a political compromise. To the dreaming revolutionist it is a system of communism; to the wakeful capitalist, a cheap insurance on property; to the classical scholar touched with agnosticism it is "stoicism plus a legend"; to Hebraists like Ewald, Renan, and Kuenen it is the natural expansion, the ultimate efflorescence, of Judaism; to the rabbinical student it is only explicable through the Talmud; to Mr. Lillie, an old Anglo-Indian officer deeply interested in the religions of Hindustan, it is a rather corrupt form of Buddhism.

The theory that Christianity has its roots in the teaching of Gautama is not now put forward for the first time. *Prima facie* the two religions seem to have many points in common. The founder of each is represented as an incarnation of the Supreme Being, who comes down to earth for the salvation of mankind, is born of a pure virgin, welcomed with rapture by aged prophets, distinguished for learning in boyhood, subjected after a long fast to diabolical temptations which he victoriously repels. Each inaugurates his missionary activity by a "Sermon on the Mount," and gathers round him a band of disciples, among whom there is one traitor and one especially beloved. Both work miracles, are persecuted, and transfigured. It is even maintained that the Gospel parables are derived from those of Gautama; but to judge by the specimens presented in this volume, the resemblance is that of Monmouth to Macedon, or of *She* to the *Epicurean*. The Buddha was not crucified; but as the death of Christ is generally admitted to have been a historical event, Mr. Lillie and those who think with him probably regard it as one of those proverbial exceptions that prove the rule. According to a late legend, only found in Chinese sources, the Buddha revived for a few moments in order to comfort his mother, and this, of course, has to do duty for the Resurrection. Again, Buddhism as an organised religion has its canonical scriptures, its general councils, monastic orders, creed, commandments, confession, absolution, and places of worship resembling Christian churches in their structure and arrangement. In Tibet there is even a hierarchy with something like a pope at its head. And it is argued that, as Buddhism is much the older religion of the two, the debt, if any, must be on the side of its Western rival.

All this, as I have said, is well known, has long been known, yet the inference suggested is rejected by nearly every scholar of note, more especially by experts in Buddhism. Nor is the reason far to seek. However numerous may be the superficial resemblances they are as nothing compared to the differences of doctrine, amounting, if we are to trust the best accredited authorities on both religions, to diametrical opposition between them. To put the matter briefly, Buddhism believes neither in the creative power of God nor in the immortality of man. What Christianity teaches on both points we all know. Moreover, of the five great Buddhist commandments, one forbids the taking of animal life and another forbids the use of alcoholic liquors, whereas both acts are permitted within certain restrictions by Christianity. Mr. Lillie boldly faces these two difficulties, meeting them by a direct denial of the accepted views. According to him the true original Buddhism was a religion of theism and immortality; the true original Christianity a religion of total abstinence from meat and strong drink. It is difficult for one who is not himself an Oriental scholar to form an opinion on the first contention. I must say, however, that the arguments and citations brought together by Mr. Lillie (pp. 215-221) seem to me most inconclusive in themselves and, above all, most inadequate to outweigh the unanimous verdict of such scholars as Profs. Rhys Davids, Oldenberg, and Kern.

As regards Christianity, all educated persons can judge for themselves. Here, where one can check his statements, Mr. Lillie shows an amount of carelessness, rashness, and ignorance that excites no very favourable presumption as to his fitness for dealing with more recondite topics. Speaking of the Mosaic law, he tells us that "slavery, polygamy, and the duty of private murder, as in Corsica, were parts of this eternal covenant" (p. 280). The prophets learned their advanced ideas from the Babylonian priests (*ib.*). How much Mr. Lillie knows about the prophets may be judged from the fact that he refers the description of the women waiting for Tammuz (whom his printer calls "Tummuz") to Isaiah (p. 317). There is a reference to "the execution of Christ by the Sanhedrin" (p. 287)—a fate which it seems he might have avoided by drinking one cup of wine in their presence (p. 267). "The Christians celebrated their Sabbath on Sunday, not Saturday. This was plainly done with Christ's sanction" (p. 275). What is more he "appointed rites" for that day (p. 276). According to Baur, "St. Paul invented Christianity" (p. 283). What Baur said was that St. Paul developed and made explicit the subjective side of Christ's teaching. The Quartodeciman controversy is described as turning on "the question whether Christ was crucified on the day [*sic*] or the day before the Passover" (p. 286)—a most unwarrantable and misleading statement. But there is worse coming. "Pope Victor proposed to change the day for celebrating Christ's death to the day of the Passover. By the change Christ was made the Paschal Lamb" (p. 288). But for certain references elsewhere, one would suppose that Mr. Lillie had never read St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. The Epistle to the Hebrews, which no critic

places later than the time of Hadrian, is knocked off as "a polemical pamphlet on Pope Victor's side of the Paschal controversy" (p. 302). Irenaeus, against whom the author cherishes a particular animosity, is repeatedly designated as a "monk" (see, *inter alia*, p. 237). As a slight contribution to the history of heresies we are informed that "the Nestorians were Unitarians" (p. 206). Finally, the forms observed in electing a pope are declared to be copied from the analogous institutions of Lamaism (p. 229), in disregard of the fact that they are the result of an independent historical development, every step of which may be distinctly traced. A writer who indulges in such vagaries cannot expect to command much confidence when he is discussing the Great and Little Vehicles, the edicts of King Asoka and the Lalita Vistara.

These, however, are mere details. The great point with Mr. Lillie is to prove that Christ and His immediate disciples abstained on principle from meat and wine; and he would probably admit that were the contrary established his whole case would collapse. He is, of course, aware that all four Gospels as they stand agree in representing Christ and the Apostles as wine-drinkers, while the Synoptics make the sacramental use of wine actually obligatory; but he rejects as an interpolation every passage supporting the accepted view. Indeed, his ordinary canon of criticism is to reject whatever tells against him and to accept whatever tells in his favour, quite irrespective of historical evidence. In one instance his recklessness leads him into a flagrant self-contradiction. The First Epistle to Timothy is quoted as genuine on p. 148 and denounced as spurious on p. 299. Really, Mr. Lillie should make up his mind as to whether the exhortation to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake" is evidence for or against his thesis. But to return. Mr. Lillie contends that St. Paul in describing the institution of the Eucharist, "says not a single word of the cup containing wine" (p. 149). This is literally, but only literally, true. For St. Paul has previously complained that at the Corinthian love-feasts the richer members brought with them a copious supply of food and drink, off which they made a good meal, thus insulting the destitution of their poorer brethren, who were not similarly provided—"so that one is hungry and another drunken (*μεθύει*)" (1 Cor. xi. 21). Clearly the cup used on these occasions was a cup that inebriated, a cup the contents of which cost money, a cup of which all would gladly have partaken had the chance been given them. Again, Mr. Lillie makes much of the advice given by St. Paul to his disciples in the fourteenth chapter of Romans not to eat meat if it is against their conscience, or if by so doing they cause scandal to their weaker brethren. But on turning to 1 Cor. xii. 23 *sqq.* we find an elucidation which Mr. Lillie altogether ignores. Much of the meat sold in heathen cities came from the victims offered to their gods, and was therefore regarded as impure by the more rigid monotheists. St. Paul respected without sharing their scruples. That there was no general objection to the use of meat as such in the early Church is indirectly shown by the Apocalyptic denunciation of "those who eat things sacrificed to idols" (Rev. ii. 14 and 20), while we look in

vain for any condemnation of animal food as such, and apart from idolatrous associations. The Acts, a comparatively old and good authority, though probably dating from a later period than that traditionally assigned to it, is quite clear on the lawfulness of slaying animals for the purpose of eating them. When weighed against such evidence individual instances of asceticism prove nothing at all.

Mr. Lillie, like others before him, finds in Essenism the missing link between Buddhism and Christianity. It is unfortunate that in this connexion he should draw so largely on the pseudo-Philonian treatise *De Vita Contemplativa*, which scholars now agree in regarding as spurious and its contents as fictitious. If we must bring in foreign influence to explain the peculiar customs of the historical Essenes, Pythagorean ideas are far more likely to have been at work in Palestine than Buddhist missionaries.

It may be mentioned that since the appearance of Mr. Lillie's book the whole subject of this alleged Buddhist propaganda in the West has been reviewed by Prof. Chantepie de la Saussaye of Amsterdam in a very lucid and temperate style (see his *Religionsgeschichte*, pp. 452-6); and that his conclusion is decidedly unfavourable even to the very modest claims put forward by Prof. Seydel on behalf of Eastern influences.

ALFRED W. BENN.

THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Die Entwicklung des Kriegswesens in der Ritterzeit. Zweiter Band. Von G. Köhler, Generalmajor z. d. (Breslau: Koebner.)

GENERAL KÖHLER is evidently a very rapid writer. It was only last year that we noticed the first of his ponderous volumes, and already the second is upon us. Its eight hundred pages take the art of war into the earlier years of the fifteenth century, Agincourt being the last battle described.

The faults which we noticed in the first volume of the work appear again in the second, though not quite in such a marked degree. The former contained merely a disjointed series of topographical and tactical sketches, without plan or connexion; while in the latter General Köhler has condescended to give at least three dissertations on general subjects—the average strength of fourteenth-century armies, the constituent elements of English and French armies during the Hundred Years' War, and the organisation of the forces of the Teutonic order in Prussia. He perseveres, however, in his old error when he introduces us to the battles of Laupen and Nicopolis without giving any previous account of the growth and merits of the warlike systems of the Swiss or the Ottoman Turks, in default of which the story of those fights loses half its interest and becomes barely intelligible.

In many respects this volume will prove more interesting to the English reader than its predecessor, for it contains General Köhler's views on the four great English battles of Crecy, Poitiers, Navarrete, and Agincourt. On each of these he finds something new to say; but we are bound to state that many of his discoveries seem to us to be grounded on a very insufficient basis of evidence. To take

Crecy as an example, we are glad to see that the general has adopted the right position for the English army, and placed it facing east on the hill to the north of Crecy, not facing south on the hill to the east of Wadicourt, as almost all the English plans have done. He has also something to say for his view that the second division of the English army, that commanded by the earls of Northampton and Arundel, was ranged to the Black Prince's left, not to his direct rear, for Froissart's phrase, "pour reconforter la première bataille," does not necessarily imply the latter position. It is also noticeable that the "battle" of the two earls contained 4,000 archers—more than a third of the troops of that description in the army—who would have been utterly useless if not placed in the firing line; as also that the Prince of Wales's force of 6,200 men was not sufficient by itself to occupy the whole mile of ground between Crecy and Wadicourt in any array which a mediæval army was likely to adopt. But here General Köhler's suggestiveness is at an end, and he atones for it by some terrible blunders. The Welsh Kerne, with their darts and long knives, who stood behind the English first line, become in his account "pikemen stationed in rear to serve as a support to the archers" (p. 365)—*i.e.*, are transformed into heavy infantry, though really the lightest of light troops. Again, in spite of Froissart's direct statement that the French cavalry reached the English men-at-arms "by coasting, as it were, along the archers," it is repeatedly stated that the dismounted knights and squires were stationed in the direct rear of the bowmen. Consequently, says General Köhler, the English archers must have been reached and driven in to allow the French to engage with their men-at-arms. So far is this from the truth that we should not shrink from saying that if the enemy's horse had once penetrated the line of bowmen and rolled it up, the day must have been as fatal to England as were those of Baunockburn and Patay—the only two occasions we can remember when hostile cavalry succeeded in closing with and routing our light troops. The 2,400 dismounted men-at-arms could not possibly have held their own against the 12,000 French horse, if the English battle array had been destroyed and interrupted by charges which had broken up the firing line of bowmen and caused even a temporary stoppage in that hail of missiles which alone could keep back the gallant knights who swarmed around Philip of Valois. This passage, however, is only one among many where General Köhler underrates the English archery. Evidently he has judged of its efficiency from that of its continental rivals, and thereby failed to do it justice. He even goes so far as to give Froissart the lie direct on this point. When the latter says that the bowmen won Crecy, we are told to give no attention to the "unkritischen Darstellung Froissarts, dem jede Einsicht in militärischen Dingen abgeht" (p. 367). The battle, then, has to be rewritten from the general's inner consciousness, and the whole tale rearranged so as to leave the credit entirely to the dismounted men-at-arms.

We have also to protest against the fearful hash of English names with which we are presented all through the chapters on the

Hundred Years' War. It is easy enough to give the forms of Kentfort, Brubbes, Askesoufort, Bercles, Whyby, Cormouaille, Canuse, and so forth, as they appear in the original documents, even if it is not worth while to turn them into their correct shapes as Hertford, Burghersh, Oxford, Berkeley, Willoughby, Cromwell, and Camoys. But it is far worse to combine a Percy of Northumberland and Oliver de Clisson into a single person through the misunderstanding of a line from the poem of the Herald Chandos, and so to produce a "Percy von Clisson, who commanded the English left wing at Navarette" (p. 509).

Of the parts of this book which deal with foreign battles we found the accounts of the Flemish fights of Courtray and Mons-en-Pevéle the most instructive reading. Their meaning is very clearly explained, as also the reason which prevented the Flemings from becoming a really formidable power—their absolute inability to take the offensive. On the other hand, Laupen and Sempach are described in a way which does not in the least solve the problem they suggest—how a force of infantry could defeat another of all arms and of far superior numbers in the open field. A vast amount of space is devoted to the campaigns of the Teutonic knights against the heathen savages of Lithuania, which does not seem to advance us far along the road of military progress, though they may be interesting enough to the German reader. The account of the battle of Tannenberg (1410), on the other hand, is well worth giving. In spite of Sir Edward Creasy's omission of this engagement in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles," it was a fight of world-wide importance, settling as it did the boundary between German and Slav so as to render it impossible for the former to carry out the subjection of the lands east of the Baltic. But for Tannenberg Poland must have ceased to exist 350 years before the date of its actual fall, and would probably have been at this moment a German rather than a Russian province. The interest of its details suggests to us that General Köhler might have done well to give accounts of two other epoch-making battles of Eastern Europe—Liegnitz and Koulikov—for which sufficient material seems to exist.

If we have seemed somewhat harsh in our judgment on this volume, we must do General Köhler the justice of saying that he has collected an enormous amount of material for history, and that his topographical studies are always clear and generally convincing. It is his tactical deductions, and his proneness to go beyond his authorities in drawing conclusions, against which we must protest.

C. OMAN.

NEW NOVELS.

- Caterina.* By the Author of "Lauterdale." In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)
A Leader of Society. By Mrs. Alexander Fraser. In 3 vols. (White.)
A Choice of Chances. By William Dodson. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)
Locked up. By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Blackwood.)
Neck or Nothing. By Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron. (White.)

Wrecked in London. By Walter Fairlie. (Vizetelly.)

Uncle Reuben's Secret. By Kate Wood. (Remington.)

The Two Crosses. By J. W. Nicholas. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

A WELL-KNOWN writer once suggested in an apparently serious article that young men and, we suppose, young women also, who displayed a bent towards literature should pass through an apprenticeship, in the course of which they should be initiated by some master or journeyman into all communicable mysteries of the craft. In the case of neophytes intending to devote themselves to fiction, special instruction would, of course, be given in the art of novel-building; and we cannot imagine that such instruction could fail to be followed by most beneficial results. The author of *Caterina*, for example, is in many respects an exceedingly competent workman, but in this special branch of his craft he seems to have everything to learn. In the first volume of his novel he lays down what is apparently an attractive ground-plan, and as his edifice slowly rises it displays a look of comely solidity; but no sooner does it reach the second storey than it suddenly falls to pieces, and though courageous and persevering attempts are made to put things right again, the completed structure has a terribly make-shift appearance. The author does not seem to have made up his mind as to the centre of interest. As he gives to his novel the name of the singer Caterina, the natural inference is that she is intended to be the heroine; but a heroine should at any rate be indispensable to a story, and Caterina, so far from being a necessity, is a positive incumbrance. She is, we should say, meant for a fancy portrait of Catherine Hayes, the once celebrated Irish vocalist, who was such a national pet that Thackeray almost ran the risk of assassination at fervid Irish hands by giving her name to one of his most unpleasant creations. Whether this be so or not she is a very charming person, but she has the grave disadvantage of being very much in the way. Unfortunately, the majority of the far too numerous characters are equally in the way; and the only personages who are really essential to the evolution of an extremely simple story are the irascible old colonel who is bent on ruining himself by amateur engineering, his plucky and altogether delightful niece who resolves to save the silly old man from himself, and the young professional engineer who is lucky enough to be chosen first as her ally and then as her husband. With a little assistance, which could have been rendered by a very few supernumeraries, these three characters would have served all practical purposes; whereas, instead, we are introduced to about thirty people, for whose sake—as they have nothing to do with the main story—endless musical performances and innumerable details of continental politics have to be dragged in, if we may so put it, by the hair of the head. The author is really an able writer, and he has a good grasp of character. Some of the Irish chapters are capital; and, had the tale been compressed into one volume, it might have been a very good one. As a three-volume novel it is—well, not good.

Nothing could well be less difficult than to describe *A Leader of Society* in such a manner as to make the class to which it belongs recognisable by the least experienced novel reader. It is written throughout in the present tense; its chapters are headed by quotations from one or other of those early poems of Mr. Swinburne's in which some woman's physical charms and moral shortcomings are eloquently celebrated; it is written in very shaky English, which is helped out by innumerable tags of French and occasional bits of Latin, the character of which may be judged from the fact that one of the masculine personages is described as a *genus homo*; and it opens with what the author calls "a picture of passion and poetry"—that is, a picture of the embraces of a German prince, who looks like a Viking, but has shifty eyes, and a young English adventurer with "a finely-rounded lissom figure," "big passionate eyes," and "lips that fire men's souls." In the intervals of their embraces the pair swear eternal fidelity; and the shifty-eyed Viking, whose "light blue eyes burn and scintillate almost into the intense velvety purple of hers," gives the young lady to understand that if she breaks her oath he will kill her, but in his excitement omits to state what will happen if he himself becomes a defaulter. After this beginning it seems quite natural—as the way of nature is in novels of this order—that when we next encounter the Viking he should be on the point of marriage with another woman whose "figure" consists of pounds, shillings, and pence; and that the young lady should be deeply in love with a man whom she has encountered in a gambling saloon much in the same way that Gwendolen Harleth encounters Daniel Deronda. Finally Reine Ferrers captures her Deronda, or rather her Capt. Alleyne, and then the trouble begins; for Prince Heinrich, the Viking, is a dog-in-the-mangerish sort of person, who, though he has himself deserted Reine, is determined that her charms shall not become the property of anyone else. Failing to shoot her, and shooting his own betrothed instead, he devotes himself to the amiable task of ruining her reputation, first with her Deronda, and then with the world at large. In this he is successful, for he is better as a scandal-monger than as a shot; and the death of his victim, who has in the meantime married a marquis and become a leader of society, brings to an end a very silly and unwholesome novel.

A Choice of Chances is a book with many merits, and what faults it has are of a much more easily pardonable character than those of *A Leader of Society*. Unfortunately, they are also less amusing, principal among them being a tendency to tiresomeness, arising, we think, from that accumulation of trivial details so often found in novels written in autobiographical form. The plot, too, is rather unduly complex; and when complexity of plot does not add to the interest of a story—as is the case here—it is apt to detract from it, and to worry the reader instead of exciting him. The first chapter warns us of a mystery ahead; but after the hint thus given the story jogs on for so long in a quiet, humdrum, non-mysterious manner that we forget all about it; and when the mine is finally sprung upon us it only startles us in the same un-

comfortable sort of way that we should be startled by an actual explosion in real life. And yet, in spite of all faults, we cannot but feel kindly towards a book written in good, pure English, and containing much that is interesting in both character and incident. Few of the portraits are more than sketches; but as sketches they are very successful. As is often the case, some of the subsidiary characters are by far the best. The medical Mitten is a humorous figure, and Sittie is a very winning little person.

In *Locked Up* we have a story of plot interest, not too long to be got through easily in a couple of hours, and admirably adapted for railway reading, or, indeed, for reading at any time when we are not disposed to make large intellectual demands. During the course of his official experience Major Griffiths must have acquired considerable knowledge of the criminal classes; but Roopy Patch is a little too clever for credibility, and is clearly drawn from the major's imagination rather than from his memory. Still, as he and his accomplice, Mr. Kight, are ingenious and entertaining rascals, the reader is not likely to trouble himself with questions concerning their genesis, but will be content to read without curious inquiry the story of their success in figuratively cutting each other's throats.

If Mrs. Lovett-Cameron had wished to describe the extent of her material she should have made a slight alteration in the title of her story. *Neck or Nothing* is a name that sounds well, but has no special relevance, while *Next to Nothing* would have been equally alliterative and a good deal more appropriate. Never was so little narrative matter spread over nearly 120 pages, and yet in spite of the extreme tenuity of the tale it is really very bright and readable from first to last. There is a little hunting, a little scheming rascality, and a little love-making, in which, for the sake of variety, the hero is perfectly passive, while the heroine and her rival are alert and active; and all these little are made the most of, and mixed together in a pudding which swells in the cooking and proves quite light and digestible.

Mr. Walter Fairlie's somewhat crude story, *Wrecked in London*, seems to be intended mainly as an impeachment of the London police, who are represented as being in the habit of locking up perfectly innocent and respectable girls, and then perjuring themselves by swearing that their helpless victims have been drunk and disorderly. We have no doubt that there are black sheep in the force; but even black sheep do not, like Mr. Fairlie's constables, commit heartless cruelties without any motive supplied either by spite or by hope of possible advantage. The story of Maggie Wilmot's abduction, though perhaps a little more credible, is decidedly unpleasant; and we can find nothing in the manner of the story to atone for the very unattractive nature of much of its matter.

Uncle Reuben's Secret is not properly a novel, but a pleasant wholesome story for young people, whose enjoyment will not be marred by recognition of the fact—obvious enough to their seniors—that Miss Kate Wood is hashing-up again one of the most

familiar of the cold shoulders of fiction. The wealthy uncle who returns from America, or Australia, or India after an absence of many years, and who professes to be quite impecunious in order to test the disinterested affection of his relatives, is a very old friend indeed, and in Miss Wood's pages he retains all his well-known peculiarities. To the readers for whom the book is intended he will, however, be a new acquaintance, and he is surrounded by a very lively and life-like group of young people. The twins are specially good, and the whole story is certain to please.

In utter gruesomeness of revolting detail the wild literary nightmare entitled *The Two Crosses* is, so far as our memory serves us, without a rival. Those who enjoy nightmares will find it abundantly soul-satisfying.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.

Platonis Apologia Socratis. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by J. Adam. "Pitt Press Series." (Cambridge.) Even after the late Mr. Riddell's excellent *Apology of Plato* there was room for another edition, and especially for one intended to meet the wants of schoolboys and passmen at the universities. Mr. Riddell's notes, good as their quality was, were too few and far between; and it is probable that his book has been bought rather for the sake of the wonderful Digest of Platonic Idioms which it contains than for its direct assistance in the text. But Mr. Adam's little edition is just what was wanted. His notes are copious and to the point; and it will be the fault of students themselves if, after using his commentary, they do not know their *Apologia* well. The word *ἐμμελῶς* in p. 20b is altogether passed over by Mr. Riddell. Mr. F. J. Church, in his recent translation of the *Apologia* and other dialogues, translates "could teach so cleverly," which seems hardly what the context requires. But Mr. Adam probably gives the right sense, "at a moderate fee," comparing for this meaning of the adverb Plat. *Legg.* 760a. Occasionally Mr. Adam has the better even of Mr. Riddell in the interpretation of a passage. In p. 40e, for instance, the latter explains *αὐτὸν* as a resumption of *ἰδιώτην τινὰ* and *Βασιλέα*, after the intervention of *εὐαριθμήτους ἂν εὐρεῖν*. But no resumptive word is wanted after so short an interruption, and *αὐτὸν* would be much more forcible if, with Mr. Adam, we make it = *ἑαυτὸν*: "even the great king himself" (Church). In p. 41b there is an awkwardness about *ἀντιπαράβαλλοντι*, and the passage is variously punctuated. Göbel has a full stop at *αὐτῶν* and a comma at *τέθνηκεν*. Mr. Adam follows other editors in putting a comma at *αὐτῶν* and a colon at *τέθνηκεν*, although he recognises the asyndeton which is the consequence. Would it not be possible to put a comma (or even a colon) at *Τελαμώνιος*? Then we should require no stop at *τέθνηκεν*, and the sentence would run smoothly without asyndeton. One other question. If "the best MSS." have *μᾶλλον οὐδὲν* in p. 18b, and if that yields a good sense (as rendered by Riddell or Church), why does Mr. Adam read and translate *οὐδὲν μᾶλλον*?

The Cyropaedia of Xenophon. Books I.-II. With Introduction and Notes by H. A. Holden. (Cambridge: The Pitt Press.) What Dr. Holden calls Xenophon's "greatest work" has suffered no small neglect in this country. There is probably no complete edition of the *Cyropaedia* with English notes except that of Mr. Gorham, now many years old; and only fragments of the work have since been edited (Bks. IV.-V., by Dr. Bigg, Bks. VII.-VIII. by

Prof. A. Goodwin). We should be inclined to suggest, if Dr. Holden will pardon the remark, that the *Cyropaedia* is the dullest of Xenophon's writings, and that few editors have had the courage to undertake what Dr. Holden promises us presently—a complete edition. The eagerness with which everybody who writes about this unfortunate work pounces upon the little romance of Pantheia and Abradates, suggests relief rather than admiration. The truth is, it is a moralising book, a book written with an object and without any genius; and the manners and customs which it incidentally describes are not an interesting picture of one nation, but are derived from a clumsy blending of Xenophon's Athenian education, his Asiatic wanderings, and his Spartan tastes. But Dr. Holden has done his part with characteristic thoroughness. His introduction and notes are very full and helpful, and so is his running analysis. Here, however, we dissent once or twice from his account of the course of events. Cyrus had not, we think, "passed the two youthful stages" of the Persian discipline (p. 113) when his mother took him to Media. He was only a boy, not an *ἔφηβος*, as Xenophon clearly tells us in I. v. 1. Nor does he "return to Persia" in I. vi. 1 (p. 169). He was already in Persia. He merely "went home." In I. vi. 12, by the way, Dr. Holden prints the old reading *Ὁὐ μέρμημα*, but the reading with which his commentary deals is that of Hug and G. Jacob, *Ἐδ μέρμημα*.

Homer's Iliad, xxi. By A. Sidgwick. (Rivingtons.) The merits of Mr. Sidgwick's school-books are well known. We only wish he had avoided two mistakes. In the introduction, which is repeated from Book xxi., the account of the Homeridae and of Pisistratus is wrong (p. 11), as any reader of Mr. Monro's *Iliad* knows. And, secondly, Mr. Sidgwick's philology is—alas!—obsolete. The value of "philology" to boys is dubious; but it is at least needless to teach them about "Ja" and "Bhiam" (l. 22) and other things they will only have to unlearn. With these reservations, we can thoroughly recommend the book.

Selections from Martial. By J. R. Morgan. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Morgan has selected seventy-five easy epigrams of Martial "as a stepping-stone to higher things for boys who can do their twenty lines of Vergil at a lesson." The idea is good, and the selection judicious; though the book is not long enough to fill up a term's reading. The scholarship of the notes sometimes requires revising, e.g., the explanations of i. 70.5 and 17, iv. 13.7, vi. 28.7, vi. 43.8, vi. 61.2, and one or two more, are rather doubtful. The translations, too, are sometimes paraphrases. If a boy is saved a lexicon, he should at least be told the literal sense of his word. But, nevertheless, we think that many schoolmasters will find the book serviceable.

Cicero de Senectute. By L. Huxley. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) We are afraid we cannot speak highly of this book. It has two main faults. First of all, the notes are not very accurate in point of scholarship. The words *ut in gratiam cum voluptate redeamus* (§ 56) are rendered "so that we are restored at last to favour with pleasure to ourselves; prudentia is said to mean "learning" (§ 1); *chiasmus*, the figure of speech, is explained as "gaping" (p. 6, l. 20). And these are only small specimens out of very many. Secondly, the notes are not well put. The *quincunx* is explained "lines set diamondwise," which is just the way the Romans did not describe the pattern. There are far too many cross references, which Mr. Huxley, as a schoolmaster, cannot imagine to be of much use. However much he may like the plan of explaining an author from himself, this is not the way to do it. Some of the philological notes are not

wanted (p. 17.3, *ib.* 17, &c.) The *De Senectute* has been already admirably edited by Dr. Reid, and Mr. Shuckburgh has produced a very useful little book. Mr. Huxley has not imitated them. The Clarendon Press seems unlucky with the *De Senectute*.

Cicero de Senectute. By E. W. Howson. (Rivingtons.) This little edition is intended as a companion volume to Mr. Sidgwick's *de Amicitia*. The notes, on the whole, are scholarly; but there is an extraordinary blunder in the explanation of *emancipata* (§ 38). We are inclined to think that, with the exception of the biographical notes, they are much too short. The *de Senectute* and *de Amicitia* contain a great many difficulties for a fifth-form boy, many more than Mr. Howson's commentary recognises. We are sorry to have to add that the book seems to us to be in many parts nothing more than an abridgment of Dr. Reid's work, and that quite without acknowledgment. Even the note on *emancipata* is only a muddled abstract from Dr. Reid. We venture to think this is a little unworthy of a Fellow of King's.

Notes on Thucydides I. By B. Geare. (Longmans.) Mr. Geare's notes are not bad, but we cannot say we think they were worth publishing in their present shape. They seem to have been thrown together a little after the fashion of a *variorum* edition; and, with much that is good, much that is bad has also crept in. The quotations, in the earlier part of the book, from Curtius's Greek history are very unhappy. The first volume of Curtius is the least valuable and most uncertain of the four—at least, from a schoolmaster's point of view. And the notes are not always worded very carefully. Some might have come out of a boy's note-book.

Anglice Reddenda. Selected by C. S. Jerram. Second Series. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) The success of his first series has induced Mr. Jerram to make a new collection, recognising that constant use at any school soon exhausts the usefulness of such compilations. Series II. differs from Series I. in several points. It is, as a whole, more advanced. It contains a larger number of extracts from Homer and Herodotus. The pieces are longer, and a useful table of references (pp. 19-24) has been added. The printing appears to be very correct, and the book as a whole is convenient for its purpose, to be used either for written exercises or for oral construing at sight. Now and then the *graduating* seems doubtful or unsound, *e.g.*, 49, though from Caesar, is very hard, while 156, though from Cicero, is comparatively easy. Still, on the whole, the book deserves the success of its predecessor.

THE fourth edition of Madvig's text of *Livy*, XXI.-XXV. (Hauniae: Gyldendal) does not differ materially from that which was issued in 1880, except in greater clearness of typography. In xxii. 38.4, he would read *aptandi* for *petendi*; and in § 9 of the same chapter for the corrupt *quodne* he gladly accepts the conjecture of Zachariae *quid ni*, reading below *diem* for *et diem*—a very neat restoration of a passage which has long been troublesome. In xxiv. 3.2 a slight change of punctuation has greatly improved the sense. It is pleasant to find that the veteran scholar, even though he was dependent upon the eyes of others, continued to keep this edition of his favourite author up to the latest results of scholarship.

Die Quellen der Odyssee. By Otto Seeck. (Berlin: Siemenroth.) Herr Seeck devotes his 420 pages to an attempt to dissect the *Odyssey* in accordance with the methods of Kirchhoff and Wilamowitz-Möllendorf. We fear we cannot recommend his book, but a sketch of his results may be both instructive and amusing.

He discovers three *Urodysséen*, a "Telemachie," a "Transformation," and a "Contest with the Bow"—the first two of late date, the third very old, but all intertwined by Pisisstratus into one whole. Thus, in one book, ll. 1-50, 84-99, 121-327, 444-453, and 627 belong to the Telemachie; ll. 51-80, 100-118, 330-384, 387-443, and 454-626 to the "Transformation"; the "Bow" is unrepresented, and the remaining nine lines are due to the Pisisstratean editor. The proofs given for all this are very weak. As an example, we may quote the argument for the Pisisstratean recension. Briefly, it seems to run as follows (p. 385 foll.). Dieuchidas, a Megarian writer, who lived, possibly, about 350 B.C. (Wilamowitz), mentions Pisisstratus, and a corrupt and ambiguous passage in Diogenes (1.57) may possibly imply that he knew of a Pisisstratean edition of Homer. Now, Dieuchidas sometimes copies Hellanicus. He may possibly have done so here. Moreover, an interest in literature may possibly have existed in the sixth century B.C. "Was wissen wir," exclaims Herr Seeck, "vom sechsten Jahrhundert?" Homer, having been thus edited, was placed in the state archives, and for a while forgotten. A popular Homer, very unlike the official one, was alone current. Hence it comes that the Attic dramatists seldom treat a Homeric subject (Paley). Finally, however, the official text became the usual one, and it is that which we now have. In this string of impossibilities one point only need be noticed. The passage of Diogenes mentioned is corrupt; but, as it stands, it may easily bear another sense than Herr Seeck's. "Diogenes [so it can be rendered] rejects the view that Pisisstratus inserted ll. 2-546, and thinks, like Dieuchidas, that Solon did so." This means only that Dieuchidas gave the usual account of Solon's action in the Salamis quarrel. We have written thus much because the Pisisstratean recension has hitherto been regarded as exploded; and its renovation, whether by Wilamowitz or by some lesser light, is noteworthy. But the reflection with which we really leave Herr Seeck is different. A little while ago there was reviewed in the ACADEMY a treatise on three books of the *Iliad*, filling 1,800 pages. Dr. Seeck has written 400 pages on the *Odyssey*. Who pays—the writer, the publisher, or the customer—for this flood of dissertation?

WE have received *Selections from Caesar*, by the well-known editor of school-books, Mr. G. L. Bennett (Rivingtons), which deserves to be warmly recommended; *Selections from Ovid*, by Messrs. Heatley & Turner (Rivingtons), comprising fifty-five elegiac pieces, with notes, &c., for young boys; *Easy Selections from Ovid*, by H. Wilkinson (Macmillan); and *Easy Latin Passages for Unseen Translation*, by A. M. M. Stedman (Bell).

WE also have on our table *Odyssee Epitome* by Pauley and Wotke, and *Vergilii Carmina selecta* by Eichler, both belonging to the "Schenkl Series" (Freitag & Tempky). Both are "texts" only, but the latter might be of use to schoolmasters wishing to read the best parts of Vergil quickly with a high form. It contains a map of Hell, to illustrate Aeneid VI.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately in a volume the series of papers on "The Present Position of European Politics" that have recently been appearing in the *Fortnightly Review*. The title page states that they are "by the author of *Greater Britain*."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce two volumes of School Sermons—by Mr. Herbert A. James, now dean of St. Asaph, but lately headmaster

of Rossall; and by Mr. E. C. Wickham, headmaster of Wellington college.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & Co. will publish early this autumn an important work, in two volumes, on the Canary Islands. The writer, Miss Olivia M. Stone, author of *Norway in June*, visited with her husband all the islands of the group, being the first English people to accomplish the feat. Illustrations from photographs taken during the tour, and eight maps made from the author's personal observations, will accompany the letterpress.

DOM ODILO WOLFF, of the Beuron congregation of Benedictines, has in the press a work on the Temple of Jerusalem and its dimensions, in which several hitherto obscure points concerning its exact position and dimensions will be cleared up. An essay on the principles of the measures used in planning the temple, in which the geometrical fundamental rule of its construction is established, cannot fail to interest antiquaries. The author treats successively the tabernacle, Solomon's temple, Zerubabel's and Herod's temple. The volume will be illustrated with a dozen lithographic plates.

WE are glad to hear that Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*—a work originally written in 1835-6, and now almost unobtainable—is to be reprinted in India, by the Himalayan press at Lahore. It may be remembered that Prof. Max Müller, in his *India: What can it teach us?* expressed a strong desire for a cheap edition of this book, as being an authoritative account of native character by a most accurate and unprejudiced observer.

MESSRS. M. H. GILL & SON, of Dublin, will shortly publish a new novel, entitled *Moy O'Brien: a Tale of Irish Life*, by Miss E. Skeffington Thompson; also, *Handbook of the History of Philosophy*, by Albert Stöckl, part 1, "Pre-Scholastic Philosophy," translated by Prof. T. A. Finlay, of University College, Dublin.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co., have made arrangements for the issue of a new and revised edition of *The Sea: its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril and Heroism*. The work, which will be brought down to the present time, will be issued in serial form; and Part I. will be published on July 25.

Child's World Ballads is the title of a new volume of poems by Mrs. Sarah Piatt, announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will shortly publish a new novel by Esmé Stuart, entitled *In His Grasp*; the story is "respectfully dedicated" to the Society for Psychical Research.

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH will have ready for issue this month a new edition of his "General Catalogue" of Books and MSS., in six volumes of about 4,500 pages in all, containing about 40,000 entries. A seventh volume, consisting of the index, will follow next year. A limited number of copies will be printed on large paper. Mr. Quaritch announces that he will issue no more classified catalogues; but that henceforth he will confine himself to "rough lists," of which he has already sent out at various times more than eighty.

MR. CHARLES LELAND—Hans Breitman—will read a paper before the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday next, July 6, at 8 p.m., upon "The Literary Training of the Memory and of the Eye."

THE Edinburgh Public Library Committee have appointed Mr. Hew Morrison, schoolmaster at Brechin, as principal librarian. There were fifty-two candidates for the office

and these included several practical librarians of recognised ability and long experience in library work.

THE Queen has signified to the Rev. C. T. Wilson her acceptance of a copy of his book, *Russian Lyrics in English Verse*.

Correction.—In the announcement of the forthcoming *History of Berwick*, which appeared in the ACADEMY of last week, it was stated that much useful material would be used from the collections of the late Mr. James Hardy. This should have been "from the collections of the late Mr. Robert Weddell, of Berwick." It is the revision of the MSS. that Mr. James Hardy has kindly undertaken.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. H. J. MACKINDER, of Christ Church, has been elected to the new readership in geography at Oxford, on the joint nomination of the delegates of the common university fund and the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Mackinder, it may be recollected, read a paper before the Geographical Society in January last upon "The Scope and Methods of Geography," which attracted considerable attention.

THE little volume in preparation for the bazaar to be held at St. Andrews, towards the end of August, for the Students' Union promises to be of more than ephemeral interest. It has been edited by two of the professors, and will contain contributions by Andrew Lang, R. L. Stevenson, Austin Dobson, F. Anstey, E. Gosse, J. W. Mackail and others, including students now in residence at the university, with illustrations by B. Lemon, H. Rivière, W. Hole, and T. F. Paton.

AMONG those upon whom honorary degrees were conferred by the university of Durham at the midsummer convocation were—Mr. Barclay V. Head, of the British Museum, author of *Historia Numorum*; and the Rev. John C. Atkinson, author of *Cleveland Ancient and Modern*, and many other archaeological and historical works.

MR. HENRY WHITE WALLIS, the Hibbert student of 1884, whose essay on "The Cosmology of the Rig-Veda" has just been published by the Hibbert trustees, has been elected a fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

THE *Cambridge University Reporter* prints the names of all those upon whom the degrees of Doctor in Letters and Doctor in Science have been conferred up to the present time. The number is thirty, of whom the following fourteen are Doctors in Letters—Isaac Taylor, W. W. Skeat, H. Sidgwick, A. W. Ward, J. Peile, R. C. Jebb, H. Jackson, C. A. M. Fennell, J. E. Sandys, Percy Gardner, A. S. Wilkins, J. Gow, J. P. Postgate, and J. S. Reid. Of the total, thirteen are from Trinity, five from St. John's, four from Christ's, three from Caius, and two from Peterhouse.

THE annual report of the library syndicate at Cambridge contains the following paragraph regarding the principal additions recently made to the library:

"The presents made to the library in the year 1886 are of unusual interest and value. They include the splendid library of Chinese books collected and presented by Sir Thomas Wade, Mr. Cecil Bendall's gift of Sanskrit MSS. from Northern India, and the Badger collection of Syriac and Christian Arabic MSS. presented by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The generous gift of Mr. Bradshaw's representatives includes, besides minor items, his MS. note-books and papers, containing the record of many of his bibliographical researches, and an important series of books either printed in Ireland, or connected with that country, which was formed by the late

librarian as a supplement to the Irish collection presented by him to the university in 1870. From Mr. Bradshaw's library the syndicate have also acquired by purchase the great Madden collection of ballads; and to the generosity of the subscribers to the Bradshaw memorial fund they owe the late librarian's *Adversaria*, his choice collection of Civil War newspapers, and a number of early pamphlets and other scarce pieces, which have been presented during the current term."

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

THE *Open Court*, of Chicago, "a fortnightly journal devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis," has received permission from Prof. Max Müller to print in full the series of lectures upon "The Science of Thought," which he delivered last March before the Royal Institution. One of these lectures has already appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*; but we understand that neither of the other two—on "The Simplicity of Thought" and "The Identity of Thought and Language"—will be published separately in this country. In the number of the *Open Court* for June 9, we also notice contributions from Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. R. A. Proctor, Prof. H. C. Adams, and Mr. John Burroughs, besides a London letter signed "Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner."

THE Papyrus Club of Boston has contributed 600 dols. (£120) towards the project for building a summer cottage for Walt Whitman, recently noticed in the ACADEMY. The *New York Critic* states that Walt Whitman's income from all sources last year amounted to 1,600 dols. (£320).

AT the suggestion of Prof. Howard Crosby, of New York, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow has begun to form a list of patrons for the Egypt Exploration Fund, each patron being pledged to contribute not less than twenty-five dollars annually. The first patron who has entered his name upon Dr. Winslow's new list is Col. Elliot F. Shepard, of New York.

AT the recent annual meeting of the American Oriental Society in Boston, the executive committee were authorised to transmit to M. Naville the congratulations of the society upon the successful accomplishment of his great labour, the compilation and publication of the variorum edition of *The Book of the Book*.

THE American branch of the firm of Cassell & Co. announce a novel entitled *A Tragic Mystery*, written by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in collaboration with Inspector Thomas Byrnes, chief of the detective bureau of New York.

MESSRS. GINN & Co., of Boston, announce for publication during the summer a thoroughly revised edition of Dr. Albert S. Cook's translation of Sievers's *Grammar of Old English*; and, later in the year, Zupitza's *Old and Middle-English Reader*, translated by Prof. G. E. MacLean, of the University of Minnesota.

MESSRS. BENJAMIN BROS., of New York, announce for publication, in the autumn, a new periodical, "devoted to the interests of those who collect rare books, prints, and autographs," to be entitled the *Collector*.

THE ninth term of the Concord school of Philosophy will begin on July 13. Twelve morning lectures will be devoted to Aristotle, and ten evening lectures to dramatic poetry.

MR. EDMUND ROBERTSON'S little book on *American Home Rule*, recently published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, has received the following commendation from the highest American authority, the *New York Nation* of June 16:

"Within the limits that the author has set himself, he has done his work with singular accuracy. . . . [He has] furnished us with a really

excellent political text-book. We should hardly know where to turn for a clearer and neater account of our complicated system of government within an equal space."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A GERMAN JUBILEE ODE.*

Zum 50 jährigen Regierung-Jubiläum Ihrer Majestät der Königin Victoria von Gross-Britannien und Irland.

21. JUNI 1887.

Es tön't ein Festgruss durch die Welt in tausend-fachem Wiederhall
Und pflanzt sich fort von Pol zu Pol als froher Kunde Jubelschall.
So weit der Menschen buntes Volk bewohnt das weite Erdenrund,
Ein Name klingt heut' herzensfroh durch Land und Meer von Mund zu Mund.

Victoria! die Fahne flieg't bei schmetterndem Trompetenton,
Victoria! vom hohen Mast jauchzt es des Meeres rauher Sohn.

Victoria! die Trommel dröhnt's von glänzendem Parafeld,
Victoria! es blitzt das Wort mit Donnerschlag durch alle Welt.

Bei Waffenklang, im Pulverdampf, bei Hurrahruf, Commandowort,
Durch Sturm und Braus, Victoria! Aufjauchzend klingt es fort und fort,
Ein tosend Meer von Lieb und Treu umschäumt Alt-England's weiten Strand,
Den Wall von Trotz und Manneemuth, erschütter nie im Weltenbrand.

Victoria! Du Siegerin! so weit des Löwen Zeichen gilt,
War Deines Namens hoher Klang stets Deines Volkes Schutz und Schild;
Wo irgend eine Woge schäumt, da flattert Albion's Panier,
Und in den Kampf für die Cultur zieht seiner Söhne stolze Zier.

Wo Tyrannei und Barbarei das Menschenthum in Fesseln schlägt,
Ist's England's Heldenvolk, das stets den Lorbeer des Befreiers trägt.

Wo irgend ein geknechtet' Volk ringt muthig für sein göttlich' Recht,
Hat noch des Briten starke Hand die rohe Willkür stets geschwächt.

Und wo nur je ein flüchtig Haupt als Schirmstatt England sich erkor,
Vergeblich nie hat es geklopft an dieses Volkes gastlich Thor.

Wo einst das Sklavenschiff das Meer geschändet mit lebend'gem Gut,
Streich heute friedlich, stolz und frei der Segler durch die blaue Flut.

Ein Weltenreich, so gross und kühn, in seinem Bau so meisterhaft,
Dess' Wurzeln trinken aus dem Born von tausend-jähr'ger Heldenkraft,
Das nie gewankt im schwersten Sturm, von Gott und seinem Recht nicht lässt,
Ein Riesentempel steh't es da, geschmückt zu einem Weltfest.

So bring, Victoria, Dein Reich Dir Heute seine Wünsche dar,
Und flicht der Liebe grünes Reis Dir jubelnd in das greise Haar.
Hell schimmert wohl das Diadem, mit dem Dich schmückt des Reiches Macht,
Doch schöner prangt der Liebe Zoll, der Herrschertugend dargebracht.

* This ode, by Prof. Keller, was addressed to the Queen—and accepted by her—in connexion with the jubilee present from Germans resident in England, which consisted of a picture by Prof. von Werner, representing the congratulation scene by all the members of the German Imperial family on the ninetieth birthday of the Emperor William. A sketch of this picture was submitted to the Queen on Wednesday of last week by a deputation consisting of Herr Oscar von Ernsthause, Prof. Max Müller, Baron von Stern, &c.

Victoria! durch fünfzig Jahr' ziert Deine Stirn
des Reiches Glanz,
Durch fünfzig Jahr wand Liebe Dir der Tugend
duft'gen Blütenkranz,
Und Macht mit Anmuth, eng vereint, hält ewig
jung den ält'sten Thron,
In deiner Königin erstrahlt dir ew'ge Jugend,
Albion!

Victoria! durch fünfzig Jahr' stand'at Du getren
zu Deiner Pflicht,
Nicht eine Stunde deckte Nacht in Deinem Reich
der Sonne Licht,
Drum' muss Dein Jubeltag auch heut' ein Volkes-
Jubiläum sein,
Denn seinem Jubel leuchtet ja ein Halbjahr-
hundert Sonnenschein.

So weit des Briten Zunge klingt, so weit die Erde
Menschen trägt,
So weit der Grösse und der Kraft, der Tugend wo
ein Herz nur schlägt:
Stürm' aus der Millionen Brust zum Himmel
donnerndes Hurrah!
Brau's über Land und Meere weit: *Heil, tausend
Heil, Victoria!*

J. B. KELLER.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF
PRINTING.

IX.

WHEN we now turn to the four editions of the *Speculum*, and observe that they are all *anopisthographic* (figures and text), and that the text of one of them is partly *xylographic* and partly *typographic*, we meet again with difficulties when we assign them to the period 1471-1474. We must then assume that their printer continued to print, perhaps for a good many years, his books partly from wooden blocks (xylographically) and partly with movable metal types, many years after the former mode of printing had been practically abandoned on account of the perfection to which the latter mode of printing had been brought. It is true that block-books were printed *anopisthographically* even so late as 1475, but not by printers who practised the art of printing with movable metal types. To bibliographers like Dr. Van der Linde the peculiar and primitive condition of the *Specula* is no difficulty. As to their *anopisthographic* condition, they argue that that was natural and necessary, since the mode by which woodcuts were printed rendered the *versos* unfit for further operations. Very well! But the art of printing woodcuts together with text set up in movable metal types on both sides of the paper was already understood in Germany so early as 1461, and it would be very strange indeed if this first Dutch printer (who, if he were not the inventor of printing, must have learned his craft in the perfect schools of Germany) should have been unacquainted with that art. Moreover, the pages of the preface consist, in all the four editions, wholly of *text*, without any woodcut at all; and as this preface required in the Latin editions no more than five pages, it is difficult to see why the printer, if at the time that he printed the *Speculum* he understood the art of printing on both sides, should have printed this preface on three sheets or six leaves (= twelve pages), whereas, if he had printed on both sides two sheets or four leaves (= eight pages) would have been amply sufficient for his purpose. Even then he would have been able to leave (as he has done now) a blank leaf (two pages) at the beginning, and one blank page at the end of the quire to agree with and to meet the blank page with which the next quire would begin. And the way in which the preface of the Dutch editions of the *Speculum* is printed

proves that their printer knew to be economical with his paper, for that preface requiring four pages only, he dispensed with the entire blank leaf at the beginning, which we find in the Latin editions, and simply left one blank page (the first) at the beginning, printing the four pages of text on the second and seventh, third and sixth pages of the quire. I believe we may infer from this peculiarity that the printer of the *Specula* did not understand the art of printing on both sides at the time that he produced the four editions. And as regards the other peculiarity of one of the Latin editions being printed partly from wooden blocks (text and all) and partly with movable types, it does not trouble some bibliographers in the least. They say that either the original printer must have run short of types, or must have had an accident with certain sheets, and so decided to reprint the wanting sheets xylographically rather than go to the trouble of casting new types; or the original printer transferred his stock of printed sheets to another person, with some sheets missing, which the new proprietor supplied by printing them from blocks cut for the occasion. These explanations may do service (for one moment of argumentation) for the mixed Latin edition which has twenty xylographically printed leaves. But they are hardly applicable to the Dutch edition, which has two leaves (49 and 60) printed with types differing a little, but still materially, not only from those of the other leaves of the book and the other editions of the *Speculum*, but from all the other types of the Costeriana. Surely, neither an old, nor a new proprietor, if he did not think it worth his while to cast new types for twenty leaves wanting in one edition (and now supplied by block-printing), would have been so foolish as to undertake such a labour for no more than two leaves in another edition. Moreover, the argument that a new proprietor would have considered it a more simple process to cut blocks (which would be useless for any other purpose) for the text of no less than twenty folio leaves (= forty columns), than to cast a new type (which could be used for a hundred other purposes) for the printing of these pages, might impose very well on persons who are still under the erroneous impression that the early printers required as large a quantity of type as those of the present day; but it will hardly pass muster with those who have realised that the early printers really worked with a very small quantity of type, and only needed a small quantity, as they all printed their books page by page.

All that has been said on these twenty xylographic leaves, and on the relative position in which the edition in which they occur stands to the edition wholly printed from movable types, as well as on the order in which the four editions of the *Speculum* have probably been published, appears to me very unsatisfactory. Unfortunately, the copies of the four editions are so scattered up and down different places of Europe (and America?) that it is well nigh impossible to make an adequate examination of them. Some authors assure us that the Latin edition with twenty xylographic leaves (which I shall call A) is really later than the Latin edition, which is wholly typographically printed (and which I shall call B). Ottley, who took considerable pains in examining the two editions, concluded from the breakages and cracks observable in the impressions of the woodcuts that A is later than B; and he considered his opinion confirmed by the fact that he saw, or thought he saw, that the twenty xylographic leaves of A, were facsimiles of the corresponding (typographic) leaves in B. Ottley's opinion, however, about the breakages and cracks, was declared untenable by Bernard and Berjeau, who both took

as much pains as Ottley to examine the two editions; but it was endorsed and adopted by Sotheby and Holtrop. When we examine the facsimiles of two identical pages of A and B which Mr. Holtrop has given in his *Mon. typogr.* (pl. 17 and 20), it seems clear that either of the two texts served as a model for the other; for in the first line we find *mille* printed as *nulle* in both editions, and in the second column we have in l. 10 *Iupiter* without a contraction for the first *r*, and in l. 21 *mdei* for *tudei*; so that we shall perhaps not be wrong in saying that substantially A followed B, or that the latter followed A, and that the two editions have not been set up from two different MSS. When we further examine the differences between the two texts, it would seem that the compositor of B has endeavoured to produce a more contracted text than the compositor of A, and in one or two cases improved upon the latter, as, for instance, col. 2, l. 1, *daud.* (for *dauid*) against *dad.* in A; and in l. 21 *aquā*, against *aq*, with two contractions in A. Mr. Holtrop (*Mon. typ.* p. 22 and 23) has collected twenty-four variations between the two texts, which prove, according to him, that the differences between them are not faults of the copyist. But it does not seem to have struck Mr. Holtrop that, in col. 2, l. 2, A has: "Angeli occidiss³ (occidisset) derisores Christi . . .," whereas B has correctly, "Angeli occidisset (occidissent)," &c. This correction of B seems to prove that it is later than A; for the compositor of the latter text seems to have been able to read and understand Latin, so that if he had copied B, he would hardly have deliberately altered the contracted but correct "occidisset," into a still more contracted and wrong "occidiss³."

I believe a further comparison of the various readings of the two texts would yield a more trustworthy criterion as to the relative position of the two editions than an examination of the cracks and breakages in the engravings; for the latter, having been printed by a very imperfect process, are liable to show defects where the blocks themselves might have been perfect. But I am unable for the present to make such a comparison myself, as there is only one edition (A) within my reach in the British Museum. And as the question of the priority of the two editions does not effect my view as regards the priority of Haarlem printing, I leave it alone for the present.

Therefore, in dealing with the peculiar conditions of the Costeriana described above, and trying to account for them, we must not forget that if we place them all in a period beginning with 1471, and ending, perhaps, 1480, and consequently decline to accept their printer as the *inventor* of printing, that is to say, as a man who had never learned the art of printing from anybody else, and had no other specimens of printing before him, we must inevitably come to the conclusion that he wandered either from France or from Italy or from Germany into the Netherlands, and that he, a disciple of one of the perfect schools of printing then existing in those countries, would, alone among the numerous other pupils of the same schools, have so badly learned his craft that he alone printed as none other of his fellow pupils. How could we believe, for one moment, in such a state of things? It seems to me that we are driven to the conclusion that the printer of the Costeriana was a *self-taught* printer, who had never learned the art from anybody else, and, consequently, that he was the *inventor* of printing with movable types.

But it will be asked how we can separate the dates 1458 and 1471-1474, afforded us by five of the Costeriana—the works of Pius II., printed in type V.—from the remaining forty Costeriana in such a way as to reconcile the latter group not only with the year 1464,

when printing makes its appearance in a perfect condition at Mentz, but with a still earlier date, so as to establish the priority of those forty Costeriana over Mentz printing. Here I must first remark, what everybody else would remark also, that the five Costeriana which cannot be placed earlier than 1458, on account of their bearing the name of Pope Pius II., need not necessarily be placed so late as 1471-1474; for the fact that one of them was bought during the latter period is no evidence of their being printed during that period. The date of this bought copy, however, is of the utmost value, inasmuch as it shows us that the printing had been accomplished at least before 1474.

My second remark is that these five Costeriana (which we cannot date later than 1474, and may have to date, perhaps, so early as 1471, if not earlier) show a kind of superiority in type and workmanship over the forty other Costeriana, which compels us to place the latter group in an earlier stage than the former. This fact is, I believe, admitted by every bibliographer who has paid any attention to these books. It is true, Dr. Van der Linde is not of this opinion. He even places (p. 299 of his last work) the group of five Costeriana at the head of his list, and so makes the printer of these incunabula begin his career not before 1474. But the mere fact of his placing the various *Donatuses* (among which is one edition fragments of which were used as binder's waste so early as 1474), and *Doctrinales* and *Specula* later than the five works of Pius II., condemns his list as a piece of buffoonery to which we need not pay any attention. Therefore, I believe, I shall not be blamed by any fair-minded opponent of the Haarlem claims, if I say that 1474 is the very latest year that we shall have to consider for five of the Costeriana, and that we are at liberty to date the remaining forty works before that year. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the printing of forty different works was not accomplished in a day or two, and that, therefore, we shall be at liberty to work our way back with them a considerable number of years before 1474. J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- KAMBLI, O. W. Die sozialen Parteien u. unsere Stellung zu denselben. St. Gallen: Huber. 7 M.
 LOB, O. Ehrh. v. Fürst Bismarck. Urkundliche Beiträge zum Ruhme d. grossen Mannes. Basel: Bernheim. 5 M.
 RAUSSON, H. Un homme d'aujourd'hui. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
 SCHMIDT, W. Die Inkunabeln d. Kupferstichs im kgl. Cabinet zu München. München: Verlagsanstalt f. Kunst u. Wissenschaft. 10 M.
 UFFALYU-BOURDON, Mme. de. Voyage d'une Parisienne dans l'Himalaya occidental. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
 VICTORIN, A. L'ancienne place des Célestins: son théâtre etc. Paris: Ghibo. 3 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- CHRYSOBOTHOMUS, J. De Sacerdotio libri sex. Mit Anmerkgn. neu hrsg. v. O. Seltmann. Paderborn: Schöningh. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 LEY, J. Leitfaden der Metrik der hebräischen Poesie, nebst dem ersten Buche der Psalmen nach rhythmischer Vers. u. Strophenabtheilg. m. metr. Analyse. Halle: Waisenhaus. 2 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BOFFE, A. Correspondance inédite de Claude de Mesmes Comte d'Avaux avec son père Jean Jacques de Mesmes Sieur de Roissy (1627-1642). Paris: Plon. 6 fr.
 BULMERINCQ, A. v. Das Völkerrecht od. das internationale Recht. Freiburg-L.-B.: Mohr. 6 M.
 CHRONIKEN, Basler, hrsg. v. der histor. u. antiquar. Gesellschaft in Basel. 3. Bd. Hrsg. v. W. Fischer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 16 M.
 COTTIN, P. Un protégé de Bachaumont: correspondance inédite du Marquis d'Égulle (1745-8). Paris: Revue Rétrospective. 5 fr.
 DUNCKER, M. Abhandlungen aus der neueren Geschichte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
 HAFSTER, E. Die Erbtöchter nach attischen Recht. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 HILDEBRAND, H. Livonica, vornämlich aus dem 13. Jahrh., im Vaticanischen Archiv. Riga: Deubner. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 JELLINEK, G. Gesetz u. Verordnung. Freiburg-L.-B.: Mohr. 10 M.

- KIPP, Th. Die Litisdenuntiation als Prozesseinleitungsform im römischen Civilprozess. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 SARWEY, O. v. Allgemeines Verwaltungsrecht. Freiburg-L.-B.: Mohr. 5 M.
 SCHAUBERT, F. Gustav Adolf u. die Katholiken in Erfurt. Köln: Bachem. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 WYNKEL, W. Die Landfrieden in Deutschland von Rudolf v. Habsburg bis Heinrich VII. Hannover: Cruse. 1 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOLOGY.

- AOTES du premier congrès international d'anthropologie criminelle. Turin: Bocca. 15 fr.
 BLASS, F. Naturalismus u. Materialismus in Griechenland zu Platon's Zeit. Kiel: Universitäts-Buchhandlung. 1 M.
 BÜCHNER, L. Thatsachen u. Theorien aus dem naturwissenschaftlichen Leben der Gegenwart. Berlin: Allg. Verein f. deutsche Literatur. 6 M.
 FEIST, A. Die Schutz einrichtungen der Laubknochen (Cotyle) Laubbäume während ihrer Entwicklung. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.
 FISCHER, P. Manuel de Conchyliologie et de paléontologie conchyliologique. Paris: Savy. 35 fr.
 JÄGER, H. u. E. BEHREY. Die Erziehung der Pflanzen aus Samen. Leipzig: Spamer. 8 M.
 LOBENZ, Th. Beitrag zur Kenntniss der ornithologischen Fauna an der Nordseite d. Kaukasus. Moscov: Lang. 16 M.
 SABARIN, P. u. F. Ergebnisse naturwissenschaftlicher Forschungen auf Oeylon in den Jahren 1834-1836. 1. Bd. 1. Hft. u. 2. Bd. 1. Hft. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 14 M.
 SCHLEICHER, E. Zur Kenntniss der Thiophengruppe. Strassburg: Vandenhoeck. 1 M.
 WERNER, J. Hegels Offenbarungsbegriff. Ein religionsphilosoph. Versuch. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 2 M.
 WIELIGKUS, J. Ueb. die räumliche Anordnung der Atome in organischen Molekülen u. ihre Bestimmung in geometrisch-isomeren ungesättigten Verbindungen. Leipzig: Hirzel. 4 M.
 ZUCKERKANDL, E. Das periphere Geruchsorgan der Säugethiere. Stuttgart: Enke. 7 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- KAMMER, E. Kritisch-ästhetische Untersuchungen betr. die Gesänge M N E O der Ilias. Königsberg-L.-Pr.: Hartung. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 KRULL, A. Gut de Cambrai, s. sprachl. Untersuchg. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 STROCK, W. u. E. WINDISCH. Irische Texte. Mit Uebersetzg. u. Wörterbuch. 2. Serie. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Hirzel. 6 M.
 WINKLER, H. Zur Sprachgeschichte. Nomen. Verb u. Satz. Antikritik. Berlin: Dümmler. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CARFAX."

Cambridge: June 27, 1887.

I have pointed out, in my Dictionary, that the etymology of "Carfax" is solved by the Middle-English *carfoukes*, occurring in the Romans of Partenay as a translation of Old-French *carrefourg* (Latin *quatuor furcas*), a place where roads fork off in four directions.

In Mr. Plummer's *Elizabethan Oxford*, just published for the Oxford Historical Society, we have an additional light upon the word. At p. 119 we find that it was spelt "Carfocks" and "Carfox" in 1566.

Litté points out that the Provençal form of the word is *carreforc*, whereas the usual Old-French form is *carrefor*, though *carrefourg* also occurs; and he adds that the Provençal is the older and truer form. Starting from *carreforc*, the usual Old-French *carrefor* results from this by the loss of *c*, whereas the Middle-English *carfouk* or *carfoke* results from the same form by the loss of *r*. Nothing but the Latin *furca* can possibly produce the *k*-sound which appears so persistently in the Oxford forms of the word.

At the same time it is quite clear, from Mr. Boase's delightful book on *Oxford*, that "Carfax" was also called *Quatervois* (pp. 87, 115, 177); and at p. 251 of Mr. Plummer's book we find that, in 1592, it was called "Carfax or Cator Foyse." This *Cator Foyse* or *Quatervois* represents a Latin *quatuor vias*.

The net result is that the same place had two distinct names. "Carfax," formerly *Carfox*, represents Latin *quatuor furcas*, while the alternative name *Quatervois* represents Latin *quatuor vias*. The latter name is now dead; but the reminiscence of it survives whenever we are told, by a natural mistake, that "Carfax" is "derived from" *quatuor vias*, which is simply impossible. WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE MYTH OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Settlington: June 23, 1887.

The exposition of this myth has excited so much interest that I would ask to be allowed to note some further details.

1. Psyche, the new crescent moon, resembles Aphrodite, the old moon, so closely, that on her first appearance a new Aphrodite is reported to have appeared, and she is called and worshipped by that name.

2. The nuptial palace where Cupid comes to Psyche is clearly the star-decked heaven. It was built by divine, and not by human, hands; the crystal river is the milky way; the beasts pictured on the walls are the signs of the zodiac; the figures on the floor are the constellations; the innumerable jewels which give light like the sun are the stars; and the invisible music is the music of the spheres. Psyche floats through the air into this celestial palace from the top of a lofty mountain, and in the morning Cupid flies off through the starry skies.

3. The waxing of the crescent moon is repeatedly described. When the slender Psyche has been embraced by the dark bridegroom she increases rapidly in size. "She marvelled greatly that in so small a time her body should swell so big."

4. In the third quarter the moon begins to wane. Psyche is told how the dark serpent she has wedded will devour her, and that she will be "swallowed up in the gulf of his body."

5. Psyche's tasks are plainly meteorological labours. The stars, represented by grains of corn of various sizes, have to be sorted and arranged according to their order. From the clouds, the great sheep of heaven, she is bidden to gather the shining wool; and this she does when the sun goes down, and the sunset clouds leave their golden fleeces hanging, within her reach, upon the thorns. Lastly, she has to draw water from the black storm-clouds overhead, which are guarded by the fierce and horrible demons of the tempest.

6. In the fourth quarter the moon slumbers, having descended to the under world and received from Persephone a magic box which contains sleep. Cupid finds Psyche sleeping. He wipes the sleep from her face and puts it back into the box, and then brings his bride into the heavenly palace of the sky, where she tastes the cup of immortality, and takes her rightful seat among the celestial beings, while the child she bears, the next succeeding moon, is the image of his parents and of Aphrodite.

The significance of the whole parable is so transparent that it is difficult to believe that Apuleius, who had been initiated into so many of the mysteries, was not aware of the esoteric meaning of the myth; while it is still more difficult to understand how the tale should have hitherto escaped the keen analysis of modern mythological expositors. ISAAC TAYLOR.

London: June 26, 1887.

It is a little difficult to understand why Canon Taylor and Sir George Cox take such exception to Mr. Lang's interpretation of this story. It is quite possible to grant all that Canon Taylor urges—viz., that the tale told by Apuleius is a distorted form of a Babylonian nature-myth—and at the same time to accept Mr. Lang's analysis, and to admit the relevance of the parallel which he draws between the Greek *Märchen* and other tales found mostly among savages. Canon Taylor misses the whole point of Mr. Lang's contention by representing him as claiming that the myth was "invented" by the Greeks; and his own argument is vitiated by the tacit assumption that it was the Babylonians to whom the "invention" is due. Mr. Lang would, I think, say that tales such as that of

"Cupid and Psyche" are the outcome of a special mental and social state through which it is probable every race has at one time passed, and to which the ascertained condition of modern savages offers the nearest parallel. But it is part of his hypothesis, as I understand it, that *Märchen* are not invented by or among any definite race or tribe. Whether a hypothesis which attempts to recover from the mythological systems of the past traces of the mental and social condition of the men among whom those systems were worked out, be "barren," as Sir George Cox asserts, is open to question. The majority of folklorists will not share Sir George's opinion. Admitting, however, the correctness of Canon Taylor's analysis, what follows? Surely that the Babylonians were at one time in a state which led them to explain natural phenomena by analogies derived from their own social surroundings. Canon Taylor does not mean that they would have made up a tale about the dark half of the moon being a bridegroom whom the bride might not see, unless they were familiar with the idea of husbands and wives forbidden to look upon each other. When primitive man pictured the natural forces as sentient beings, he must surely have lent them not only his own ideas, but his own manners and customs. For Mr. Lang, the facts of the story constitute its chief interest, as they seem to him to establish a mental and social community between man at as early a period as we can trace him back and uncultured man of the present day. Canon Taylor, on the other hand, is most interested by the details of the mythological explanation. But there is no necessary antagonism between the two views.

I would, however, point out to Canon Taylor that in basing his analysis solely upon the tale as found in Apuleius—a tale, upon his own showing, late and distorted—he is building upon a very insecure foundation. What does he make of the modern European variants of "Cupid and Psyche"? Take, for instance, the Danish version, collected by Grundtvig (transl. *Folk Lore Record*, vol. iii., pt. ii., p. 225), "Prince Wolf?" Would he regard this as indirectly due to Apuleius? If so, how does he explain the many differences of detail—differences in which the Danish version is borne out by variants collected from all parts of Europe? If "Prince Wolf" is independent of Apuleius, it must still, according to Canon Taylor, be derived from the hypothetical Babylonian myth. But in this case the details upon which so much stress is laid, being different from those in "Cupid and Psyche," the same mythological explanation will not fit both forms of, *ex hypothesi*, the same myth. One of the most marked features in stories of this class is that the heroine bears three children to her mysterious husband, that the latter carries them off immediately after birth, and that, at a later stage of the story, they help their mother in her search for the vanished husband. By what lunar phenomenon does Canon Taylor explain this incident? Another prominent feature, especially in the Teutonic variants, is the presence of special Teutonic mythical conceptions of the other world, such as the *Glassberg*. Does not this imply that the tale was current among German races at a time when such conceptions retained their full force? I cannot but think that if Canon Taylor will review the whole group of stories of which "Cupid and Psyche," though the most famous, is neither the most beautiful, nor, as I believe, the most archaic, he will turn his back upon the interpretation which he now puts forth.

Both Mr. Lang and Canon Taylor would probably agree in attaching importance to the details of stories of the "Cupid and Psyche" class, whether found among the people of

antiquity, or in modern Europe, or among modern savages, however much they differ as to the precise significance of such details. They would regard them, in common with other facts of folklore, as survivals of earlier beliefs and customs, and would make use of them in their attempt to reconstruct these beliefs. But there is a school which treats these facts in an entirely different way. The beliefs, customs, and fictions, roughly grouped together as "folklore," are, in its eyes, no survivals of an archaic past, to be reached through them alone; but are simply such misunderstood fragments of the higher learning of the race as have filtered down to the folk. However interesting they may be, their interest is of a nature diametrically opposed to that which the ordinary folklorist seeks in them. Hitherto, this school has turned its attention chiefly to *Märchen*, and its main thesis has been that of the Indian origin of popular tales. Opponents of this school will consider it not the least among the services which Mr. Lang has rendered to the scientific study of folklore, that he has, in the preface to his *Cupid and Psyche* and elsewhere, so demolished this thesis as to make it henceforth undeserving the slightest notice. But an attempt is now being made, with considerable ingenuity, to prove that the great majority, if not the almost entirety, of modern European folklore has its origin, not in a pre-Christian heathen past, but in popular conceptions of Christian belief, legend, and symbolism. In his Ilchester lectures, the Rev. Dr. Gaster has brought forward many arguments in favour of this view. Nor does he stand alone. In no field of folklore has the believer in the "survival" theory felt on safer ground than in that of customs. Yet it is impossible to deny the force of the onslaught made by M. Fustel de Coulanges on the views which seek to connect certain mediæval practices with hypothetical systems of land-tenure and family organisation among the early Germans. If I am not mistaken, an attack in force upon the orthodox folklorist position will shortly be made all along the line, and the lateness of much that we have been treating as survivals of primitive belief and custom will be boldly proclaimed. Under these circumstances it would seem more advisable to place beyond question the soundness of the views which the great majority of folklorists hold about certain facts, than to discuss which is the most interesting—the anthropological or the mythological—way of interpreting those facts. ALFRED NUTT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, July 4, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
 8.30 p.m. Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition: "The Educational Work of the Anglo-Jewish Community," by the Rev. S. Singer.
 WEDNESDAY, July 6, 8 p.m. Society of Literature: "The Literary Training of the Memory and of the Eye," by Mr. Charles Leland.
 THURSDAY, July 7, 8 p.m. Carlyle Society.
 SATURDAY, July 9, 10 a.m. Geologists' Association: Excursion to Sudbury, Suffolk, in association with the Essex Field Club.
 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

A Comprehensive Commentary on the Qurán. Comprising Sale's Translation and Preliminary Discourse, with Additional Notes and Emendations. Together with a Complete Index to the Text, Preliminary Discourses, and Notes. By the Rev. E. M. Wherry. Vol. IV. (Trübner.)

THE first three volumes of this work were reviewed in the *ACADEMY* of July 29, 1882, and August 21, 1886, where some elaborate notes will be found on the general make-up of Mr.

Wherry's "Qurán," together with some free criticisms on his "additional Notes and Emendations." The present, which is the concluding portion of the work, does not call for any detailed analysis, inasmuch as, in the main, the compiler has treated its contents on the same system as that adopted in the preceding volumes. Nevertheless, a few supplementary remarks may not be out of place here.

It would have been well had Mr. Wherry restricted himself to giving, as does Sale, whose translation he professes to reprint, the English rendering of the Arabic titles to the *súrah*s, or chapters, of the Kur-án, since in his superadded English spelling of the latter he almost invariably disfigures them, as will be seen from the subjoined examples, culled from the volume under review, to each of which I attach a correction in accordance with Mr. Wherry's own system of transliteration:

EXAMPLES.	CORRECTIONS.
Súrat al Shorí.	Súrat al Shúra.
„ al Zukhráf.	„ al Zukhruf.
„ al Jásiyah.	„ al Játhiyah.
„ al Fatah.	„ al Fath.
„ al Hujrát.	„ al Hujrát.
„ al Wáqia.	„ al Wáqia (or Wá-qiah).
„ al Saf.	„ al Saff.
„ al Taghabún.	„ al Taghábun.
„ al Abas.	„ Abas.
„ al Tatfif.	„ al Mutaffifin.
„ al Ála.	„ al Ála.
„ al Inshiráh.	„ Alam Nashrah.
„ al Baiyana.	„ al Bayyina (or Bayyinah).
„ al Hamza.	„ al Humaza (or Humazah).
„ al Abu Lahab.	„ Abu Lahab.

I notice that Mr. Wherry, like many others, disregards in his transliterations alike the grammatical elision of the *hamsah*, when in construct with the final vowel of a preceding word, and the *euphonic tashdid*, which is always used, in pronunciation, after the article *al*, when followed by a word beginning with a *solar* letter. The late eminent orientalist, E. W. Lane, as also the lamented E. H. Palmer, and the distinguished Arabist, Prof. William Wright, are conspicuous exceptions to this slipshod practice; and even Mr. Wherry himself sometimes follows suit, as when he writes "Dhu'l Hajja" (p. 62), "Abd-ul-Rahmán" (vol. ii., p. 304, note), and "az-Zaqqúm" (vol. iv., p. 35); albeit he also writes "al Zaqqúm" (p. 112), and "Abd al Mutallib" (p. 68) for Abd ul Muttalib. In my opinion, there seems to be no valid reason whatever for the non-observation of the two Arabic rules above referred to; and transliteration made in accordance therewith would undoubtedly be more euphonic as well as more correct, and the English reader would certainly be as well able to read *Sáratu'sh-Shúra*, *Sáratu's-Zukhruf*, *Sáratu't-Túr*, *Sáratu's-Saff*, *Sáratu'n-Nabá*, *Sáratu'n-Nás*, *Sáratu'l-Hú-mazah*, *Sáratu Abi-Láhab*, as the distorted forms given to those titles in the examples adduced in the foregoing list. The reader will moreover notice that in these transliterations I have introduced the circumflex (ˆ) to denote a long vowel, in lieu of the acute accent (´), which many Arabists, who are copied by Mr. Wherry, adopt for that purpose. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to denounce such use of that accent, not only as antagonistic to the meaning involved in its

designation, but as opposed also to the general practice of our own lexicographers, who invariably mark a syllable on which the emphasis should fall with that accent. The French, in like manner, write *égalité*, *effrayé*, *Condé*, *décoré*, *armé*, &c. But, further, this misuse of the acute accent deprives us of a familiar and most valuable aid for conveying the right pronunciation of transliterated Arabic words. Eighty out of a hundred ordinary English readers, *pace* Burton, would probably pronounce the word *Maskat* (Muscat) *Maskút*, whereas if written *Máskat*, with the acute accent on the first syllable, they would read it correctly; and so of *Sánah*, *Súnnah*, *Bálad*, *Kátáb*, *Sádakah*, and endless other cognate words, which an English reader unacquainted with Arabic grammar would be at a loss, without such accentuation, to enunciate accurately. I observe that Prof. Wright adopts the grave accent (`) as a substitute for the acute (´) in the accentuation of transliterated syllables. Thus he writes "hè'mza," "fè'tha," "Kè'sra," which I should severally render "hámzah," "fáthah," "Ká'srah," albeit I am only referring here to the professor's adoption of the grave for the acute accent, which I deem a novel and unauthorised use of the former. But as regards the use of the circumflex to denote a long vowel, my contention is supported by Sale, Pocock, Palmer, Rodwell, and Muir, and is, moreover, familiar to us through the French language in such words as *même*, *crème*, *pré'ter*, *mê'lar*, *géné'r*, &c. Hence its use to that end by Caussin de Perceval, Perron, Fresnel, and other French Arabists. Prof. Wright, I see, and Dr. Redhouse, use a horizontal mark over the vowels for the same purpose. To that substitute I have no objection to urge.

Another noticeable default in the same category is that, like Sale, Mr. Wherry frequently omits the terminal *h* in his transliteration of Arabic. Thus he writes *Sura*, *Amína*, *Fátima*, *Madína*, *Taháma*; yet, inconsistently enough, he gives the *h* in Allah, Khadíjah, Kaabah, Makkah, and many other words. This point deserves special notice, owing to Dr. Redhouse's letter, published in the ACADEMY of November 22 last, in which he denounces as "a very common European error" the addition of the *h*, or "final aspirate," in the English transliteration of many Arabic words. Hence, as I read the eminent Orientalist's criticism, when that aspirate is not sounded in pronunciation he omits it, writing "Fátima," not Fátimah, lest, as I presume, the unwary reader may aspirate the *h*. But in our Bibles we find such names as *Sarah*, *Hannah*, *Judah*, *Beulah*, *Moriah*, *Jehovah*, in the enunciation of which no one thinks of sounding the last letter as an aspirate. I quite agree with Dr. Redhouse that in the construct case the final *h* assumes the sound of *t*, as in *Fátimatu bint-Muhammad*; yet that does not strike me as a valid reason for eliding the final *h*, which, among other uses, is indicative of the feminine gender, as in *Fátimah*, *Khadíjah*, *Aminah*, &c.; also of the *nomina vicia*, of many abstract nouns, nouns of multitude and of quality, as well as of adjectives of intensiveness, all which important indications would be lost by dropping the final *h*. And, further, unless the vowel *a*, left after the elision of that letter,

be furnished with some etymological mark of distinction, there would be great risk of its being confounded with the *á*, formative of the singular of many verbal nouns, such as *bindá*, *safá*, *jalá*; with the masculine plurals ending in the same letter, such as *hukamá*, *aghniyá*, *kúfará*; and with the feminine plurals of many adjectives, such as *kúbra*, *súghra*, *hú'sna*, &c. Dr. Redhouse says that "many eminent Arabists avoid such errors"—a remark which rather surprises me, since Pocock, Lane and Palmer, and Fresnel and Perron among French Orientalists, as also Burton, all retain the final aspirate *h*, the latter taking special care to distinguish, by some adequate diacritical sign, those substantive and adjective forms with which words ending in the final aspirate *h* might otherwise be confounded.

In connection with this subject, I cannot help referring to a solecism on the part of no less an authority than the present Arabic lecturer at University College, London, a Syrian by birth, who signs himself "Habib Anthony Salmoné." The surname, so written, cannot be a correct transliteration of the Arabic, which is unequal to expressing it in that form, "Salmona," "Salmoneh," or "Salmonai," being the nearest approach thereto of which it is capable. If, on the other hand, the word is a patronymic or a gentile adjective derived, as is alleged, from the "Salmone" (Σαλμών) of Acts xxvii. 7, then the name should be written, as all Syrians write it, and as we find it in the latest and best Arabic translation of the New Testament, "Salmúny." As regards the two prefixed Christian names, "Habib," is unquestionably Arabic; but why the very familiar Arabic "Antún," which was doubtless given to the lecturer at his baptism, should be transformed into the much less common English "Anthony" is beyond my comprehension.

There is one other feature in Mr. Wherry's "Qurán" which calls for remark. His English version is an accurate reprint of Sale's translation, throughout which, however, he has changed into italics an immense number of sentences which in his exemplar are printed in Roman letters. His object was doubtless similar to that of the translators of the authorised version of our Bible, namely, to distinguish between the verbal or precise rendering of the original and the words or phrases deemed necessary to convey the meaning of the idiomatic Arabic, or to supplement by glosses what may have been judged obscure in its diction. There can be no doubt that Sale—whose copious references to al-Baidhâwy, Jalálu'd-Din, Zamákhshary, Ash-Sháhrastány, and other famous Muslim commentators and jurists attest the depth of his researches into their writings—took infinite pains that his scholia on the text should be based on the best authorities. The same meed of praise may fairly be bestowed on the translators of the authorised version of our Bible; nevertheless, in my judgment, they often foist in italicised words and sentences where they are not only uncalled for, but where they even detract from the terseness of the original. To adduce one instance in point from Eccles. xii. 13: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the

whole *duty* of man," where the intercalated "duty" serves only to weaken the pithiness of the latter clause of the passage. But Sale, as shown by Mr. Wherry's italics, goes far beyond such slight glosses, as will be seen from the following rendering of Súrah cii., an example taken at random from a thousand others which might be adduced:

"IN THE NAME OF THE MOST MERCIFUL GOD.

"(1) The emulous desire of multiplying riches and children employeth you, (2) until ye visit the graves. (3) By no means should ye thus employ your time: hereafter shall ye know your folly. (4) Again, by no means: hereafter shall ye know your folly. (5) By no means: if ye knew the consequence hereof with certainty of knowledge, ye would not act thus. (6) Verily, ye shall see hell: (7) again, ye shall surely see it with the eye of certainty. (8) There shall ye be examined, on that day, concerning the pleasures with which ye have amused yourselves in this life."

Palmer renders the passage thus:

"In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

"The contention about numbers deludes you until ye visit the tombs!

"Not so! In the end ye shall know! And again not so! In the end ye shall know!

"[5] Not so! Did ye but know with certain knowledge!

"Ye shall surely see hell! And again ye shall see it with an eye of certainty.

"Then ye shall surely be asked about pleasure."

I do not indorse the latter version as wholly satisfactory. Nevertheless, it suffices to show the needless and inexpedient of multiplying paraphrases on the Arabic original, and inserting them in an English translation of the Kur-án. Some glosses, owing to the different genius of the two languages, are indispensable, and may fitly be incorporated, in italics, or within brackets, into the text; but beyond these it is preferable that they should be relegated to foot-notes.

In conclusion, I venture to submit for serious consideration two suggestions deducible from the criticisms on Mr. Wherry's "Qurán" which have appeared in the ACADEMY:

1. The great want of a standard alphabet, or system, for transliterating Arabic into English. Unaided or isolated individual effort would be powerless to overcome the difficulties with which such an attempt is beset, mainly owing to the *sum cuius* rife among existing partisans. But surely the combined energy, influence, and resources of the Royal Asiatic Society, the Royal Geographical Society, the Biblical Archaeological Society, and some of the leading missionary societies whose agents are employed in India and the East, and who have possibly at their command a few scholars like the Rev. T. P. Hughes, would suffice to supply the much-needed authorised standard for the use of English Orientalists and students generally.

2. The still greater desideratum of an authorised English version of the Kur-án. Sale's translation was a prodigy of Oriental linguistic knowledge and research when it first appeared, now upwards of a century and a half ago; but the attempts which have since been made to improve upon it attest the wide-spread conviction that it required emendation. In our day it has been followed

by "The Koran," translated from the Arabic by Rodwell; "The Kur'an," translated by the late E. H. Palmer; and by some "Selections from the Kur'an" by the late E. W. Lane. But as far as my knowledge extends, neither of these versions has secured the entire approval of English Arabists generally. In some respects one is preferred to the other; but as a whole the result has been to make confusion worse confounded. Such is the unquestionable fact, albeit it is deeply to be regretted that it should be so; for when we take into consideration the broad extent of British interests in India and the East, the millions of Muslims who are our fellow-subjects, and the praiseworthy zeal which English scholars have manifested in mastering the religious systems of those countries, it seems passing strange that, thus far, we do not possess a standard English version of that book which is regarded by a third of the human race with the same veneration as Christians regard the Holy Bible. Surely it is high time that we should rid ourselves of this reproach; and if haply the learned societies above-named would consent to undertake that task also, its execution would redound to their imperishable credit and renown; and I would fain add that any support given by the ACADEMY to this suggestion will certainly be hailed with delight and acknowledged with gratitude by every British Orientalist.

GEORGE PERCY BADGER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Geologists' Association is about to visit Cornwall during its long excursion, which will commence on August 8. Arrangements will be made for examining the structure of the country between St. Austell and the Land's End, and of gaining an acquaintance with the mineral industries of the county. At the last meeting of the association, a valuable microscope was presented to Dr. Foulerton, in recognition of his services for ten years as hon. secretary.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, June 15.)

SCHUTZ-WILSON, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. William Heinemann read a paper on "Goethe on the English Stage." After defending Goethe's morality and philosophic views against the many serious attacks which have at different times been made on him, and dwelling at some length on Goethe's celebrated theory of "Gott-Natur," he urged upon his listeners the desirability of a worthy English representation of Goethe's plays. By means of such a representation Goethe's titanic mind would become intelligible to those who at present saw in his views and doctrines the gospel of self-indulgence and immorality exemplified by a licentious life. The beauty, and truth, and loftiness of Goethe's "Man exists for culture; not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him" would then become evident and undeniable. He gave a sketch of the history of the several performances of "Faust" which had at different times taken place at various London theatres. As a curious fact, he mentioned that a version of "Faust" had actually been performed in England during Goethe's life-time, and four years previous to the first Brunswick performance under Klingemann's management. George Soane's curious spectacular play, "The Devil and Dr. Faustus," founded upon the first part of Goethe's "Faust," was acted at Drury Lane in 1825. In 1842, Grattan's "Faust; or, The Demon of the

Drachenfels," was produced at Sadler's Well; and an English version of Carré's play, by Charles Kean, at the Princess's, in 1859. In 1866 the two Phelps distinguished themselves in a stage adaptation, by Bayle Bernard, produced by Chatterton at Drury Lane; and in 1874, Mr. W. S. Gilbert signally failed in attempting to turn the "Gretchen" incident into a sentimental play of his own. Mr. Irving's Lyceum "Faust," which has been assailed so furiously by many admirers of Goethe, was described by Mr. Heinemann as having had the undeniable merit of popularising Goethe among the large and indifferent public. Mr. Irving, he said, had aroused a phenomenal interest for Goethe in all who had been to the Lyceum. The lecturer characterised the present moment as peculiarly auspicious for producing to English audiences other of Goethe's plays—such as "Egmont" or "Goetz von Berlichingen." He denounced the melodrama as trivial and commonplace, the French social drama as immoral, and expressed his conviction that the production of Goethe's plays on the English stage would be a distinct advantage for audience and actors. On the other hand, he had every hope that a worthy performance of Goethe on the English stage would soon make the German poet as much a favourite with the English public as Shakspeare is with every educated German.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 20.)

SIR THOMAS WADE, president, in the chair.—Mr. E. S. W. Senathi Raja, of Ceylon, read a paper on "The Pre-Sanskrit Element in Ancient Tamil Literature." This literature, it was argued, seemed to have no definite origin. Unlike the languages and writings of other peoples, which pass through various stages of natural development before arriving at maturity, the high dialect of the Tamil had apparently sprung up into full growth from the instant of its birth. Like the fabled Rishis, it had not traversed the intermediate states of infancy and youth. To the orthodox Hindus believer the solution was simple—the language was obtained by miracle. Different sects vied, one with the other, in claiming its inventions for their own particular divinities; all, however, accepting Agastya as the mouthpiece of revelation. According to the Arhatas, Tamil is one of the eighteen languages revealed by the omniscient Jina. There was again another theory, which made this poetic dialect only the miraculously revealed language. The lecturer was not content with any of these explanations, and proceeded to give his views by applying the comparative method, so frequently employed with successful results. One of his more important conclusions was that the ancient Tamils were in possession of an alphabetical system, and a certain amount of literature independent of Sanskrit. The age of Agastya, the historical predecessor of Tolkaappiyar, was in reality a new era in the history of Tamil literature. Then Sanskrit influence first began to be felt; Northern religions and institutions were introduced; the Brahmanical priesthood, bearing in its train 'Buddhists, Ajmakas, and other sects, poured down upon the South; literature, before exclusively Dravidian, became modified by the introduction of new heroes and new names gathered from the Brahmanical pantheism. This process of gradual change was completed before the second century A. D., for in Ptolemy and the Periplus of the Red Sea the most northern point of India was known by its Sanskrit name of Kumari.—After a few words from Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, the president tendered the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Senathi Raja—whose paper will appear at length in the October number of the *Journal*—and the proceedings of the session were declared closed.

FINE ART.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BUBASTIS.

IN the admirable paper on Excavations in Egypt which Mariette published in 1879, the eminent explorer says that, after all the interesting mounds of Egypt shall have been exhausted, then, in order to be quite certain that nothing has been passed over, "par

surcroît de précautions," one might attempt the mounds of Bubastis with the faint hope of finding some few monuments of later times.

It is certain that, despite their great extent, Egyptologists have never given much attention to the mounds of Tell Basta. They have been abandoned to the dealers in antiquities, who have thoroughly rifled the large necropolis of cats, from which they get the numerous bronze figures of that sacred animal which fill the shops of Cairo. It was one special point that directed my attention to Bubastis—the Pi Beseth of Scripture. In all the excavations which the Egypt Exploration Fund has made in the Delta, there is one remarkable fact to be noticed. Absolutely no monuments of the XVIIIth Dynasty have been found. At San, Khataaneh, Pithom, Nebesheh, Saff-el-Henneh, &c., there are monuments of the XIXth Dynasty, and sometimes much older ones of the XIIth and XIIIth Dynasties; but in that case the gap between the Middle Empire and the XIXth Dynasty is complete. We are thus led to the conclusion that under the Thothmes and the Amenhoteps a great part of the Delta was still in the possession of foreigners, and not under the dominion of the Pharaohs. How far did the XVIIIth Dynasty reign over the Delta? This is a most important historical question, which our latest excavations have raised, and which must be kept in view in the future excavations in the Delta.

During the winter I heard that some interesting tombs containing scarabs of Amenhotep III. had been found at Tell Basta under ruined houses. Besides, in previous visits which I made to Bubastis, I had seen others with the name of his queen. Perhaps there might be some monuments of the XVIIIth Dynasty more conclusive than scarabs. I settled there with Mr. Griffith in the month of April. We pitched our tents close to the mounds in the necropolis of cats, and we began working both under the houses and in the area of the temple. The result was to show that in the place where Mariette thought there was nothing left, there are the ruins of a considerable temple, which, on a smaller scale, bears some likeness to the temple of San, with which it may be compared.

On the north-western side of the mounds—that side, namely, which is visible from the station of Zagazig, there is a large depression surrounded on all sides by ruins of houses. This is clearly the site of the temple described by Herodotus as one of the finest in Egypt. A few weathered blocks of granite, unearthed in an unsuccessful attempt of Mariette's, showed that there had been an edifice of some importance. The entrance was on the east, as stated by Herodotus. We began trenching with numerous workmen, in order to get an idea of the plan of the temple. As far as we can judge now, it consisted of three different parts: on the east a large building, which, from the inscriptions it contains, I shall call the Festive Hall; in the middle the Hypostyle Hall; and, towards the west, an edifice of later date, which, though it shows the name of Nekhtorheb, I will call Ptolemaic. We worked in the three parts at once; but we soon gave up the Ptolemaic temple, and devoted all our time and efforts to the two other parts. A great deal has been done; but in order to complete the excavation, it will require another campaign of two or three months. In that place where, a short time ago, a few blocks of granite only were visible, one sees now a field of ruins, which, as I said before, reminds one of San. Enormous granite blocks are piled above one another, intermingled with colossal columns and architraves, and gigantic statues broken into many pieces. I believe that, when the whole place shall have been cleared, it will be very interesting for tourists to visit who cannot go to Upper Egypt.

On the eastern side is the greatest amount

of blocks. There stood what I have called the Festive Hall—a large building without columns, but peopled by a crowd of statues in red and black granite. All bear the name of Rameses II., but many of them were probably usurped by the great Pharaoh of the XIXth Dynasty. A colossal head was the first we discovered. It was very soon followed by another, and by the remains of several colossal groups. Besides the cartouche of Rameses II., the name which occurred first was that of Osorkon II. of the XXIInd Dynasty. A few blocks only had been unearthed when we saw that they bore inscriptions of that king, which increased in number the more stones we laid bare. They all belong to a single tableau, representing a great festival given by the king, very likely on the day of his coronation. Long processions of gods are represented, priests bringing offerings, carrying sacred boats, or executing religious dances. Osorkon, either alone, or with his queen Karoama, is often represented in a sanctuary, face to face with the goddess Bast. It is curious that, although the XXIInd Dynasty is said to be Bubastite, we found no name of any other king belonging to it; especially nothing of Shishak. Judging from what he has done there, Osorkon II. must have been a powerful king. However, he may not have built the Festive Hall. He may have enlarged it, and he certainly usurped some of the monuments on which Rameses had inscribed his name. Of this, there are some curious instances.

Besides the colossal monuments, there were others on a smaller scale, some of which have been sent to the museum of Boolak; as, for instance, a fine head in red granite wearing the *atef* crown, quite intact, which is, I believe, the only specimen of the kind. Others, such as a crouching statue of a son of Rameses II., will be soon seen in England. When we had uncovered a large space filled with blocks, we began turning them and looking for the inscriptions that might be underneath; a most exciting work which we could only begin, and which will have to be completed next winter. Under one of them we found a most valuable stone, now at Boolak. It bears the cartouche of Pepi of the VIth Dynasty—a king whose name is also found at Sān, and who is said to be the founder of Denderah. The name of Pepi carries us to a very early period, and reminds us that Bubastis is spoken of by Manetho in connexion with the IInd Dynasty. The cartouche of Pepi is a long one, like that at Sān, and he is said to be "Lord of On and Ant." Another important name for history is Usertesen III. The XIIth Dynasty has, therefore, worked at Bubastis, and extensively too; for it is to those kings that we must refer the magnificent columns of the Hypostyle Hall. In that part of the temple there was a colonnade which justifies the judgment of Herodotus, when he says that the temple of Bubastis was one of the finest in Egypt. It consisted of magnificent monolithic columns in red granite, with capitals in the form of lotus buds, or palm leaves, or the head of Hathor, with two long locks. That they are older than Rameses II. is proved by the fact that on one of them the name of that king is cut across the ornaments of the column. One of the lotus capitals is particularly beautiful, the cutting and polish being still perfect. The column, which was originally monolithic, is now in several pieces; but under the capital, where it is narrowest, it is still twelve feet round. Though Rameses II. and Osorkon II. have inscribed their names everywhere, it is very possible that we must attribute this fine edifice to the XIIth Dynasty. The style of the work is decidedly too good for the XIXth Dynasty. If this opinion is confirmed by further excavations, it will furnish another instance of a temple in

Lower Egypt having been respected by the Hyksos. Near the colonnade there were also several statues. One, of life-size, sitting, bears the cartouche of Rameses VI.—a very rare name in the Delta.

The season was near its close, and Ramadan was approaching; we were, therefore, obliged to cease working, and we parted reluctantly from a place where we went with small hope, but which turned out to be one of the most interesting in Lower Egypt. The Egypt Exploration Fund has its work traced out for next winter; and I believe we may expect important results from a complete excavation of the temple of Bubastis, of which we have cleared only about one-third.

EDWARD NAVILLE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE new rooms lately added to the National Gallery will be opened to the public on Monday next, July 4. Advantage has been taken of the increased space to rearrange also the pictures in the old rooms.

MR. HAYNES WILLIAMS—who has returned to England after a year's sojourn in Fontainebleau—has been occupied, and indeed is still occupied, with a series of Renaissance interiors which, wherever they come to be exhibited, will engage, we should suppose, a considerable share of attention from the artistic world.

MR. VAN HAANEN—who, when he is at his best, is so much the strongest of all the recent painters of Venetian life—has but just finished a perfectly masterly picture which was for a day or two, and may, perhaps, still be, in the hands of Mr. Maclean. The Royal Academy has never treated Mr. Van Haanen particularly well, and it is not surprising that he should never have destined this work for its show. Besides, this is a picture quite devoid of popular story. Nothing whatever happens in it, though a good deal may be happening outside of it; for it represents a vigorous Venetian brunette—the harmonies of whose dark hair and warm brown flesh tints are splendidly expressed—leaning over a temporary wooden partition in eager curiosity to witness a show. The girl has a domino, and is arrayed in dress of the eighteenth century. The vivacity of her outlook on the world—a true bit of characterisation, indeed—is yet not more striking to the student of the picture than is the unsurpassed artistry with which Mr. Van Haanen has put upon canvas her form, her colours, her gesture. The work is an admirable instance of the finer sort of realism. It is a pity that this picture, which makes no popular appeal by reason of its theme, but is painted for pure delight and as an exercise of the palette, should not be destined to be known more widely than will now probably be the case.

THERE are now on view, in the premises of the East India Art Manufacturing Company, at 13 King Street, St. James's, some interesting examples of Burmese carving from the palace at Mandalay.

MR. HENRY DOYLE'S two most recent acquisitions for the National Gallery of Ireland are valuable examples of Dutch masters. One of them is a Wouvermans—a charming picture of moderate dimensions, representing a halt in camp, in summer weather. In the distance are the tents raised for the night. In the foreground riders and horses alike refresh themselves; and these—together with the covered haystack, which is likewise prominent in the foreground—are built into that harmonious composition of which Wouvermans was so conspicuous a master. The second and much larger picture is a dark landscape by Ruysdael,

with figures by De Keyser. The scene is the skirts or the more open places of a thin woodland—very likely, it is believed, near the famous "House in the Wood," at the Hague; and in front a carriage with two illustrious occupants wends its way towards the residence. The gentleman's sons ride behind the stately but somewhat funereal conveyance in which the father and a lady make for the house. Several questions of interest connect themselves with this picture.

THE Rev. E. L. Barnwell, of Melksham House, Wilts, has presented to the Shrewsbury Library and Museum 240 water-colour drawings of Welsh antiquities. The drawings are to scale, and chiefly represent prehistoric objects, as cromlechs, maenhirs, &c.; but they include many Romano-British inscribed stones and some mediæval antiquities. The drawings were all made on the spot (with camera-lucida) by Mr. Worthington G. Smith, of Dunstable, during the eleven years from 1875 to 1885.

THE STAGE.

"CONSTANCE FRÈRE."

ON Monday afternoon there was produced at the Vaudeville—at a special *matinée* given by Miss Alice Yorke—a new play, in a prologue and three acts, by two writers not heretofore known to the stage. "Constance Frère" was the name of the piece. It was seen and listened to with much attention by an assemblage consisting in great measure of theatrical people. Of critics proper there were few; but, then, no one is so keen a critic as your player—so keen a critic of opportunities of effect, that is to say—the literary sense is as a rule denied him, and he never thinks of asking "Is that like life?" but only "Will that tell? Is that fetching?" And the theatrical people possessed their souls, we are bound to report, with a certain amount of patience through a good deal that was not "telling" in the prologue and the three acts—through a good deal, too, of what was somewhat ordinary talker-talkee, such as does not specially commend itself to the student of literature—the somewhat too commonplace discussion of ethical and social questions. More than once, for instance, plainly accepted facts as to the inequalities of life and its hardships were stated as if they had been discoveries; more than once the current moralities of the day were expressed in what only *appeared* to be epigram and satire; nor were the authors wholly free from a suspicion of giving undue prominence to a fad of fussy women and of such men as abet them. So that the piece needs a certain pruning, and a certain bracing, to put it briefly; and the question is, when it has received these, will it have that in it which can obtain long life? Well, we think it possible it may; and, if it is not a performance, it is certainly a promise. We are a little cool as to the actual success the piece can hope for, because the material of its intrigue is not new, nor are the character sketches particularly vivid or fresh. But, yet we say, at the very least, the piece has promise; for the material, if old, is used often with distinct adroitness, and generally with a knowledge of stage effect. And, moreover, there are several passages of crisp dialogue—certain witty sayings, and here and there a touch of grace. Another good thing to note—the authors have not told their story

too soon; the third act (which is the fourth, if one must count the prologue) is not an idle act, a merely obvious reconciliation of what had got to be reconciled. There is yet some story in it. We are not sure but that the conduct of that story is the best piece of construction which the play affords; and we are certain that the closing words, with their reticence and right suggestiveness, have about them a trace, though it may be but a trace, of literary feeling, of the sense of style, which the mere playwright goes without, to the day of his death.

"Constance Frere" does not, on the play-bill, make any claim to be wholly original. It does not sound like an adaptation from the French, since, out of a company of several people, adultery is suggested by only one. Perhaps if we were better read in everyday English novels, we might be able to "spot" the particular romance which gave the dramatists their motive. Or, it may be only that, remembering how often the word "original" is used for dramatic work which has nothing whatever of real freshness, the authors have scorned to claim "originality" for their effort. The story we shall but briefly indicate. It is that of a heroine whose essential and continuous, or at all events repeated, weakness the writers of the piece do not seem to have understood. One may pity this young woman a good deal; one may even like her; but one cannot respect her very much, and the reader shall shortly see the grounds for this statement. Constance Frere is, in the prologue, very much in love with a man who proposes to quit her. He quits her because he is practically tired of her. He has seduced her with unreasonable facility when she thought she was going to be married to him. Her nature is of the kind in which love, disappointed or betrayed, turns only to hate. And Constance Frere proposes to hate very soundly, for the remainder of her days, the polished ruffian who has availed himself of her feebleness. A devoted person, thoroughly in love with her, she refuses, not because she has been seduced by another, but because she is not attached to the devoted person. Then, in the first act, there comes a lord, very honest, very warm-hearted, very Radical—very much a man of the moment and of a *mésalliance*; and he, over head and ears in love with the young woman, in his turn proposes to her. She is a governess, and the bait is a tempting one. Instead of refusing, she accepts—accepts with liking, instead of with love, and accepts, in the main, because she will be a woman of title. Weakness the first was the being seduced, weakness the second was loving the title, weakness the third was never thinking of making a clean breast of weakness the first.

And while the heroine is so repeatedly feeble, the villain is so outrageously villainous. Is anybody really quite so bad as that, always threatening, as well as always deceiving, the woman over whom he has gained an advantage? The polite villain was tired of Constance Frere until she married finely; then he again became enamoured of her; this time she was fairly strong—really there was no manner of room for weakness the fourth, if she was meant for a heroine—and so he exposes the first of her secrets to her husband before the

guests in her drawing-room. And this reminds us of an improbability—of a point in which (since we may now leave the villain) we may take leave to suggest that the husband was wanting. The wife has summoned him, along with his friends, and denounces the man who has insulted her. The husband declares that the insulter shall be shot. Then the insulter calls out to all the room that the wife had been his mistress before marriage. The wife does not deny it, and the husband lets the man alone. Now, if the question were put in proper form, in *Vanity Fair*, whether this should have been, surely the only answer "adjudged correct" would be that he should have horsewhipped the offender, even if, still in a rage, he had not carried out his earlier threat of shooting him? How did the fact that the young woman had been the mistress of the brute before she had married the nobleman in any way affect the question then at issue? Was the insult inflicted after her marriage less an insult on account of it? And, if it did not warrant the insult, did it warrant the disclosure?

But we have analysed enough. The piece was mounted, in some respects, rather ridiculously; but, for a single performance, for the moment, that mattered little. It was acted excellently by representatives of husband, villain, and devoted friend—Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. Frank Cooper, and Mr. Cecil Ward; and with a certain measure of sympathy and skill—but with far too much gesticulation, and that gesticulation too little varied—by Miss Alice Yorke.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

To the Vaudeville this evening there will be transferred Mr. Gillette's highly successful drama, "Held by the Enemy." Many of the original performers will, we believe, hold their parts; but Miss Kate Rorke, attached to the Vaudeville Theatre, will assume the part which has been played at the Princess's with such grace and distinction by Miss Alma Murray.

MR. WILLIAM POEL gives his *matinée* next Tuesday. That, too, will be at the Vaudeville. He will appear in a one-act romantic piece, dramatising an incident in the life of Beethoven; and so will Miss Mary Rorke, who made so picturesque and free a figure in Mr. Poel's own adaptation of "Mehalah" last year.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performance of "Faust" at Drury Lane was exceptionally fine, so far as cast was concerned, and exceptionally interesting, as it included part of the "Walpurgis" act, never given before in this country, though the music has often been performed in the concert-room. When "Faust" was produced at Paris at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859, the "Walpurgis" revel formed part of the fifth act, and it included an apparition of Margaret which was not included in the Drury Lane show. We do not know how far this portion of the opera was modified when the work was produced as a grand opera in—if we are not mistaken—1870. One is so accustomed to see the work without this striking and (as exhibited by Mr. Harris) gorgeous spectacle that it is difficult to say how far it adds to the merit of the work. It certainly comes as a bright piece of colour between the death scene of

Valentine and the gloomy dungeon scene; but for all that it appears to us too large for the frame. M. Jean de Reszke's Faust was in all respects admirable—splendid singing, finished acting. His brother Edouard's Mephistopheles was also full of *finesse* and power. M. Maurel distinguished himself greatly as Valentine. Miss Nordica was charming as Marguerite; and, probably, through being so well supported, acted and sang with more than usual animation. The house was crowded.

"Lucia" was given on Monday evening, and Mdlle. Gambogi appeared as the heroine. Her voice is not of particularly pleasing quality; but she sang the mad scene fairly well, and was much applauded.

The performance of Weber's romantic opera, "Der Freischütz," by the pupils of the Royal College of Music at the Savoy Theatre on Monday afternoon was in its way as successful as the "Deux Journées" given last year. Weber's music, however, is more exacting, and the singers were not always equal to their task. But the afternoon's proceedings must not be criticised as an ordinary public performance. The professors of the college merely wished to give to the pupils a most valuable practical stage lesson, and to their friends and to any of the public who took an interest in the matter an opportunity of seeing what work was being done, what progress made, at the college; and, viewed in this light, there was cause for great satisfaction. The fresh voices, excellent singing, and clear enunciation of the chorus deserves, perhaps, first mention, and, next to these, the careful playing of the band—composed for the greater part of students—under the direction of Dr. Stanford. Miss Russell found the part of Agnes very trying. Miss Roberts interpreted with much spirit the "Annie" music. Mr. Kilby and Mr. D. Price sang in a commendable manner; the former had plenty of hard work, and got through it very creditably. Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Prof. Visetti, and Mr. B. Soutten assisted in the preparation of the opera; and everything was managed carefully and conscientiously. The "wild hunt" in the wolf's glen was wisely omitted; even at its best it fails to make one shudder. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the performance. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

LITTLE Josef Hofmann played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C (Op. 15) at the eighth and concluding Philharmonic concert last Saturday afternoon. It was a wonderful performance. So far as the mere playing of the notes was concerned, there was no special cause for surprise after the lad's exhibitions of skill at his recitals; but the intelligence and feeling which he displayed made a deep impression. A cadenza by Moscheles introduced into the first movement was given with remarkable vigour and *aplomb*; but, in our opinion, the most striking feature of the afternoon was the lovely tone and tender gracefulness with which the slow movement was interpreted. And next to this the boy's coolness. With royalty and a crammed house in front of him, surrounded by an orchestra of experienced players, with Sir A. Sullivan at their head, the boy seemed as quiet and comfortable as if he were merely surrounded by playmates. He has the knowledge and, apparently, the feelings of a man, though in stature and behaviour he is a mere child. We still have grave doubts as to the advisability of making such a "lion" of him; and cannot but think that a few more years in the schoolroom would better fit him for the exciting career which is in store for him, should he be spared. His nerves may be strained rather than strengthened. We "have doubts" because it must really be perplexing to know what to do

with little Josef. It would be interesting to know whether some eminent pianist, such as Mdme. Schumann or Herr Rubinstein, has been consulted as to the best mode of developing his wonderful gifts. Concerning the rest of the concert little need be said. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony was admirably given, and Mdme. Albani, Mdme. Nevada, and Mr. Lloyd helped to make the vocal portion of the programme unusually brilliant.

On Monday evening Herr Richter gave his eighth concert, and for the third time this season a new English symphony was included in the programme. Dr. Stanford's "Irish" Symphony is a work which will undoubtedly add to the composer's reputation. Haydn, and especially Schubert, made use of "folk" music in their writings, and Dr. Stanford shows great wisdom in turning to the interesting old tunes of his native country. The second movement opens with a theme in the form of a hop-jig; in the Andante scraps of Irish airs are used or imitated, while in the Finale the principal subjects are the stirring tunes "Remember the glories of Brian the Brave" and "Let Erin remember the days of old." After a first hearing, we are disposed to think that the first and second movements might with advantage have been shortened, seeing that the work takes in performance no less than three quarters of an hour; but for the rest we can only speak in terms of high praise of the design of the work and the way in which that design has been carried out. The applause at the close of the slow movement, and the numerous recalls after the performance, showed in a very decided manner how pleased the audience were with the work. It was admirably rendered under Herr Richter's direction, and the eminent conductor was evidently delighted with the enthusiastic reception given to the composer. The programme included some "Wagner" excerpts, Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, and Mozart's "Parisian" Symphony.

The London branch of the Wagner Society gave a *Conversazione* at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening. The members of the German *Liederkrantz* sang the chorus of sailors from the "Flying Dutchman"; and the ladies of Mrs. Trickett's Academy, under the direction of Mr. H. F. Frost, the "Spinning" chorus from the same work. Mr. Walter Bache contributed a Liszt paraphrase on Walther's song from the "Meistersinger." Besides these pieces, the first scene from "Das Rheingold" and the second scene from "Götterdämmerung" were given. The vocalists were Miss P. Cramer, Miss Friedländer, Miss Little, Messrs. Grove and Nicholl. The Wagner Society not being in a sufficiently flourishing condition to engage a full orchestra, were fortunate in securing the able services of Mr. C. Armbruster, a skilful pianist, who knows every note of the scores. A small orchestra, however, was engaged to play the "Siegfried" idyll. Mr. Armbruster conducted. There was a large gathering, and the performances were much applauded.

Space prevents us noticing in detail many other concerts. Mr. A. Napoleon, a Portuguese pianist, gave a recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday week. He has great command of the keyboard, and as a player was heard to advantage in a pianoforte concerto of his own composition. Mr. Thorndike, the well-known vocalist, gave two interesting vocal recitals at Prince's Hall on June 20 and 27, the programmes consisting entirely of works by English composers. Mdme. M. Remmert, who enjoys a high reputation on the Continent, gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, and Miss Cantelo one at Prince's Hall on the following day. Mdme. Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig gave the last of their excellent chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on Saturday evening, June 25.

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LITERATURE.

Reminiscences. By Thomas Carlyle. In 2 vols. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. (Macmillan.)

Carlyle as seen in his Works. By James Kerr. (W. H. Allen.)

THERE is no doubt whatever either as to the good intentions of Prof. Norton in publishing a second edition of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, or as to the care with which he has discharged—from his own point of view—his editorial duties. He has made these charges against Mr. Froude, that the first edition of the *Reminiscences* "was so carelessly printed as frequently to do grave wrong to the sense," and that "the punctuation, the use of capitals and italics, in the manuscript—characteristic of Carlyle's method of expression in print—were entirely disregarded." Whoever compares any one page in the first edition of the *Reminiscences* with what ought to be the corresponding page in the second, will find both charges made good. There is no longer any question that Mr. Froude sent the *Reminiscences* to the press with inexcusable haste; that he revised his proofs with inexcusable carelessness; and that his treatment of Carlyle's capitals, italics, and other peculiar modes of expression, taken in connexion with his own *nuda veritas* or "warts and all" theory of portraiture, was altogether inexcusable. It is impossible to take but one view of Mr. Froude's memorial to Carlyle. He led his readers to believe that it was as solid a piece of masonry as anything ever erected by James Carlyle. This belief, and this belief only, could be urged in defence of its ruggedness and its angularities. But *The Reminiscences* now stand revealed as a piece of jerry-building. The remainder of the Carlyle biographical literature, being of Mr. Froude's handiwork to a far greater extent than *The Reminiscences*, is now suspect. For if Mr. Froude's eyes and judgment have failed him in regard to Carlyle's modes of expression, they are much more likely to have failed him when he came to deal with Carlyle's treatment of his wife, and to look at various actions through the coloured spectacles of his own views of what Carlyle "ought" to have done.

Prof. Norton says that—

"In the first pages of the printed text there were more than a hundred and thirty corrections to be made, of words, punctuation, capitals, quotation marks, and such like; and these pages are not exceptional."

This is quite true, as the following parallel passages from the two editions of *The Reminiscences*, which, though not taken quite at random, are essentially typical, will suffice

to prove. Here is Carlyle's portrait of Jeffrey, according to Mr. Froude:—

"I seem to remember that I dimly rather felt there was something trivial, doubtful, and not quite of the highest type in our Edinburgh admiration for our great lights and law sages, and poor Jeffrey among the rest; but I honestly admired him in a loose way as my neighbours were doing, was always glad to notice him when I strolled into the courts and eagerly enough stepped up to hear if I found him pleading; a delicate, attractive, dainty little figure, as he merely walked about, much more if he were speaking; uncommonly bright black eyes instinct with vivacity, intelligence and kindly fire; roundish brow, delicate oval face full of rapid expression; figure light, nimble, pretty, though so small, perhaps hardly five feet in height. He had his gown, almost never any wig, wore his black hair rather closely cropt; I have seen the back part of it jerk suddenly out in some of the rapid expressions of his face," &c.

Here now is Jeffrey according to Prof. Norton—

"I seem to remember that I dimly rather felt there was something trivial, doubtful and not quite of the highest type, in our Edinburgh admiration for our great Lights and Law Sages and for Jeffrey among the rest; but I honestly admired him in a loose way, as my neighbours were doing; was glad to notice him when I strolled into the Courts; and eagerly enough stepped up to hear, if I found him pleading. A delicate, attractive, dainty little figure, as he merely walked about, much more if he were speaking; uncommonly bright black eyes, instinct with vivacity, intelligence and kindly fire; roundish brow, delicate oval face full of rapid expression; figure light, nimble, pretty, though small, perhaps hardly five feet four in height; he had his gown, almost never any wig, wore his black hair rather closely cropt—I have seen the back part of it jerk suddenly out," &c.

Mr. Froude has thus in a few lines contrived to take four inches off Jeffrey's stature—to convert him, in fact, from a little man into a dwarf—and to make Carlyle pity him as "poor," when he had no excuse for doing anything of the kind. Further, Mr. Froude takes the Carlylian significance out of this passage by suppressing the Carlylian capitals, one of which—in "Courts"—is, in any case, absolutely necessary. The substitution of a semicolon for a dash in the final sentence spoils its picturesqueness entirely. In the same sketch of Jeffrey, Carlyle, referring to the uncles of a Dumfriesshire murderess, said that they "were maternal, and come of a very honest kin." Mr. Froude substitutes "were" for "come," and spoils the sentence. Again, speaking of Craigenputtock, Carlyle talks of "our cosy little Drawing-room, bright shining, hidden in the lonely wildernesses." Mr. Froude renders this "our cosy little drawing-room, bright-shining, hidden in the lowly wilderness." Imagine Carlyle using such a Pecksniffism as "lowly"—especially of his wife's property! *Jam satis.*

It is in omission, not in commission, that Prof. Norton fails as an editor of the *Reminiscences*. He says that,

"in the present edition some trifling passages referring to private persons, calculated to give pain, and likely to be of no interest to the reader, are omitted, as they ought to have been at first."

Whether these passages "ought" to have been omitted at first, it is too late to omit them now. They have been published, and readers of Mr. Norton will simply turn to Mr. Froude for the passages omitted, more especially as they are all indicated in the new edition. Then on what principle does Mr. Norton decide that certain passages are calculated to give pain, and that others are not so calculated? Why, for instance, should he refrain from giving sentences relating to Mrs. Irving's relatives, and yet let it go forth that Badams, Carlyle's Birmingham friend, took to "drinking brandy instead of water," and "died miserably"? If pain has been given by the publication of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, the mischief cannot be undone by "omissions" at this time of day. Prof. Norton admits that he cannot give effect to all Carlyle's injunctions to Mr. Froude; thus he prints the bulk of the paper on Mrs. Carlyle, in spite of Carlyle's very peremptory injunction against publication, which he quotes. What Prof. Norton might have done, and what perhaps he ought to have done, was to have printed the *Reminiscences* precisely as Carlyle wrote them; with, where necessary, footnotes showing that Carlyle was wrong in his estimates of certain persons, or, as in the case of the late Mr. Darwin, had repented and recanted what he had written in haste or with too few facts before him. The excellence and amplitude of Prof. Norton's footnotes—they are ever so much fuller and better than Mr. Froude's—justifies a belief that he would have performed this very important task in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. As things stand, however, the curious will go to Prof. Norton for Carlylian accuracy, and to Mr. Froude for Carlylian fulness and mischievousness.

Mr. Kerr's volume on *Carlyle as seen in his Works* is a thin, honest, commonplace piece of criticism, fit to be read before a Young Men's Society, and unimpeachable as regards tone. But was it worth Mr. Kerr's while to print such a paragraph as this:

"There is often a strain of cynicism in Carlyle's humour. It is a caustic humour, and is more after the manner of Swift than of any other writer in our language. We miss in it the light, graceful, and amiable humour, entirely without gall, of Addison and Goldsmith. We miss in it the genial humour of Scott. As for the delicate and subtle humour of Charles Lamb, not only could Carlyle not imitate it, he could not even see it."

How very pupil-teacherish is all this, especially "the genial humour of Scott"! Discussing the question as to whether Carlyle will take his place among the immortals, Mr. Kerr mentions him in the same breath with Brougham. Nothing could more conclusively show that Mr. Kerr does not know the difference between literature proper and journalism. Brougham, parliamentary orator, essayist, popular lecturer, or, as Mr. Kerr would say, "writer of surpassing merit," was, alike in his energy and in his "slovenly omniscience," merely a daily journalist of imposing intellectual presence. Mr. Kerr's volume will be found useful chiefly as a judicious selection of Carlylian "beauties."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Leaves from my Chinese Scrapbook. By Frederick Henry Balfour. (Trübner.)

MR. BALFOUR is not a novice in writing on Chinese subjects. In 1876 there appeared his *Waifs and Strays from the Far East*, containing twenty essays on topics connected with China, with which his position as a journalist in Shanghai had made him familiar. In 1881 he published his version of "The Works of Chwang Tsge, Taoist Philosopher," the hardest nut to crack in all Chinese literature, in commencing with which his labours as a translator he was perhaps more adventurous than wise. Having made Taoism his special theme, Chwang Tsge was followed in 1884 by a translation of Láo Tsge's Tào Teh King and other Taoist texts; and now we have from him the present work, *Leaves from my Chinese Scrapbook*, containing, like his *Waifs and Strays*, twenty different articles, the chief of which are, more or less, of a Taoist character, though the author's own views as to the nature of the system do not come into prominence. The other articles are all interesting. The writer of this notice might differ from him somewhat in his estimate of filial piety in China, and on some other minor points; but the whole book will well repay a careful perusal of it.

The three chief subjects are in the first, tenth, and twentieth chapters, under the titles of "The First Emperor of China," "A Philosopher who never lived," and "The Flower Fairies: a Taoist Fairy Tale." The first of these must have our principal attention.

"The First Emperor" was the title assumed by Ch'ang, the King of To'in, in 221 B.C., the twenty-sixth year of his reign over his native state, or kingdom, when he had abolished the feudal dynasty of Ch'ân, and reduced all the states which had been contending for centuries for the supremacy under his sway. His ministers and partizans felt that a new title must be taken to signalise the new epoch, and proposed that their sovereign should thenceforth be styled Thâi Hwang ("The Great Augustus"); but he said to them, "Away with your Great, but let the 'Hwang' remain. I shall be styled Hwang Tî (= *Augustus Imperator*, or, perhaps rather, *Augustus Divus*). I shall be Shih Hwang Tî, *Augustus Imperator I*, my son *Augustus Imperator II*, and so on in one line down to the ten thousandth generation."

We are glad that Mr. Balfour has given to Shih Hwang Tî the foremost place in his book, for he has hitherto received but little attention from students of history. There are three men who stand out on the Chinese field conspicuous above all others by their grand proportions and distinct personality—"Yü the Great," who has been called "the Chinese Noah," the founder of the feudal monarchy in the twenty-third century B.C.; Confucius "the Sage," "the Teacher and Pattern of ten thousand ages," in the fourth and fifth centuries B.C.; and Ts'in Shih Hwang Tî, "the Chinese Napoleon," the builder of the Great Wall, the destroyer of the Confucian books and scholars, with whom the feudal monarchy ended and the imperial system which still prevails began, and whose own meteoric career terminated in 210 B.C.

In Mr. Balfour's monograph we have the longest and most discriminating account that

has yet appeared in English of this remarkable personage. It might have been fuller, and critical decisions may be come to that will modify in some degree our estimate of the man. It is unfortunate that nearly everything about him has been transmitted to us by "the scholars" of China, the representatives of the class between which and himself there was an irreconcilable feud. The reproach of bastardy will be wiped away from his birth, and the foul stories of his mother's profligate sensuality after his accession to the throne of Ts'in may be cleared off. In general, however, the delineation of the man and his doings will remain much as we have them from our author.

New light is thrown by Mr. Balfour on one interesting passage in the history of his subject from the Japanese work *Rok Shî Riak*. Certain Taoistic views were, probably, one of the inheritances of Shih Hwang Tî en Ts'in; and in 219 B.C., on a progress in the eastern parts of his empire, he heard much of the existence of "Three Isles of Fairyland," some days' voyage off in the "North Sea," peopled by "Immortals," and where was to be found "the Herb [or medicine] of Immortality." Fired with a desire to obtain the herb the emperor despatched an expedition, consisting of "several" thousand young men and women, under Hsü Shih (or Hsü Fû), a celebrated mystic, to find the immortals and bring back to him the precious medicine. The quest, of course, was unsuccessful; nor have we any account in Chinese histories that the voyage of discovery was renewed. But what could those "fairy isles" be but the islands of Japan? And Mr. Balfour says, we now know for a fact (?) that Hsü Fû did arrive there. According to the *Kok Shî Riak*,

"In the seventy-second year of Koré Tenno a man named Hsü Fû arrived in Japan from the state of Ts'in, accompanied by a thousand persons, consisting of men, women, and children. He also brought with him a certain book, and the object of his visit was to find the elixir of immortality. In this he was unsuccessful, and therefore he never went back. He took up his abode at Fusi-yama, and his memorial temple is still to be found at Kumanosan."

We need not say how, if this account be accepted, it confirms the conjecture mentioned by Mr. Mayers (under Hsü Shih) that the whole legend about the Fairy Isles has some reference to attempts made to colonise the Japanese islands. Was the first emperor, dissatisfied with the realm which he had conquered and enlarged, looking out for new lands in the vast ocean which he might add to his dominions? But his own death was not far distant from the date assigned to this attempt to obtain the herb of immortality. The years 215 and 214 B.C. were marked by his measures to repress the encroachments of the barbarians of the north, by a great extension of the limits of the empire in the south, and by the commencement of the "Great Wall"; 213 saw his edict for the burning of the Confucian books; 212 his extravagance in building the famous O-bang palace; his massacre of nearly 500 of the Confucian literati; and the banishment of his eldest son Fû Sû, who had remonstrated with him on such a deed, to superintend the labours of the general M'ang Thien on the wall. On his return from a progress in the south and east in 210, he

fell ill at a place called Sha-ch'ü in the present department of Shun-teh in Peh-chih-li. He hated, we are told, to speak of death, and none of his attendants dared to mention the word to him. As his end approached, his resentment against his eldest son passed away, and he told a eunuch to write a short message as from himself telling Fû Sû to meet him at the capital with a coffin and bury him. Before this message could be sent off, however, the emperor had died. The eunuch kept it back, and the premier weakly yielded to his counsels. They kept the death a secret, and the corpse was conveyed to the capital, where it was interred in the ninth month by the second son, whom, they said, he had appointed to succeed him. The interment took place in the mausoleum which the emperor had prepared for himself in mount Li, with nameless horrors, which Mr. Balfour does not relate.

Our author does not try to whitewash the first emperor, which would be a vain attempt. The moral which he draws from the sketch he has given is that the epoch is, perhaps, the saddest in the whole of China's history, and that the mischief which it wrought is well-nigh irreparable, "having inspired in the Chinese mind a rooted and consummate horror of change, and made the very word reform hateful to the Chinese people." To the present writer it seems that the impression left by the first emperor on the Chinese mind is not so much the dislike of change and reform, as the fear of tyranny and hatred of violence. More than thirty years ago, when the Thai Phing rebellion was running its course, many Chinese gentlemen used to call on me to ask, what intelligence I could give them of its progress; and all of them were confident of its speedy suppression. "You know the history of the Tsin dynasty," said one of them one day. "Thai Phing Wang is as ruthless as Shih Hwang Tî was. Fire and blood never built up a permanent rule in the world and never will."

We have said so much on Mr. Balfour's first chapter that we can add but a few words on the tenth, which is occupied with the works of Lieh Tseze. Mr. Balfour calls him "a philosopher who never lived," but it seems to us there can be no doubt of his existence at no long time after the death of Confucius. The collection of essays which bears his name, however, does not profess to have been written by himself, but to be the compilation of a disciple. Still, as Mr. Balfour says, our possession of the book is a fact, and we have it with a commentary of the fourth century A.D. Our author commences his account of it by telling us that a nephew of Marquis Ts'ang once said to a friend of his that the works of Lieh Tseze bore a close resemblance to our Bible. He does not endorse the young Chinese gentleman's opinion, but says that in reading the book he found much that interested him, and much that deserved recording. We have accordingly in this volume a fairly full digest of the contents, avoiding for the most part what is metaphysical and difficult to understand, but giving all or nearly all the stories, by which the speculations and teachings of Taoism are illustrated, very carefully translated, and many of them pleasant reading, entertaining and ingenious—often, where Confucius is introduced, captious and cynical. As a specimen of them we quote one of the

shortest, called "Confucius on Sageship," which both Buddhists and Christians have foolishly tried to press into their service :

"The premier Shang, during an interview with Confucius, asked him whether he was a sage. 'A sage!' replied Confucius. 'How could I dare to claim to be a sage? And yet my learning is wide, and my memory is richly stored.' 'Well, were the Three Princes sages?' 'The Three Princes were virtuous, tolerant, wise, and brave; but whether they were sages I do not know.' 'How about the Five Rulers?' 'The Five Rulers were virtuous, tolerant, benevolent, and just; but whether they were sages I do not know.' 'The Three Emperors then?' 'The Three Emperors were virtuous and tolerant, and always acted in accordance with the times; but whether they were sages I do not know.'

"Then the premier, greatly astonished, exclaimed, 'If so, then, where is a sage to be found?' Confucius, with a change of countenance, replied, 'In the West there is a sage. He governs not, yet there is no disorder; he speaks not, yet he is naturally trusted; he attempts no reforms, yet his influence has free course. Vast and far-reaching are his aims. The people can find no name for it. I suspect that he is a sage; yet I cannot be sure whether even he is or no.'

"The Premier relapsed into silence, and pondered in his heart whether Confucius were not chaffing him."

JAMES LEGGE.

Shamrocks. By Katharine Tynan. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THE most ambitious poem in Miss Tynan's new volume is her version of the old Celtic romance, "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainnè." Portions of this poem, which is composed in a series of separate idylls, have already appeared in different Irish periodicals; but we now for the first time see the whole in its proper completion and sequence of parts. The result, it must be confessed, is somewhat disappointing. There is much of power and grace, though little pathos, in the telling of the story; but as a whole the material does not seem to have lain long enough in the heat of the poet's imagination—it has not been sufficiently fused to enable it to be struck out into a new and harmonious shape. Some such recasting seems necessary. The truth is that these old Celtic tales do not bear retelling in the form in which they have reached us. In prose, indeed, one reads them with a mixture of artistic and scientific interest. But a poet has no business to tell any story he does not believe in, either as fact or symbol; and unquestionably Miss Tynan cannot in any sense believe that Diarmuid slew a giant whose heels scooped out valleys in his death agony, or that he leaped unseen over the army that encircled his lair, or that he slew single-handed 1,500 of the 2,000 men sent by Fionn to seize him. This turgidity is a blot in the ancient Irish mythic poetry, and it is neither wise nor patriotic to reproduce it. We want the Irish spirit, certainly, in Irish literature; but we want its gold, not its dross; its spirituality, not its superstition; its daring fancy, not its too frequent recourse to mechanical exaggeration.

But with all drawbacks Miss Tynan has unquestionably made an impressive work of her "Diarmuid and Grainnè." What can be better for her whole dramatic purpose than

her conception of Fionn? He is thus introduced :

"This was the bridegroom, Fionn, the king of Eirè,
Gnarled like an oak, his face like liened stone,
Sullen and fierce, his red eyes sunk and weary,
Towered o'er all men that giant frame alone.

"Like an old tiger that hath lonely lasted
Years after all his kin be turned to clay;
Like a huge tree the thunderbolt hath blasted,
Black and accursed it stains the face of day.

"Yet a great hero—famed in many a story,
Victor on many a bloody field of fight,
But fierce and drunk with blood and blind with glory,
And, as men deemed, too old for love's delight."

After this description of Fionn (who, by the way, was not, and should by no means be called "King of Eirè"), Diarmuid seems little more than a lay figure, a type of chivalry and devotion; while Grainnè, with her white robes, and long neck, and "great stormy eyes," is a rather conventional heroine, as heroines go nowadays. But their story is told in strong and melodious verse, with many touches of natural beauty and fine feeling.

Altogether better as a specimen of Miss Tynan's powers is her "Story of Aibhric," embodying the legend of the singing swans, the transformed daughters of Lir. The young prince, Aibhric, has chased a mighty stag all day, and is seeking his home alone in the evening, when he hears the marvellous singing of the swans, to follow which becomes thenceforth the passion-madness of his life. The sense of mystery and approaching doom could hardly be better rendered than in Miss Tynan's description of the place where he first hears this fatal music :

"But now, at the eve, none answered my bugle's call;
Lord and lady were gone

Back to the lighted board in the palace hall—
I was riding alone:

The stag had vanished; a long gold gleam in the west

The grey pools mirrored all chill,
And the shrieking water-fowl flew up from the nest,

The wind in the reeds sobbed shrill.

"Dreary, dreary seemed the place and strange,

The moon was barred with the drifts,
And great cloud mountains rose stormily, range after range,

And broke into rifts;
An eagle sailed overhead with a flapping wing
And a wild, long cry;

I stayed my horse, and I mused with much questioning,
In what strange country was I.

"The hounds looked up in my face and shivered with dread,

Then cowered and were still;
Only the moon's wild face, like the face of the dead,

Looked up from each marsh-pool chill;
And the reeds and rushes shook and the wind wailed by,

The flat land stretched on each side
Down to the grey, sad line of the boding sky,
The gold gleam flickered and died."

One misses to a certain extent the note of pathos in Miss Tynan's "Diarmuid and Grainnè." But that she has the power to sound this string is amply proved by her rendering of the old popular legend, "The Dead Mother." This is certainly the finest of the shorter poems in this volume. It is written with a simplicity, tenderness, and intensity of feeling which must place it

among the best of the renderings of this touching legend. It is unfortunate, however, that the simplicity of this poem does not always prevail in Miss Tynan's writings. Its absence is most conspicuous in her religious poetry. Religious poetry need not, indeed, always be simple; but if not simple it should be subtle; and Miss Tynan's is generally neither one nor the other, but merely ornate. It is wanting, moreover, in one cardinal quality of sacred poetry—it treats of awful things without the smallest apparent sense of awe. The author is on just as familiar terms with the "Angel of the Annunciation" (not to speak of even higher themes) as with Diarmuid or Feargus or Mr. A. M. Sullivan :

"Oh, the marvellous eyes!
All strange with a rapt surprise,
They mused and dreamed as he went;
The great lids, drooping and white,
Screened the glory from sight;
His lips were most innocent."

Unless Miss Tynan will give up writing sacred poetry, or can learn to write it differently, the final estimate of the value of her contributions to literature—an estimate which it is to be hoped may be deferred by a long life of work and growth—will be much lower than her power in dealing with secular themes gives her a right to expect.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

"Popular County Histories."—*A History of Berkshire.* By Lieut. Col. Cooper King. (Elliot Stock.)

THE plan on which this series of county histories is made renders it impossible for the several writers to be seen at their best. The counties of England vary much not only in size, but also in historic interest. Some are crowded with memorable sites, others have done little towards the making of England. And yet, so far as the series has gone, it would seem that each is considered worthy of about the same number of pages. Col. Cooper King has done well, considering he had less than three hundred pages at his disposal. We should have had much fault to find had his space been less severely limited. As he has worked in fetters we are bound to say that he has made the best of his opportunity. His book reads like a highly condensed history, not, as at least one in the series does, like a guide-book, from which maps and engravings have been omitted. Our most serious grievance is that few references to authorities are given, and those few often appear in such a form as to render consultation well-nigh impossible. "Tanner MSS." for instance, is a most provoking entry, considering the bulk and varied nature of that great collection. It is, however, not quite so bad as the simple reference, "Blackwood," which occurs on p. 25. Is it possible that the author can be aware of the vast number of volumes of which *Blackwood's Magazine* consists? Neither of these are, however, so irritating as the reference "Hearne" (p. 78). We should be the last person to disparage the labours of that illustrious Jacobite antiquary, who devoted the greater part of his life to editing and printing chronicles and historic evidences when few other persons cared for them, and many could see in our mediæval historians nothing but monastic rubbish. Hearne, however, had not the gift of order,

to use a phrase of Carlyle's which, if we remember right, he applied to Rushworth's *Historical Collections*. Hearne's works are a complete "rag fair." Everything that he printed was well worth preserving; but there is no sort of arrangement which any except the compiler can understand. We must beg that, if this book ever reaches a second edition, which its intrinsic merits render probable, the author will remove this great drawback to its usefulness.

There is one feature in Col. Cooper King's volume which renders it very valuable. He is aware of a fact of which most historians seem to be profoundly ignorant—that the geology of a district must be studied ere we can rightly understand its history. Before man arrived there, the hills and valleys of Berkshire were being moulded by the slow processes of nature. The river channels were being formed, and a place prepared where palaeolithic man could dwell. That this remote predecessor of ours dwelt by the side of the rivers and fished in their waters is proven; but the finds of the earlier forms of flint implements have not been numerous. The author is careful not to give any opinion as to whether the present race of Englishmen inherit the blood of their remote predecessors. Indeed, he carefully avoids all through that vainest of human pursuits—speculative archaeology. We are glad to find that he is sound on one matter where so many have gone astray. He is fully aware that there were Teutons in Britain before the invasions which are recorded in history.

The account of the Roman conquest and settlement in Berkshire is exceedingly good. It is quite true that the Romans occupied Britain as we do India. They were conquerors, not settlers, but the racial differences were not so marked as those between the Englishman and the Hindu. We think that evidence might be found to prove that there was some blending between the conquerors and the conquered. The great number of Roman houses that have been discovered from the Isle of Wight to the Roman Wall proves that there must have been a very large number of wealthy settlers, or that many of the native inhabitants had fully adapted the outward forms of Roman civilisation.

The accounts of the Saxon, Dane, and Norman conquests are far too concise, but it is easy to see that they would have been valuable had they not been so terribly compressed. We have no desire to enter into the thorny by-paths of theological controversy, but for the sake of historic accuracy we must protest against one of the effects attributed to the Norman conquest. "The power of the Saxon Church was crushed, its independence of Rome taken away." It would be easy to demonstrate that the relations between the Roman pontiffs and the English episcopate were easier and more intimate before the son of Arletta of Falaise became king than they ever were at any subsequent time until the severance occurred in the sixteenth century.

The military history occupies two long chapters. It is all good; the latter part extremely so. The author's sympathies are evidently with Charles I. in the great struggle of the seventeenth century so memorable for England and the world, but he shows no

bitterness towards the other side. In the chapter devoted to monastic and ecclesiastical affairs we do not find the same thoroughness. We have not noticed any mistakes of fact, but it is evident that ecclesiastical history does not appeal to Col. Cooper King so strongly as those secular events which seem to many people to act so much more directly in furthering human progress. We are sorry for this, for Berkshire was a great ecclesiastical centre. A history of its churches and abbeys would, if well done, be an important addition to our knowledge.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

TWO TOURISTS IN PRAIRIELAND.

Cow Boys and Colonels. By Baron E. de Mondat-Grancey. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Saddle and Moccasin. By Francis Francis, Jun. (Chapman & Hall.)

A DISTINGUISHED statesman not long ago informed the world (and somewhat astonished those who were better informed) that since De Tocqueville wrote on democracy in the New World we have learned very little about the United States. As a matter of fact, *De la Democratie en Amerique*, never more than theoretically right, has, for all practical purposes, been obsolete these twenty years. At best, it is one of those books which everybody quotes, and those who have never read it praise; but with the exception of Mr. John Stuart Mill, the unappreciative reviewer has never yet met anybody who was prepared to pass an examination in its contents. Most of its admirers prefer to regard the book as one "without which no gentleman's library is complete"; and, on the whole, a generation that has enough to do with democracy in the concrete without wasting much oil over it in the abstract, will, by so doing, adequately perform their duty by the amiable author whom the world respects so much and reads so little. At all events, we have learned a good deal about America since Alexis de Tocqueville made a flying visit to a few of the Eastern States of the then youthful Union.

Here, for example, are two volumes on parts of the country which were absolutely unknown and unsettled, and to a large extent not even within the bounds of the great Republic fifty years ago, and which describe manners and modes of thought, industries and amusements, of which the men of 1831 had not even conceived the possibilities. The people who penetrated the Western Prairies at this period were explorers, and wrote with the ponderous dignity befitting "2 vols., 4to, with engravings on wood and steel." To-day they are tourists, and produce their impressions in the modest fashion befitting the hasty notes of a run-and-write trip. These two books are fair specimens of the literature that has been called into existence by the extension of railways, and the destruction of the Indian by civilisation.

The chief objection to *Cow Boys and Colonels* is its title. This senseless bit of alliteration, chosen apparently to catch the patrons of an American circus at present witching the London world with noble horsemanship, has really little to do with the subject of the volume, which contains not

much about "cowboys," and no more about "colonels" than must any volume on a country where almost every other man has this military title. Nor do we see why Mr. William Conn, who is merely the translator, occupies so prominent a place on the title-page, and appears on the cover—where there is a variant of the title—as the author of the book. In reality the writer is Baron de Mandat-Grancey; and the original designation of the work—which has received high commendation from the Academy—is "Dans les Montagnes-Rocheuses," facts which are acknowledged only in a line of small type. Otherwise, the book is an admirable one, and Mr. Conn has performed his task with praiseworthy accuracy, and, in addition, furnished a few explanatory notes which materially add to the value of the volume. The book itself does not contain anything absolutely new. M. de Mandat-Grancey does not posture as an explorer. He is merely a tourist, but an extremely intelligent one; and, in his journey to the Black Hills of Dakota and back again, allows very little to escape his keen eye, or the play of his acute, though generally bantering, criticism. He deplores the astounding ignorance of his countrymen regarding every region outside of France, and hence he thinks proper to note facts and enlarge on customs which an English author would regard as too well known to deserve a place in his pages. But this constitutes the great charm—we might almost say the value—of his volume. It is the impressions of a cultured Frenchman, who has mingled in the best society of the most polished cities of Europe, on men and their ways in the least civilised portions of the United States. He is generally fair, but rarely flattering. It is clear that M. le Baron was not taken by the life he saw, and that American immigration has not a great deal to gain by the latest narrative of the "European tenderfoot." Still, we have met few books of the kind better worth reading, or with more graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the scenes witnessed and the adventures experienced.

Mr. Francis sees the West from another point of view. He is not an "Alpinist," knows nothing about "climbing circles," and, if he cared anything about democracy and its lack of manners, does not possess the incisive touch of the gay good natured Frenchman. Mr. Francis, as becomes the son of his father, is a sportsman; and, whenever he goes to the Yellowstone Park, to the Sierras, to Sonora, to the Pend d'Oreille Lake, to the Animas Valley, or to Northern Mexico, he sees the world mainly from its fishing and shooting aspects. He also imparts local colour to his pages; but we scarcely think the endless dialect conversations—some of which would scarcely pass muster with local critics—add much to the intelligibility of his pages. Most of the chapters have either appeared in not very recent magazine contributions, or have done duty in some other shape; and, though not always of high literary value, they are worthy of preservation for the information they convey regarding sport in spots which, like the Pend d'Oreille Lake country, are very little known to the world at large. The "Winchester Water Meads" (p. 87) is, however, a little out of place, even in the way of padding, for it describes a fishing excursion

in Hampshire. Mr. Francis ought to be a trifle more careful about his facts. For instance (p. 10), it seems to us like speaking at random to describe the Yellowstone National Park as "100 miles square," and containing over "10,000 active geysers, hot springs, fumaroles, solfataras, saeas, and boiling pools." As a matter of fact, the park is fifty-five miles by sixty-five miles, and includes, therefore, 3,575 square miles, or 2,288,000 acres; and, in Dr. Peale's official report to the Geological Survey, only 3,000 hot springs, &c., are noted, 71 of these being geysers. We may also take this opportunity of saying that the Grotto Geyser (p. 15) spouts as well as "simply churns and makes an uproar." However, in spite of these little slips of the pen, Mr. Francis writes in a lively style, and is evidently in love with his subject.

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Son of his Father. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Demetrius. By Stephen Coleridge. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Anchorage. By Mrs. Horace Field. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Bride of the Nile: a Romance. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. In 2 vols. (Trübner.)

'Tween Heaven and Earth: a Novel of our Day. By Emilie L. Lancaster. (Remington.)

The O'Donnells of Inchfawn: a Novel. By L. T. Meade. (Hatchards.)

A Millionaire of Rough and Ready. By Bret Harte. (White.)

ONE is always certain of being amused and interested on taking up a story by Mrs. Oliphant, though there may be some of us who cannot help looking back to the days of *Salem Chapel* or *Merkland*. Her latest novel is, taken altogether, as good as anything that she has produced in recent years; but the ending is tantalising. We must confess to sympathising with the excellent Miss Martha Buskbody, and feel inclined to resent being put off with an assurance of Susie's happiness when we wanted to hear about Jack and Elly. But the book is a very good one, and no part is better than the account of the hero's childhood with which it opens. Most pleasant, too, are the studies of the old Sandfords in their quiet village life; and against these stands out in all the higher relief the figure of their hard, unsympathetic daughter, who, with her everlasting coldness and habit of prophesying the worst of her son, certainly did her very best to goad him into evil courses, worthy woman as she may possibly have been. The episode of the convict father's return with its sequences is clever, and not wanting in pathos; but it strikes one that John must have been the dullest of mortals not to have guessed the truth years before, considering the many scraps of incidental evidence in his possession. There seems to have been some faint notion of introducing a purpose into the novel—viz., the temperance question—but it is not obtruded.

A very good historical romance, though not without its drawbacks, is that which Mr. Coleridge has founded upon the story of the false Demetrius, the supposititious son of Ivan the Terrible, and his brief triumph and reign. In such a tale there is not, of course, much scope for imagination, as the author is necessarily fettered, to a certain extent, by recognised facts. But there is something so essentially dramatic in the details of the actual record that it would have been next to impossible not to turn them to some good end; and, on the whole, *Demetrius* may be praised as an exciting romance, likely to be read through at a sitting. There is not much attempt at character drawing, for which Mr. Coleridge possibly felt himself unfitted; still, the figure of the innocent adventurer is not without the heroic element, and there is some dramatic power shown in the last desperate struggle, which ends in the murder of Demetrius in the palace. There is subtlety, also, in the scene where he challenges his supposed mother's recognition in the tent. But the one fatal flaw in conception that strikes the reader is this: the true prince is supposed to have been ten years old when burned in the castle of Ouglitch, the youth of gentle blood put in his place by Leo must have been of the same age, and, consequently, old enough to be, at least, capable of grasping the facts of the fraud. Is it conceivable that, as is here represented, he should, in the course of adolescence, so utterly have forgotten all about it as honestly to believe himself the murdered prince? We doubt it much, and think that Mr. Coleridge has made an artistic mistake in so far idealising the character of his hero. Again, it is difficult to understand, in the light of after occurrences, why Leo effected the substitution. Still the book is worth reading, especially as dealing with an unhackneyed subject, as well as being a practical protest against the wearisome pseudo-psychology to which the readers of modern novels are too often condemned. It is just a good, exciting story, and claims to be no more. The style is not always to our taste. We distinctly object to this passage, put into the mouth of Sister Marfa at a moment of almost tragic intensity—"Or is he the mad one who would dare command a mother tell the world there was no boggle when he burnt her son?"

Mrs. Field has not attempted too high a flight; and the result is that her story is distinctly readable, though there are passages here and there, chiefly when Theodore Watson is on the war-path, which make one just a little inclined to follow the example of the doctor's big dog, as recorded at p. 33 of the second volume. But when the author is content to let religion and metaphysics alone, and simply occupy herself with pretty Olga Vincent's life-history, she is very agreeable, if not wildly exciting, company. There is some novelty in the conception of the ignorant Georgian heiress thrown upon London life—as innocent of wrong as Eve in Paradise—with no better advisers than a true-hearted quadroon nurse, as guileless as herself, and a fraudulent London solicitor. No wonder that she fell a willing prey to the first man with a handsome face and taking manner who came across her. Olga is, in fact, very charming; but Gustave De Launay is

not so satisfactory—as Andrew Fairservice said of Rob Roy, he is "ower good for bann-ing, and ower bad for blessing," and leaves a sense of unreality on the mind. Readers who are in search of excitement may be advised to pass *Anchorage* by; but those who can enjoy a pretty and rather pathetic story, quietly told, will like it. Of course, the living in the "slums" is an idea that could never be carried out successfully, but it merits the noblest praise that can be given to any noble conceit, viz., it is Quixotic. Dr. Watson seems to have had queer ethnological views. Why should it have been any harm to Bertie Searle to have had "a touch of gipsy blood somewhere" forsooth? As if the Romany were not as good as any other of the Oriental tribes, and a great deal older than most of them! Perhaps the author confused gipsies with tramps.

The first thing that occurs to one on laying down Dr. Ebers's latest romance is that had it been half the length it would have been twice as good; and the curtailment might so easily have been made! It would only have been a question of omitting all those long and dreary conversations which are, possibly, dear to the hearts of the German public, but in the case of British readers have but one result, viz., to foster the highly reprehensible practice of skipping. Phillipus, the Greek, was doubtless a most learned and estimable man, but he was, as undoubtedly, a fearful bore. One does not want to be tricked, under the guise of a romance, into the study of questions which would be excellently in place in a philosophical treatise; and the dialogues to which we refer do not further the action in the least. Beyond this the novel is a good one, and increases in interest as it draws to a close. It is no slight praise to say that the author has the power to engage his readers' sympathies as fully for the old-world characters of his drama as if they had been people of our own race and time. Because it is indisputable that, however archaeologically interesting Memphis and its inhabitants in the seventh century may be, there is a certain difficulty in feeling oneself quite in touch with the whole; added to which few but antiquarian readers can care much about the ancient heresies, based upon metaphysical definitions of which most people are ignorant, and which they would not understand if they knew them—any more than did ninety-nine per cent. of those who were always ready to shed their own or, preferably, other folks' blood for the sake of some crack-brained leader's last new crochet. But, notwithstanding all drawbacks, the story is a good one, and exciting to the verge of melodrama, while Paula, Orion, Katharina, and the others are intensely human. The contrast between the fair Melchite's saintliness and the almost preternatural fiendishness of her Jacobite rival is, perhaps, a trifle too strongly marked; one feels a want of shade in the picture. A good many people would think that Paula would have been rather a terrible person to live with, notwithstanding her beauty, and that Katharine, under good strong guidance, would have been the more eligible companion for this work-a-day world. She is very cleverly drawn as a study of an intense, ill-regulated nature. Dr. Ebers might have intended the story of her treacheries and

crimes for a sermon upon Congreve's old saw about "a woman scorned." The scene in which she tries to infect Heliodora with the plague, and unconsciously gives it to Susannah, is positively tremendous in its intensity; and the crowning act of self-sacrifice is quite in keeping with the character of such a woman. Considering the name of the author, we need not comment upon the accuracy of antiquarian detail which distinguishes the romance, nor upon its picturesqueness. Dr. Ebers has made the country and the epoch with which he deals especially his own. But particular attention may be drawn to such scenes as the death of the Mukaukas George, the sack of his palace by the Arabs, and the flight and pursuit of the Melchite nuns. The book as a whole is well worth reading, even in a translation.

If it be true that dreams are the outcome of our waking thoughts, it would appear that Miss Margaret Kingsdown entertained no very high opinion of her two suitors, Col. Frapply and Mr. Gilbert Jervoise, either morally or intellectually. Having, on singularly insufficient premises, arrived at the conclusion that the latter was faithless, she accepted the former, developed a talent for somnambulism, got into trouble on the rocks between Torquay and Paignton, and evolved from her internal consciousness a highly horrifying life drama for all concerned. It will be a relief to tender-hearted readers to learn that, just as Mrs. Frapply was about to drown herself from the Thames Embankment, Margaret woke up, had brain fever, jilted the colonel, married Gilbert, and lived happy ever after. The style of the book is as peculiar as was the gallant officer's logic, of which the following is a specimen:

"He has served in Zululand, exchanged into the Guards, and was with Wolsley in Egypt. Consequently, he credits women as ambitious, and not insensible to the superior charms of such an one as Col. Frapply. Therefore, Margaret Kingsdown, girl as she is, isolated as she is, must likewise have a vein of like reasoning with her, or she can be no woman."

Mrs. Lancaster seems to have been a little uncertain at times whether she should use the historic present or the past tense, and to have compromised matters by mixing the two. Her power of metaphor, also, is surprising. We must really give one passage, which is almost worthy of Lord Castlereagh himself:

"Now this sudden awakening to her dreams, this cup of saddened gloom overshadowing all, sinks as a knell of warning into her soul, and censures her through the voice of conscience to her own utter misery."

Still, *'Tween Heaven and Earth* is not without its value as a source of original information. It is, for instance, interesting to learn that in Torquay society at the present day people commonly use such phrases as "Oh, think not" and "I pray you." Also that "barquee, &c.," can navigate the Thames between Cleopatra's Needle and Westminster Bridge. We do not know what "&c." represents—ironclads, possibly, or Atlantic liners; and we should dearly like to know, *inter alia*, how they all got under Waterloo Bridge!

It may be open to some question whether it is wise at the present juncture to publish

stories dealing with the Irish difficulty; granting the expediency, it may be allowed that it could hardly have been better treated than in *The O'Donnells of Inchfaun*. The author is apparently not a Celt, but has much sympathy with the people of that race—more than it is common to find among Teutons; and the story is a very pretty and sympathetic one. It treats of the downfall of a grand old family, and the results thereof, with some details of secret societies, and an element of natural and wholesome sensation which brightens up the narrative. Ellen O'Donnell is a charming creation, but we cannot profess to care for her husband. The gem of the book is the character of poor young Brownlow—the lowborn lad who yet was a grand, true gentleman. His death is thoroughly and nobly pathetic—laying down his life not even "for his friend." What knight of Arthur's court could have done more for the love of his lady? It is strange how impossible it seems to be for Saxons to understand the love of mother-country which militates against enforced emigration. And the comedy occasionally trenches on burlesque. Miss Macnaughton, however provincial, was a gentlewoman, and it is absurd to represent her as not knowing that the world was round. Did it occur to the author that it is, also, slightly ridiculous to make a Catholic peasant devote the soul of his enemy to *purgatory* "for ever"? Of course, one knows what he really said.

In *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready*, Mr. Bret Harte once more takes us to California, but with a difference; and the story is one of the best that he has written of late years. The complication originally arising out of Alvin Mulrady's discovery of the gold-vein, and Slinn's conviction that he himself had the prior right, is good, and the *dénouement* as dramatic as anything the author ever conceived. The chivalrous little Spaniard, Don Caesar, is a well-drawn figure, and contrasts well with his rough, though worthy neighbours. One feels that he was too good to be thrown away on Vashti Slinn.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

RECENT GERMAN THEOLOGY.

Die Apostel-Lehre und Die Jüdischen Beiden Wege. Von Adolf Harnack. (Leipzig: Hinrichs.) This pamphlet is an enlarged reprint of an article which appeared in the *Realencyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. It contains a succinct account of the present state of inquiry into the "Apostles' Teaching." Little more than three years have passed since Bryennius brought the manuscript of the *Didache* to light. Barely a year has passed since Dr. Harnack published, in the second volume of "Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur," a full historical and critical commentary on that book. But since then scholars have been very busy in Germany, England and America. Quite a literature has sprung up on the *Didache*. The books, treatises and articles dealing with it amount to upwards of 200. The aim of Dr. Harnack's last publication is to bring the whole subject of investigation, with all its side issues, under a clear and comprehensive survey, and thus to mark exactly the point at which historical inquiry has at this time arrived. No more competent pen could have been found to perform such a task than Dr. Harnack's. He shows in this last book all the qualities which we

have learned to expect from him—wide reading, a perfect mastery of subject, subtlety and *finesse* of research, and fairness of judgment. There are two questions on which he takes up a position entirely different from most English scholars. The first question refers to the relationship of the *Didache* to the *Ep. of Barnabas*. Dr. Harnack maintains that the *Ep. Barn.* was written before the *Didache*, and that the author of the *Didache* drew upon *Ep. Barn.* His argument, in short, runs as follows: *Did.* cp. i., 1-2; ii., 2-7; iii., 7-vi., 2, correspond to *Barn.* xviii.-xx. Not only the subjects, but the wording are in certain passages the same. The treatment, however, of the subject is very different in the two books. In *Ep. Barn.* we find confusion, in the *Did.* we see perfect order. The author of the *Did.* has, moreover, inserted into the text, which he has in common with the *Ep. Barn.*, passages either taken from Scripture i., 3-6, or modelled upon its pattern, iii., 2-6. If then the *Ep. Barn.* is later than, and dependent upon, the *Did.*, its author would have gone out of his way to turn the fine order which he found in the *Did.* into confusion, and to eliminate carefully all the Scripture passages, *quod absurdum est*. Again *Did.*, Cp. xvi., which is compiled from the Gospel and Sach. 14, 5, contains only one verse, which appears to be original, and this verse is also found in *Ep. Barn.*, iv., 10 g. Now, is it more likely that the *Ep. Barn.* should have seized upon this one verse, which is the real property of the *Did.*, and should have omitted all the Scripture verses, than that the *Did.*, which is nothing but a compilation, should have taken this verse from *Ep. Barn.*, as it took the others from Scripture? These arguments, we must confess, appear to us conclusive. Equally strong are those which Dr. Harnack adduces in favour of a comparatively late date for the *Did.* English and American scholars date its composition A.D. 80-100, Dr. Harnack A.D. 120-163. The order of things, he argues, which is depicted in the *Did.*, and which is more ancient than that given in Clemens Romanus, Polycarp and Hermas—not to mention Ignatius—may have maintained itself in some provinces to a later time, and may then have suddenly given way. The reference to a generation of prophets which had passed away, the manifest signs of decay in the ranks of the prophets then living, the toning down of moral precepts (Cp. vi.) and of eschatological prophecies (xvi.) point to a later age. Dr. Harnack fully accepts Dr. C. Taylor's view, viz., that the original of the *Did.*, at least of the first part (Cp. i.-vi.), was a Jewish manual called *The Two Ways*, which was introduced at a very early time into the Christian Church for the use of catechumens; and he traces in an instructive manner the different steps by which the original made its way to *Ep. Barn.*, the *Did.* and to the *Apostolic Constitutions*. There are two points on which we venture to differ from the author (p. 3). The passage (*Did.* i., 3-6) *προσεύχεσθε ὑπὲρ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ὑμῶν*, &c., does not refer to the love of God, but to the love for our fellow-men and the duties we owe them; again (p. 22), it cannot be inferred from *Did.* xv. i. that the prophets and teachers play the principal part in the congregations, but that the "bishops and deacons" are the original order of teachers, and for that very reason no detailed instruction regarding them need be given to the Church.

Urchristliches Andachtsbuch. Die Lehre der Zwölf Apostel an die Völker. Deutsch herausgegeben und in Kürze erklärt von Gustav Volkmar. (Zürich: Schröter & Meyer.) Prof. Volkmar reminds us by this work what should have been done in England long ago. He has made the *Didache*, the earliest Christian manual of devotion as he calls it, accessible to the general public by an excellent and idiomatic

translation. The sixteen chapters of the original are arranged under ten heads; the notes, though sparingly introduced, are most appropriate. Paper, type, and execution are in keeping with the general work. And the fact that the edition has gone through three editions shows that the public in Switzerland and Germany have appreciated the gift offered them. The only exceptions we venture to take are to the conventional view (p. 11), that cp. i. 3-6 is a comment on ἀγαπήσεις τὸν θεὸν τὸν πληρώσαντά σε i. 2, whereas it refers to the second great commandment, ἀγαπήσεις τὸν πληρώσαντά σου. The difficulty of the conventional view is illustrated by the long and somewhat laboured note (p. 13). The references to Bar Cochba, the composition of the *Did.* exactly in A.D. 134, and at Pella (p. 38 sq.) are very doubtful. The *Did.* (comp. xvi. with its prototype *Matth.* xxiv.) does not leave the impression of having been written in troubled times. Again, it cannot exactly be called a manual of devotion: it contains too much "teaching" for that. But the prayers which it enjoins to be offered at the Holy Communion (ix. 2, 3, 4, x. 2-6) evidently date from the apostolic age. In ancientness, in grandeur and beauty, they are second only to the Lord's Prayer (viii. 2). There seems no reason why the "Apostles' Teaching" should not be similarly made accessible to the English public, and its collects introduced into our liturgies.

Das hohepriesterliche Gebet Jesu Christi. Von F. L. Steinmeyer. (Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben.) This book seems to us a model of what a monograph should be. It possesses the merits, which we expect in a German commentary, of minuteness and comprehensiveness of research; it possesses, moreover, the merits, which we do not always find in such works, of grace and clearness of style. In his treatise of St. John xvii., the author follows steadily the development of the main thought which runs through that chapter. It is only occasionally that he diverges into a side question, and then he invariably makes his way back skilfully into the main current. It is not possible to say anything new about a chapter on which so much has already been written. But it is quite possible to bring the results of modern investigation into the right point of view. This, we believe, the author has done. He maintains first, that the high-priestly prayer has the essential character of a prayer, against Chrysostom (p. 2), "non ἐχὴν hoc caput continere, sed λαλῶν, informatorium concionem sermonem, ad discipulos," to which Calvin adds, "ut certam haberet fidem apud discipulos." His second point is, that in this prayer "Christ renders account of His work here on earth. He has been faithful unto death. He prays for, nay He claims, His reward, namely the glory which He had had from the beginning." We accept this point of view. It is only in the division which he makes of the chapter, and occasionally in his exegesis, that we differ from the author. Verse 20 does begin a new series of petitions, which are offered up for the outer and more distant circle of disciples. The point of departure is clearly marked by the οὐ μόνον—ἀλλὰ καὶ in the Οὐ περὶ τούτων δὲ ἐρωτῶ μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ περὶ, &c. (p. 35). Again, to seek the explanation of verse 13, "they (the disciples) may have their joy fulfilled," in Matthew xxvi. 22, "they were exceeding sorrowful," seems far-fetched (p. 63). On the whole this is an excellent book, and deserves a careful study.

Die Lehre vom Gebet nach dem Neuen Testament. Von Paul Christ. (Leiden: Brill.) The author does not show any lack of candour in defining his standpoint. He relies mainly on Baur and Volkmar. He accepts as genuine sources of the beginnings of Christianity only

St. Mark's Gospel and four Pauline epistles. In the Gospel, moreover, interpolations have been made, and the only criteria by which a genuine saying of Jesus may be known are the stamp of religious genius and freedom from all Pauline or Jewish influences. Such is the brief which the author holds (p. 9), and from this brief he tries to work out his case in a logical and consistent manner. If he fails in this attempt it is not from want of exegetical acumen or dialectical ability, but because the case cannot be possibly established upon such grounds. Thus his first proposition, upon which all the others rest, is that the New Testament never speaks of prayer to Christ as a divine being. In Rom. x., 12, 13, and 1 Cor. i. 2, he maintains that ἐπικαλεῖσθαι τὸ ὄνομα Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ may possibly mean not to invoke but to praise the name of Christ (Isaiah xiv. 5). In 2 Cor. xii. 8-9 he pleads that κύριος signifies θεὸς and not Χριστός. But this interpretation is rendered impossible by the immediately following ἵνα ἐπισκενηώσῃ ἐπ' ἐμὲ ἡ δύναμις τοῦ Χριστοῦ. Rom. xiv. 6, which he cites, speaks, we think, against his arguments, for here, too, κύριος means Christ, as is evident from v. 9. Granted that his argument has succeeded, it proves no more than that possibly Christ may not have been the object of the Apostle's prayer. This is a slender foundation upon which to build the conclusion that "the oldest books of the New Testament do not mention, in fact do not allow, an invocation of Christ," and to rest the demand "that all prayers addressed to Christ should be expunged from our liturgies and prayer-books" (p. 40). A theory like the one proposed by the author can have only one virtue, to wit, self-consistency. And this virtue, we fear, is here wanting. For the author, after exhausting every art of exegetical science, is obliged to confess (p. 192) that there does exist a discrepancy between the "supernaturalistic New Testament view of prayer as a power, which may interfere with the course of nature and change the fate of men," and the modern view which he himself maintains. Taken merely as a piece of dialectic this book is worthy of the theological school from which it issues. And the remarks on those passages which the author allows to be genuine—the Lord's Prayer, for instance, p. 52 sq., and on St. John xvii., p. 73 sq., are excellent. His historical sense has, moreover, kept him here from weakening, in any way, the force of the original.

Paulus von Damascus bis zum Galaterbrief. Von Gustav Volkmar. (Zürich: Meyer.) This volume consists of two essays which originally appeared in the *Theologische Zeitschrift aus der Schweiz* for 1884 and 1885, now out of print. Among the staunch adherents of the Tübingen School, Prof. Volkmar is one of the very few of any note who still survive. In the present volume the learned author endeavours, according to the principles of this school, to determine the chronology of St. Paul's life, from the time of the Apostle's visit to Damascus to the year in which he wrote the Epistle to the Galatians. Prof. Volkmar compares the rival accounts of the Apostle's life, contained, on the one hand, in Acts ix. 19-30, xi. 25-30, xii. 25, xiii.-xxi., xxiv. 17; and, on the other, in Gal. i. 15, ii. 15, 1 Cor. xvi. 1-9, 2 Cor. viii.-ix. The Apostle's own statements are regarded as the primary source according to which the account given in the Acts is corrected and modified. The ecclesiastical author of the Acts, who wrote in the beginning of the second century, tried to project into the apostolic age the amalgamation of the two churches—of the Jews and the Gentiles—which was taking place in his own time. He wrote with a distinct tendency; he had original sources of information at his command; but he deliberately effaced all those marks which might have

betrayed the division that had existed between the heads of the two churches. Such, in short, are the outlines of the position which Volkmar holds. And the task which he has set himself in this remarkable book is to remove the un-historical elements added by Luke, and to restore as far as possible the original account of the Acts. It is unnecessary to enter fully into the question, and to repeat the well-worn arguments which have been urged for and against the conclusions of the Tübingen School. Later research, as represented, for instance, by Wieseler and Meyer, has pointed out a far simpler and more natural explanation of the chronological discrepancies between the Acts and the Epistles than the elaborate hypothesis of Baur and Volkmar. What are we to say to the theory which maintains that Luke associated Saul with Barnabas when the latter brought the alms of Antioch to Jerusalem (xi. 30, xii. 25) A.D. 44, because it seemed so "pleasing an idea" to connect the two friends on an errand of love (p. 13, 14), or that he made Paul visit Jerusalem four times (xi., xv., xviii., xxiv.), to show the more forcibly that the Apostle of the Gentiles was in harmony with, nay dependent upon, the Church in Jerusalem? But in his zeal the ecclesiastical unionist quite forgot that Paul distinctly said he had visited Jerusalem only twice (Gal. ii. 1, 10), the first time A.D. 53 (p. 62). According to Volkmar the passages in Acts ix., xi., xv., ought to be entirely expunged, or, so far as they are historical, placed after Acts xviii. 22. It is possible thus to bring the different accounts into harmony. But the cure wrought by such surgical operations is worse than the evil. Among minor errors we note (p. 61) Gal. ii. 10 does not necessarily point to a journey distinct from 1 Cor. xvi. 1-9. Again Acts xxiv. 17, refers to xxi., 1 Cor. i. 10 should be i. 12 (p. 4), Gal. ii. 5. should be ii. 8 (p. 26), ii. 3-6 should be ii. 6, 9 (p. 31).

NOTES AND NEWS.

We are glad to hear that the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore has in preparation a complete facsimile edition of *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*. The text will be accompanied by critical notes by Prof. J. Rendel Harris, and its issue may be expected in October.

SIR ALLEN YOUNG, not Baron Nordenskjöld as has been reported, will probably be the commander of the expedition to the South Pole, which the Australian colonies are preparing to send out.

It is feared that, owing to the pressure of his professional duties, Mr. Oscar Lenz may not be able to fulfil his promise to visit England in the course of the present year and read papers on his recent African travels. No definite news, however, had up to the end of last week been received in London from him.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce *Industrial Peace*; its Advantages, Methods, and Difficulties, being the report of an inquiry made for the Toynebe Trustees by Mr. L. L. F. Price, with a preface by Prof. Alfred Marshall, of Cambridge.

UNDER the title of *An Anthology of the Novels of the Century*, Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell has edited a little volume containing a collection of choice reading from the best novels of the last eighty years, with critical and biographical notes. It will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

A NOVEL by a member of the Browning Society will shortly be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The plot is based on Browning's "Waring." The book will be entitled *St. Bernardo: the Romance of a Medical Student*. The author takes the pseudonym of

"Aesculapius Scalpel"; but it is understood that his name is not unknown in the literary world.

A POPULAR Hindu story, by K. Viresalingam, Pandit, entitled *Rajasekhara*, which has become a classic in South India, is being translated for English readers by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson. It is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock, and will have an introduction by General Macdonald.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish during the present month a two-volume novel by Bret Harte, entitled *The Crusade of the Excelsior*; a three-volume novel by J. Sale Lloyd, entitled *Scamp*; a new edition of *Garrison Gossip*, by John Strange Winter; and also a cheaper edition of the novel, *In a Grass Country*, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron.

Digia: her Love and Troubles, is the title of a story of Venetian life to be published immediately by Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson & Brother, of Glasgow.

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD has in the press *Manchester a Hundred Years Ago*, being a reprint of a description of Manchester by a native of the town, James Ogden, published in 1783, edited, with an introduction, by Mr. William E. A. Axon.

AMONG the articles in the forthcoming number of *The Scottish Review* will be "The Modern Cremation Movement," by Dr. Charles Cameron; "The Burning of Freudraught," by Sheriff Rampini; and "The Coronation of Charles II. at Scone."

The *Red Dragon* having ceased to exist, the "Notes and Queries" section is being continued in the *Cardiff Weekly Mail*.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press are about to issue the sixteenth thousand of Prof. Buchheim's large edition of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*. It is a remarkable fact that that edition is far more popular than the "school edition" of the same editor, although the latter contains all the necessary information, and costs little more than half the price of the former.

MESSRS. SOEBEY will sell during next week several interesting books. On Monday and Tuesday, a portion of Mr. G. W. Smalley's collection, which is chiefly noteworthy for its first editions—such as those of Ruskin, Rossetti (in large paper), Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads* (Bristol, 1798), and Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* (Brooklyn, 1855)—as well as for the handsome binding and good condition of the volumes. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, a portion of "the library of a nobleman"—whom it would not be very difficult to identify—which includes Caxton's *Boecius*, several early Bibles, Ben Jonson's copy of *Daniel*, Henry VIII.'s copy of Ptolemy's *Geographia*, the first edition of *Don Quixote* (Madrid, 1605), and many curious MSS. On Saturday, the concluding portion of the library of the late R. P. Roupell.

THE Senatus Academicus of Griswold College and Theological Seminary, Davenport, Iowa, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Isaac Brock, President of the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia; and upon the Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Fund. This is the fourth academic degree which has been conferred upon Mr. Winslow within the last twelve months.

THE seventy-seventh annual meeting of the Swedenborg Society was held on Tuesday June 28. Col. Bevington presided. The committee's report states that there has been an increase in the delivery of the society's publications for the past year of 491 volumes, the total number being 3,787, of which 54 were in

Welsh, 98 in Latin, 7 in French, 40 in Russian, and 7 philosophical. Presentations have been made to six free libraries, and some other institutions have received considerable grants. Ministers and theological students have received 365 volumes gratis, of which 80 volumes have gone to Ireland. In addition to the annual subscriptions, a donation of £1,000 has been received from a friend, and a jubilee gift from the chairman of £50. The committee further state that during the Queen's reign the large total of 157,511 volumes have been sold or presented. For ten years ending in 1847 the numbers were 17,576 volumes; during the last ten years these figures have been more than doubled, being 35,814. The prices of the volumes for the same period show a large reduction—in some cases 50 per cent. and in some others a still larger percentage.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SUGGESTED BY TWO PICTURES OF MR. G. F. WATTS
NOW ON EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER.

Love and Death.

Love filled each chamber with "his purple light,"
And wreathed the porch with many a flow'ret gay
Smiling to see his dove beside him play;
While gracious guests passed in with presence bright,
Making the house "a palace of delight"—
Blue-vested Hope, and Faith chanting a lay
Of joys unseen and glories far away,
Pure Mirth, and Innocence in lily white.
And then, a stately shrouded form drew nigh,
That up the stair with stride majestic pressed.
Love marked him come with speechless agony,
And stemmed with wing and palm his mighty breast;
But he, whose face "men only see who die,"
Strode on, unbidden, yet a kindly guest.

*Hope.**

Her fair head bowed upon her broken lyre,
Touching with wasted hand its one last string,
She strains her ear to catch its murmuring;
Alone, bright-haired, but clad in mean attire,
Sweetest and saddest daughter of Desire.
Blindfolded she beholds not anything;
Her slung senses tardy service bring,
Yet nought can move her high resolve or tire
Her steadfast patience. Sorrows but enhance
The gentle loveliness they cannot mar.
Beneath her lies this sphere of circumstance
Where all things false and evanescent are,
And o'er her lovingly heaven's pure expanse
Bends, blue and limitless, with one white star.

W. TAYLOR SMITH.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In taking up a number of *Blackwood* we usually turn first to "The Old Saloon"—this being, for some reason that we have long ago forgotten, the heading given in that magazine to the very ably written reviews of books. This month the "Saloon" is of even more than usual interest. The books noticed include the biographies of Charles Reade, Mrs. Gilchrist, Lady Lytton, and the Margravine of Baireuth, the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle, and Mr. William Canton's poems. An anonymous paper on "The Hittites" is remarkable for omitting all mention of Capt. Conder's name, while it speaks of that gentleman's ingenious speculations as if they were established facts. A story "from the Chinese of Wu-Ming" is amusing; and "A Sketch from Ilfracombe," by Mr. A. Innes Shand, may be read with interest, though its attraction is rather in the subject than in the style. The papers on "Secondary Education in Scotland," "The War Office," and "The Balance of

* See the ACADEMY of May 15, 1886.

Military Power in Europe," are possibly valuable and certainly tedious, though the first of them is by Prof. G. G. Ramsay.

THE current number of the *Political Science Quarterly Review* contains articles on "The Interstate Commerce Law," by Dr. Seligman; "Trades Union Benefit Features," by Dr. E. W. Bemis; "The 'Cultur-conflict' in Prussia," by Prof. J. W. Burgess.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

X.

Now, as there is no direct evidence (if the testimony of Zell and Junius is not accepted) as to the Costeriana being printed earlier than 1474, an argument as to their really being printed earlier would, practically, be impossible if we had no books whatever to compare them with. But we have such books in the early products of Mentz printing, and these, therefore, shall be our guide in determining the approximate date of the Costeriana. Remembering then how, in the case of Strassburg printing, books, said to have been printed circa 1471 to 1474, may just as well be placed eleven, twelve, or thirteen years earlier, we may begin by repeating that, in the case of the earliest incunabula, 1471 or even 1474 does not mean more than 1460, when we consider that the condition under which printing was carried on during that period made it wholly stagnant, and does not afford us any sure criterion as to dates. And, certainly, when we place the forty Costeriana (leaving the five works of Pius II. out of the question) in point of workmanship side by side with the *Catholicon* printed in 1460 at Mentz, the latter work shows progress compared with the Costeriana. But again, the year 1460, round which we may group forty of the Costeriana, as certainly as the *Catholicon* and other works printed at Mentz, does not mean more than 1454, when we look at the wholly stagnant condition under which printing is carried on during that period. And certainly, when we place the forty Costeriana in point of workmanship side by side with the Letters of Indulgence printed in 1454, the latter show progress compared with some of the Costeriana. I therefore do not hesitate to remove the Costeriana still further back than 1454. But before I do so I wish to warn the reader that I am not speculating in the least. We have fragments of at least three editions of the *Donatus* printed in the well-known thirty-six line Bible type, which no worshipper of Gutenberg would hesitate for a single moment to put down to him as early as 1450 to 1454. I myself have described these editions in my work on Gutenberg (pp. 158 and 159) from fragments preserved in the British Museum (press mark C. 18, e. Nos. 2 and 5) and in the Town Library at Mentz; and I have no objection to their being attributed to the year 1450-1454, or even to 1448, as Dr. Van der Linde feels inclined to do. But when we allow Dr. Van der Linde and all other Gutenberg enthusiasts to place these *Donatuses* as Gutenberg's experiments and products about or before the year 1454, I do not see how they could possibly argue that the twenty editions of the *Donatus* printed in Holland should be dated one single year later, for a comparison between the Gutenberg *Donatuses*, preserved in the British Museum and at Mentz, with (some at least of) the Dutch *Donatuses* preserved in the British Museum, at the Hague, Haarlem, and elsewhere, makes it clear that, in point of workmanship, both sets of *Donatuses* stand on the very same stage, and that, if there be any difference between them, the Dutch *Donatuses* are the more primitive. We have also at least four editions of the *Donatus* printed by Peter Schoeffer in the forty-two line Bible type. I have described them in my work on Gutenberg

(pp. 168-171) from fragments preserved at Mentz, Hanover, and Paris, and explained that, on bibliographical grounds, we should ascribe them to about the same time as the forty-two line Bible, that is to say, about 1456. But when we allow Gutenberg enthusiasts to regard these *Donatuses* as printed before 1456, I do not see how they could possibly argue that the twenty editions of the *Donatus* printed in Holland should be dated one single year later; for a comparison between the two kinds of *Donatus* makes it clear that in point of workmanship the Schoeffer *Donatuses* stand on the very same stage as (some at least of) the Dutch *Donatuses*, but that, if there be any difference between them, the Dutch *Donatuses* are the more primitive. And when once we see that there is no difference in point of time between the Gutenberg and the Schoeffer *Donatuses* and those printed in Holland, and that we may group the latter round the years 1450 to 1456 as certainly as the former, we could not possibly violate any bibliographical conscience in taking some of the Dutch *Donatuses*, together with some of the *Doctrinales*, &c., back to the year 1446, if we look at the almost wholly stagnant condition under which printing was carried on during the period of its greatest glory (1454-1480), and especially when we consider that this stagnant condition is due not to the inability of the printers or their inferior tools, but to a fixed method and plan which they all followed, and from which they only began to deviate, slowly and almost imperceptibly, a quarter of a century after the divine nature of their art had been publicly and loudly proclaimed to the whole earth.

And when, by comparing the Dutch *Donatuses* and *Doctrinales* with the early Mentz *Donatuses* (of 1450-1456), we realise that the Dutch *Donatuses* and *Doctrinales* may be placed as early as 1451 and 1446, we are reminded, in the first place, of the entries in the Diary of the Abbat of Cambay, who says that in 1451 and 1446 he had bought for him, at Bruges and Valenciennes, two copies of the *Doctrinale* of Alexander Gallus which were "jeté en molle"—a term which can only mean (printed with types) cast in a mould, if we have regard to the way in which that very term was, in several instances (not two, as Dr. Van der Linde loves to tell us), applied to printed books for many years afterwards. And, in the second place, we are reminded of the testimony of the Cologne Chronicle which (in 1499) tells us (on the authority of Ulrich Zell, a printer of Cologne, and a pupil of the early Mentz school) that "the art of printing was first found at Mentz, but [so it adds] in the manner as it was then [in 1499] practised: the first prefiguration, however, being found in Holland [not from one *Donatus*, or some *Donatuses*, but] from the *Donatuses*, which had been printed in that country before." And—seeing that we can actually point to several editions of typographically printed *Doctrinales* and *Donatuses*, which (by comparison with Mentz *Donatuses* of 1450-1456) may be presumed to have been printed so early as 1446, and, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by a printer in Holland, who printed, at least some of them, in a manner which was not customary in Zell's time, and which had never been customary in Germany since the year (1454) when printing made its appearance in a perfect state at Mentz—we should be going out of our way if we discarded these *Doctrinales* and *Donatuses*, and, moreover, distorted plain language and historical testimony by arguing that the Abbat of Cambay and Ulrich Zell referred to *xylographically* printed *Doctrinales* and *Donatuses*. Zell could hardly have referred to *Donatuses* printed xylographically, as it would have been worse than childish for a man of Zell's ex-

perience and knowledge of printing with metal types and, no doubt, of block-printing, to represent an inhabitant of Mentz as being inspired by a xylographic *Donatus* printed in Holland, rather than by German xylographic products, which he must have had at his elbow every day of his life. Or why should Zell have referred to *Donatuses* in particular, when he could have made everything more clear by saying that the art of printing, as done in his time, originated simply from printing from wooden blocks?

And when once we see that there is truth in Zell's account, and inquire in what town of Holland the *Donatuses* might have been printed, we could hardly avoid, I think, directing our eyes to Haarlem. The assertion that the invention took place there was made by Junius, more than three centuries ago, at a time when he had only one book to refer to as a proof for his assertion. This assertion, therefore, rested almost entirely on hearsay and on tradition. We know, moreover, that Junius did not profess to be a bibliographer, and that his account is wholly independent of all other traditions, and is not based on any bibliographical considerations or investigations. It has no connexion whatever with Ulrich Zell's account, and it is based on two books not mentioned by Ulrich Zell in any way whatever, one of which Junius himself seems to have known by tradition only. Junius's account, therefore, if it had been based on a fiction, or on a falsehood, was peculiarly liable to be upset by the subsequent investigations of bibliographers, or still more by the subsequent discovery of books that did not harmonise with his narrative. But the tradition of that Haarlem invention, as narrated by Junius, has lived on for more than three centuries; and during that period book after book, fragment after fragment, has gradually and unexpectedly come to light, all printed in the very same types as the *Speculum* and *Doctrinale* mentioned by Junius, and none of them showing either by their type or their workmanship that they could not have been produced by that same primitive printing office from which Junius asserted that the art of printing had gone forth. And as those books and fragments discovered since Junius's time include no less than six editions of the *Donatus*, which are all printed in the same types as the *Speculum* and *Doctrinale* mentioned by Junius, and which may, with the utmost propriety, be said to be the *Donatuses* referred to by Zell, the accounts of Junius and Zell have been linked together in no casual way, but by an identity of types which proves that the *Donatuses* which, according to Zell, were the models of the Mentz printing were printed by the same printer who printed the *Speculum*, and who, according to Junius, was the Haarlem inventor of printing.

We know, moreover, that no other town in Holland has ever put forth any claim in opposition to that of Haarlem. It is only owing to the suggestions of a great bibliographer (whom circumstances have prevented from testing the strict and general application of his own method), and the fanciful, but wholly untutored, writings of such authors as M. Madden and Dr. Van der Linde that, within the last sixteen years, public opinion has gone astray, and Utrecht has been placed before our eyes as the town where the Costeriana might have been printed. But it never seems to have occurred to those who suggested Utrecht to examine Utrecht handwritings, to see whether the types of the incunabula which they wished to ascribe to that town were imitations of them. Of course, we have always been labouring more or less under the idea that printers set up business with types wholly or partly imitated from their masters' types. We

still see that Dr. Van der Linde continually argues, from a resemblance of types, that such and such a printer must have learned his craft in such and such a town from such and such a master—that Ulrich Zell must have been a pupil of Peter Schoeffer, as the former's types resemble those of the latter; and that the types of Ketelaar and De Leempt. of Utrecht, remind us of those of Cologne and Louvain. He even asserts that Gutenberg must have cut the types of the 1457 Psalter, because he finds on leaf 142 a capital N and a crossed Z which resemble the same characters in the thirty-six line Bible. As if this resemblance were not found in the MSS. also! J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DAUDET, E. Gisèle Rubens : mœurs contemporaines. Paris : Librairie illustrée. 3 fr. 50 c.
 ESBERT, A. Allgemeine Geschichte der Literatur d. Mittelalters im Abendlande. 3. Bd. Leipzig : Vogel. 12 M.
 TISSOT, V. De Paris à Berlin. Paris : H. Gautier. 2 fr.
 TROET, K. Sozialismus u. Sozialpolitik. Stuttgart Cotta. 2 M.
 VOLKSMANN, H. Gottfried Bernbardy. Zur Erinnerung an sein Leben u. Wirken. Halle : Anton. 3 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- DOLOT, G. Note historique sur la Place Vendôme et sur l'hôtel du gouverneur militaire de Paris. Paris : Quantin. 6 fr.
 GRAMMONT, H. D. de. Histoire d'Alger sous la domination turque (1515-1830). Paris : Leroux. 8 fr.
 JAFFÉ, Ph. Regesta pontificum romanorum. Fasc. 13. Leipzig : Veit. 6 M.
 MONUMENTA vaticana historiam regni Hungariae illustrantia. Series I. Tom. I. Rationes collectorum in Hungaria. (1281-1375.) Budapest : Rath. 16 M.
 RECHTSQUELLEN d. Cantons Graubünden. hrsg. v. R. Wagner u. L. R. v. Salis. Basel : Detloff. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FALK, F. Die Pathologische Anatomie u. Physiologie d. Joh. Bapt. Morgagni (1682-1771). Berlin : Hirschwald. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 HANSGIEB, A. Physiologische u. algologische Studien. Leipzig : Felix. 25 M.
 KOENEN, A. v. Beitrag zur Kenntnis der Crinoiden d. Muschelkalks. Göttingen : Dieterich. 2 M.
 LÖFFLER, F. Vorlesungen üb. die geschichtliche Entwicklung der Lehre von den Bacterien. 1. Thl. Bis zum J. 1878. Leipzig : Vogel. 10 M.
 PLUZANSKI, E. Essai sur la philosophie de Duns Scott. Paris : Thorin. 5 fr.
 RAFFEL, J. Die Voraussetzungen, welche den Empirismus Locke's, Berkeley's u. Hume's zum Idealismus führen. Berlin : Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 SCHWARZ, F. Die morphologische u. chemische Zusammensetzung d. Protoplasmas. Breslau : Kern. 16 M.
 WALDNER, M. Die Entwicklung der Sporogone v. Andreaea u. Sphagnum. Leipzig : Felix. 2 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- BECHTEL, F. Die Inschriften d. ionischen Dialekts. Göttingen : Dieterich. 8 M.
 COEMANS, E. Manuel de langue égyptienne. 1^{re} partie. Les écritures égyptiennes. Paris : Leroux. 8 fr.
 CUCUËL, Oh. Essai sur la langue et le style de l'orateur Antiphon. Paris : Leroux. 5 fr.
 ELZE, K. Grundriss der englischen Philologie. 2. Hälfte. Halle : Niemeyer. 3 M. 40 Pf.
 GOETZLER, L. De Polybi elocutione. Würzburg : Stabel. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 GUÉPIN. Etude sur Juvénal, avec une traduction complète en vers français et des notes. Paris : Cerf. 7 fr. 60 c.
 MOMMSEN, T. Beiträge zu der Lehre v. den griechischen Präpositionen. 2. u. 3. Hft. Frankfurt-a.-M. : Jügel. 4 M. 80 Pf.
 SIEVERS, E. Oxforder Benedictinerregel. Halle : Niemeyer. 8 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MYTH OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Scarvingham: July 4, 1887.

Mr. Nutt has, I think, misunderstood me. When I spoke of Mr. Lang as maintaining a barren hypothesis, the proposition to which I was referring was the assertion that customs suggest myths generally, and that the present state of certain savages may be or must be taken as an index of the early state of all races. If Mr. Lang does not maintain these propositions, then I have done him wrong, and I withdraw the charge with a hearty expression of regret for having made it. But I have always

understood him to mean this; and if this be his meaning, then he seems to me to start with assumptions—a barren method.

For myself, I do not mean to say, and I do not remember having said, that some customs may not have given rise to or shaped some myths. What I deny is the general proposition; and I deny it, first because there is, so far as I can see, no valid evidence adducible for it, and next, because it involves some gratuitously horrible conclusions. Of the Cupid and Psyche story Mr. Nutt says:

“Canon Taylor does not mean that they would have made up a tale about the dark half of the moon being a bridegroom whom the bride might not see, unless they were familiar with the idea of husbands and wives forbidden to look upon each other.”

I will not take upon myself to say what Canon Taylor may, or may not, mean; I only ask, why should they do so, and whence the need of it? I do not believe that there was any, and I am not to be dragged into believing it by dint of mere words. Oenone burns herself on the funeral pyre of Paris. Am I to believe that this tale could not have sprung up except among people whose women were in the habit of burning themselves on the pyres of their husbands or their lovers? I refuse absolutely to do so; and I further urge that the origin of the custom from the mythical incidents seen in the heavens is immeasurably more likely. What we do know for a certainty is that in India the rite was enforced on an unwilling and resisting people and that it was enforced by a deliberate forgery. On any other supposition the story of Oedipus and Jocasta is unintelligible. The ethics of Assyrians and Egyptians may have been none of the strictest; but why in their kingly families should mothers have been married to sons and brothers to sisters, and why should the custom, so far as it was one, have been confined to those families? I must demur, further, to Mr. Nutt's assertion that “when primitive man pictured the natural forces as sentient beings, he must surely have lent them not only his own ideas but his own manners and customs.” I may be here misunderstanding Mr. Nutt; but, if I construe his sentence rightly, I should say that it was not only with forces that primitive man had to deal in his words; and that in his talk about the things of sense he received ideas instead of lending them. The borrowing was all, or almost all, on his own side.

I have no axiom or dogma to lay down. I only say that, while some customs may have suggested some myths or given to them a local colouring, other customs may have been suggested by mythical incidents; and that in the instances which I have cited, this is the only explanation for which we have even the faintest likelihood. I must repeat that the story of the marriages of Krishna is fatal to the opposite theory; and it is, perhaps, on this account that no notice is taken of it.

GEORGE W. COX.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

London: June 27, 1887.

On returning to town, after a fortnight's work in the Ambrosiana and the Bibliothèque Royale, I find the ACADEMY of June 25 with a long and angry letter from Dr. MacCarthy in reply to my remarks on his edition of the Stowe Missal. I hasten to express my regret for having unwittingly caused him annoyance. How any one who loves his science more than himself can feel anything but pleasure and gratitude at having his errors corrected, or (to use the picturesque expression of an Irish schoolmaster) his ignorance scraped off, I cannot, and never could, understand.

The matter stands thus. In the ACADEMY of April 2 I pointed out sixty-eight mistakes in Dr. MacCarthy's essay, classifying them under four heads: (1) misquotations of Latin words; (2) misreadings of Irish words; (3) mistranslations of Irish words; and (4) other errors; and in the ACADEMY of April 23 Mr. Warren (whom Dr. MacCarthy politely calls one of my “gaping admirers”) exposed the fallacy of Dr. MacCarthy's arguments as to the date of the missal, (1) from the absence of a calendar, and (2) from the absence of a *proprium sanctorum*. Dr. MacCarthy now grudgingly admits my corrections of his “*irgnigde* (sic),” “*indalated* the other half,” “*thuisen* of incarnation,” “*ho shuidiu* from that”; *includide* (the Jew) = *tuididin* (deductorium); and by his silence he must be taken to admit the justice of the large majority of my other criticisms, as well as the sufficiency of Mr. Warren's answers. But he tries to maintain his position in the following ten cases, as to which (since most of them involve questions of some philological interest) I beg leave to lay my views before the readers of the ACADEMY:

1. *Lelachaich* “postulant.” The MS. and Dr. MacCarthy's photograph have *lelacit*. The *i* of it resembles the tall *i* of the preceding *ind*; the horizontal part of the *t* is long and slightly curved. Similarly shaped *t*'s are frequent in Old-Irish MSS., and the first *t* of *antirist* is so shaped in Harl. 1802, fol. 49, a MS. as late as the twelfth century. As to the correctness of my reading of *lelacit*, I confidently appeal to Mr. Maunde Thompson, Mr. Hennessy, Mr. Standish H. O'Grady, or any other experienced palaeographer. As to Dr. MacCarthy's attempt to connect his imaginary *lelachaich* with *do-ro-thlachset*, and his explanation of this verb as “*do-ro-od-lachset*, root *lach*,” one can only sigh to think how little the ignorance of the Irish Celts of the phonetics and the older forms of their language has been “scraped off” by Zeuss, Ebel, Windisch, and Thurneysen. The following forms clearly point to a root *tluc*: *to-thluchur*, Corm. s.v. arco; *d-a-thluchethar*, MI. 30 a. 10; *do-n-tlucham*, Wb. 21 d. 9; *do-tluchetar*, Broc. h. 47; *to-thlugud*, Trip. Life, 10; where it is compounded with the prep. *tu* (pretonic *do*); *do-s-fo-thlaig*, LL. p. 142 a. 46, where it is compounded with *tu* and *fu*, and the posttonic *u* has become *a*; and *ad-tlugud*, Wb. 28 c. 18, where it is compounded with *ad*.

2. Dr. MacCarthy persists in reading “*intrat*,” though this makes no sense, and though the MS. has *inturtur* (the turtledove), the compendium for *ur* being written over each of the *t*'s. According to Dr. MacCarthy's account, the MSS. has *intt*, with the compendium for *ra* over each of the *t*'s. But this would yield, not “*intrat*,” but *intratra*. *Omne minus continet in se minus*. The bisector of a saint may well be the amputator of a syllable.

3. Dr. MacCarthy persists in reading *immabred*, and in translating this by “that was inflicted,” though the MS. has *immaber* (with the common compendium for *er*); and “that was inflicted” would, in Old-Irish, be *immambered*, with the infixed relative (cf. *ar-am-bera*, *ar-am-berar*, G. C. 344, 345). In *imm-a-ber* (“afflicts them”) the *a* is the infixed pron. of the 3d pl., as in *d-a-beir*, *d-a-berid* (G. C. 332). The corresponding passage in the Lebar Brecc, p. 251 a, shows that this *a* (them) refers to the persecuted Christians.

4. Rather than give up his argument in favour of the existence of choral service in the ancient Irish church, he sticks to his mistranslation of *occo* as “by them,” and tells me that I shall be “glad to hear” that *occu* occurs in the Würzburg Codex Paulinus, 13 c. Γλαῦν Ἀθήναζε. Of this *occu* I was well aware, having printed the word in my edition of that codex (p. 79), and translated it, *ibid.* p. 281. But *occu* is not *occo*, and, if it

were, it could not possibly mean “by them,” using “by,” as Dr. MacCarthy here uses it, to express the agent. The prep. *oc* (= Gr. ἀπὸς?) corresponds in meaning and use with the Latin *apud*, *prope*. In the Würzburg codex, 13 c., *occu* means “apud eos.”

5. As to “*Psalm digrad*,” Dr. MacCarthy seems to cling to his rendering—“bigradual psalm,” suggesting that *di* is a scribal error for *da* (he doubtless means *dá*). This could only signify “a psalm of two steps.” The expression in the Book of Armagh, 21, b. 2—xii. *psalmi graduum*—which I have lately noticed, leads me to revert to my former version, “psalm of degrees” (i.e. one of the fifteen psalms, from *cxv* to *cxviii*, inclusive), and to regard *digrad* as the gen. pl. of an Irish loan from the Low Latin *degradus*, whence the French *degré*. As to *gradum*, misled by a quotation in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, I supposed it to be an instance of the Low Latin change from the fourth to the second declension,* just as Dr. MacCarthy, misled by Bishop Reeves, supposed *sacrificale* to have been written by Adamnan for *sacrificale*. Such mistakes are pardonable so long as our glossaries of the Latin written in and from the sixth century are so deplorably inadequate.

6. Dr. MacCarthy seems also to cling to his explanation of *trindóit* “Trinity,” as an instance of *nd* for *nn*. Where is the *nn* in *trinitas*, from which he supposes *trindóit* to be borrowed? The Old-Welsh *trintaut* points to a Low-Latin *trintas*, gen. *trintātis*; and from this, not from *trinitas*, the Irish *trindóit* regularly comes.

7. *Atnopuir* (= *ad-dn-opuir*) Dr. MacCarthy persists in rendering by “he offers them.” Grammar and the context show that the true translation is “he offers it,” i.e. *panem*, whose gender accounts for the use of the masc. infixed pronoun (G. C. 360). I have now read every word of Irish in every MS. older than the eleventh century, and I can say with confidence that in Old-Irish *n* never means “them.” In *hore arin-chrinat* (quia deficiunt), to which Dr. MacCarthy refers, and which Zeuss quotes with a “*fortasse*,” the infixed *n* is a relic of a relative pronoun, which occurs also in the gloss *amal arind-chrin dá 7 asind-bail* (ut fumus evanescit et perit), MI. 57 b. 10.

8. As to *immarmus*, I was well aware that it sometimes glosses *scandalum*. I was also aware that *scandalum* means, not “scandal,” as Dr. MacCarthy supposes, but “stumbling-block,” “inducement to sin,” “cause of offence,” and that Irish glosses are often far from being literal renderings of the words over which they are written. But the question is, whether the phrase *immarmus Iudae* should be rendered, as Dr. MacCarthy renders it, by “scandal of Judas”? I maintain that it means “sin of Judas.” The point is not one of much importance; and perhaps Dr. MacCarthy uses the English word “scandal,” as he uses “beseems,” in a sense peculiar to himself.

9. Dr. MacCarthy's explanation of the Latin *stellae* as a proper name he now seems to give up. But he clings to his connexion of *stellae* with *stíall*, which he asserts O'Donovan rendered by “fragment.” O'Donovan was, indeed, a great scholar; but even he was not infallible. It is, however, tolerably certain that he never made such a blunder. He was the author of the translation of the Rule of the Culdees to which Dr. MacCarthy refers; and therein he correctly renders *notlaic stéill* (not *stéill*) by “Epiphany”—*stell*, m. (whence *Stellán*), being a loan from *stella*, with the same change of gender that we have in *penn*, m., from *penna*. But the “Christmas of the Fragment,” on

* Of this change we have traces in the Italian plurals *fructi* (fructus) and *mani* (manus).

which Dr. MacCarthy rashly relies, is in a *note*, which internal evidence shows to be from the pen of the editor, Dr. Reeves.

10. As to *Maile Ruen*, the gen. of *Mael Ruen* ("Calvus Ruani? Ruenis?"), Dr. MacCarthy says that *Maile* and *Ruen* are written one under the other. This I believe. But when he goes on to assert, "The charge of having bisected them [*i.e.*, the elements of the saint's name] thus disappears," I can only say that I never made such a charge. I charged, and do charge, Dr. MacCarthy with having, in order to maintain an untenable theory, split a single saint's name in two, attributed one part to one saint (*Mel*) and another part to another (*Ruadán*), and, in making this attribution, disregarded the laws of Irish phonetics and grammar, and made assertions which a little care would have shown him to be groundless. He now alleges that in Old-Irish nomenclature *Mael* and *Mel* are graphic variants. This is not the case. I challenge him to produce a single instance from any respectable MS. of *Mael* being written for *Mel*. He says that the first bishop of "Lothra" (he means Lothra) was called *Ruan*. This is not so: the bishop's name was *Ruadán*. If Dr. MacCarthy can produce from any Irish MS. older than the fifteenth century a single instance of *Ruen* as the genitive of *Ruadán* let him do so. If not, it would be well for him to hold his peace and try to learn Old-Irish. I will only add that his inaccurate quotation from my *Calendar of Oengus*, as to the ignorance and carelessness of one of the many scribes of Rawl. B. 512, refers only to the three folios which contain the epilogue and part of the prologue to that poem. The older part of the codex, which contains the Tripartite Life and which I cited in the ACADEMY, was written in the fourteenth century by a different scribe, who was, as will be seen from the Rolls edition of this work, a careful and learned person. When this scribe gives *Mél* (not *Maile*) as the gen. and *Mél* as the dat. and acc. sg. of the name of the first bishop of Ardagh, he may therefore be trusted. I may add that *Melus* (not *Mailus* or *Maelus*) is the Latinised form in the Book of Armagh. *Mél* was a Strathclyde Briton, a son of one of St. Patrick's sisters. His name is Kymric, and is therefore undeclined.

WHITLEY STOKES.

P.S.—I accidentally omitted to mention in my former letter that for Dr. MacCarthy's *inhabite* (p. 189, l. 2) the MS. has "inhabita"; that in his brief quotations (p. 189) from the Egerton copy of the Tripartite Life he has made eleven mistakes, one of which is the omission of eight words without notice; and that when he gives *aedocht* (p. 173) from the Book of Armagh, 17 a 2, as an example of *ae* for the umlaut *ai*, he proves that he does not know that here *a* is the possessive pronoun of the 3d sg. masc., written, as usual, as a proclitic before *edocht* "bequest" (also spelt *aiducht* and *audacht*)—a word of great interest, as tending to show that the Celts had, without aid from the Romans, evolved the notion of a Will.

Frenohay Rectory, Bristol: June 28, 1887.

There are many points in Dr. MacCarthy's letter calling for reply. Let me touch upon one of them.

In the "Commemoratio pro defunctis" within the canon in the Stowe Missal thirty-six bishops are commemorated by name. These names are all in the genitive case, either in the Latin or the Irish form of it. The twentieth name has been erased, except its two concluding letters, probably being an accidental duplicate. All these names are the names of Irish bishops, except the first four, which are the names of Gallican bishops, and the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-

sixth, which are the names of the second, third, and fourth Archbishops of Canterbury, who are curiously sandwiched in between Irish surroundings. The names are written in columns. Four perpendicular columns occupy a MS. page. Each proper name occupies a separate line of a column, except the sixteenth, which is written thus—*maic nissae'* and the thirty sixth and last, which is written thus—*maile ruen*. Now, if this last name be that of *Maelruain*, founder of Tallaght, who died in 792, the whole of Dr. MacCarthy's theory about the date of the Stowe Missal, and his proposed identification of *Moel Caich*, the writer of the later part of the MS., vanish into air. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to him to combat such a view. He accordingly treats "maile" and "ruen" as two separate proper names, reading the first as the gen. sing. of "mail" or "mel," the contemporary and supposed nephew of St. Patrick, and first Bishop of Ardagh, who died in 488, and "ruen" as a phonetic or abbreviated form of "ruadain," the gen. sing. of *Ruadan*, Bishop of Lothra, who died in 584, with whose church the Stowe Missal has been associated. But the association is conjectural, and incapable of anything in the shape of proof.

Mr. Whitley Stokes has asserted that the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh was indeclinable, giving some late Irish evidence for his assertion. Dr. MacCarthy now states that he has found this name in the genitive form "Maile" several times in the Book of Armagh. As the Book of Armagh exists only in MS., it is impossible, without a visit to Dublin, to verify Dr. MacCarthy's references to it. However, one is bound in courtesy to accept the veracity of his statement until it has been disproved, and one looks to Dr. Whitley Stokes to substantiate or abandon his position on this point.

"Ruen" for "Ruadain" seems improbable, with the Irish genitive "Carthain" immediately preceding it, and with "Sancta ruadani" invoked in the Missal Litany a few pages before.

But there are two general considerations to which I could call attention as weighing heavily against Dr. MacCarthy.

Firstly, the scribe who on the previous page had written *Melchisedech*, *Machabeorum*, *Bartholomaei*, thus:

melch	macha	bartha
sedech	beorum	lomae

would naturally select for graphic bisection those two names of some length among the names of the Irish bishops which, having a naturally separable prefix, most readily lent themselves to such treatment, viz., "maic-nissae'" and "maileruen."

Secondly, there is, roughly speaking, a chronological order observed in the list. St. Patrick with his immediate disciples and contemporaries is named first. [Why has Dr. MacCarthy no note of identification for the first "patrici" on p. 217?]. Then follow bishops of the "sixth" and seventh centuries, with the single possible exception of *Ciannanus* (if of *Duleek*). If *St. Maelruain* appeared anywhere on the list, as the latest in date he would naturally be placed, as he is placed, last in order; while, on the other hand, it is improbable that a contemporary of St. Patrick (*Mel*) should be named last but one, and that a bishop of the sixth century (*Ruadain*)—especially if he was, as Dr. MacCarthy supposes, the Patron Saint—should be placed last of all, and without any use of capitals or of ornamentation to specially mark his name.

Again, what does Dr. MacCarthy mean by scornfully denying that *St. Maelruain* was a

bishop? He is called a bishop in the *Annals of Ulster*, A.D. 791, and in the *Leabhar Breac* (*W. Stokes's Calendar of Oengus*, p. cxvii.).

Palaeographically speaking, there seems to me to be no objection to including a bishop who died in 792 in this list. But on this point the further opinion of Irish experts is much to be desired. Dr. MacCarthy's palaeographical nomenclature and arguments (pp. 143-148) are unintelligible to me, and reduce me to the attitude of "a gaping admirer." Without being an *oculis laudator*, I cannot deny the truth of the impeachment that I am *non mente cognitor*.

Let me repeat that all Dr. MacCarthy's arguments for the extreme antiquity of this missal based upon its small size, with no *Kalendar*, no *Proprium Sanctorum*, a single *Epistle* and *Gospel*, &c., are fallacious.

Is not the true explanation of these phenomena contained in the words with which M. Delisle opens his account of a very small eleventh-century sacramentary at Rouen?

"Il a cependant dû exister, à toutes les époques du moyen âge, de petits livres ou même des simples cahiers dans lesquels les prêtres pouvaient trouver les prières des messes les plus usuelles. On s'en servait dans les voyages et probablement aussi dans les églises trop pauvres pour se procurer des recueils plus complets"—(*Mémoire sur d'anciens Sacramentaires*, Paris, 1886, p. 292).

F. E. WARREN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, July 13, 8 p.m. Athenaeum Society: "Mesmerism: Its Use and Abuse," with Demonstrations, by Mr. W. R. Price.
SATURDAY, July 16, 2 p.m. Geologists' Association: Excursion to Plumstead and Bostal Heath.

SCIENCE.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. IX. Nos. 2 and 3. (Baltimore.) Number 3 opens with the concluding portion of Mr. Greenhill's memoir on "Wave Motion in Hydrodynamics," and a further instalment of Prof. Sylvester's "Lectures on the Theory of Reciprocants." There is no need to dilate on their merits. The class of readers addressed know what to expect, and also that they must study these contributions by masters in their respective lines of research. Mr. A. S. Hathaway contributes a good paper, entitled "A Memoir in the Theory of Numbers," which begins with an interesting introduction recounting what has been done in this direction by previous workers. The remaining brief articles are "A Theorem respecting the Singularities of Curves of Multiple Curvature," by H. B. Fine—a generalised extension of a previous paper; "A Note on Pencils of Conics," by H. D. Thompson; and "Observations on the Generating Functions of the Theory of Invariants," by Captain P. A. Macmahon. Number 4 is of a highly technical character. For instance, "Symmetric Functions of the 14th," by W. P. Durfee, consists of some eighteen pages of tables, and nothing more. Prof. Cayley's memoir on "The Transformation of Elliptic Functions" occupies thirty-two pages, and Mr. G. P. Young's "Forms, Necessary and Sufficient, of the Roots of Pure Uniserial Abelian Equations" (fifty-four pages) fills the remaining space. As before noticed, the large-sized page is admirably suited for these high-class papers with their long formulae.

A Treatise on Algebra. By Profs. Oliver, Wait, and Jones, of Cornell University. (Ithaca, New York: Finch.) This is the first instance we can call to mind of more than two authors being concerned in the production of a text-

book in algebra. A dual combination is a rarity. If a triple arrangement would always result in as good a book as this we should certainly vote for it. The writers of the ordinary school text-books need not be under any apprehension of losing their hold upon boys; for this is not a book for such, though it deals with the elementary as well as the more recondite branches of the subject. It deals with them in a similar fashion to that recently put before us in Prof. Chrystal's work, which is the only one we know on the same lines.

"Many new things have been introduced, not indeed, because they were new, but necessarily, either as definitions in giving larger meanings to old words, or as axioms and theorems in stating and proving the elementary principles, or as problems and notes in showing new uses of principles already proved—e.g., many fundamental principles were found to be omitted by elementary writers because too difficult for a beginner, and by subsequent writers as already known. A typical case is that of logarithms: 'that the product of two powers of any same base is a power of that base, whose exponent is the sum of the exponents of the factors' is generally proved for commensurable powers, but assumed, without proof, for incommensurable powers; and the whole theory of logarithms, so important, and their use, so common, are thus left to rest on faith."

This extract will give some idea of the authors' scope; and throughout we may say there is no shirking—indeed, the proofs strike us as being thoroughly sound. Besides treatment of the ordinary elementary parts, there is full discussion of permutations and combinations, continued fractions, logarithms, first principles of the calculus, and of complex numbers and of finite differences, interpolation, and the computation of logarithms. A good and full collection of examples accompanies each chapter. A higher work is in preparation: this is to treat of theory of equations, symbolic methods, determinants, probabilities, and insurance. This text-book, admirably turned out (we have detected but one arithmetical error—other errors, if they occur, are, we should think, easily corrected) can be recommended to teachers and advanced students who are revising their algebra and want explanations of principles. For school use it is not suited, as the major part would be quite over the heads of the boys.

Practical and Theoretical Trigonometry for general use. By H. Evers. (Walter Scott.) Our title-page goes on further to say that the book is "intended as an Introduction to that Study, with numerous Examples taken from Examination Papers, with a very large number of Hints for Solution, especially to the more difficult Problems." It will be seen from this long statement that the author's intentions are admirable; the execution, we regret to say, falls far short of this high ideal. The work is further dedicated to Sir William Armstrong, and encompassed with a very attractive cover, i.e. for a mathematical book; indeed, the get-up raises feelings which are doomed to disappointment. An inspection of our copy, of which we believe we have read and tested every word, would soon convince the author that he has not quite fulfilled the intentions he aimed at. A main source of complaint is due to the erratic punctuation. The "stops" are at high jinks. They play at hide-and-seek, and turn up in all sorts of unexpected places. Our usual sober full stop (.) does not terminate a sentence, but appears anywhere. This fact supplies the key to much of the blame we have to charge the author with. In the preparation of the text and in the correction of the "proofs," he has done very frequently what old Homer did but occasionally, i.e., gone a-napping. Dr. Evers has, like ourselves we suppose, been applied to for solutions. At the

end of his preface, "as a guarantee for good faith and to cover expenses," he states the terms on which he will supply worked-out answers to his questions. We ask him to turn to p. 203 and say if his charge is a fair one for what is printed there as a solution of question 84. We do not care to dwell longer on this theme, the more so as the book is at bottom a good one; but its utility is utterly marred by these faults, which are the results of carelessness, not of the want of ability. We expect that a second edition, with corrections of false punctuation, re-adjustment of letters indicating angles, amendment of construction of sentences, pruning of a few expressions (to wit, "tops and bottoms" for numerator and denominator), and a few similar alterations, would be a valuable work. As the work stands, we cannot recommend it to anyone who is not of adult experience in trigonometrical matters.

My First Trigonometry. By M. H. Senior. (Sonnenschein.) The author's intentions are excellent, but we do not think that they are fulfilled. "Any boy who has done elementary algebra, as far as equations, and two books of Euclid, will be easily able to master the whole subject of trigonometry to the end of the solution of plane triangles." We do not agree with this statement; and in the text many statements are made which involve an acquaintance with proportion and six books of Euclid. In several places a slight alteration of the wording would remove many of our objections, especially in Chapter II. (Ratios in the First Quadrant), which the author looks upon as a speciality of the book. No reference is made to extended definitions of the ratios, but properties of first quadrants are quietly assumed for the other quadrants. In a second edition, which the work deserves, the author, with the insertion of a few statements here and there, and modifications of others, may considerably improve the book, and make it serve as an introduction to the subject. Of absolute errors we note the following:—p. 64 (5) is wrong; p. 83, l. 7, interchange 9 and 10; p. 88, > is not explained; pp. 98, 99, insert "log" before area; p. 106, 3 up, " $\frac{1}{2}$ " should multiply and not be an exponent. The arrangement of the matter could be improved, and we do not like *points* to be indicated by P^2 , P^3 , &c., in figures. A novelty in terminology is the proposed use of "Radiangle" for "Radian."

A Manual of Practical Solid Geometry. Compiled by W. G. Ross. (Cassell.) We have read this book, "adapted to the requirements of military students and draughtsmen," with some interest. The compiler, from his experience at Woolwich, has made a good selection of matter and arranged it in lucid order. The figures have been carefully drawn, and had they been printed on better paper would have been more effective than they are even at present. The work in the main follows the lines of the Geometrical Drawing Course, as studied at Woolwich, and especial attention has been paid to the "Modification of Orthographic Projection, known as the 'System of Vertical Indices.'" Another feature is the extended account given of Defflade. In an Appendix are hints and suggestions for draughtsmen, and problems.

Hints for the Solution of Problems in the Third Edition of Solid Geometry. By P. Frost. (Macmillan.) This is a fulfilment of the author's promise, made when the third edition of the text was published. We should like to see such companions to text-books freely issued. It will be noted that this is not a book of solutions, so that there is plenty of scope for the student, after he has got his hint of how Dr. Frost would attack the problem, to exercise his genius in getting out

the answer. These hints should certainly accompany the text.

An Arithmetical Class-Book. Part I. Containing over 3,000 Examples in the Elementary Rules. By Rev. T. Mitcheson. (Bemrose.) This book can be used with any text-book. There is but little explanation, as the book is intended for pupils working under the eye of the master. The exercises are interesting and varied, and confined to branches of the subject which are of practical importance.

Test Papers in Algebra for the Army, Navy, and Matriculation Examinations. By W. M. Lupton. (Longmans.) These test papers are likely to be very serviceable to other candidates besides those for whom they have been specially drawn up. The answers are given at the end.

THE MOABITE STONE.

OUR Correspondent writes: "The number of the *Revue des Etudes Juives*, which has just appeared contains a lengthy article upon Mr. Löwy's essay on the Moabite stone, by M. Joseph Halévy. This author does not belong to the "group of scholars who have long ago pledged their literary reputation to vindicating the authenticity of Mesha's monument," as Mr. Löwy states in the *ACADEMY* of June 25, for, so far as my knowledge goes, he has never before written on the Moabite inscription. Perhaps it would be as well to state that M. Duval and Prof. Euting are in the same position. M. Halévy, as is well known, is rather conservative in Biblical matters; and I am sure that he would rather prefer that Mesha's victories over Israel should be apocryphal. But he cannot help recognising from palaeographic evidence the genuineness of the monument. After having complimented Mr. Löwy on his linguistic exposition of the Moabite lines—praise which is well deserved—he says:

'Or, la paléographie a été tout à fait oubliée par M. Löwy; il ne se donne même pas la peine de nous dire à quel monument phénicien le faussaire aurait emprunté le caractère archaïque dans lequel il a gravé l'inscription, sans doute dans le but de rehausser la valeur de son factum. Ce n'est certainement ni l'inscription d'Eschmounazar, ni celles de Marseille, de Carthage et de Chypre, seules connues avant 1870, qui aurait pu lui révéler les formes antiques qu'aucun orientaliste ne connaissait alors.'

This has been said by nearly all critics in English papers; but Mr. Löwy never tried even to touch the palaeographic details. M. Halévy then refutes point by point Mr. Löwy's linguistic and mythological arguments against the authenticity of the inscription, and concludes with the following sentence:

'En un mot, l'authenticité de la célèbre inscription de Dibon n'est pas ébranlée par la critique de M. Löwy, mais le savant hébraïsant a, par ses observations incisives, servi la cause de l'interprétation.'

"With all respect for the late Dr. Zunz, his opinion has no weight whatever against palaeographic evidence. Prof. Kautzsch has given up his doubts on this account. So has M. Oppert, since he tried to explain doubtful words and passages, which he would certainly not have done for a forged inscription. As for Prof. Graetz, he certainly believed in the genuineness of the Mesha stèle as far back as 1875, when he wrote the second note to part I. of the second volume of his excellent *History of the Jews*. But should he be now convinced by Mr. Löwy's "results of the analysis of the Mesha inscription," it would have no effect against palaeographic evidence. Supposing Prof. Th. Mommsen to declare a Latin inscription genuine, no grammatical or idiomatic anomalies could reverse palaeographic evi-

dence, even for languages and dialects well known, much less for the Moabite dialect, of which we know nothing except what we find on this monument.

"I have no hope of convincing Mr. Löwy against his hobby, and, therefore, I shall not give myself any more trouble about it."

Tübingen: July 4, 1887.

Will you kindly permit me to insert the following declaration in your valued paper?

In the ACADEMY of June 25, p. 454, Dr. A. Löwy quotes an old publication of mine, dating from the year 1876, in which I held the view that the genuineness of the Mesa stone was not yet absolutely established beyond all doubts. How one at that time, in the middle of the ardent disputes about the well-known Moabite forgeries, could have been induced to express such an opinion, everyone who retains a remembrance of these disputes will easily understand. Dr. Löwy, however, in quoting me, has overlooked the fact that I soon after expressly retracted my doubts when I had seen a fragment of the stone at Dr. Niemeyer's in Jerusalem (see *Wissenschaftliche Beilage zur Augsburger Allgem. Zeitung*, 1876, No. 193). Besides that, I have repeatedly stated my present views about this question in the several editions of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar published by me (22nd-24th editions). Prof. Socin therefore was quite right in pointing out our agreement on this question. To me, also, it appears perfectly unnecessary once more to enter, even with a single word, into a renewed discussion of the question of the authenticity of the stone.

E. KAUTZSCH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS FROM NAUKRATIS.

Königsberg: June 16, 1887.

I chanced but a few days ago to see the note of Mr. Ernest A. Gardner (in the ACADEMY of May 14), in which he has criticised the treatment of the Naukratis inscriptions by Kirchoff and by myself.* Now, in my opinion, the epigraphic evidence against the existence of the Greek town of Naukratis before Amasis is so overwhelmingly strong that I do not think the most passionate or prejudiced opposition can do any serious harm in the long run, and I am afraid that many of those who know something about such matters will hardly think it worth while to reopen the discussion. Nevertheless, I beg to address to you a few lines, partly because of my esteem for Mr. E. A. Gardner as a zealous and successful explorer, and partly because his note is by no means calculated to give an adequate idea of my own and Kirchoff's views.

And, first of all, it is a question of quite secondary importance whether any, and (if so) what, kind of establishment existed at Naukratis before Amasis; on this point we may patiently await more light from subsequent publications. But, after what Herodotus says, there cannot be any doubt that neither a Greek city nor Greek temples had been founded at the place before that king. The fact of the Milesians, Samians, and Aeginetans possessing each their own sanctuary at Naukratis, I have endeavoured to explain by assuming that these three transferred former establishments of theirs in Egypt to the new city; and tradition seems to tell in my favour (*cf. Rhein. Mus.* xlii. p. 219 foll.). Mr. Gardner is quite mistaken in supposing me to have overlooked the remarkable isolation of those three corporations. His own suggestion is, in fact, only another version of my own. But I do not desire to

trouble your readers any further with remarks already set forth in my paper, to which I would beg to refer them. I wish at this time merely to add several new details.

Mr. Gardner has recently drawn out a list of those forms of letters which have led him to his present palaeographical views (*Journal for Hell. Studies*, 1886, p. 221). If more closely examined, they turn out to be taken from seven, or at most eight, inscriptions—viz., *Naukratis* I., No. 1b, 3, 305; 4 (?), 68, 81, 135, 254. Those which contain the most curious forms—the ϵ turned round, the μ in shape of ν , the σ lying down—are taken from Nos. 1b, 3, 305. And what does Mr. Gardner himself tell us about one of these inscriptions (*l.c.* p. 224)? "The third form [of μ] given in the table closely resembles the Phoenician type; but as it, as well as the last form given under σ , occurs on a vase of somewhat later fabric, its importance must not be too highly estimated." The inscription referred to is 1b.* Consistently with this caution, I think it safer also not to lay too much stress upon either No. 3 or 305 (*cp.* the note). In No. 4, the form of μ does not seem to me quite certain; the other four inscriptions contain nothing peculiar but the upright form of ν . And it is out of these scanty and slight materials that Mr. Gardner proposes to construct a new history of the Ionian alphabet! I think I have only to state that these four inscriptions occur in an aggregate of 700 to make even Mr. Gardner himself perceive that his manner of dealing with them is wholly unjustifiable.

In spite of all that he tells us, Mr. Gardner does not really seem to have a due appreciation of epigraphic evidence. As long as the fact remains that in the Milesian alphabet the closed form of η gave way to the open form in the first half of the sixth century B.C. (*cf.* my paper, p. 215 foll.), so long we are bound in consistency to maintain that Amasis founded Naukratis, and that Herodotus is right in every detail of his narrative. The reason why the closed form of η became rapidly obsolete in those countries which exhibit any originality in their development of epigraphic forms (*viz.*, especially Asia Minor and Attica) is obvious. It is, as in the case of θ , a technical one. The numerous corners of the letter were just so many risks to the letter-cutter of splintering the surface of his stone or his terra-cotta. So that wherever people had once decided that the open simpler form of η would do equally well, they left the more complicated form to fall into rapid disuse. I can but hint here at the importance of technical considerations like this in determining the changes of letter-forms.

Mr. Gardner may be sure that it was not the "revolutionary character" of his theory that made me write my paper. On the contrary, it may, perhaps, interest him to hear that at first I was rather captivated by his views. But after doing so, upon repeated consideration of the whole question, I became convinced that his conclusion was erroneous and impossible, being based upon far too scanty arguments, and incapable of being reconciled with the general course of epigraphic development. Finding myself, therefore, on the right track again, I wrote my paper, intending it as an acknowledgment of my warm thanks to the zealous explorers of Naukratis, and as my contribution to their work. My endeavour was, to bring together the various items of evidence that helped to fix (so far as possible) the date of the town's

* The third form of μ and the last form of σ do not occur in the same inscription; but the former in No. 1b, the latter in No. 305. So if the author has not committed a blunder, both of them would be equally unreliable.

foundation—an important point which had been but slightly touched by the excavators; and I felt that by publishing their results in so reliable a form they had fulfilled their duty most admirably.

It matters little who is right in such questions; but it matters very much indeed that the truth should be made out and acknowledged as such. Therefore, I am anxious that Mr. Gardner should free himself from this theory of his as soon as possible; for it is a pity that so gifted a scholar should waste his time and power on ill-grounded speculations. And for this reason I will not add the usual assurance that I will not enter into any further discussion; on the contrary, I am quite willing to discuss the matter until Mr. Gardner is convinced; for it is important that both as to the elements of epigraphy and the weight of epigraphic evidence there should be no discrepancy of view among epigraphists.

For the technical evidence—viz., of the pottery—I may refer to my paper, p. 214 foll. Lastly, I must add, that my experience as an excavator has taught me to prefer epigraphic evidence to any observation of levels, at least in the case of all articles which are easily and naturally scattered about.

G. HIRSCHFELD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE understand that Mr. Francis Galton, as President of the Anthropological Institute, will deliver a course of three lectures on "Heredity," some time in the early part of next session. By permission of the Lords of Committee of Council on Education, the lectures will be given in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum.

MR. LUDWIG MOND has given £100 to the fund for the promotion of experimental research at the Royal Institution; and the Drapers' Company have given £105 to the research fund of the Chemical Society.

PROF. AYRTON'S *Practical Electricity* is now being translated into both German and Spanish.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. TERRIEN DE LACOUERIE has just corrected the last proof-sheets of his work on "The Languages of China before the Chinese," which forms part of the President's address to the London Philological Society for 1886. A *résumé* in French had been presented to the International Congress of Orientalists at Vienna last year, and met with a very favourable reception. At the last meeting of the Philological Society, Prof. T. de Lacouerie condensed into an address the subject matter of the work, and the important results obtained therefrom. It will be published separately, in a volume of about 150 pages, by Mr. David Nutt.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "The Various Names of Sumer and Akkad" (concluded), by M. Arthur Amiaud; "The Borsippa Inscription of Nebuchadnezzar," by Mr. S. Alder Smith; "Glimpses of Babylonian Life," II., "A Babylonian Wedding," by Mr. Theo. G. Pinches; "Pehlevi Notes," II., "A Parallel to the Pehlevi Jargon," by Dr. L. C. Casartelli; "Some Euphratean Astronomical Names in the Lexicon of Hesychios," by Mr. Robert Brown, jun.

THE *Philologische Wochenschrift* for July 2 contains a very favourable review of Mr. Bywater's *Prisciani Lydi Metaphrasis in Theophrastum*, one of the new volumes of the Berlin edition of Aristotelian literature.

* Recently Bechtel has pronounced his opinion to be similar to ours (*Die Inschriften des Ionischen Dialekts*, p. 153).

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromes, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REEKS, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

Kugler's Handbook of Painting.—"The Italian Schools." Fifth Edition. Thoroughly revised, and in part rewritten, by Sir Austin Henry Layard. (John Murray.)

Kugler's Handbook of the History of Painting is, in the original German edition (Berlin, 1837), nearly forgotten, while in England several revised editions have preserved for it the position of a standard work. In Germany it is looked upon as antiquated, because the results of the latest researches are wanting; whereas later compilers of handbooks on art have taken these results largely into account. Yet all these new compilations do not equal Kugler's work, which, both for form and contents, may be called a classic—more especially with regard to the Italian schools of painting. Neither Lübke nor Woermann have had the courage to give up entirely obsolete theories and opinions, being guided, perhaps, rather by personal prejudices than by the result of their own studies. In the fifth English edition of Kugler, now before us, we find that the shortcomings of the original have been amended by a thorough revision; and—what to us appears to be of the greatest importance—that the work has been entirely remodelled on the basis of the latest researches.

Sir Henry Layard has introduced a new arrangement of the subjects. The first two chapters treat of Early Christian and Byzantine art with more conciseness than in the previous editions. The local schools of Italy are discussed in as many separate chapters: first, the Florentines, from Cimabue to Ghirlandajo and Signorelli; then the Siennese school, from Duccio down to Girolamo del Pacchia; the Umbrian school, from Oderisi to Perugino and his scholars. After some short remarks on "the so-called Neapolitan school," there follow comprehensive chapters on the Veronese school, from Aldichiero da Zevio to Paolo Farinato; the Paduan school, from Justus to Montagna and his pupils; and, finally, the Venetian school, from Semitecolo to Jacopo de' Barberj. So ends the first volume.

In order to effect these apparently rational divisions, Sir Henry Layard had to make an entirely new arrangement of the whole matter. In former editions, the principle of the aesthetic school had prevailed, which viewed art mainly from an abstract philosophical standpoint. The present edition has been remodelled on the theory of the new scientific school, initiated by Morelli-Lermolieff—a theory which takes its start from the fact that in Italy local schools of painting not only existed independently of each other, but that also they made progress until they reached the summit according to the law of natural growth or evolution. Sir Henry Layard, in treating of the several Italian schools of painting from this point of view, has the merit of being the first who has succeeded in carrying out this theory in all its details. The solution of the problem has not been an easy one, considering that until now very few writers have made it

their task to investigate the development of the several schools of painting, and that therefore the present editor had very few literary sources at his command to draw upon. It is possible that by such researches more light may be thrown in future on the separate schools; but we may assert already that the broad outlines, such as we find them set forth in the present handbook, will continue to be considered as fundamental.

The second volume begins with the history of the development of the schools of Bologna and Ferrara, and of the Lombard school. With the latter the history of the life and works of Leonardo da Vinci has been connected, on account of the fact that his art had a far greater influence in Lombardy than in his native country of Tuscany. Then follow separate chapters on the art of Michelangelo, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, and Raphael; and after these a chapter on Sodoma and Peruzzi, the Siennese school attaining its culminating point with these masters. The later Venetian school, which alone among the Italian schools continued to keep, during its course until the end, on the high level attained at the beginning of the sixteenth century, has been treated, on that account, in greater detail. To Correggio is devoted the last chapter of the golden times of Italian painting. This is followed by chapters on the Mannerists, the Eclectic school and the Naturalisti, down to Tiepolo and Canaletto, the masters whose work was the last glory of Venetian art, and with it of Italian art in general.

From this survey of the arrangement of the whole work the reader may form an idea of the comprehensiveness of this handbook, which is, we believe, by far the most reliable, and at the same time the most handy, among all the works lately published on the same subject. It is profusely illustrated, and has at the end carefully compiled and well-arranged indices. These will be specially welcome to those who may like to use this book as a guide to the galleries on the continent, above all in Italy, and also to those who desire to become acquainted with the latest investigations on the Italian pictures in the National Gallery and elsewhere in England. We have no doubt that Sir Henry Layard's Handbook will prove to be well adapted for such purposes, much better perhaps than the guide edited by Prof. Bruckhardt and Dr. Bode, which, even in its latest edition, continues to propound antiquated opinions as indisputable facts.

In his preface Sir Henry Layard avows himself a follower of the principles of criticism which have been inaugurated by Morelli-Lermolieff. We may here mention that the lately published German handbooks by Woermann, Bode, and others show less inclination to give weight to this new method of study. The occasional violent opposition of the latter writer against Morelli is, we believe, best explained by the fact that Morelli, in expounding his system, has ventured to combine it with criticisms on the pictures in the Berlin Museum. Sir Henry Layard, who is a trustee of the National Gallery, has not hesitated to submit the pictures of that collection to the trial of the new method. The result is, in not a few cases, contradictory to the traditional naming of the pictures, but

it is certainly not detrimental to the reputation of the gallery.

The peculiar merits of this excellent handbook will secure it a wide circulation. No doubt it will also be instrumental in making the new method of study better known, and in winning for it more students of art history. J. PAUL RICHTER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

By the election of Mr. Alfred Stevens, the eminent painter of Paris—whose writing, by the by, is almost as skilful as his brush-work—the Society of British Artists has followed up, we are glad to say, its recent steps of energetic advance. Rarely in the history of any artistic corporation have the changes wrought in a short time been so beneficial and distinct as those which have been accomplished under the newer régime in Suffolk Street. It is not very long ago, our readers will remember, when Suffolk Street hardly counted as one of the serious exhibitions. Then were delivered at the door, in shoals, on sending-in day, not works of art performed for the artist and the artistic man, but canvases painted for Highbury and Clapham. At last someone had the energy to initiate the habit of refusing most of these pictures. Habit becomes second nature, and it is not unnatural that the refusal of commonplace pictures should have been followed by the refusal of commonplace candidates. Then came the election of Mr. Waldo Story, the sculptor—a young man of much promise and some performance. Then the inrolling, among the ranks of honorary members, of Mr. Charles Keene, whom, as a draughtsman in black and white—an artist who worked finely within limited inches and never by the square yard—it had not occurred to a more popular society to honour, notwithstanding—or was it, indeed, because?—of the subtlety and originality of his humour. And now the election of Mr. Alfred Stevens—a producer of graceful genre pictures—comes as the latest step, for the present, in the path of advance; this artist's "frank willingness" to ally himself with the society being, moreover, as we take it, a gratifying testimony to the position which Suffolk Street is acquiring on the Continent in the eyes of artistic men.

THE annual exhibition of ecclesiastical art will take place as usual during the forthcoming Church congress at Wolverhampton, in the Art Schools. The loans will embrace goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, ancient and modern, and ecclesiastical metal work in general, embroidery, needlework, tapestry, wood and ivory carving, ecclesiastical furniture, paintings, drawings, architectural designs for churches and schools, photographs, books, and MSS., and other objects of archaeological interest belonging to the churches of the diocese. The collection of disused communion plate is always a special feature of the exhibition.

Two Roman sarcophagi have recently been discovered at Laibach, the Roman Emona. Their date is said to be the second century B.C. If this be so, the find is of considerable interest.

THE STAGE

"MONTE CRISTO" AT ISLINGTON.

ON Thursday night in last week we undertook a pilgrimage. The fates had been altogether against us in the matter of seeing "Monte Cristo, Junior" at the Gaiety. It had gone into the provinces already—we overtook it at Islington. The neighbourhood of "the Angel"

—all that quarter of Upper Street and Pentonville Hill and Barnsbury—is very much more provincial than are Liverpool and Cardiff; and it was an excellent test of how “Monte Cristo, Junior” would be received in the provinces to play it at the Grand Theatre. The Grand Theatre is not unaccustomed to receive professional visits from people in the centre of things. A week before the advent of Mr. Leslie, Miss Farren, and all the pretty ladies who dance and sing through three long acts, it had received the visit of Mrs. Brown Potter. A year before, Islington had turned out on to the pavement one hot afternoon to see Miss Alma Murray and the Shelleyites, and Mr. Lowell and Mr. Robert Browning who were going to the play. Yet the Grand is, on the whole, a too much neglected play-house. It is not a whit more remote than is the Court; and its prices are about a third of those demanded in suburban Chelsea. And it has quite the best companies, and its “bill” is changed once a week or once a fortnight. We paid three shillings for a very comfortable stall, and thought with deep regret of what prices used to be before Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hollingshead became the costly benefactors of the London playgoer. And Islington and Barnsbury were as enthusiastic as it is possible to be. Miss Farren, with her cheerful nasal twang, was entirely appreciated; and there was no end of the *encores* for Mr. Leslie, for Miss Marion Hood, and for Miss Sylvia Grey. When the dancing came on—and it came on very early, and went off very late—we wished only one thing, and that was to enjoy the companionship of that very learned gentleman who writes in the *Pull Mall* about ballets every time a fresh effort of the genius of Jacobi and of Dewinne—we are not quite sure whether it is Dewinne—is made at the Alhambra. He would have initiated us into so many mysteries of the measure and the step. But his presence was wanting. Let us then, in our own grossly ignorant way, describe what happened in this matter. Of the ordinary ballet there was next to nothing at all. But Miss Sylvia Grey—who is so kind as to carry to completion what Miss Kate Vaughan deigned, of old time, only to gracefully begin—danced with a peculiar union of energy and grace; in flowing robes, countless, yet perfectly manageable; with the *frou-frou* of innumerable pretty “chiffons.” An artist like Mr. Whistler was wanted to record that grace—its vivacity, its intense modernness. Yes, certainly Miss Sylvia Grey is a dancer whom the gravest may behold with pleasure. Miss Marion Hood had her pleasant voice; Miss Farren—in whom the sedate discover a real talent in these matters—has a telling one, and the art to use it. She cannot exactly get younger every ten years, but certainly every decade she gathers about her a more unconquerable array of animal spirits. Her presence is a tonic to jaded youth. Mr. Leslie is an entirely remarkable and versatile artist. He imitates Mr. Toole about as well as Mr. Toole imitates anybody else. He knows all the resources of make-up and of stage business. He is such a linguist that he chatters, and always with precisely the right intonation, German, French, English, and broken English. An excellent comedian, he is capable of sentiment—though, to know that, one has to remember his *Rip*, for there is not a trace of it in the immense burlesque which Mr. “Richard Henry” has founded upon Dumas’s yet more immense novel. We have got to the weak point of the business now. The whole affair is just an hour too long. Three hours and a half of jest and dance and song and spectacle ought to be too much for even the most robust and best preserved provincial who lives between Highbury and the Angel end of the City Road.

STAGE NOTES.

NEXT Tuesday is appointed for the performance of Mr. Haddon Chambers’s and Mr. Stanley Little’s adaptation of a novel by Mr. Rider Haggard.

It is likely, we are glad to hear, that the part of the heroine in the melodrama which is forthcoming at the Princess’s will be sustained by Miss Mary Rorke.

WE were present on Tuesday night at what was in reality the first performance—it was given entirely for the Benchers and their friends—of “The Masque of Flowers,” in Gray’s Inn Hall. We believe that we are right in saying that nothing of the sort has happened there since the days of Elizabeth or James. Lord Bacon, writing his dedications, if not actually his essays, “from my chambers in Gray’s Inn,” had much to say on fêtes and ceremonies and pageants, and his soul would have been rejoiced by the perfect order and good taste of this week’s Masque. Mr. Arthur à Beckett was Master of the Revels, and he discharged his functions excellently. He and Mr. Dundas Gardiner, Lady Cadogan, Mrs. Charles Thynne, Miss Evelyn Spring Rice, Miss Manisty, and many other ladies and gentlemen of gracious bearing and excellent gifts, took active parts in the festival; and Lord Bacon, who rated the beauty of “decent and gracious motion” as above the other beauties which he chose to enumerate, would have smiled approval—or expressed it in stately sentences—as to the efforts of Mr. D’Auban, the ballet-master. Many measures we had; many a dance and catch—

“Most dulcet giga, dreamiest saraband.”

And the Morris dance—of course for men only—though making no pretence to grace, was perhaps the quaintest thing of all. The stage was necessarily very limited, and it is wonderful how successful were the evolutions of the dancers upon it. The dresses were brilliant and delightful. There was much interesting, because singular, music, from a well-trained amateur orchestra; and their twang of the harpsichord—which used to send into dreamful ecstasies the heroines of the pictures by De Hooch, and Metsu, and Van der Meer of Delft—was heard effectively. The whole entertainment in all its details—from the overture which greeted us, even to the champagne cup which saw us depart—was a complete success, and it will be a long time indeed before there is another quite like it.

WE had been on Tuesday afternoon at Mr. Poel’s *matinée* at the Vaudeville. The afternoon was devoted to three short pieces and a performance by the Neapolitan Quartett. The middle piece was a little duologue of Sir Charles Young’s, smartly enough written, but not essentially fresh either in subject or treatment. More acceptable, we should think, to the audience was “Mrs. Weakly’s Difficulty,” in which Miss Haydon—and, indeed, all the players concerned—were distinctly funny. This is supposed to be from a German piece, with the action compressed, greatly to its improvement. We were ourselves more really interested in the slender but tasteful serious drama, or serious dramatic episode, with which the entertainments began. This, too, was a piece from the German; and it dealt with the love of Beethoven and Adelaida, formerly betrothed to him. The scene passed soon after his incurable deafness had declared itself. This was about the time of the C Minor Symphony. Adelaida, now a countess, more or less separated from her husband, met Beethoven, in his difficulty and trouble, only to succour and to part from him. We shall not be more explicit than this. It must suffice to say that, notwithstanding a little abruptness at the very end, the piece afforded occasion for

the display of genuine and restrained pathetic acting. Mr. Poel had adapted skilfully, and played his part well—certainly, with feeling, understanding, and good taste. If Miss Mary Rorke had not at one or two moments spoken her lines a little too low to be heard all through the theatre, it might have been said with absolute accuracy that her performance was faultless. As it was, with its momentary drawbacks, it was one of singular beauty and refinement, plaintive and poetic—within its unavoidable limits—to the last degree. No one could have played the part more effectively. Let us not forget to say, by way of postscript, that in supplying the dialogue Mr. Poel has not drawn wholly upon his imagination. Many of Beethoven’s recorded sayings—grave and significant ones, indeed—have been skilfully worked into the dialogue. Some of them are to be found in Sir George Grove’s famous article on Beethoven in his *Musical Dictionary*.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

JOSEF HOFMANN gave his fourth pianoforte recital at Prince’s Hall, on Monday afternoon. We have nothing new to say about the boy’s playing: the more we hear him the more do his wonderful gifts astonish us. To play, as he did at the Philharmonic Society, Beethoven’s First Concerto was an extraordinary feat; to play, as he did on this occasion, the Third Concerto in C minor, by the same composer, was still more extraordinary; for the music is much more difficult. But, while fully acknowledging the child’s powers of execution, of interpretation, and of memory, we still hold to our opinion that he ought not to be giving pianoforte recitals, and playing long and fatiguing programmes. The performance of Beethoven’s Concerto in C minor showed, perhaps, better than anything Hofmann has yet attempted, how wise it would be, not to force him—not to give him work beyond his powers. The concerto is at present too much for him; for, owing to the smallness of his hands, which cannot yet strike the octave, he was obliged to have recourse to many an artifice to get through passages in which octaves actually occur, or of which the octave stretch forms the basis. He could not, therefore, do full justice either to himself or to the composer. A long and fatiguing *cadenza* in the first movement was given with immense dash and sureness of finger. Pianists are in the habit of playing after a concerto one or two short solos, and that, too, in the second part of a programme; but little Hofmann, after the long Beethoven concerto, which he performed without book, proceeded at once to play pieces by Rameau, Rubinstein, &c. Too much for a man—far too much for a boy. We forgot to mention that the orchestral parts of the concerto were rendered on a second piano by the boy’s father; an orchestra of course is absolutely necessary to give colour and contrast to such a work. The hall was crowded, and the applause most liberal.

Mdme. Hermann gave a pianoforte recital at Prince’s Hall on Friday, July 1. A long programme of pieces by masters of various schools served to show diligent study and catholic taste. Mdme. Hermann has a considerable power of execution and strong fingers, but she seems more occupied with the letter than with the spirit of the music she interprets. This of course was less felt in some pieces by Paradies, Boëly, and Handel, than in Beethoven’s romantic Sonata in C sharp minor, and in Schumann’s fanciful tone-pictures. The Beethoven sonata suffered indeed in other respects, for the notes were not always correct, the middle movement was much too fast, and the finale was blurred. The latter part of the

programme contained pieces by modern composers, and in these we think Mdme. Hermann would probably be heard to more advantage.

Herr Richter brought his series of concerts to a successful close on Monday evening. The weather was extremely hot, but a splendid programme drew a large audience. After the "Tannhäuser" overture, played as usual with immense spirit, came Bach's Magnificat in D, one of the composer's finest works belonging to the Leipzig period. While full of contrapuntal learning, there is freshness about the music; and it contains passages both of pathos and grandeur which show that Bach was not, as many imagine, a sort of fugue-machine, turning out specimens of the best kind, and in any quantity. Bach, in his way, was as much of a poet as Beethoven. The performance was a good one. The solo vocalists were Miss Marriott, Miss Little, Mr. B. Lane, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Everybody knows how admirable a performance of this great work is generally given by Herr Richter; but we never remember a finer rendering of the three instrumental movements than that of Monday evening. The conductor's engagements in Vienna will prevent him coming over as usual for a short autumn series, but the nine concerts will be given next summer. The season just concluded has been noteworthy in two respects: first, in the improvement of the band; secondly, in the prominence given to English music in the programmes. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE performances at Drury Lane during the last week or ten days have consisted entirely of repetitions of operas already noticed. With regard to "Faust," it may be noticed that the appearance of Marguerite in the Walpurgis scene has been effected, though scarcely in so visionary manner as might be desired. On the first night this episode, owing possibly to some hitch in the machinery, was omitted. One cannot pass away from this opera without again mentioning the general excellence of the performance, the very fine Faust of M. J. de Reske, and the equally satisfactory, though quite in a different way, Mephistofeles of his brother M. E. de Reske. Mdme. Sigrid Arnoldson appeared as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" on Friday week for the first time. That she would look well in the part, and also play it prettily, were, of course, foregone conclusions. So far as singing was concerned, the young lady had not the same opportunity as in Rossini's light opera of displaying her skill as a vocalist. She sang well, but was heavily handicapped by the severe simplicity of the music. However, the public were perfectly satisfied with everything she did, and applauded and encored with the utmost diligence. Last Saturday "Carmen" was substituted at the last moment for "Lohengrin." With Mdme. Minnie Hauk in the title-*role* the opera is sure to succeed; but there were one or two things in the performance—as for example, the "Habane-*ra*" and the "Toreador" songs—not quite up to the usual standard of excellence. Mdme. Marie Engle, in the part of Michaela, sang with much taste, and her acting was quiet and sympathetic.

A CONCERT was given at the Steinway Hall on Thursday afternoon, by the pupils of the Hyde Park Academy of Music. The programme was, as usual, of a miscellaneous character, the first part concluding with Reinecke's graceful cantata, "Rose Bud." Miss Mary Willis and Miss F. New, pupil of the late Mdme. Dolby contributed songs. Mr. H. F. Frost, conductor and trainer of the choir, showed his customary vigour and ability.

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LITERATURE.

History of the Papacy during the Reformation.
By Mandell Creighton. Vols. III. and IV.
(Longmans.)

THE two previous volumes of Prof. Creighton's *History of the Papacy* covered the period between the beginning of the Western schism—the point which the author chose for departure on his long inquiry into Reformation history—and the publication of the Bull "Execrabilis" by Pope Pius II. in 1460, twenty-three years before Luther was born.

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The two volumes which are now before us

cover the years 1464 to 1518, and take us through the papacies of Paul II., Innocent VIII., Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Pius III., Julius II., and Leo X. They bring us down to the close of the Lateran Council and the abolition of the pragmatic sanction in France. The pragmatic sanction was a result of the conciliar movement, and its abolition looked like the final triumph of the papacy over the hostile conciliar principle; but, as a matter of fact, it was the King of France, and not the pope, who reaped the solid advantages of that act. The period of fifty-four years dealt with in these volumes brings the reader to the threshold of the Reformation. The papacy has not yet come into collision with Luther—is in fact ignorant of the storm that is brewing beyond the Alps; and so these volumes belong to what may properly be called the introduction to Prof. Creighton's great undertaking.

The main thread upon which the history of these seven pontiffs is strung is described by Prof. Creighton himself. The triumph of the papacy over the conciliar principle, and the restoration of papal prestige, left the popes with no binding and unifying policy—no policy which was the policy of the Church they ruled as distinguished from the policy of the individual men who ruled it. The questions now were these—What attitude should the papacy assume, first towards the politics of the age; and, secondly, towards the new learning, the revival of the arts, the intellectual and spiritual movement of the age? The answer to these questions is the subject of the volumes before us. The period is a difficult one. There is confusion present everywhere. Confusion wrought in Italian politics by the selfishness of Italian princes, and by the substitution of cleverness for principle. Confusion wrought in Europe by the birth and growth of the national idea, and by the influx of the ancient, highly organised, and sceptical spirit of Italy upon Northern Europe, when invasion had broken the flask and liberated the perfume. Confusion wrought in the minds of men by the attack on the foundations of dogma and of ethics which resulted from the discovery and spread of pagan philosophy. In the political region the obvious tendency of the papacy during this period was towards secularisation. The popes sought to become Italian princes as well as heads of the Church, and used their spiritual position to forward their worldly aims. The whole of this process is admirably set forth by Canon Creighton. Indeed, nothing seems to us better in these two volumes than the author's calm and clear grasp of external political movement. The kernel of the political situation is given to the reader briefly, lucidly, and with a pungency of diction which impresses it upon the mind. This secularising tendency made itself felt first in Sixtus IV. His predecessor, Paul II., was a strong though not a constructive pope. But Sixtus seems to have felt that the perpetual incapacity of the papacy to organise and carry out a crusade was the result of its lack of a temporal arm. He accordingly determined to create for the papacy a sovereign state. To simony in his election he added nepotism as a political principle. He did not hesitate to corrupt the college and to create a principality for his

nephews. But Sixtus was merely tentative in his policy. He did not carry out his principle to its due conclusion. The states he created were created for his own family—for his nephews, not for the Church. Alexander followed the same lines in even bolder guise. His schemes for Cesare Borgia were far more ambitious than anything Sixtus proposed. But the greatness of Cesare awakened alarm. It showed the dangerous tendency of the Sixtine or family policy in the head of the Church; for Cesare inspired the belief that he contemplated making the pope dependent on the holder of the principality he was creating, not the principality dependent on the pope as head of the Church. The alarm which this policy aroused among the cardinals led to the election of the gentle and short-lived Pius III. When Julius II. ascended the throne the Sixtine or family idea of nepotism was abandoned; and the secularising tendency was directed to the creation of states for the Church, not states for the nephews or family of a pope.

The result of Sixtus's policy was threefold. It induced, inside the Church, indifference to spiritual things. Churchmen became too busy with the affairs of this world to be able to give much thought to those of the next. This indifference inside the Church induced and justified cynicism outside the Church—laid the Church open to attack, to criticism of its spiritual claims, and frequently to scorn for its temporal attitude. Thirdly, Sixtus's personal and family policy, pursued so eagerly by Alexander, tended to rob papal politics of continuity. The popes were mortal; and it was inevitable that a nepotising pope's achievements should be undone by his nepotising successor. This want of sequence makes itself felt in the disjointed history of the time. Julius corrected the defect of excessive individualism which marked the policy of Sixtus and Alexander. Julius created the states of the Church; and it is probable that, had the Reformation not come to interrupt them, subsequent popes would have devoted their lives and their energies to the extension of those states. Prof. Creighton argues that the creation of the states of the Church was not an unmixed evil, "was by no means an unworthy or unnecessary work"; that a papacy corrupt in itself and without the prestige of temporal power and dominion might have been swept away in the storm of the Reformation, or reduced to the "primitive condition of an Italian bishoprick"; that the states of the Church were a rock to which the Church might cling until the tempest was overpast, by which it might steady itself until it was ready to undertake the counter reformation. The fact does not admit of dispute, but the necessity of it rests on fatalism. "The Reformation would have taken place in some way or another, even if the popes had stood aloof from Italian politics." Very likely; but the way in which the Reformation took place could not fail to be of paramount importance to the Church; and we think that the way in which it actually did take place was largely determined by the secularising policy of the popes. It seems to us probable that but for the states of the Church, but for the mundane attitude of the papacy, the Church

would never have been exposed to the losses of a schismatic reformation. If the popes had addressed themselves to the purification of the Church—and there was not wanting a party in the college ready to support them in such a policy—instead of devoting their attention to the acquisition of the Marches, Forli, Imola, Mirandola, Ferrara, Piacenza, the Reformation might have taken an Italian and not a foreign complexion, and that would have made an incalculable difference to its general results. For when the popes adopted a secular policy and became Italian princes, their universal and world-wide position as heads of the Church did much to call the attention of foreign princes to the politics of the peninsula. Foreign invasion took place, and our author has admirably summed up the general results of such invasion: (1) lowering the sanctity of the papacy; (2) proving Italy feeble, corrupt, and therefore an easy prey; (3) spreading the doctrines of balance of power and statecraft beyond the borders of Italy; (4) diffusing the Renaissance spirit of scepticism, free thought and enjoyment of life among the nations of Northern Europe—each and all of these results preparing the way for the Reformation, and determining the complexion it should assume. Prof. Creighton might answer no doubt that events did not happen so, and we must not go beyond the events. The fatalist always has the enormous advantage of the facts on his side; but we are not convinced that speculation must be entirely forbidden to the historian. The creation of the states of the Church may have been no unworthy or unnecessary work judged from the standpoint of the moment; but it seems to us to have been a mistaken work. We have followed the general thread of history which runs through these two volumes; and the story is told by Prof. Creighton with such vigour, such brilliancy, such fullness of detail, and such mastery of material, that we read it with a deep, and sometimes with a breathless, interest.

The other question for the papacy, newly restored by "Execrabilis," was its attitude towards the intellectual and artistic movement of the time. Both branches of the subject are dealt with by our author. We prefer his treatment of the philosophers to his treatment of the artists; but we must remember that in a work of this nature it was not necessary to do more than indicate the artists in their proper places. The reader can always and easily supplement his knowledge on that point from the copious histories of Renaissance art. Prof. Creighton justly points out that the root difficulty of the Church face to face with the Renaissance lay in the fact that the Renaissance had no dogmas, was not a creed, was an attitude of mind, and nothing more. This point is, of course, most apparent in the intellectual region. And on this subject we get an admirable account of Paul II. and his quarrel with the literary fraternity, which has helped to rob his character of that high appreciation which was its due. We are also given the story of Pomponius Laetus and the Roman Academy; an excellent summary of the Platonists earlier and later, Gemistos Plethon and Ficino; and, finally, an analysis of Pomponazzo's position, in the course of which the

attitude of the Church towards philosophic scepticism is thus condensed:

"Provided that he [Pomponazzo] recognised the right of the Church to decide upon the true contents of Christian doctrine, he was at liberty to speculate freely upon the philosophic questions which those doctrines contained."

The criticism on this attitude given in the two following sections is admirable, as showing how the Church's position cut at the root of enthusiasm on either side; and, separating faith from its demonstration and justification in acts, made the "pyrrhoniste accompli chretien soumis" a possible attitude for the Christian mind.

It is not possible for us to criticise Prof. Creighton's work in detail that would require an erudition as profound and an acquaintance with authorities as extensive as that of the writer himself. Canon Creighton's choice and use of authorities is admirable and critical to a high degree. He is far above any emotional bias, equally far removed from party prepossessions. One of the most valuable lessons to be learned from the study of his work is the judicial method he adopts towards original authorities. He cites them to the bar and requires evidence in their favour. He will not accept *in toto* Platina against Paul II., or Burckhard or Infessura against Paul's successors. The consequence is that such popes as Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI. appear in a more favourable light than they have ever done before in history. All that can possibly be said for them—and, perhaps, a little more—is urged in their favour. There is, however, a danger and a drawback in this criticism of contemporary, and frequently sole, authorities. If criticism destroys the weight of these authorities upon one point, that tends to weaken their weight upon all points. It leaves the historian open to eclecticism. He may pick and choose the information that suits him. This is a special temptation when the characters of actors in history, and not the facts of history themselves, are under discussion. We do not mean to say that Prof. Creighton has yielded to this temptation; on the contrary, his judgments seem to us to carry conviction, to be unusually fair, balanced, and impartial in most cases. But one of the most remarkable features of his work is the restoration of character to so many of these popes, though we cannot help feeling, at times, a slight doubt as to the validity of such large rejections and such extensive rehabilitation. On the treatment of diplomatic documents the author lays down in the preface an admirable canon of criticism: "Really," he says, "an ambassador requires as much criticism as a chronicler. The political intelligence of the man himself, the source of his information in each case, the object which he and his government had in view, the interest which others had in deceiving him—these and other considerations have to be carefully weighed."

That is quite true. There is danger of a sort of idolatry of diplomatic documents springing up. Current popular opinion as expressed in a chronicle or a news-letter frequently takes a juster, because a wider, view of a situation than the view which presented itself to the diplomatist, who was subject to prepossessions and liable to be purposely misinformed.

It has been urged against Prof. Creighton's general method, against his attitude towards his subject, that he "cleaves to the outer husk of fact," and, "abiding by things apparent, fears to insist on dim germs, or undercurrents and elements in solution, which are only visible to the discerning eye." We hardly think that criticism is merited. Prof. Creighton is not writing a philosophical history of the spiritual movement which led up to the Reformation. But we feel that in the calm impartial narrative of events which he lays before the reader, the undercurrent, of which those events are the evidence, is sufficiently made clear. It is quite true that the author seldom stops to reflect, to moralise, to draw philosophic deductions, but he makes his reader understand the moral and draw the conclusion all the same. Whether he has taken into account all the antecedents of the Reformation is another question. Perhaps it is too early to decide; but, under any circumstances, the events which he has chosen to narrate tell their own tale and prove their sequent connexion with each other as the story moves along. In fact, Canon Creighton has fulfilled the desideratum expressed by the brilliant author of *Obiter Dicta*:

"The true historian, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts . . . ; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none."

This is just what Prof. Creighton has done. He has told his story well, and the moral is there for those who read. Doubtless there is another kind of history; but this is the kind which Prof. Creighton has adopted, and we cannot quarrel with him for not being what he distinctly never aimed at being.

The literary charm of this work is very great. There is a freshness and frankness in the style, a directness and vigour of diction, together with touches of dry humour every now and then, which delight the reader and carry him over the interminable ins and outs of papal and Italian intrigue. The book is as fascinating as a romance; and yet there is never for a moment a suspicion that strict and rigid accuracy has been sacrificed to picturesque effect. Prof. Creighton claims sobriety for his work. He has proved that sobriety is to the full as delightful as intoxication. The brilliant character-sketches which are scattered through these pages form not the smallest attraction in the work. We have not forgotten the engaging personality of Cesarini, or the fascinating portrait of Aeneas Silvius, given to us in the previous volumes; and the power of portraiture is not less remarkable in the volumes now before us. The true and vigorous nature of Paul II.; the frank impetuosity, the eager zest, the capacious enjoyment of Alexander VI.; the headlong fierceness of Julius II.; the smooth suppleness of Leo X.—the smiling pope—all stand before us in strong outlines and vivid colour.

Prof. Creighton has now reached the threshold of his main subject. We eagerly wait the continuation of his history of the papacy. As far as it has gone his book is a model of method, and a work of which English scholarship and English literature may be proud.

H. F. BROWN.

Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

MR. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW has supplemented with this volume of "final memorials" the valuable biography of his brother which he gave to the world last year. These memorials consist chiefly of journals and correspondence relating to the last fifteen years of the poet's life—a period, the story of which, the editor explains, was not given in the biography with the same fullness of detail as the earlier portions "through fear of unduly increasing the size of the work." Letters and reminiscences of earlier date, for which there was not room in the biography, are also given, together with other interesting items—fragments of verse, table-talk, and so forth. Several portraits of Longfellow and pictures of his house and library add to the value of the work. These miscellaneous records will be welcome to Longfellow's friends. They show him in all sorts of pleasant aspects, and in some ways give a truer idea, even than the biography itself, of the man as he really was: they seem to bring us nearer to him.

Had ever any man so many friends as Longfellow—friends who knew him personally, and numberless others who never saw or spoke with him, yet knew and loved him almost as well through his books as if they had been accustomed to meet him face to face? Soon after Carlyle's death an intelligent reading man, who knew Chesterfield's Letters and Pope's *Essay on Man* almost by heart, met me and asked for some information about "that Scotch philosopher" who had lately died, he could not remember the name. The story may be true of the bookseller in California who wrote to a London publishing house to know if they had heard of some poems by a Mr. Milton that, he understood, had been lately published. It is even possible to suppose that there are persons somewhere who know nothing about Shakspeare. But who has not heard of Longfellow, and not only heard of him but read at least some of his verses? One instance of his popularity may be given from the memorials, as a type of many others recorded here and elsewhere:

"A lady relates that, passing one day a jeweller's window in New York, her attention was arrested by hearing from a crowd gathered before it a voice in unmistakable brogue 'Shure and that's for 'Hiawatha.'" The speaker was a ragged Irish labourer, unshaven and unshorn. She looked and saw a silver boat with the figure of an Indian standing in the prow. 'That must be,' said the speaker, 'for a prisintation to the poet Longfellow; thim two lines cut on the side of the boat is from his poethry.' 'That is fame,' said the friend to whom she told the story."

Sometimes the evidences of Longfellow's fame were less gratifying. He met in the street an Irish mason who said, "I am glad to speak to a poet. I have meself a brother in the port who is a drunkard and a poet." He must have been overburdened sometimes with visitors who came to see the object of their worship, or oftener, perhaps, to exhibit their own literary wares or to enable themselves to boast that they had spoken with him. Yet he was very tolerant. "His simple and beautiful courtesy," writes Mr. F. H. Underwood, "made every caller think himself a friend."

Then there was the autograph nuisance, an annoyance for which Longfellow had himself to blame to a great extent, by his too ready acquiescence. He seems to have been always willing to comply with such requests, saying, on one occasion, "If so little a thing will give pleasure, how can one refuse?" One gentleman wrote for "your autograph in your own handwriting." A lady sent him a hundred blank cards with the request that he would write his name on each, as she wished to distribute them among her guests at a party she was giving on his birthday. Whether or not he complied with this wholesale demand is not recorded. The iron pen, the chair made from the "spreading chesnut tree," and other public tokens of his popularity are well known. Numerous other signs of regard reached him, in his later years, on every birthday from correspondents young and old, known and unknown. The very last letter he ever wrote was to a young lady to thank her for some verses she had written on one such occasion.

Interesting glimpses of Longfellow's literary tastes are to be had, here and there, in passages from his journals, such as—

"Read Mrs. Radcliffe's novel *The Romance of the Forest*. Was this the sensation novel of the last generation? How feeble it seems!"

This was in 1867. A few days later he records:

"Read Erckmann-Chatrain's pretty novel *Le Blocus*. There is a great charm about the style; very simple and sweet in tone. Always, even in depicting war, preaches the gospel of peace."

Another day he had been reading Rabelais, "which, I confess, wearies me"; and after reading the "Frogs" of Aristophanes he "was struck with the thought that it was a good introduction for the second part of 'Faust.'" He notes about Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* that "it is a wonderful book, but with the old dull pain in it that runs through all Hawthorne's writings." Readers of his beautiful memorial poem of the great novelist will recall the lines in which he gives utterance to the same feeling:

"I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

"I only hear above his place of rest
The tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own."

Longfellow had one or two sharp things to say about critics:

"Many critics are like woodpeckers, who, instead of enjoying the fruit and shadow of a tree, hop incessantly around the trunk, pecking holes in the bark to discover some little worm or other."

Yet even critics, he found, had their good points. "Hiawatha" when it appeared was attacked by them pretty severely; and Fields, his publisher, after reading something more than ordinarily savage, went in some excitement to see the poet. "By the way," said Longfellow, "how is the book selling?" "Enormously; we are running presses night and day to fill the orders," was the reply. "Then," responded Longfellow, "don't you think we had better let these critics go on advertising it?"

The letters here given include a few from Emerson, Clough, Hawthorne, Dickens, and

Dean Stanley; and many to and from Sumner, Fields, and Longfellow's life-long friend, G. W. Greene. There is an extract from one written by Sir E. J. Reed giving the eminent shipbuilder's opinion of the poem "The Building of the Ship." It is interesting to know that the practical man considered it "the finest poem on shipbuilding that ever was or probably ever will be written." Incidentally we learn that Hawthorne regarded Thoreau as

"a man of thought and originality, with a certain iron-pokerishness, an uncompromising stiffness in his mental character which is interesting, though it grows rather wearisome on close and frequent acquaintance."

In another letter, written in England in 1854, Hawthorne says: "A man of individuality and refinement can certainly live far more comfortably here—provided he has the means to live at all—than in New England;" to which the editor appends a note—"It must be remembered that this letter speaks of England thirty years ago"; but he does not make it clear whether he means that England has since declined in this respect or that New England has advanced.

The book, it will be seen, is very interesting. The only unsatisfactory part of it is the Index, which, being incomplete, is misleading.

WALTER LEWIN.

Scientific Theism. By Francis Ellingwood Abbot. (Macmillan.)

So many of our current systems of philosophy are deliberately negative or destructive that one which aims at being positive and constructive ought, if only for that reason, to be hailed with satisfaction. So many, moreover, of our thinkers are Idealists and recognise no knowledge outside their consciousness that one which starts with the assumption of an external universe existing *per se* must be welcomed as, at least, a novelty. On both these grounds Dr. Abbot's scheme of thought has a decided claim to recognition as a striking contribution to current philosophy. It is a protest against the extremes of Idealism, on the one hand, and a purely materialistic Realism, on the other. So far, it is compromise between antagonistic schools—a kind of *via media* in philosophy, aptly styled Scientific Theism. It attempts to take from contemporary science much that it values, especially its blind, mindless, mechanical theories, and it gives to science, what philosophy will certainly grudge it, objective reality independent of the thinking subject. Similarly, it gives back to theism the teleology and monistic character of which modern science has robbed it; but it takes from theism a personal Deity in any commonly received sense of personality. From this brief sketch of its purport, the reader conversant with philosophy will at once perceive that whatever other qualities may be lacking to Dr. Abbot's scheme courage is not among them. His aim is nothing less than an entire reversal of commonly received conclusions in science and philosophy. Happily his task is facilitated by its opportune character. The world of thought it seems has long been in labour with his new doctrine, and awaiting Dr. Abbot's

intervention as a skilful "man-midwife." He says:

"These principles will found a philosophy of science embracing not only a radically new theory of knowledge, but also a radically new theory of being. The rapid disintegration of old philosophies, the wide-spread and growing confusion of religious ideas, and the universal mental restlessness which characterises our age, are but the birth-throes of this new philosophy of science" (p. 65).

I cannot help fearing, however, that, in his zealous discharge of his maieutic function, Dr. Abbot has forgotten the alternative contingency as to its issue propounded by the greatest master of his craft—viz., *πότερον εἶδωλον καὶ ψεῦδος ἀποτίκτει . . . ἢ διάνοια, ἢ γόνιμὸν τε καὶ ἀληθές*. I suspect most of his fellow thinkers, after a close inspection of "the little stranger," will be inclined to place him in the former of these categories.

The first great drawback of Dr. Abbot's book is its needlessly severe form and its pedantic terminology. The semblance of a rigid mathematical problem, when, as in philosophy, every term employed is capable of more than one rendering, is an elaborate fiction, which may deter the unwary, but has no persuasive power on the veteran thinker. When a reader, coming to the study of a new work, finds himself confronted by such passages as this—

"The Ground Principle of the Philosophised Scientific method is the Infinite Intelligibility of the Universe *per se*. . . Intelligibility is the possession of an Immanent Relational Constitution"—

he is naturally not a little alarmed. He may at once close the book as either beyond his comprehension or as rendering an interesting question needlessly obscure. The pity of it is in this case the greater because Dr. Abbot, spite of his harsh mannerisms and verbal jugglery, by which I mean his presentation of old ideas under new verbal symbols, is a genuine thinker, and has something worth saying on many moot points of science and philosophy.

Another drawback is the hasty supercilious dogmatism which takes small account of opposing theories. Thus, as to the main basis of his system, Dr. Abbot declares:

"An external universe exists *per se*—that is in complete independence of human consciousness so far as its existence is concerned, and man is merely a part of it, and a very subordinate part at that [*sic*]."

Surely it is worse than futile to assert as an unquestionable axiom a proposition which every thinker knows to be one bristling with inconceivabilities. No doubt he will carry the non-thinker along with him. Indeed, his aim often seems to be to propound the conclusions of the unidea'd vulgar as principles of philosophy. All unthinking persons believe that the world—*i.e.*, the world of their consciousness, they can know no other—exists independently of them, and would continue to exist though they ceased to be; but as soon as thinkers try to project this thought-object outside of their consciousness they find the attempt as impossible as trying to discover its reflection behind the looking-glass.

From this unproved and unprovable starting-point—the objective reality of his thought—

Dr. Abbot proceeds to include within the same process of objectivisation the whole external universe. In the final result the thinker and his thought become a part of the objective organism, self-originated, self-evolving, which he terms the universe. The theistic aspect of this universe he formulates in these terms:

"Because as an infinite organism it thus manifests Infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, or thought, feeling, and will, in their infinite fullness, and because these three constitute the essential manifestations of personality, it must be conceived as Infinite Person, Absolute Spirit, Creative Source, and Eternal Home of the derivative finite personalities which depend upon it, but are no less real than itself."

Not without reason Dr. Abbot deprecates the accusation of Pantheism for this scheme. He is not likely to meet with much success in this endeavour. If not Pantheism pure and simple, it is that allied form of it which avoids the deification of matter by insisting on the supremacy of mind, reason, vital energies, &c., and which has been termed Pan-en-theism. In truth, however, Dr. Abbot's scheme abounds with incongruities and self-contradictions of the most palpable kind. To take a single instance: he does not seem to have discerned that the objectivisation of the universe is, *ipso facto*, a materialising process, while the older theory of the subjectivity of human knowledge favours a rational and spiritual origin of the creation. A universe knowable solely by and in mind presupposes mind as its creative and sustaining basis. An universe existing apart from human consciousness may, *so far as we know*, exist apart from all consciousness, and, so far, may be wholly material, and governed solely by those mechanical agencies which Dr. Abbot very properly deprecates. This is by no means the sole objection that besets his scheme of philosophy. Other discrepancies will readily occur to the thoughtful reader, who, however, will find matter for meditation in Dr. Abbot's *Scientific Theism*, provided he is not deterred from perusing it by its too technical form and its airily dogmatic spirit.

JOHN OWEN.

The Poems of K. F. Releiaeff. Translated from the Russian by T. Hart-Davies. (Remington.)

THE author who ventures to publish a translation into English of the poems of Releiaeff—or, as we prefer to write the name, Riléyev—is, in many respects, a bold man. To begin with, Russian poetry has never commanded much attention in England, and the writings of Riléyev are unfortunately not much read even by his own countrymen. He is now put on the back shelves with Batiushkov and others. And yet the story of the man's life is so sad and interesting that it ought to draw attention to his poetry, even if it lacked merit, whereas it is far from being of the sort which neither gods nor men nor booksellers' shops tolerate. In 1825—when only in the thirty-fourth year of his age, a little older than our own Shelley—he was hanged as a *dekabrist*, a name given, as most of our readers will know, to the conspirators of December, who attempted a revolution in Russia when the Emperor Nicholas came to the throne. Riléyev belonged to the category

of political visionaries and enthusiasts. He paid with his life for the folly of this wild and fruitless outbreak, and caused the deaths of many others. The horrors of the scene in St. Isaac's Square at St. Petersburg are not likely to be forgotten.

As a poet he belongs clearly to the Byronic school, once predominant through Europe. The longest of his pieces is on Voinarovski, the follower of the rebel Mazeppa, who was captured by Peter and condemned to death, but had his sentence commuted into banishment to Siberia, at the intercession of the Empress Catherine. There he lived many years, lapsing—as Mr. Hart-Davies reminds us in his notes—into a complete man of the woods and forgetting the elegant arts which, at one time, had made him the fashionable dandy of Vienna. It was in Siberia that he was visited by the German *savant* Gerard Müller, then making a tour in that country, in the pay of the Russian Government, to study its ethnology and geography. The poet introduces Voinarovski narrating the events of his past life to Müller, and thus gives us some vigorous Cossack pictures. The exile tells how his young wife made her way out to him, and was accidentally recognised by him, but came only to die from the severity of the climate on the shores of the gloomy Lake Baikal.

"Peace came again, while by my side
Abode my faithful, darling bride;
My fate seemed milder, sorrow's smart
More rarely tore my suffering heart.
But, ah! not long this joy could last,
But like a dream it came and past."

But to us the most touching of the poems of Riléyev is the fragment entitled "Nalevaiko," telling the fate of the Cossack of that name who headed a revolt against the Poles, and was cruelly put to death by them in 1596. Mr. Hart-Davies has rendered with much feeling the words of Nalevaiko to the priest:

"I know full well the direful fate
Which must upon the patriot wait,
Who first dare rise against the foe
And at the tyrant aim the blow.
This is my destined fate—but say
When, when has freedom won her way
Without the blood of martyrs shed,
When none for liberty have bled?
My coming doom I feel and know,
And bless the stroke which lays me low,
And, further, now with joy I meet
My death: to me such end is sweet."

The lines in the original are deeply pathetic, and have as funereal an echo as one of Webster's dirges. It is not a little curious that Riléyev published this fragment in the *Poliarnaia-Zvezda* ("Polar Star")—an annual of poetry and prose which he edited—in 1825, the very year of the unfortunate outbreak. He seemed to have a presentiment of his own fate, just as Pushkin had when he described the duel of Oniégin and Lenski.

Mr. Hart-Davies has accomplished his task with spirit and fidelity; and he deserves the thanks of the English public for introducing to them a Russian author, who, although not in the front rank of poets, yet always writes with elegance and taste, and attaches a weird interest to his compositions by his strange visionary life and terrible fate. Many of the *dumí*—a term borrowed from the legendary poems of the Malo-Russians—are good. Some of these Mr. Hart-Davies has translated; among others, the tale of Ivan Susánin, who

is said to have saved the life of the Tzar Michael, by a noble act of self-sacrifice, when he was on the point of being killed by the Poles. This pretty story, however, which has also formed the subject of a well-known opera by Glinka, is considered by the historian Kostomarov to be fabulous. If so, a graceful tradition is lost to Russian history; but Kostomarov was a sad iconoclast. We have had men of the sort among ourselves, and many of the grey morning legends of our history have disappeared in the full light of criticism. We observe, by the way, that the translator puts the accent in the name Susánin on the wrong syllable. We do not know why, for he is obviously a finished Russian scholar.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

Love the Conqueror. By Sydney Carstone. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

An Ugly Duckling. By Henry Erroll. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Allegra. By Mary West. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Isa. By the Editor of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette.* In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Radna: or, the Great Conspiracy of 1881. By Princess Olga. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss Lavinia's Trust. By Vin Vincent. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Condemned to Death. By A. Wall. (Sonnen-schein.)

THE tropical weather seems to have exercised an enervating influence in the sphere of fiction, for some of our novels this week are extremely limp and uninteresting. One or two, however, quite make up for the rest on the score of excitement, if not as regards ability. Mr. Carstone, a writer entirely new to us, endeavours to infuse some brightness and elasticity into *Love the Conqueror*; but it is, on the whole, an *olla podrida* of incidents, with little attempt at cohesion or unity. There is a fiendish grandmother in the story, and there are also several male characters who, to put it mildly, are not a credit to the human race. One of these commits a murder; and as three persons are successively associated with the crime, there is some interest in waiting for the revelation of the real culprit, which does not take place till the close of the narrative. Edith Leng, the sole survivor of a family which passes through many and marvellous vicissitudes, is, perhaps, the best character in the book, and manages to awaken a genuine sympathy in the reader; but most of the other *dramatis personae* are little better than lay figures. The men are either evil or idiotic, and the women are continually scheming to entrap the men. Our author regards falling in love as something like sickening for the measles, or any other infantile ailment; and if we do not get the attack in youth we suffer virulently for it at a mature age. There is a kind of Mrs. Ramsbotham, who enlivens the story by her constant lingual errors, speaking of the *cataracts* (catacombs) of Rome, and who has a daughter who plays the piano "with very good *excretion*." It would be well for Mr. Carstone to eschew politics, which should not

be introduced into a novel intended presumably to be read by persons of different political complexions. There are some signs of ability in this book, and its writer could evidently do much better.

An Ugly Duckling is very readable, and if the promise of the first volume had been sustained it would undoubtedly have been a most successful work. The earliest glimpses we have of the ugly duckling—an unconventional, and apparently unattractive, girl, who develops into a superior woman—are excellent; and there are true and natural touches in the delineation of the forlorn heroine as she appears at the outset; but the whole thing ends somewhat disappointingly and with manifest weakness. Nevertheless, the author shows so much talent that he should be unquestionably heard from again.

Those who like semi-historical novels will find one of the average type in Miss West's *Allegra*. It opens with the Austrians in Lombardy in 1848; and, after describing the memorable events of that great year of revolution, closes with the deliverance of Italy from the Austrian yoke and the entry of Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel into Milan. History, however, is not the motive, but only the pivot of the story. Miss West reveals a strong grasp of the Italian character, and her portraits of Signor Morelli and the Count di Villari are sketched with vigour and evident fidelity to life. The same may be said of two very different personages—the sister-heroines, Allegra and Cecilia Winton—whose characteristics are well differentiated. The story is not without its passages illustrative of

"the infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

It is so extremely difficult for any but the greatest writers to blend judiciously the historical and the romantic elements that it is a pleasure to be able to compliment our author from this point of view for the no small measure of success she has attained.

The morbid psychological school founded by the late "Hugh Conway" finds its latest exponent in the author of *Isa*. But the new writer out-herods Herod. Isa Cleveland, the heroine—who is described as all that is beautiful physically—goes mad at the sight of blood; and as it is here a case of "blood, blood, blood" all through the narrative, it may be imagined that she has not many lucid moments. It is a terrible awakening for her poor husband, soon after his marriage. Isa's birthday, the 8th of June, is the special day when all the fearful events happen; and space would fail us to tell of the many tragedies which occur on that ill-fated day. Suffice it to state that they culminate in the haughty Isa's attempt to slice off her husband's head with a razor. Whenever the 8th of June arrived Isa Cleveland had such pleasant thoughts as these—"I wonder what to-day has brought forth," in the way of crime. "Perhaps at this moment some life is being taken; some deed of murder being enacted; some death-gurgle sounding." If Mdme. Tussaud's establishment were suddenly to be deprived of one of its chief attractions—the "Chamber of Horrors"—it needs only to represent a few of the episodes in this novel in wax, and the chamber might be started

again in all its pristine glory and sombre attractiveness. Seriously, no good or useful end could possibly be answered by such a work as this. It is sensationalism run riot; and if it is intended to be a parody upon the ghastly psychological school of fiction, the joke is a very poor one. Some explanation is furnished of the heroine's madness; but the whole story is too unrelieved to be good reading from any point of view, while it might completely unhinge the minds of young impressionable people. The author is an able man, and we are sorry that his first essay in fiction should be of this unpleasant character.

Princess Olga furnishes a very graphic picture of the terrible system of Russian bureaucracy in *Radna*; or the Great Conspiracy of 1881. She shows how it separates the emperor from his people and, beginning at St. Petersburg, extends its evil ramifications to the most distant bounds of the Czar's dominions. It is more powerful than the sovereign himself, and is the cause of Nihilism and all the other conspiring elements against which the best forces in Russia have striven in vain. The late emperor had a noble heart, yet for the oppression of the weak and the lowly, for the suspicion and punishment of the innocent, for the want of education and the darkness of the Russian mind, for the seal placed on the lips of freedom, the chains which bind liberty, and for every misfortune resulting from bad government, he was held responsible by the masses. And maddened by their wrongs, in their blindness they at last assassinated him. Russia will never be free and happy until the class which intervenes between Czar and people is crushed out or deprived of its power. This story has some charming lighter aspects in addition to its more serious purpose. But every one should read it, if only for the flood of light it sheds upon the dark and secret life of the Russian capital.

A girl's faithful love, a hard-hearted father's curse, and the death of a gallant young officer in the Crimean War, form the staple incidents in *Miss Lavinia's Trust*. The grave brings reconciliations, though we do not quite see the necessity for such a high death-rate as prevails in this little volume. At any rate, the stern parent and the fond lovers might, as it seems to us, have been amicably reunited in this world without waiting for the next. The tone of the sketch is good.

The scene of Mr. Wall's *Condemned to Death* alternates between Egypt and England. The Egyptian portion of the story, with its papyri and its strange discoveries, treads very closely upon the romances of Mr. Rider Haggard. There is even the being who lives twice, with ages between.

"When Chu shall have shaken off the power of the Soul, then shall I know all things, the Present, the Past, and the Future; and when the Soul shall once more encase Chu, my spirit shall animate the second body, and I will again instruct the children of men."

Again,

"I am all that was; that is; that will be; no mortal can raise my veil."

If this Egyptian mine is worked by too many writers, it will soon "give out." There are

many improbabilities in this story; but then the probable has become very commonplace nowadays. By the way, it may be a small matter, but when the aristocracy are brought into a novel they might as well be designated correctly. The same lady could not be both "Lady Lucy Cartley" and "Lady Cartley."
G. BARNETT SMITH.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Letters from a Mourning City. By Axel Munthe. Translated by Maude Valérie White. (John Murray.) A dainty volume, daintily printed, with a charming frontispiece, these *Letters from a Mourning City* contain the experiences, adventures, impressions, and reflections of a Swedish doctor in Naples during the great cholera epidemic of 1884. The letters were contributed to a Stockholm newspaper, and are written lightly, gracefully, naturally, with a running pen. In the course of the letters we get a fascinating picture of this speculative, courageous, warm-hearted doctor. He is passionately devoted to Naples; he feels for the city as only those of Northern blood can feel for their soul's city in this siren land of Italy; he loves Naples too well to desert her in her distress; he is filled with unbounded scorn for those fair-weather lovers who fly before the first breath of storm. Dr. Munthe knew Naples well, and he came to help as far as he could her cholera-stricken poor. He attached himself to no society, he wore no ambulance cross, he went about independently, quietly and bravely doing what in him lay. His sole companions were his ragged little foundling Peppino, his big dog Puck, and, above all, his donkey Rosina, with whom he shares his speculations, his mental peregrinations around the insoluble enigma of life. They exchange passages from Dante, Leopardi, Heine, and Goethe; and the tendency of their speculations—as was natural under such gloomy surroundings—is pessimistic or rather stoic; but neither is a sentimental philosopher. The doctor is intensely sympathetic, human, and practical; he likes the *popolo*; he has a good word for the monks; he can pardon the mad belief—a belief most deeply rooted in the minds of the Italian poor—that all doctors are virtually the hired assassins of the Municipio; indeed, the only class for whom he shows no sympathy is the governing class and the organising committees. Here he seems to us less than just; but perhaps he would have been more than human if he could have lived with and sympathised with the poor, and yet have given its due to the class whom the poor regard as their deadliest enemies. But he is manifestly unfair when he says that "Italy of to-day has done no more for the people of Naples than Italy of the past." Northern Italy, at all events, knows what a heavy burden of taxes she pays for the benefit of her southern sister. The speculations of the doctor and his donkey are not always very profound. They were not meant to be so. They took place usually at night, down by the seashore, when the moonlight streamed across the bay; and they served rather as a rest, a relief from the strain of activity, the oppression of misery that daylight and the doctor's service of the sick brought with them. For the doctor's courageous devotion led him into many terrible places; and his letters are full of pictures of human degradation, woe, and wickedness, as appalling as any in Signor Villari's *Lettere Meridionali*, which did so much to call public attention to those hot-beds of disease and vice, the *fondaci* and *sotterrani* of Naples. The style of the book is, as we have said, most admirable—fresh, natural, sweet; and the translation is remarkably good. We do not remember having ever read a better translation—we mean one which bore about it fewer marks of the process

of transition from one language to another. If the style of the original be as finished as would appear from the translation, the author is undoubtedly a fine artist in words; and Miss White is the fortunate possessor of the greatest gift a translator can have—the power to preserve the flavour of the original. Or if, as is possible, the excellence of this volume is due to Miss White alone, we welcome her as a writer of very considerable stylistic gifts, and anticipate pleasure from her next volume, which we trust may not be long in appearing.

From the Pyrenees to the Channel in a Dogcart. By C. E. Acland-Troyte. (Sonnenschein.) This narrative of a drive from St. Jean de Luz to Cherbourg via the Pyrenees and Central France was well worth publishing, if only to show how easy of accomplishment such a trip is, and how much of interest in Central France awaits the tourist, especially if he have a taste for archaeology and architecture. The route taken was to Bagnères de Luchon, keeping as close to the mountains as the roads would permit; thence to Toulouse, by Montauban to Cahors, onwards to Rocamadour, the wonderful little nest of pilgrimage-churches around which Carolingian legends still linger; thence by the better-known towns of Limoges and Poitiers to Fontevault, so closely connected with the history of our Angevin kings; thence by Angers, Craon, Avranches, and Coutances, to the final goal at Cherbourg. The time occupied was a little over ten weeks; of this only forty-four days were spent in actual travelling, the drives averaging twenty-two miles a day the whole distance traversed being 956 miles. The rest-days were devoted to sight-seeing in the larger towns, or to making short excursions in hired vehicles to spots of interest in the neighbourhood. The expenses averaged 18s. 6d. a day for two people, with horse and dog; but experience brought about a reduction to 14s. 6d. on the return journey. Comparatively few of those who hurry past it by train are aware how beautiful in the softer kinds of beauty the middle of France is. The road here taken by no means exhausts its attractions. One, if not two, drives quite as desirable might be made from Toulouse through Albi, Rodez, Aurillac, Massiac (nearly all the old towns in *ac* in this part of France are worth a visit), Mont Dore, through the Auvergne country, by Montargis and Fontainebleau and so past Paris. There is only one drawback to such a journey. It is absolutely necessary that the driver should look after the horse himself, and see that he eats, not merely is presented with, his oats, &c., and is made comfortable for the night. Now, to some men of delicate digestion, the odours of the stable after a long day's drive will take away all appetite for dinner; and to these, we write from experience, such an excursion cannot be recommended. We fully agree with Mrs. Troyte in her preference for the first-rate village inn to either the cosmopolitan or the commercial hotel on such a trip; only the company should not exceed three. These little inns have seldom more than two best bedrooms, and if these are occupied the other accommodation is often very indifferent. As to the company one may meet, we have never feared sitting down with ladies among French peasants, and have always found their presence respected. The only class we shrink from when with ladies in France—and the experience of friends agrees with our own—are the *commis-voyageurs*; these sometimes will talk coarsely. If a peasant by chance offends, a hint to landlord or landlady would procure his speedy removal outside, or to the back premises; but a commercial traveller is too important a customer to be thus treated, and unless he is shamed by disgusted silence, there is nothing to be done. French military men of all ranks and services

are delightful company at an inn. They are not afraid of talking shop, and with a little encouragement give vivid narratives of their military life. The best time of the year for such a journey is that here chosen—from April to the middle of June; or from the middle of August to October going southwards, avoiding the great heats of summer.

Shooting and Yachting in the Mediterranean. By A. G. Bagot. (W. H. Allen.) The best part of this little book consists of the chapters on fitting out and provisioning yachts for a lengthy cruise, together with the hints as to the best hotels, the chief game, and the like, to be found at the ports in the Mediterranean where yachtsmen usually land. The account of the author's adventures is written in a wretched style, with many poor jokes, much slang, and not a few thinly-veiled oaths interspersed, recalling the rowdy books of sport which it was the fashion to admire fifty years ago. The author and his friends sailed to Corfu, Levitatta, Naples, Syracuse, and home by Corsica, Monte Carlo, Malaga, and Cadiz. They seem to have endured a good deal of discomfort both by sea and land in their search for sport, and by no means to have been rewarded for their trouble. Even in Albania, the head quarters, as it may be called, of woodcock, their bags were poor. One day four guns killed seventeen couple; another day twenty-two ducks were shot; in the marshes at the back of Syracuse six ducks with twelve and a half dozen of snipe satisfied the sportsmen after much annoyance from the prickly reeds and many immersions. Game may have become scarcer; but in 1845 Colonel Parker, we find, killed at Butrinto (where Mr. Bagot's party shot thirteen and a half couple of woodcock, a hare, a quail, and a couple of snipe, with some lost birds), in two days, with seemingly three guns, 196 woodcocks one day, and 188 the next. Adding those procured by two days' shooting on the Acheron River, and two more on the Achelous, the colonel's total was 1,026 woodcocks. The savage Albanian dogs do not remind Mr. Bagot of the ancient Molossian mastiffs. Even at Corcyra he never names, or apparently thinks of, the revolution and massacre which called forth the eloquence of the great historian. So, too, at Syracuse, Mr. Bagot sees nothing but "cocks." There are a good many records of manful eating and drinking (although the "Nix Mangiare" stairs at Malta become *Mangare*), and much boisterous shooting and merriment in this book. We trust that the actual trip was more pleasurable to the actors than its recital is likely to prove to most readers.

Cathedral Days: a Tour through Southern England. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated from sketches and photographs by E. Eldon Deane. (Ward & Downey.) The author—an American lady—and her husband drove in a chaise from Arundel to Exeter, passing through Chichester, Winchester, Romsey, Salisbury, Bath, Wells, and Glastonbury. They reached their journey's end in safety, after some adventures indicating that the natural history of the horse was a branch of science which they had not previously had occasion to study. The result is a charming book, full of happy description and abundant high spirits, the contagion of which the dullest reader will hardly be able to escape. A critic sworn to be rigorously just would have to say that Mrs. Dodd is careless of her grammar, uses words in unheard-of senses, and is now and then at fault in her history. But even the faults of the book lean to virtue's side, inasmuch as they are amusing and not exasperating. We do not know whether Mrs. Dodd has written anything else, but we shall certainly make it our business to read the next book of hers that comes in our way. The volume contains about a score of extremely pretty woodcuts.

Three Years of a Wanderer's Life. By John F. Keane. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.) If Mr. Keane has seen more of the world than most people, he has also taken an unusual number of volumes to tell us about it. His *Six Months at Mecca* deservedly won attention alike by the novelty and the audacity of its story. His second book—*My Journey to Medina*—suffered from the disadvantages that attend all sequels. Then came *In Blue Water* (if we have got the title right), which threw some strong light upon the hardships of a sailor's life. And now he has found a publisher for the recital of incidents before omitted. We cannot recommend the book to all and sundry, for Mr. Keane's plain speaking does not always tend to edification. But there are passages in it—notably the tramp from Liverpool to London—which are as realistic as anything in fiction.

MR. EDWARD STANFORD has augmented his series of "Tourists' Guides" by three new volumes, not to speak of new editions. Two of them are written by old acquaintances—*Wiltshire*, by Mr. R. N. Worth; and *The Wye*, by Mr. G. P. Bevan. The third—*Suffolk*—was entrusted to Dr. J. E. Taylor, of the Ipswich Museum, who has evidently taken for his model the *Norfolk* of Mr. Walter Rye. The result is a stronger smack of local flavour than in most of these volumes, which have no rival for portability and cheapness.

FROM Dulau & Co. comes a new edition of Messrs. Baddeley and Ward's *North Wales*, Part I., in the "Thorough Guide" series. For the walking-tourist these are indispensable, though we regret that their bulk should be increased by impertinent advertisements.

MESSRS. JOHN WALKER & Co. have issued, in very neat form, "Pocket Atlases" of England, Scotland, and Ireland, each containing some sixteen maps by Mr. John Bartholomew, which have already been praised in the ACADEMY.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are glad to learn that the Bodleian authorities intend to publish facsimiles of some of their MSS. Our readers will remember that such a work was suggested by Mr. Haverfield in the ACADEMY of May 6, 1887.

WE hear that Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation a little volume of selections from Tennyson, edited with notes for use in schools by the Rev. Alfred Ainger.

MR. FRANK D. MILLET, the American artist, has translated from the Russian Count Leo Tolstol's *Scenes from the Siege of Sebastopol*. The book will have a portrait of the author, and also an introductory chapter written by Mr. W. D. Howells.

UNDER the title of *Pagan Pearls*, Mr. Elliot Stock announces a collection of precepts concerning the conduct of life taken from the writings of non-Christian teachers.

A NEW volume of verse, entitled *The Lyric of a Hopeless Love*, by Mr. A. Stephen Wilson, will be issued shortly by Mr. Walter Scott.

MESSRS. BEMROSE & SONS will shortly publish a sixpenny edition of the life of *Catherine of Aragon*, by the author of "De Nova Villa." The profits of this edition will be devoted to the "Catherine Window" which is to be erected in Peterborough Cathedral to the memory of Catherine of Aragon, by subscriptions from ladies of the name of Catherine resident in all parts of the world.

Lucifer is the title of a new monthly devoted to occultism or theosophy, the first number of which will appear on September 15. The "Lucifer" of theosophy, it may be advisable to explain, is not the Lucifer apostrophised by

Isaiah, nor Milton's "demon of pride." It is, say the promoters, "the Latin 'Luciferus,' the light bringer, the morning star"; and the magazine is published with the avowed purpose of bringing "to light the hidden things of darkness" on both the physical and psychic planes of life. It will be under the joint editorship of Mdme. Blavatsky and Miss Mabel Collins, the latter of whom will give in the opening number the first chapters of "The Blossom and the Fruit: a Tale of Love and Magic."

AMONG the publications which the New Spalding Club, of Aberdeen, has undertaken are (1) a monograph on the emblazoned ceiling of St. Machar's Cathedral, with coloured reproductions of the escutcheons and other illustrations, edited by Principal Geddes and Mr. Peter Duguid; (2) *The Place-Names and Folklore of North-Eastern Scotland*, by the Rev. Dr. Walter Gregor, of Pitsligo; (3) a history of the ancient baronial family of Burnett of Leys, by Dr. George Burnett, Lyon King-of-Arms; (4) *The Register of the Scots College at Rome*, by Monsignor Campbell; (5) a Calendar of the letters in the Aberdeen town-house, with a selection of the most important, by Mr. A. M. Munro; and (6) a bibliography of all publications relating to the north-eastern counties of Scotland, by Mr. A. W. Robertson, of the public library, Aberdeen.

THE annual meeting of the Victoria Institute will be held at the Society of Arts on Tuesday next, July 19, at 8 p.m., when an address will be given by Prof. W. Stokes, President of the Royal Society.

THE Royal Historical Society will hold a conference in the Hall of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, on Saturday, October 22, to consider the question of historical teaching in schools. Prof. Mandell Creighton will preside, and an address will be delivered by Mr. Oscar Browning, which will be followed by a discussion. Promises of co-operation have been received from the headmasters of Harrow, Haileybury, Marlborough, Rugby, Repton, Rossall, Shrewsbury, Westminster, Winchester, the City of London School, King's and University College Schools, and Dulwich College. The attendance of all persons interested is invited.

AMONG the papers to be read at the meetings of the Historical Society in the course of next session are: "Nootka Sound and Reichenbach" by Oscar Browning; "Passages from the Unpublished Records of the Napoleonic Period," by C. A. Fyffe; "Frederick the Great and the First Silesian War," by A. R. Ropes; "Henry Hudson, the English Navigator," by Gen. Meredith Read; "Prince Henry of Monmouth's Despatches during the War in Wales, 1402-1405, and the Treaty of Surrender by the Welsh Chieftains," by F. Solly Flood; "The Commercial Policy of Edward III.," by the Rev. W. Cunningham; "Historical Genealogy," by H. E. Malden; "The Historical Value of Traders' Tokens and the Minor Currency," by George Williamson; "A Genealogical Table of the Mughal Emperors of India, with Notes on their Birth, Accession to the Throne, and Death," by Kavi Raj Shyamal Das.

A NOVEL educational experiment is to be tried next winter in London. A number of short popular courses, of three lectures each, on literary, historical, scientific, and artistic subjects, will be given under the joint auspices of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching and the Gilchrist Trustees. The courses will be quite distinct from the ordinary work of the former society. Steps are being taken to secure the services of distinguished lecturers, and the lectures will be given in the largest halls available in certain selected working-class districts. In some cases the

admission will be free, and in other cases the charge will probably be one penny for each lecture. The whole expense will be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the Gilchrist Trustees have largely contributed.

MESSRS. SOTHEY'S sales next week comprise the following:—On Monday, a selection from the library of M. Eug. P * * *, of Paris—it is not very difficult to fill up the asterisks—consisting mainly of early Italian books and MSS., including the only block-book known to have been printed in Italy. On Tuesday the books, MSS., &c. of the late Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, among which we may mention several of W. H. Ireland's collections relating to his Shakspeare forgeries, and the original MS. of the Old English songs and carols, edited by T. Wright for the Percy Society in 1847. On Wednesday and Thursday the large collection of autograph letters, belonging to the same indefatigable curiosity hunter, of which the most notable seem to be those of Nelson, Burns, and Garrick. There is also a set of the catalogues of the Royal Academy from the beginning (1769) to 1844.

MM. FORZANI, printers to the Senate at Rome, have issued the prospectus of a grand *Bibliografia di Roma*, the life-work of the late Francesco Cerrotti, librarian for thirty years of the Corsini library, who died last February at the age of eighty. The work will be in four volumes, handsomely printed in large quarto form, and will be issued to subscribers at 20 lire a volume. The following is the classification adopted: (1) topography and views; (2) ecclesiastical history, with special reference to each pope and to the conclaves; (3) literature, including the libraries and academies; (4) art, including the churches, catacombs, obelisks, inscriptions, &c.; (5) civil history, including that of the municipalities and of the great Roman families; (6) physical, with special mention of the Tiber and the Campagna.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

PEGLI.

Quae nunc abibis in loca?

MORNING after morning, in the bright Italian spring,
I heard the steady hammers of the busy shipwrights ring,
And plank to plank was added till ribs no longer gaped,
And slowly grew the marvel—a ship was being shaped,
Morning after morning, till there came at last a day
When waves were softly plashing, but the ship was far away.
'Twas in the early twilight the ropes were cut, and swift
Her strange new life she entered, and buoyant waves uplift
And carry her afar on old Columbus' track.
Ah! who are we to hinder, or wish to call her back?
We cling to earth so blindly, but she sees lands unknown,
Her sails are wings to bear her; but we are left alone,
Morning after morning, on that fair Italian shore,
To watch the shipwrights working, and wonder evermore.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for July continues several interesting series. There is first the biography of eminent theologians. This time Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, is the subject; and the editor is the biographer. There is next the discussion of the origin of the Christian ministry. Whether or no Prof. Salmon can be said to have contri-

buted much to the discussion, the statement of his personal views, opinions, and here and there "guesses" will command attention. There is lastly the survey of the Revised Version of the Old Testament. Prof. Cheyne's second paper on the Book of Psalms contains an examination of Ps. cxxxix., after which it is mainly occupied with an exposition of the marginal renderings and readings. Dean Church contributes his fine sermon on "The Idolatry of Civilised Men," Mr. G. A. Simcox a poem on "The Latter Rain," Dr. Dods a reproductive study on part of Ezra, and—last, not least—Prof. Driver a valuable review of Dr. Cheyne's work on the Wisdom-literature of the Old Testament. Years ago, when English Biblical criticism was more fettered than it is now, the reviewer expressed a strong conviction of the linguistic necessity of a very late date for Ecclesiastes. It is gratifying that we are now favoured with full and interesting specimens of his exegetical results.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

XI.

It is admitted by every one that the Costeriana are the work of a Dutch printer, more particularly of a printer who was settled in Holland proper.

I have pointed out before, and it is moreover very well known, that the peculiarity of the eight types of the Costeriana consists in a perpendicular stroke attached to the horizontal cross-stroke through the *t*, and an upward curl or a down stroke attached to the *r*. I am aware that the same peculiarities are noticed more or less in German block-books, and in German and Italian writings. But as two editions of the *Speculum* (Spiegel) are in the Dutch language, this fact alone proves the Dutch nationality of the Costeriana beyond the shadow of a doubt. Now, among all the facsimiles of Dutch typography (including the whole of the Netherlands, or, as we should say now, Holland and Belgium), published in Holtrop's *Monuments typogr.*, and ranging (if we exclude the Costeriana) from circa 1470 (or say 1473) to 1500, no trace whatever of these peculiarities is found, except in three cases only, namely, on Holtrop's plates 57, 58, and 111, where they appear in three woodcuts, and are clearly intended as imitations of antique models, as a kind of fancy, just as we see now-a-days Caxton's types imitated. But the peculiarities of which I speak are found (not as imitations, but in a very natural way) in the Dutch block-books, and in Dutch manuscripts—a circumstance which shows, I think, that the eight types of the Costeriana stand next to the time of the block-books and manuscripts. Indeed, the resemblance between the eight types of the Costeriana (which we must regard as having belonged to one and the same office, until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming) and the character figured in the texts of those block-books, of which we know that they are unquestionably Dutch, is very striking. If we compare the inscriptions of the Dutch Mary engraving, preserved in the Berlin Museum, and figured in Holtrop's *Monuments* (first plate), and the texts of the two Dutch editions of the *Ars moriendi* (British Museum, pressmarks C. 48. 1, and C. 17. b. 21), and that of the Dutch editions of the *Biblia Pauperum*, and that of the Dutch *Cantica Canticorum*, one feels almost inclined to say that the man who cast the types of the Costeriana engraved also the blocks for those block-books.

I have already pointed out before that those who suggested Utrecht as the place where the Costeriana might have been printed never thought of examining Utrecht MSS. to see whether the types of the Costeriana, which

have such a peculiarly national form, and could not very well have been imported from Germany, nor from France or Italy, resembled in any way Utrecht MSS. I have made some enquiries on this point myself, and I have been (provisionally) informed that the MSS. written at Utrecht do not bear any resemblance to the types of the Costeriana. But I do not wish to lay any stress on this information, as I do not know whether my informant quite understood what I had in view. But this kind of negative is not without some importance in connexion with one or two facts which I have accidentally found myself, and which, most decidedly, point to *Haarlem* as the place where the Costeriana may have been printed. Namely, in the binding of a MS. Register (of strange to say) 1446, preserved in the Haarlem Archives, I found last January a vellum fragment, the writing of which made me think for a moment that I had one of the Costerian printed *Donatuses* before me. I would also recommend the inspection of the writing of slips bound in the MS. Register of 1440, and that in the Register for 1444. A comparison of the writings found on these slips will not, I think, be favourable to the Utrecht theory.

There is, as far as we know at present, a total absence of *colophons* (if we except such words as *explicit*) in the Costeriana. This circumstance also tends to show that the printer of these works must be placed next to the period of the manuscripts and early block-books, and not after, or during the time when *colophons* (in verse and in prose) may be said to have become customary. I will, however, not dwell upon this absence, in confirmation of my opinion that the printer of the Costeriana was the *first* printer, because of most of the Costeriana we possess fragments only, and there are besides a good many other works, printed by other printers, without place, name of printer, and date. But I wish to point out that we have ten complete Costeriana, besides the last leaves of some others; and I do not know that there exists, after 1471, any other group of so many books issued by one and the same printer, without having in one of them either a place, or the printer's name, or a date. And even in the *late* block-books, published (in Germany) after 1470, we do find initials of the printer, or his full name, or a date.

There is another circumstance to which I must call attention in particular. Of the forty-five Costeriana which have been preserved to us, no less than thirty-three (counting among this number the edition of *Saliceto*, of which only vellum fragments are found) are printed on *vellum*. And, from the fact that hitherto no paper copies or fragments of these works have come to light, it is, I think, not unreasonable to conclude that no paper copies were ever printed. Of the remaining Costeriana, five (namely, the four editions of the *Speculum*, and, the two leaves of one of the Dutch editions of the *Speculum*, which have been printed in a different type, counting them as one work) are partly or wholly *blockprinting*, and were, therefore, necessarily, or as usual, printed on paper. And only seven of them are printed on paper in the ordinary way, as we see it done say from 1455 to 1470. Among the latter happen to be just those works which, as I have said before, cannot be placed earlier than 1458. When we now look at the printing in Germany from 1454 to 1475, we see that the first two dates (1454 and 1455) appear in two editions of *Indulgences*, of which no paper copies have ever been found, and probably were never printed. Besides these two *Indulgences* (one of which I will put down to Gutenberg, the other to Schoeffer), we have also three editions, on vellum, of the *Donatus* in the thirty-six-line Bible type (which I will

ascribe to Gutenberg); four editions of the *Donatus* in the forty-two-line Bible type; and an edition of the *Psalter* of 1457 (all done by Schoeffer). But in the year 1454 we find, already, printing done in Germany on paper, and, with the exceptions just mentioned, I do not think that any more early printers issued entire editions on vellum after 1457. If, therefore, we tabulate the early printers according to the entire vellum editions known to have been issued by them, we are compelled to assign the *first* place to the printer of the Costeriana, with thirty-three works out of forty-five published by him; the *second* place to Peter Schoeffer, with only six (or seven, including the forty-two-line *Cantica*) works out of I don't know how many; while Gutenberg comes in the *third* place with four entire editions on vellum out of eight printed by him, or at least ascribed to him. I know of no printer to be put fourth, as I know of no other early printer ever having printed entire editions of any of his works on vellum, though nearly every printer of any significance printed a few vellum copies of his more important works by the side of his paper copies.

I have further to point out that the thirty-three vellum editions of the printer of the Costeriana include twenty editions of the *Donatus*, seven editions of the *Alexander Gallus*, two of *Cato*, one *Abecedarium*, one liturgical work, one Dutch edition of the Penitential Psalms, and one edition of *Guil. de Saliceto*. Leaving the latter work out of account, it is precisely of these school books and books of devotion that other and later printers issued also apparently entire vellum editions, as no paper copies have as yet been found by the side of the vellum copies. For instance, Dr. Campbell, after having described the Costerian *Donatuses*, enumerates in his *Annales* (under numbers 642, 643, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652) seven other editions of the *Donatus* printed by various printers on vellum, close upon 1500. And of the *Doctrinale* of Alexander Gallus he mentions two editions (No. 110 and 111) besides those which concern us. Mr. Holtrop (*Monuments*, p. 18) says that there exists an edition of the liturgical work also printed on vellum at Leiden about 1500. So it is possible that there was, as is alleged, an idea among printers and the public in general that books of this kind required to be printed on strong material. But just about the period 1471-1474, when the printer of the Costeriana is said to begin, or to be printing, paper editions of the *Donatus* had already appeared, for which reason this entire vellum printing at that date looks strange.

But if we assume that the printer of the Costeriana commenced his work before 1454—that is to say, if we assume him to be the inventor of printing, then he was a man who had hardly any other except MS. *vellum* books before him, and his position at the head of the vellum printers becomes a natural one. We can then understand that he printed, and continued to print, on vellum because, except for block printing, he hardly knew of any other material for the production of books, and also because he started with the idea of imitating, as closely as possible, his MSS. We can then also see that, after printing was brought to Mentz, nothing but vellum was used for a little while. But there, under fresh eyes, who see that another mode of printing could be devised, the printing on less expensive paper gradually, though slowly, took the place of that on vellum, the latter material being only reserved as a kind of luxury for the production of a few copies of certain works of importance, and perhaps also, by way of tradition, for the *Donatuses* and a few other school-books.

As to the question that the manner in which the engravings of the *Speculum* have been executed, and the dresses, hats, &c., figured on

them, all point, as some say, to a period after 1471, I believe it may be met by the opinion of others who think that everything points to a much earlier period. The subject is too extensive for me to feel competent to deal with it at this moment and in this series of articles. Suffice it to say, that so far as I have investigated the matter, I see certainly nothing in the style of the engravings of the *Speculum* which is incompatible with a much earlier period, in which the four editions of the *Speculum* must, in my opinion, be placed, on account of the primitive manner in which they were printed.

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

CORPUS antiquissimorum postarum Polonise latinorum usque ad J. Cochranovium. Vol. 2. Cracow: Friedlein. 4 M.
 DONOLUX, G. Le Père Bonhours: un jésuite homme de lettres au 17^e siècle. Paris: Hachette 7 fr. 50 c.
 FUNCK BAEWANG, Th. Les sophistes allemands et les nihilistes russes. Paris: Pion. 6 fr.
 VITAE novem, Sanctorum metricae. Ed. G. Harster. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

DOCTRINA duodecim apostolorum. Edn. adnotationibus et prolegomenis illustravit, versionem latinam addidit F. X. Funk. Tübingen: Lapp. 3 M. 80 Pf.
 FRICK, C. Die Quellen Augustins im 18. Buche seiner Schrift de civitate dei. Hürter: Buchholz. 1^o M.
 PAUL, L. Die Abfassungszeit der synoptischen Evangelien. Ein Nachweis aus Justinus Martyr. Leipzig: Grunow. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

ACTA historica res gestas Polonise illustrantia. Tom. 11. Acta Stephani regis. 1576-1586. Cracow: Friedlein. 10 M.
 TREUBER, O. Geschichte der Lykier. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 5 M.
 WOLFF, O. Der Tempel v. Jerusalem u. seine Maasse. Graz: Styria. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

EGGER, A. Jouannetia Oumingli Sow. Eine morphologische Untersuchung. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 6 M.
 FRETSCH, A., u. J. KAFKA. Die Crustaceen der böhmischen Kreideformation. Prag: Rivnac. 30 M.
 SAOCCARDO, P. A. Sylloge fungorum omnium hucusque cognitiorum. Vol. 5. Agaricinea. Padua. 72 fr.
 WESTERLUND, O. A. Fauna der in der palaearktischen Region lebenden Binnenconchylien. III. Gen. Bulimulus, Sesteria, Pupa, Stenogyra u. Clonella. Lund. 10 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

BLASS, F. Die attische Beredsamkeit. 1. Abth. Von Gorgias zu Lysias. 2. Aufl. Leipzig: Teubner. 14 M.
 FEILOHNFELD, A. De Vergilii Bucolicon temporibus. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 HELBIG, W. Das homerische Epos, aus den Denkmälern erläutert. 2. Aufl. Leipzig: Teubner. 12 M. 80 Pf.
 KAMANN, P. Ueb. Quellen u. Sprache der York Plays. Leipzig: Pock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 ROETHE, G. Die Gedichte Reinmars v. Zweter. Leipzig: Hirzel. 12 M.
 SCHAEFER, A. Demosthenes u. seine Zeit. 2. Ausg. 3. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.
 WILMANN, W. Beiträge zur Geschichte der älteren deutschen Literatur. 3. Hft. Der altddeutsche Heimvers. Bonn: Weber. 4 M.
 ZIELINSKI, Th. Quaestiones comicae. St. Petersburg. 2s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY'S COPY OF THE PISA "ADONAI8."

Trinity College, Cambridge: July 9, 1887.

A few weeks since it was stated in the ACADEMY that the copy of Shelley's *Adonais* (Pisa, 1821), which belonged to the late Master of Trinity, had disappeared, and was not included in the catalogue of his library which was to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge.

It is due to these gentlemen, who made every effort to discover the missing rarity, to announce that it has been found in the College Library, among a mass of miscellaneous pamphlets, which were removed from the Lodge after the Master's death, and until recently had not been examined.

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

"COLLATION OF FOUR IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS."

Dublin: July 11, 1887.

I have just learned that M. l'Abbé Martin, in his brochure, *Quatre Manuscrits Importants*, &c., has brought a serious charge against me. On p. 11, referring to the *Collation of Four Important Manuscripts*, &c. (edited by me after the death of Prof. Ferrar), he says:

"Quant au Manuscrit de Milan, au cursif 346, il est certain qu'il a été examiné seulement dans quelques passages: nous tenons le fait de la bouche même de celui qui aurait dû faire la collation, au dire des éditeurs Anglais."

As this directly contradicts what I have stated in my Introduction, it involves a charge of the grossest falsehood. One feels some degree of humiliation in taking notice of such an accusation. Nevertheless, when it is made by a scholar like the Abbé Martin, it cannot be allowed to remain unnoticed. I, therefore, repeat (1) that for three of the Gospels Prof. Ferrar and myself had, not a collation merely, but a complete copy made under the direction of Dr. Ceriani; (2) that for the first Gospel the MS. was collated for Prof. Ferrar throughout; (3) that neither the copy nor the collation was trusted implicitly, but wherever any possible question could arise the MS. was again specially consulted; and (4) since the death of Prof. Ferrar the copy and collation, as well as the replies to subsequent inquiries, have been in my possession.

T. K. ABBOTT.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

London: July 9, 1887.

In the ACADEMY for June 25, 1887, p. 451, col. 2, Dr. MacCarthy writes thus:

"In Old-Irish nomenclature, *Mail* (*moel*, *mael*, *mel*, are graphic variants), the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh, is of frequent recurrence. The nom., the Latin equivalent *calvus*, and the gen. *maile*, are found in the Book of Armagh (5 a 1; 11 b 1, 12 b 1, 17 b 1 respectively)."

In the ACADEMY for July 9, 1887, the Rev. F. G. Warren, referring to the above quotation, writes as follows:

"Mr. Whitley Stokes has asserted that the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh was indeclinable, giving some late Irish evidence for his assertion. Dr. MacCarthy now states that he has found this name in the genitive form, 'Maile,' several times in the Book of Armagh. As the Book of Armagh exists only in MS., it is impossible, without a visit to Dublin, to verify Dr. MacCarthy's references to it. However, one is bound in courtesy to accept the veracity of his statement until it has been disproved, and one looks to Mr. Whitley Stokes to substantiate or abandon his position on this point."

In compliance with Mr. Warren's suggestion, I beg leave to say, very reluctantly, that Dr. MacCarthy's assertions (1) that *Mail* is of "frequent recurrence" as the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh, and (2) that *Mail* and *Mel* are "graphic variants," are both wholly groundless. I will add that *Mail* or *Mael*, gen. *Maile*, is not found in the Book of Armagh as the name of any bishop.†

The five passages referred to by Dr. MacCarthy are as follows:

"Fol. 5 a 1. ille magus Lucet mail † qui fuerat in nocturna conficiendo, etc.

Fol. 11 b 1. Audientes autem magi Loiguirii filii Neill omnia quae facta fuerant, Calvus et Capitolaum, duo fratres qui nutrierant duas filias Loiguirii, etc.

* I gave a fourteenth-century copy of an eleventh-century work.

† *Mael* is found as the name of a bishop in the Martyrology of Donegal, December 26; but he was a bishop of Tuam.

‡ This is spelt *Lucetmael*, fol. 2 a 2; 4 a 1.

Fol. 12 b 1. Et frater illius uenit Mael, et ipse dixit: 'Frater meus creditur Patricio, et non erit ita; sed reuertam eum in gentilitatem.'

Fol. 12 b 1. Similis est Calvus contra Caplit.

Fol. 17 b 1. Do[r]igéni Cummen cétaig ritha fri Eladach mac Maile Odrae tigrerne Oremthianne ar each ndonn."

It will be seen that, in four out of the five passages referred to by Dr. MacCarthy, *Lucet mael*, *Mael*, and *Calvus* are the names, not of a bishop, but of wizards said to have opposed S. Patrick, and that in the fifth passage the person referred to is a layman, *Mael-odrae*, the father of one *Eladach*, who bartered a brown horse for a mantle made by Cummen.

I fear that Mr. Warren, and perhaps other readers of the ACADEMY, will consider Dr. MacCarthy's statement about the Book of Armagh to be an example of what the late Archbishop Whately, in the following passage, calls the fallacy of references:

"One of the many contrivances employed for this purpose is what may be called the 'Fallacy of references,' which is particularly common in popular theological [philological and palaeographical] works. It is of course a circumstance which adds great weight to any assertion that it shall seem to be supported by many passages of Scripture or of the Fathers, and other ancient writers [such as the authors of the Book of Armagh] whose works are not in many people's hands. Now when a writer can find few or none of these that distinctly and decidedly favour his opinion, he may at least find many which may be conceived capable of being so understood, or which, in some way or other, remotely relate to the subject; but if these texts were inserted at length, it would be at once perceived how little they bear on the question. The usual artifice therefore is, to give merely references to them, trusting that nineteen out of twenty readers will never take the trouble of turning to the passages, but, taking for granted that they afford each some degree of confirmation to what is maintained, will be overawed by seeing every assertion supported, as they suppose, by five or six Scripture texts, as many from the Fathers [as many from the Book of Armagh], &c." (*Logic*, 8th ed., p. 208).

For myself, my faith in Dr. MacCarthy's veracity is so perfect that I believe, or strive to believe, that he merely meant to say that the Book of Armagh contained, in the passages to which he referred, examples of the word *Mail* or *mael* (*Calvus*), gen. *maile*. But what has this to do with the controversy whether the words *maile ruen* in the Stowe Missal refer to one saint or to two? And why did such a master of English as Dr. MacCarthy express himself so as to mislead an intelligent and scholarly reader like Mr. Warren?

I will conclude this letter (and with it my share in this controversy) by stating that the real name of the first Bishop of Ardagh occurs, in its Latinised form, twice in the Book of Armagh—once in the nom. *Melus*, fo. 9 b 1, and once in the acc., *Melum*, fo. 10 b 2, and that the same name occurs in its Celtic form, *Mel* or *Mél*, in the Trinity College copy of the *Liber Hymnorum* (a MS. of the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century), fo. 17 a, and in the Franciscan copy of the same collection (a MS. of the twelfth century), p. 40. In this latter codex (which Dr. MacCarthy can easily see in the convent, Merchant's Quay, Dublin) the name occurs nine times in the nom., once in the gen. (*isin Ardachud epscoip Mel ata*), and once in the dat. (*dorala do epscoip Mel*)—always, it will be seen, undeclined. The name borne by the Bishop of Lothra occurs in a Latinised form in the Book of Armagh, fo. 11 b 2, gen. *Rodani*, acc. *Rodanum*:

"In quo reliquit uiros sanctos Macet et Cetgen et Rodanum prespiterum": . . . "filia . . . quae tenuit pallium apud Patricium et Rodanum,"

... "ipsa fecit amicitiam ad reliquias sancti Rodani."

As to Ruadán of Lothra, the Calendar of Oengus has, at April 15, "Ruadan locharn Lothra." In the Book of Leinster (about 1250) I find "Ruadan apstal Lothra," p. 350 f, col. 6; and in the same MS., p. 358, col. 7, the Latinised genitive "Ruadani Lothra." Nowhere in any respectable MS. is there the slightest ground for Dr. MacCarthy's assertions that the first Bishop of Lothra was called Ruan, and that Ruain is "the phonetic form of Ruadain."

WHITLEY STOKES.

P.S.—In my letter in the ACADEMY of last week (p. 26, col. 2, l. 59), for "MSS." read "MS."

Mitchelstown: June 30, 1887.

Having dealt with Mr. Stokes's communication, I come to that of Mr. Warren in the ACADEMY of April 23. He begins by saying that he has no means of knowing whether I saw his *Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church*. I have seen that compilation. The extent to which I have been aided thereby in the study of the Missal (I pass over the Sacramentary for the present) will appear from the following.

In the structure and contents I failed to find the sixty-six folios and the Gospel of St. John which Mr. Warren informs us the MS. contains.

In the transcript of the liturgical part, passing over some thirty minor misreadings, a text as plain as print is corrupted to this extent:

MR. WARREN.	MS.
P. 226, sanctorum et nostrum intende christe cyrie elezion	Fol. 12 a, sanctorum confessorum, et meum-[et] reliqua 12 b, christe, audi nos; christe, audi nos. cyrie elezion
238-9, Sancte	28 b, Sancta, prefixed to the names of the five Irish virgins
239, peccatori	29 b, peccatorum
226, Oratio Augustini—Profeta, etc.	13 a, Oratio Augustini is the title of Rogo, etc.
domine christe	13 a, ihesu christe qui non vis castitatis
226-7, deus non vis 227, caritatis	14 a, Deus, qui culpa misere [i.e., misere].
228, dicitur qui culpa misericordiae	14 b, aut
vel	15 a, laudatio mea
229, laudatio catholicaque a	15 b, catholica, qu[al]e est a
280, et poenitentibus nostris actibus	16 a, pro poenitentibus 16 b, nolle nostris actibus
231, Incipit lectio gregoriana	17 b, incipit is last word of Gospel heading Fragment of fol. 17, gregorii
232, misericorer	19 a, misericor [diam tuam,] et da [no]bis
dabis	24 b, petri et pauli
236, petri, pauli thomae, iacobi	25 a, thomae et iacobi
diesque ad te	25 b, dies quoque 26 a, et ad te
238, quoque	27 b, [quo]que
240, non nominavit	31 a, nomina nominavit
241, iohanne estimatir	31 b, cum iohanne estimatis
243, Presta ut quos	35 b, Quos, etc.; presta ut follow satiasti, the fifth word

(Cf. Plate, No. 9)

(Cf. Pl. No. 3)

MR. WARREN.	MS.
enudemur	35 b, emundemur
244, et gloriosa quique	36 a, per gloriosa 37 a, quasi (three times)
spiritu sancti	37 b, spiritus sancti
245, et omnipotentem	38 b, Te omnipotentem
246, S[anctus]	39 b, Per (a scribe's oversight for S[anctus])
247, conscientius iniquitate omnem	42 a, conscientias iniquitates 42 b, omnium
248, plenus manifestandus	43 a, plenas manifestandas

Even now, with the correct form under his hand in my edition, he persists in Melch[i]sedech. In the MS., the i, as happens not unfrequently, is subjoined to the second stroke of h.

The practised eye appears in the remark that the headings of the Missae are in later hand-writings (p. 201).

In the redaction, the displacement of folios 28-9 is not detected; "quorum ut dixit," the concluding words of fol. 29 b, being consequently given up as unintelligible (p. 262). The following arrangement has probably been rarely matched (fol. 29 a):

"Propitius esto. Parce nobis Domine. Propitius libera nos, Domine, ab omni malo. Libera nos, Domine, per crucem tuam. Libera nos, Domine, peccatores." (P. 239.)

In the textual notes we are told, for instance, that many of the names in the Litany (fol. 28 a. b.) are "in the genitive case—a common occurrence in ancient martyrologies—the word festum being understood. The writer appears to have copied out the names, forgetting always to change the genitive into a vocative case" (p. 261). Moelcaich, that is, was so ignorant as to see no incongruity in Sancte Patricii, ora pro nobis.

Upon heremi sciti (fol. 30 b.) there is a query: "Did the scribe mean to write 'tarum'?" (p. 263). Mr. Warren, namely, would change the *desert of Scete* into *hermits*.

In original research, the "Order of the Gallican Service" (p. 99), and an extract respecting the Benedicite (p. 111) purport to be taken from the *Expositio brevis* of Germanus Parisiensis. Neither of them (as far as I can discover) is found therein. The consecration formula quoted (p. 109) from the pseudo-Ambrose de *Sacramentis* (l. iv. c. 5) varies in five places from the text of the Paris edition (1661, t. iv. col. 367). Two clauses given as Martene's (p. 129), with "Conf. Amalarius" appended, are the words of Amalarius himself.

Direptio organorum, a blundering version of the Irish *orgain* "destruction" (Ann. Ulst., A.D. 814), is accepted as proof that "Irish annals speak of the destruction of church organs" (p. 126).

In Liturgy we have noteworthy equations: Cursus Scottorum = Liturgy (p. 77); frangere panem = Christi corpus conficere (pp. 95-6); periculosa oratio = Pater noster (p. 98); consueta deprecatio of Iona (presumably) = diptycha mortuorum of Arles (p. 106); Gospel of St. John, i. 29 = Agnus Dei of Pope Sergius (pp. 200-66); simul panem frangere = joint consecration (p. 129); Stellae (fol. 24 a.) = Epiphany (p. 259).

We learn, moreover, that there was a proper preface for St. Patrick in Tirechan's time (p. 100); and that priests were allowed to celebrate twice on the same day in Iona, in the seventh century (p. 143).

In hagiography, Bede's Daganus episcopus (H. E. ii. 4) is made bishop of Ennereilly, which is changed from Wicklow to Wexford (pp. 41, 264). Cummian, compiler of the Penitential, is said to have been abbot of Iona (p.

98); Ciaran of Seir Keiran, older than St. Patrick (p. 261); Finian of Moville, a bishop (p. 264); and Fergal of Aghaboe, Virgilius of Salzburg (p. 45).

As the Delegates of the Clarendon Press "will be thankful for hints," the foregoing are at their service, to show to what uses their funds are sometimes applied.

Let us now see how my theory respecting the antiquity of B is "untenable and demonstrably false." Because I say that the B-Recension was written in a character which may well be deemed older than the sixth century, the sapient conclusion is drawn that I assign the copying to the fifth century. By Mr. Warren's logic, if I say a writer employs Miltonian diction, I assign his work to the seventeenth century!

While proving that B was transcribed in the second quarter of the seventh century, I produced three criteria to show the composition of the a portion could be referred to the fourth century. One of these sufficed for Mone and every liturgist down to Mr. Hammond, to establish that the Reichenau Fragments belonged to "a distinctly earlier stage" than the other published Gallican monuments. To this rigid logician, however, my conclusion is "demonstrably false," because the Corpus and Rosslyn Missals have, he imagines, no Calendar, and the Drummond possesses no Proper of Saints.

But herein he shall perform the happy despatch upon himself:

"All these Missals [Corpus, Rosslyn, and Drummond] are mainly Roman or Sarum in their structure and contents, and throw no light on the liturgical use of the early Celtic Church" (*Liturgy, &c.*, p. 269). "It is obvious that the date at which a Missal was written in no way limits the earliness (only the possible lateness) of the date at which this or that portion of it was originally composed" (Warren: *Corpus Missal*, p. 46).

After this it is perhaps superfluous to note that the assertion respecting the absence of a Calendar from the Corpus and Rosslyn is based on the elementary error of restricting Calendar to signify a synopsis of saints' days.

With reference to the abbot of Tallaght, I need only say for the present that Mr. Stokes, when dealing with the subject, will feel duly grateful for any reliable evidence Mr. Warren can produce towards proving Maclruain a bishop.

Mr. Warren has one notable proof. The letter N, which occurs in the Stowe denoting an unnamed person, he is certain is never found earlier than the tenth century. Well, the Book of Dimma and the Book of Mulling and the Oratio super agonizantem in the St. Gall Fragment, 1395, are all three confessedly earlier than the tenth century. The letter N is found in each of them.

Finally, rather than "retire backwards" (*sic*) with me to the seventh and eighth centuries, Mr. Warren would now follow "such a master" as Mr. Stokes in saying the Irish cannot have been composed before the tenth century, and would assign the whole MS. to the eleventh. But, *littera scripta manet*; Mr. Warren says the scribes of the older Latin part and the scribes of the Irish were contemporary, while Mr. Stokes thinks this Latin portion belongs to the eighth century. The master and the disciple thus force each other to follow me nearly all the way.

Those conversant with the subject can now judge how far Mr. Warren is entitled to intervene in the present discussion.

B. MACCARTHY.

"THE BLUE VASE" AND "THE PRUSSIAN VASE."

Cambridge: July 12, 1887.

As a matter of curiosity one would like to know where Mr. Baring Gould got the materials

for his story, "The Blue Vase," in *Belgravia* for June, 1887 (p. 421). The plot of the tale and many of its leading incidents are identical with those of Miss Edgeworth's story, "The Prussian Vase," in her *Moral Tales*, vol. i., p. 167 (edit. 1832). Miss Edgeworth in her preface clearly claims this, as well as the other tales in the collection, as her own invention.

WM. WRIGHT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, July 19, 8 p.m. Victoria Institute: Annual Meeting. Address by Prof. Stokes.
SATURDAY, July 23, 10 a.m. Geologists' Association: Excursion to Sheppey.
8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

OBITUARY.

AUGUST FRIEDRICH POTT.

THE last of the triumvirs who founded the study of comparative philology—Bopp, Grimm, and Pott—has departed. Prof. Pott, as the papers inform us, died at Halle on July 5, in his eighty-fifth year. I have at present no books of reference at hand, and cannot tell where he was born, how he was educated, when he became professor, and what were his titles and orders and other distinctions. Though I believe I have read or consulted every one of his books, I cannot undertake to give even their titles. And yet I feel anxious to pay my tribute of gratitude and respect to one to whom we all owe so much, who has fought his battle so bravely, and whose whole life was consecrated to what was to him a sacred cause—the conquest of new and accurate knowledge in the wide realm of human speech. I believe he never left the University of Halle, in which he first began his career. He knew no ambition but that of being in the first rank of hard and honest workers. His salary was small; but it was sufficient to make him independent, and that was all he cared for. Others were appointed over his head to more lucrative posts, but he never grumbled. Others received orders and titles: he knew that there was one order only that he ought to have had long ago—the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, which he received only last year, fortunately before it was too late. He never kept any private trumpeters, nor did he surround himself with what is called a school, so often a misnomer for a clique. His works, he knew, would remain his best monuments, long after the cheap applause of his friends and pupils, or the angry abuse of his envious rivals, had died away. What he cared for was work, work, work. His industry was indefatigable to the end of his life; and to the very last he was pouring out of his note-books streams of curious information which he had gathered during his long life.

A man cannot live to the age of eighty-five, particularly if he be engaged in so new and progressive a science as comparative philology, without having some of his earlier works called antiquated. But we ought to distinguish between books that become antiquated, and books that become historical. Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, in their first edition, contain, no doubt, many statements which the merest beginner now knows to be erroneous. But what these beginners are apt to forget is that Pott's mistakes were often inevitable, nay, even creditable. We do not blame the early decipherers of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, because in some of their first interpretations they guessed wrongly. We admire them for what they guessed rightly, and we often find even their mistakes extremely ingenious and instructive. I should advise all those who have been taught to look upon Pott's early works as obsolete to read his *Etymologische Forschungen*, even the

first edition; and I promise them they will gain a truer insight into the original purposes of comparative philology than they can gain from any of the more recent manuals, and that they will be surprised at the numberless discoveries which are due to Pott, though they have been made again and again, quite innocently, by later comers. In Pott's time the most necessary work consisted in the collection of materials. Overwhelming proofs were wanted to establish what seems to us a simple fact, but what was then regarded as a most pestilent heresy, namely, that Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, and Sanskrit are cognate tongues. It was Pott who brought these overwhelming proofs together, and thus crushed once and for all the opposition of narrow-minded sceptics. It is quite true that his work was always rather massive, but massive work was wanted for laying the foundation of the new science. It is true, also, that his style was very imperfect, was, in fact, no style at all. He simply poured out his knowledge, without any attempt at order and perspicuity. I believe it was Ascoli who once compared his books to what the plain of Shinar might have looked like after the Tower of Babel had come to grief. But, after all, the foundation which he laid has lasted; and, after the rubbish has been cleared away by himself and others, enough remains that will last for ever. Nor should it be forgotten that Pott was really the first who taught respect for phonetic rules. We have almost forgotten the discussions which preceded the establishment of such simple rules as that Sanskrit *g* may be represented by Greek *β*, that Sanskrit *gāus* may be *βoūs*, and Sanskrit *gam* *βalw*. We can hardly imagine now that scholars could ever have been incredulous as to Sanskrit *kāh* being represented by Greek *κτ*, as to an initial *s* being liable to elision, and certain initial consonants liable to prosthetic vowels. The rules, however, according to which *d* might or might not be changed into *l* had to be established by exactly the same careful arguments as those according to which the vowel *a* is liable to palatal or labial colouring (*e* and *o*). And when we look at the second edition of Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, we find it a complete storehouse which will supply all our wants, though, no doubt, every student has himself to test the wares which are offered him. The same remark applies to his works on the Gipsies, on Personal Names, and on Numerals; to his numerous essays on Mythology, on African Languages, and on General Grammar. Everywhere there is the same *embarras de richesse*; but, nevertheless, there is *richesse*, and the collection of it implies an amount of devoted labour such as but few scholars have been capable of.

In his earlier years, Prof. Pott was very "fond of fechtung"; and when we look at the language which he sometimes allowed himself to use in his controversies with Curtius and others, we cannot help feeling that it was not quite worthy of him. But we must remember what the general tone of scientific wrangling was at that time. Strong language was mistaken for strong argument, and coarseness of expression for honest conviction. In the days of Lachmann and Haupt, no one was considered a real scholar who could not be *grob*. Pott caught the infection; but, with all that, though he dealt hard blows, he never dealt foul blows. He never became the slave of a clique, and never wrote what he did not believe to be true. He must often have felt, like Goethe, that he stumbled over the roots of the trees which he himself had planted; but he remained on pleasant terms with most of the rising generation, and, to the end of his life, was ready to learn from all who had anything to teach. He cared for the science of language with all the devotion of a lover; and he never forgot its highest aims,

even when immersed in a perfect whirlpool of details. He had, in his younger days, felt the influence of William von Humboldt; and no one who has ever felt that influence could easily bring himself to believe that language had nothing to teach us but phonetic rules. Pott's name will remain for ever one of the most glorious in the heroic age of comparative philology. Let those who care to know the almost forgotten achievements of that age of heroes study them in Benfey's classical work—*The History of Comparative Philology*. F. M. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS FROM NAUKRATIS.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge:
July 9, 1887.

I owe many thanks to Prof. Hirschfeld for his care in criticising my theory in detail, and especially for his offer to continue the discussion till I am convinced. I accordingly venture to express once more the difficulties I still feel, and I should be very glad if he could finally dispel them.

I much regret that I have in one small matter, as he suggests, committed a blunder that has complicated the discussion. On p. 224 of my paper (*Journal of Hell. Stud.*, 1886) I meant that the fourth and last form of μ was not to be insisted on. Inscr. No. 305 in *Naukratis*, I. is the only one I mistrust; No. 1b is as good and clear as any.

Concerning the date of the foundation of the city, I cannot complain if I have been assumed to hold the same views as Mr. Petrie, since I had not expressed any difference of opinion. My view is in some respects intermediate between Prof. Hirschfeld's and Mr. Petrie's. But I must still hold that the Milesians were, as Strabo implies, at Naukratis before the time of Amasis. Now Prof. Hirschfeld makes the following statement: "After what Herodotus says, there cannot be any doubt that neither a Greek city nor Greek temples had been founded at the place before that king." I would only ask him one question. How then does he explain the fact that the scarabs, which belong, as he himself acknowledges (*Rh. Mus.*, 1886, p. 219), to the time before the accession of Amasis, are not of Egyptian make, and were found mixed with fragments of early Greek pottery? Unless some other explanation of this fact can be found, we must suppose that it points to a Greek settlement before Amasis. The evidence of Mr. Petrie's extremely accurate and careful excavation is explicit on this point, and cannot be lightly set aside.

I may as well say at once that I have no more materials in reserve to throw light on the time before Amasis. This is as might be expected if none but Milesians were at Naukratis during that period.

I come next to the purely epigraphic side of the question; for, though the presence of Greeks at Naukratis makes possible the occurrence of inscriptions earlier than Amasis, it does not of course prove that any of the inscriptions we possess are really so.

In the first place, I do not "perceive that my manner of dealing with them is wholly unjustifiable," because the inscriptions I regard as most ancient are very few, while 700 later ones have been found upon the same site. The earliest Attic inscription (also on a vase, *Mittheil.*, 1881, p. 106 sqq.) is completely isolated, while many hundreds of Attic inscriptions are known of the sixth and fifth centuries; yet its authority for the earliest Attic alphabet is not generally disputed. The most characteristic of the earliest Naukratite inscriptions are distinguished

from the rest both by the fabric of the pottery on which they are incised, and by the position where they were found; Nos. 2 and 4 are from the bottom of an early well, and are on a ware more primitive in character than any other found at Naukratis, except an amphora from the charred stratum, which is certainly much older than Amasis, since it is at some depth beneath the scarabs; No. 1b and the thick drab bowls were found near the bottom of the undisturbed trench in the temenos of Apollo, and are also of very early ware, No. 1b resembling the pottery found at Daphnae, where no Greek inscriptions were discovered. None of the inscriptions for which I now claim a date earlier than Amasis contain any form, such as open H, which is usually later; and so I do not see that I can be in this matter charged with failing to appreciate epigraphic evidence.

I cannot close without once more acknowledging how much I am indebted to Prof. Hirschfeld and others for their valuable criticism. I yield to it so far as to acknowledge that the connected series of inscriptions, beginning probably with that of Polemarchus, may perhaps not be earlier than the reign of Amasis and the foundation of the Hellenion. I only claim exemption for some examples earlier in style and form; and this claim hardly seems unreasonable, since the testimony of excavation, as clearly observed and stated by Mr. Petrie, shows that Greeks lived in Naukratis before Amasis. The assumption that those Greeks were Milesians is no more than is justified by history and tradition; and, if so, their presence offers the easiest explanation for the abnormal forms of letters that are found.

I do not wish to enter on a general discussion as to the value of epigraphic evidence, as compared with the observation of levels. But it should be noticed that the latter method has exceptional advantages upon a smooth and perfectly level surface of hard mud, while on rocky or hilly ground it is comparatively valueless. On a site like Naukratis there is no reason to expect that a thing once buried should ever change its position: and similar strata are found at the same level throughout the city. Mr. Petrie's observations, as recorded in *Naukratis, I.*, have been fully borne out in every detail by the results of the work that I conducted on the same site in the following season.

ERNEST A. GARDNER.

Bromley, Kent: July 8, 1887.

I trust Prof. Hirschfeld will not put me down as necessarily "passionate or prejudiced" when I object to his statement about Naukratis, that, "after what Herodotus says there cannot be any doubt that neither a Greek city nor Greek temples had been founded at the place before" Amasis; and to his declaration that "the epigraphic evidence against the existence of the Greek town before Amasis is so overwhelmingly strong," &c. What the epigraphic evidence is I may well leave to Mr. Ernest Gardner; but, as being most familiar with the archaeological evidence, I must decidedly say that the Greek foundation of Naukratis, long before Amasis, is so clearly shown by the remains found that epigraphists would do well to pause and consider whether they have as good evidence from any other place to authenticate a different view.

To take one point of the simplest kind: the scarab factory in Naukratis was clearly in Greek hands, for the Greek export trade to Rhodes; the hieroglyphic inscriptions are continually blundered, and many of the designs are such as no Egyptian could have made. We are asked then—under pain of being "passionate or prejudiced"—to believe that Greeks in a town supposed to have been founded by Amasis continually made scarabs bearing the names of his predecessors, but never commemorated the

king who was most important in their view. If Amasis first settled the Greeks there, we should not expect to find the names of deceased kings of the previous line, whereas their names often occur; and we should expect to find his name, but it has never yet turned up. There is no question in this about levels, which Prof. Hirschfeld demurs to, but of the occurrence and non-occurrence of names in exact contrariety to his view.

But this scarab factory is not the oldest thing in the town. Two feet beneath it—and two feet take half a century to accumulate, on an average—there is a burnt stratum which underlies all the south half of the town. Everything out of this stratum is distinctively Greek, and not Egyptian, and there is not a trace of Egyptian remains in the earlier parts in general.

So much without regard to levels; but I must observe that levels at Naukratis are worth more than in almost any other site. The town was founded on a perfectly level mud-plain, and was added to very uniformly by waste of the mud-brick houses, so that its levels are remarkably regular. To anyone who has stood in the excavated heart of the town, and seen in section the long white lines of road-mending stretching across it without a foot of rise or fall, the regularity is surprising. Of course, certain quarters accumulated (e.g., with potters' burnt rubbish) at a different rate to others; but this I have been careful to notice, and no conclusions as to age have been drawn from comparing different districts.

It is difficult to see how "articles which are easily and naturally scattered about" can have been scattered in ancient times far down in level layers under the surface, or up into unformed strata. If modern scattering is hinted at, I must say that levels were always carefully verified and measured at once, and no case in which any doubt existed was recorded. I must also lay to rest the fable about things sinking through Delta soil. To anyone who has chopped flake by flake through the hard, tough, old clays of the Delta, with their smooth polished fracture, and seen fragments light and heavy lying just as they were deposited, such a notion seems to need no refutation.

The evidence from Daphnae as to ages of pottery is strikingly in agreement with that of Naukratis; but as that is still, after eight months, in the printer's hands, I will not yet adduce it. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

IN view of the meeting of the International Congress of Geologists, to be held in London next year, a certain number of American geologists have undertaken to prepare reports on the various formations as developed in their own country. The Nomenclature Committee of the Congress will assemble at Manchester during the forthcoming meeting of the British Association. Sir J. W. Dawson has recently suggested a scheme of federation among English-speaking geologists, whereby uniformity might be secured on questions of nomenclature and classification.

THE Yorkshire Naturalists' Union, which has its headquarters at Leeds, will have ready for issue next month *The Flora of West Yorkshire*, by Dr. Frederic Arnold Lee. Prefixed to the catalogue of plants, which enumerates more than 3,000 species (including ferns, mosses, lichens, fungi, and freshwater algae), will be three preliminary chapters, dealing with climatology, lithology, and bibliography. There will also be a map, coloured to show the natural divisions adopted. The book consists altogether of about 800 pages, and will be issued to subscribers at fifteen shillings.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE PIPE-ROLL SOCIETY.—(Annual General Meeting, Friday, July 1.)

H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, Esq., vice-president, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, in the chair.—Mr. H. S. Milman, Director of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. F. C. Bayard, Mr. W. J. Hardy, Mr. G. C. Miall, Mr. William Page, and other members of the society were present. At the request of the chairman, Mr. James Greenstreet (the hon. secretary) read the report of the council for the financial year, 1885-6. The account of the hon. treasurer (Mr. Walford D. Selby) showed that after paying for three volumes, the Pipe Rolls for the eighth, ninth, and tenth years of Henry II., a balance of £10 remained to be carried forward to the next year. The report and accounts were then unanimously adopted.—In moving the adoption of these reports, Mr. Lyte commented upon the comparatively large number of libraries announced in the report to have become subscribers to the society. He observed that such accessions to the members of a society were always peculiarly welcome, because the support of private individuals was of necessity more or less fluctuating in its character, while, on the other hand, the co-operation of such institutions as All Souls' College, Oxford, and the Athenaeum Club—to quote the two first names on the list of twenty-five accessions—once obtained, it was pretty certain that so long as the publications of the society gave satisfaction their support would not be withdrawn.—Mr. H. S. Milman, in seconding the adoption, spoke at some length upon the value of the evidence recorded on the Pipe Rolls, as illustrated in a paper read the previous evening before the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Page, a member of the Pipe-Roll Society. The speaker also enlarged upon the benefits likely to accrue to the society by the decision of the council to bring out, not only a volume of our earliest and most valuable unpublished charters, but also another to include a large number of the Final Concords or Feet of Fines belonging to the reign of King Richard I. This would give, he said, variety to the publications, and be likely to furnish matter of interest to a wider circle. The hon. secretary stated that the University of Upsala had that morning applied to be enrolled among the subscribers to the society.—A vote of thanks to the Deputy Keeper, proposed by Mr. W. J. Hardy, and seconded by Mr. Miall, closed the proceedings.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, July 6.)

SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. C. Leland, on "The Literary Training of the Memory and the Eye." Mr. Leland said, firstly, that the memory of any child could, by a process of exercise and reviewing, be developed to an incredible extent; secondly, that this would be balanced and aided by training the mind to quickness of perception. With this he included eye memory or visual perception, in which Mr. Francis Galton has made extensive researches. Finally, he explained the system of developing the constructive faculties and of industrial art education, which he originally introduced into the public schools of Philadelphia, and which has since been extended to those of New York, Austria, and Hungary, and which is followed in the classes of the British Home Arts Association. This system includes the preparation of boys for all pursuits, commercial, agricultural, or technical, and of girls for domestic duties.—The president, in commenting upon Mr. Leland's elaborate paper, instanced several persons of remarkable memory who had fallen within his own knowledge.—Mr. Whitehouse confirmed the reader's remarks as they referred to the teaching in Oriental schools.—Sir James Crichton Browne pointed out the results which had been attained by modern physiology in the investigation of the brain centres and their control of the various faculties.—Mr. P. H. Newman contended that high art cultivation might be unattended by any extraordinary development of memory.—Dr. Douglas Lithgow desiderated the differentiation of individuality in Mr. Leland's paper.—Dr. Zerff maintained

that the general development of the intellectual faculties ought to precede any technical instruction; and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after expressing a cordial acquiescence in the educational methods expounded by the reader, intimated some doubt touching the precise character of the end sought to be obtained, since memory ought always to be controlled by judgment and experience, and as to art, general cultivation was only possible up to a certain standard without the possession of special gifts.—Mr. Leland, in his reply, said that he had never meant to state that the summit of excellence could be reached without the possession of genius.

FINE ART.

THE STARK EXHIBITION AT NORWICH.

THE Norwich Art Circle have a very proper sense of their responsibilities as guardians of the traditions of a town so celebrated in the annals of English art. This is their sixth exhibition. The previous ones have been devoted generally to the works of living painters of the neighbourhood; but last year they had a gathering of the drawings of J. Thirtle, a water-colour painter whose name is not known so well as it should be outside of Norwich. He was a contemporary of Crome and Cotman, and deserves a place among the circle of painters of the great time of the Norwich School. This year it is James Stark who is honoured; next year, it is to be John Sell Cotman.

One of the best of recent purchases for the National Gallery is a Stark; and judging it by the light of the Starks at Norwich, it is not only a good but a very good Stark, with an unusually fine sky, and a breadth of treatment and a sense of space he did not often manifest. Indeed, Stark at his best is good, and he is generally at his best when most closely following his master Crome. At his worst, nay even at his second best, Stark is not strong, somewhat niggling in touch, opaque in shadow, dry in colour and hard in definition, especially in his figures. Taken all round, he is a second-rate painter, whose present fame may be said to be due to his alliance with his master Crome and his fellow pupil Vincent, to both of whom he was inferior.

The finest pictures at Norwich are the "Sheep-Washing—Morning," lent by the Rev. H. H. Carlisle, and the Duke of Sutherland's "Penning the Flock." The latter is Crome-like, the sky luminous, though uninteresting, the sheep well massed and lighted, the figures well placed but awkward; the former is richer in subject, with its well massed carefully drawn trees, its pool of water and its men, its sheep and its dog. Both these seem pure untouched examples of Stark at his best, and are worthy of a place in any collection of masters old or new. Richer in colour and effect are two pictures lent by Mr. A. Andrews, "Near Stratton—Strawless Common," and "The Grove"; but their depth and brilliancy seem suspicious as we glance at their neighbours.

The Norwich Art Circle issue very pretty catalogues illustrated with lithographs cleverly drawn by the members, which preserve an interesting record of the exhibitions. The examples of Stark are well chosen, which is not always the case with illustrated catalogues. The lithographs include two portraits of Stark: one as a good-looking young man with dark eyes, by J. Clover, seated in a landscape painted by Stark himself; another as a kind-looking old man, after a drawing by R. Hollingdale. Among the best pictures illustrated are a "Landscape with Cattle" belonging to Mr. George Holmes; Mr. Thomas Wells's "The Keeper's Cottage"; and Mr. Harvard's "Road Scene with Ford," besides the two pictures already noted as the finest.

The catalogue would be interesting if it were only for the copy of one of the very rare letters of "Old" Crome, in which he gives some excellent advice to his former pupil about skies and breadth and the importance of "giving dignity to everything you paint."

Not the least attractive part of the exhibition is a number of water-colour sketches lent by Mr. A. J. Stark. These are free, unconventional, dexterous, frequently fine in colour, and happy in their seizure of transient effect. They seem on the whole the work of a more original observer and a freer draughtsman than the painter in oils, and enlarge our conception of Stark's natural gifts. Some interesting etchings by Stark are also shown by Mr. James Reeve.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE NEW ROOMS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE opening of the half a dozen new rooms, great and small, in the National Gallery—with all the re-arrangement of the pictures this has involved, with all the better display it has permitted—is by far the most important event of the later part of the art season. And the result is assuredly one on which the director, Sir F. Burton, and the keeper, Mr. Eastlake, are to be congratulated warmly. The architectural effect too of that which has just been added—whether by way of splendid chamber, or of staircase aglow with the reds of African marble—is immensely more to be commended than the somewhat pretentious effect of the alterations of nine years ago. It is fitting that these changes should have been made; but, as the unique object of a National Gallery is the display of the national pictures, it is still more satisfactory to be able to record that what has been done assists this first and last of worthy aims.

Our National Gallery is rich—almost superfluously rich indeed—in that early Italian art of which Mr. Monkhouse has lately discoursed with so un-academic, with so human, a touch in a little handbook at this moment beside us; and the gallery's riches in this art of the primitive—the babe and suckling of painting—have never been so convincingly set forth as under the present system. Again, our representation of the Venetian school—of that full maturity of art, in which men uttered what has still its whole original meaning for us, and uttered it with mastery of means, with perfection of style—our representation of that school, we say, has never until now seemed so dignified and so satisfying. But it is unnecessary to go through department after department. Suffice it to say, on this head, that whatever changes have been made in the arrangement of the pictures are, in almost every case, improvements. The classification is as convenient for the real student as for the most unlearned or least sympathetic visitor.

Two things—as has been pointed out elsewhere—and, it may be, two things only, now require to be done in order that the gallery may be yet more worthily representative of the different schools, and of the England that has made it. One is the enlargement, upon every conceivable opportunity, of the representation of English pictorial art, which is rising daily in the estimation of the wise, and which the future will rate so much higher yet. And English water-colour ought to be represented, as well as English oil-painting, or how narrow a view will hereafter be said to have been taken of what were the real achievements of English art. The other thing is the bold and generous addition, to what the gallery at present contains, of some fitting representation of French eighteenth-century work. This thing, like the other, is now generally admitted—nay, has been

repeatedly urged—by those whose knowledge and whose sympathies give them claim to be listened to.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES, whose artistic taste has always, like that of his master Whistler, had a Japanese turn, is now at Yokohama studying and sketching. From a letter recently received from him, he appears to have met with a very cordial reception from the Japanese in general, and Japanese artists in particular. Special entertainments have been arranged for him; and on one occasion thirty Japanese painters were invited to meet him, all of whom made sketches in his presence, and presented them to him. He, with the aid of an interpreter, gave the artists a little lecture concerning his views on art, and met with a very sympathetic hearing. As might have been expected, Mr. Menpes is charmed with the people, their costume, and their art, which they carry into every detail of life. Unusual interest will attach to Mr. Menpes's pictorial records of his stay in Japan, some of which will be exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells next season.

WE have received Mr. Frederick Keppel's daintily issued translation of M. Lebrun's catalogue of "The Etchings and other Prints of Jean François Millet" (New York: Keppel.) Only two hundred and fifty copies are printed. There are some significant memoranda by way of illustration; and the literary interest of the little book—an interest which, in the ideal *catalogue raisonné* is never quite neglected—gains by the presence of Mr. Keppel's introductory notice, biographical and critical, founded, of course, a good deal on Sensier's biographical volume, but likewise a good deal on Mr. Keppel's own close observations and enquiries. Millet appears to have wrought only about thirty pieces, and these include a few lithographs and woodcuts. It should not therefore be difficult—were it not for the extreme rarity of a very few of these things—for the collector to possess himself of the whole engraved or printed work of the artist. Méryon's important work—that which is accepted as the "art work of Méryon"—does not, it is true, include a greater number of pieces; but then there is his "minor work," which has to be taken account of also, perhaps even to be collected by the very industrious or the very devoted. Mr. Haden and Mr. Whistler, who are not only "still with us"—which is more than can be said for poor Millet—but in the fullest conceivable vigour to boot, have each produced about six or seven times the number of prints, Sir William Drake's *The Etched Work of Francis Seymour Haden* containing a hundred and eighty entries, and Mr. Wedmore's *Whistler's Etchings* chronicling something like two hundred and fifteen prints from the hand of the great American. On the other hand, Bracquemond and Jacquemart, among great masters of the needle, have done decidedly less; and Millet's contributions are not so scanty but that what is called "immortality" may yet be secured for him. The publication of this pretty little catalogue by Mr. Keppel occurs opportunely to the collector, but at a moment much too late for it to be necessary for the critic to discourse upon the characteristics of Millet's manly and sincere art. Let us, on the other hand, occupy ourselves amiably in noticing the inevitable blunder. In print 14, "Les Bœchers" ("Two Men Digging"), the one can hardly fairly be described as standing "nearly erect." He is a little less bent than his comrade, it is true; but that is nearly all. Let us add that M. Lebrun's own collection of Millet's prints—the only quite complete one in

existence—is now in America. It is the property of Mr. Keppel, it would seem, to whom we tender our acknowledgments for the pretty translation of the catalogue and for his own contribution as well.

THE new number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) does—what so many merely popular magazines entirely fail to do—justify its existence, and promises a yet more excellent performance in the future. Mr. Matthew Arnold's early poem, "Horatian Echo," here appears of course for the first time. Mr. Selwyn Image writes on design, and Mr. Herbert Horne has some penetrating notes on Rossetti—things well said, both of them. Mr. Burne Jones is an exquisite ornamentist, with as sure an instinct as that of a Japanese for the proper patterning of any given space; and his frontispiece, in illustration of a passage from the "Song of Songs," which is Solomon's, is as restful a piece of work as we have gazed on for a long while. The reproduction of a pen-and-ink drawing of Rossetti's—which shows Miss Siddal making a portrait of the artist—is welcome as a bit of literary or art history, and is done, evidently, by an excellent process. The *Hobby Horse* will not be in great demand at the suburban railway station, but those who buy it will value and keep it, and they will, perhaps, prove to be among the wise.

MESSRS. BELLMAN & IVEY, of 37 Piccadilly, have on view a collection of replicas from some of the principal works of sculpture now or recently exhibited in Paris and London.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE shall next week be able to give some account of the play by Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. Haddon Chambers produced, with great success, at a *matinée* of Mr. Charrington's at the Vaudeville on Tuesday.

TO-NIGHT Mr. Henry Irving bids adieu to the Lyceum audience until the spring of next year, as he goes into the provinces and then to America. The piece selected for performance is "The Merchant of Venice," in which the actor has always been seen to great advantage: indeed, he has made Shylock quite one of the most impressive of his parts. Again, Miss Ellen Terry's great reputation may almost be said to date from her personation of Portia at the old Prince of Wales's. Thus the choice of play for a farewell performance could not possibly be improved upon. And the audience will wish to hear what Mr. Irving has to say to them when the play is over. What is to be the next thing done on his return? Is it to be "Coriolanus" at last, or a revival of "Macbeth," or some wholly new play?

THE old tradition that one weekly newspaper has always to behave as if no other existed having, we suppose, died out, it may be permitted to us to refer with cordiality to a series of articles on the safety or dangers of the London theatres now appearing in the *Saturday Review*. They will please no manager, unless, indeed, the manager of the Adelphi or of the Grand Theatre at Islington. But they will be, we trust, of immense service to the public, both in strengthening the hands of the authorities and in administering to the playgoer a timely caution. They are very bold—very alarming, if the truth must be told; but, we doubt not, they are entirely accurate. And how soon—we shall proceed to enquire—will the authorities begin to act upon the information which journalistic enterprise and courage alone have successfully gathered and set forth? After the publication of these articles, it will,

indeed, be the very gravest and shamefullest of public scandals if the matter which they discuss goes unremedied.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

DRURY LANE was crowded on Monday evening. "Les Huguenots" was given with a strong cast, and with the fifth act partially restored. Of course numerous cuts were made in the work, which, if given in its entirety, would last to an unreasonable hour. Meyerbeer's opera requires to be effectively mounted; and Mr. Harris certainly put forth his whole strength. There were new dresses and newly-painted scenes. In the matter of artists the manager made wise use of the excellent material at his command. Mme. Nordica played and sang the part of Valentine with much skill and considerable dramatic power. She is not, however, fully equal to the rôle, though she was evidently stimulated to do her very best by the admirable singing and acting of M. Jean de Reske as Raoul. Miss Maria Engle, as the Queen, made up in looks and pretty singing for what her voice lacked in power. Signorina Fabbri was the Page, but the *tremolo* spoilt some otherwise good efforts. The male portion of the cast was uncommonly strong. There were the two De Reskes, the one as Raoul, the other as St. Bris. M. Victor Maurel was admirable as Nevers, and Signor Foli looked well as Marcel. The minor parts, too, were creditably sustained. The chorus singing was admirable. The "Rataplan" chorus in the third act was rendered with much vigour, though the Huguenot soldiers would have done well to imitate the movement of their leader's hands. The orchestra was at times too loud, and once or twice a little ragged; but, on the whole, Signor Mancinelli deserves great praise for the orchestral accompaniments. "Les Huguenots," as performed at Drury Lane, is likely to prove as great an attraction as either "Don Giovanni" or "Faust."

Miss Arnoldson was unable to appear, as announced, in "Traviata" on the following night. "Rigoletto" was substituted, with Mlle. Groll in the rôle of Gilda; and she met with much success.

Glinka's opera "La Vita per lo Czar" was given for the first time in England at Covent Garden on Tuesday evening. It is more than half a century since the work was first produced at St. Petersburg. It has enjoyed considerable popularity in Russia, to which the plot, founded on an incident in the life of one of the Czars, and the music with its strong national flavour, have undoubtedly materially contributed. Considering the time at which it was written, it is certainly highly interesting. The composer, born in 1804, visited Italy in 1830, and made himself acquainted with the Italian school of singing; and the influence of Italian composers is shown on many a page of his score. Then he was for some time a pupil of the famous contrapuntist Dehn at Berlin, and studied hard at counterpoint and fugue. He turned the knowledge thus acquired to good account; for, in some of the choruses and concerted pieces of his opera, there is fugal and canonic writing which is clever and interesting. It is not of a dry, pedantic kind, but fresh, and therefore pleasing. Glinka's music is not remarkable for originality, and it is more or less patchy; but one cannot but admire the honest way in which he expresses his thoughts, the earnestness with which he aims at producing dramatic effects, the skill with which he employs national melodies or successfully imitates them, and the boldness of his attempts at characterisation. In the first act we specially note the opening fugal chorus, and the concerted and choral music at the close.

In the second act a "Cracovienne" and "Mazurka" served to introduce some genuine Polish dancers. The third act commences with a charmingly plaintive song, sung with much effect by Mme. Scalchi. This act contains some of the best and most dramatic music. Certain Polish soldiers form a plot to carry off the Czar but this is defeated by the self-sacrificing loyalty of the Russian peasant, Ivan Susanin. The interview between the peasant and the soldier is one of the most exciting parts of the opera. We must not forget to mention a short and quaint bridal chorus in 5-4 time. The fourth act is, on the whole, dull. The fifth act, considerably curtailed, concludes with a vigorous chorus. We have not described the plot of the opera, for it does not possess any special interest; and we doubt whether the work, in spite of much merit, will ever become popular in this country. Musicians will, however, be glad of the opportunity given to them of hearing it. The performance was, with some few exceptions, very good. Mme. Albani took the part of Antonida, and sang throughout the evening with brilliancy and fervour. Signor Gayarre, as the lover Sobinin, was much applauded. Signor Devoyod (Ivan) sang excellently the bass music, but was not quite at home in his part. Of Mme. Scalchi we have already spoken. Signor Bevignani proved a skilful conductor. The house was well filled.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MISS PAULINE ELLICE, eleven years of age, gave a concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday, July 7. By playing Beethoven's Concerto in C minor she forced comparison between herself and the youthful pianist, Josef Hofmann, who performed that work quite recently. It is, perhaps, a pity that she—or rather those having charge of her—did this in such a marked manner; for, although a remarkable child for her age, she cannot, even with the advantage of years and hands able to strike the octave, produce anything like the effect which he does. If, as we have intimated, it would be wise to withdraw Hofmann for a time from public life, this will apply with even greater force to Miss Ellice. Let her study and bide her time, and she may, one day, astonish the world.

Mlle. JEANNE DOUSTE gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The first piece in the programme was Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 22). The young lady is clever; but her rendering of that work showed very plainly that she has much to learn, and also certain things to unlearn, before she can do full justice to herself. She was more successful afterwards in pieces of various kinds; but the Beethoven Sonata was that from which one could best form an opinion of her powers, both as player and as musician.

MR. C. HALLÉ gave the eighth and last of his series of recitals at St. James's Hall last Friday week. There was an interesting programme, including Haydn's Quartette in A (Op. 20, No. 6); variations on a Schumann theme for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Iwan Knorr; Schumann's Fantasia (Op. 17) for piano; and the ever popular "Kreutzer" Sonata, interpreted by Mme. Norman-Néruda and the concert-giver. This series, just brought to a conclusion, has been, both with regard to the selection and performance of works, one of the best ever given by Mr. C. Hallé.

JOSEF HOFMANN gave his fifth and final pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon. The chief piece of the programme was Mozart's Sonata for two pianos, which he played with his father. He was heard besides in pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. The hall was crowded.

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LITERATURE.

The Principles of Morals. Part II. By Thomas Fowler. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE first or introductory part of this work appeared last year, and was reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 26, 1886. It was announced as the joint composition of Prof. Fowler and of his friend the lamented Prof. J. M. Wilson, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—the name of the latter standing first on the title-page. The present volume, forming the body of the work, although planned in partnership with Prof. Wilson and containing some passages—the extent of which is carefully pointed out—written either by or jointly with him, is as it stands substantially due to the pen of Prof. Fowler, who, therefore, although reluctantly, assumes the sole responsibility for its authorship. There seems no reason to suppose that had Prof. Wilson lived to share his friend's labours to the end the result would have differed in any essential particular from what is now placed before us. But the experiment of collaboration is so new in philosophy that, apart from other considerations, one would have liked to see it, for once, more completely exemplified. Nothing, indeed, seems more natural and fitting than that two friends and fellow-workers should be productively associated in a study whose very method, unconscious or avowed, has ever been to combine and harmonise independent or even conflicting views. It has been too much the fashion to speak of philosophy, whether moral or metaphysical, as an aggregate of isolated theories possessing no vitality beyond the lifetime of their author and of his immediate disciples; or, again, as if the same sharp oppositions of thought had recurred in every age with no more hope of agreement than at the time of their first collision. Such a view receives no countenance from history, and must especially miss what is most characteristic in contemporary speculation.

Prof. Fowler has more than one illustrious collaborator among the dead. His work is the outcome of a long and high tradition. He is one of those who look on morality as something not imposed on man from without, but the resultant, the realisation of his whole nature. In reviewing the introductory volume I ventured to characterise the standpoint of its authors as utilitarianism modified in an Aristotelian sense. After reading the sequel I should be more inclined to call it Aristotelianism developed on the lines of Bishop Butler, supplemented and corrected by the principles of utility and evolution. To put the same fact somewhat differently, the method is subjective and psychological, with frequent outlooks into the larger world of history and

positive law. Prof. Fowler goes in detail through all the feelings, conceived as springs of action, from the lowest to the highest, showing as he proceeds to what virtues they give rise. He refuses to brand as "selfish" those feelings which have for their primary object the good of the individual who experiences them, and prefers the term "self-regarding." Salutary in themselves, the limits within which they should be exercised are to be determined by considerations of utility, the modern substitute for Aristotle's somewhat vague and arbitrary appeal to the judgment of the wise. Care for one's own welfare is generalised by sympathy into care for that of others, and carried on by experience and civilisation in ever widening circles from the family through the tribe, nation, and church to the whole of mankind, or even to the totality of sensitive beings.

Again, the feelings are vertically divided into those having for their object some positive good, individual or social, and the "resentful feelings" whose primary function is to repel or avenge injuries received from others; and, as the first class are extended by sympathy into positive beneficence, so the second are converted by the same transforming agency into the virtue of justice. Readers of the *Ethics* may here be reminded of Aristotle's antithesis between desire and anger; and, more remotely, of the quantitative method applied to retributive justice in his fifth book, by Prof. Fowler's definition of an injury as a hurt inflicted without provocation or in excess of the provocation received. The "semi-social feelings," typified by the love of approbation, contribute still further to the consolidation of conscience. The function of reason in morals is to discover by what means desirable ends may best be attained, the determination of those ends themselves being exclusively a matter of feeling. What the school of T. H. Green would regard as the most characteristic work of reason, namely, the construction of moral ideals, is here assigned to the imagination. Finally, the will is studied chiefly in reference to the opposing theories of Liberty and Necessity, although our author agrees with Prof. Sidgwick that the issue is of no practical importance for ethics.

The vexed question of the ultimate end of actions was raised in the introductory volume of this treatise and answered by its authors, although not without some reservations, in a utilitarian or hedonistic sense. The same position is stated and defended with more detail in the present volume. Prof. Fowler does not much like to use the words "pleasure," "pain," and "happiness" in reference to moral ends, and suggests that "it would be a real gain to ethical nomenclature if we could, wherever there is any chance of misunderstanding, employ the words "good and evil" rather than "pleasure and pain" to designate the measure of our actions; for in cases of conflict they seem to suggest the sacrifice of the transitory to the permanent rather than of the permanent to the transitory" (p. 266).

And he holds that "happiness and misery" are equally open to misunderstanding from their materialistic associations. Still, at some stage or other of the enquiry the terms of ethical nomenclature must be defined, and

the inevitable demand for cash payment of moral bills must sooner or later be faced. For myself, I think there is much less danger of misunderstanding on this point than Prof. Fowler supposes; that is to say, outside the region of ethical controversy, where it seems unavoidable, no matter how carefully our terms may be chosen. In common conversation, at least, pleasure and happiness are habitually associated with the most arduous studies or with the most complete devotion to the good of others, not less than with the most vulgar gratifications of sense and vanity.

A more real difficulty is raised by the question whether we should admit a qualitative as well as a quantitative distinction between pleasures; whether they differ in kind as higher and lower, or merely in degree as more or less lasting and intense. Prof. Fowler accepts the former view, and uses it to enhance the stringency of self-regarding obligation:

"If we were so constituted that one man's actions had no effect whatever on another, we should each pursue exclusively his own interest, . . . but . . . the intellectual and aesthetic pleasures would still be as distinct as they now are from the pleasures of sense and appetite; they would still be characteristic of man and, in their higher forms, of the higher races of man. Among competing pleasures, therefore, it would still be man's duty to prefer some pleasures to others; it would still be wrong to sacrifice the higher parts of his nature to the lower, or, for the sake of immediate pleasure, to entail upon himself a large amount of future pain and suffering" (p. 236).

Now it seems to me that, on the law of parsimony, if the facts are as fully explained by admitting only a quantitative distinction we should not encumber our position by any further assumption. Until it can be shown that our intellectual and aesthetic enjoyments yield a smaller surplus of pleasure over pain than the gratification of our animal appetites—and in my belief this never can be shown—it seems gratuitous, if not dangerous, to seek for some more recondite ground of preference than that which decides our choice between two pleasures, both belonging to the same class.

I cannot help thinking that, in deciding between the two theories, Prof. Fowler's judgment was swayed, perhaps unconsciously, by a weighty systematic interest. Refusing as he does to admit conscience or the sense of right as an elementary irresolvable fact of human nature, and explaining it through the sympathetic feelings, he was called on to account for the binding force which distinguishes those feelings when they act as motives on the will from the more urgent instincts of self-preservation or self-aggrandisement. So, in the spirit of antique philosophy, he seeks for an ally within the self-regarding sphere itself, and finds it in the superior motive power of feelings which are nevertheless at the moment less intense; and since the sympathetic feelings share with these the mark of being more highly evolved, more human, more civilised, by an easy transition they are credited with the same controlling influence on the conduct of rational beings as such. Thus the humanistic method of Aristotle is carried into the heart of Butler's philosophy, and the mystical conscience which was an inheritance from sacer-

total tradition is replaced by the free self-determination of a Greek republic.

To discuss Prof. Fowler's theory of moral obligation, involving as it does the whole psychology of sympathy, would carry me far beyond my present limits. It is, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of what is, in most respects, a highly satisfactory performance. But I am not sure that a much better theory could have been made out consistently with the psychological method adopted in this volume. For certain purposes that is a good and useful method; for the President of Corpus it was probably the best and most useful that could be applied to morals. With the experience, the opportunities, and the responsibilities of an educator it was natural and right that he should look on morals chiefly from the educational point of view—that is to say, that he should look on them as a gradual discipline and ultimate harmonisation of all man's impulses and faculties. As an Oxford teacher, it was equally desirable that he should pay especial regard to the authorities and methods most in favour with his own university. The result is that he has produced what is, perhaps, for students the best existing work on the subject. It will show them how the lessons of their old text-books can without any strain be so extended as to cover the vast and complex interests of modern life. And it will also bring their minds into vivifying contact with a whole world of new phenomena, but of phenomena interpreted throughout by reference to what is highest and purest in themselves.

ALFRED W. BENN.

Court Life in Egypt. By Alfred J. Butler. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. BUTLER went to Egypt, in January 1880, in the capacity of private tutor to the sons of the present Khedive. For reasons not stated, he resigned his appointment early in the following year; but not before he had collected materials for that excellent work, *The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt*, which at once, and deservedly, took rank as our standard authority on the subject.

Short as was his term of office, Mr. Butler saw and learned much. He wintered in Cairo, spent the summer months with the court at Alexandria, and had the good fortune to be attached to the Khedivial suite during the vice-regal progresses of 1880, when his Highness visited Upper Egypt and the Delta. While thus exploring the land of the Pharaohs, Mr. Butler—in compliance with the expressed desire of his royal master—kept a journal. Even if he were not careful to state that the present volume omits "most of the descriptions and events therein recorded," while, on the other hand, it contains "a good deal of personal matter" not included in its pages, we should have divined that *Court Life in Egypt* has little or nothing in common with that official log-book. It needs no special gift of penetration to see that Mr. Butler kept a private commonplace book (protected, we may be sure, with a good patent lock), and that he has given us, even now, but a discreet selection from its very curious contents. Were we inclined, indeed, to quarrel with Mr. Butler for anything at all, it would be for his discretion. Too fre-

quently he hints at mysteries which he does not reveal; and nothing is more tantalising than the "Well, well, we know," or, "We could, an if we would," long ago deprecated by a renowned Prince of Denmark. It is hard, for instance, to be told, on the authority of the Khedive himself, that "a certain unmentionable Pasha" caused several of his slave-girls and eunuchs to be bound hand and foot, tied up in sacks, and thrown into the Nile; and yet to be given no clue to the identity of this monstrous criminal. Of the same man we are told, on the same exalted authority, that he caused the murder of some eighteen or twenty members of the family of the former Sultan of Darfûr, and that the deed was done in cold blood, and in the city of Cairo. This massacre must evidently have been committed quite recently, as the only surviving heir to the throne of Darfûr is mentioned as "a boy of twelve" at the time when this particular conversation took place between Mr. Butler and the Khedive. It is not, perhaps, very difficult to hazard a shrewd guess at the name which should fill the "—" of Mr. Butler's anecdote; but it would not be fair to brand even the infamous Zebehr with more crimes than are already laid at his door.

If the atrocities of the "Thousand and One Nights" were possible but yesterday (are perhaps possible to-day!) in modern Egypt, it is no less clear that in unbridled luxury of living some other magnates of the court of Ismail Pasha outdid Aladdin himself. Not even the False Khalif, when he entertained Harûn er-Rashîd unawares, displayed more magnificence than a certain finance minister, or Mufettish, of whom Mr. Butler tells us that

"he had four hundred women slaves, all gorgeously attired in silks and decked with marvellous jewels. He had a set of twelve golden ash-trays encrusted with brilliants, each little tray worth £500. His kitchen cost £60,000 a year. When the present Khedive (then prince) went with the princess to pay the Mufettish a visit, they were dumbfounded by the lavish splendour of his palace" (p. 195).

Another notorious personage called Naib es Sultânah, who held some high office in the Treasury, possessed no less than seven hundred slaves, and was known to give £25,000 for a single Circassian beauty. This very man contrived in his day to pose before England and Europe as an ardent abolitionist of the slave-trade. The aforesaid Mufettish was his greatest friend; and there is no more tragical episode in Mr. Butler's book than the story of how, why, and where he caused that unhappy Mufettish to be murdered.

Of Ismail Pasha himself we are told some curious stories. His relations with Russia, according to Mr. Butler's showing, were of an extremely doubtful nature. His papers included many documents which proved that at the very time when he was most warmly cultivating the friendship of England and France, he was secretly intriguing with the Czar.

"His idea was that Russia would overthrow Turkey and declare Egypt independent. In the Russo-Turkish war he at first refused to send any troops from Egypt in aid of the Sultan; later, when he sent a contingent of 15,000 men, under Hassan Pasha, all were

miserably equipped, and the artillery had no horses. In excuse it was alleged that there were no horses then in Egypt to supply the deficiency. But even when properly horsed, the artillery, like the rest of the Egyptian contingent, did absolutely nothing. In fact, Hassan had secret orders to remain as inactive as possible, and, if he saw an opportunity of secretly damaging the Turkish cause, to seize it, and make the most of it" (pp. 208-9).

Elsewhere, Mr. Butler says that from his (Ismail's) accounts,

"which in the hurry of his departure were left behind, it appears that out of £100,000,000 which he borrowed, only about £15,000,000 was spent on public works in Egypt. Concerning the expenditure of the remaining £85,000,000, I shall relate neither what is known to me nor what is unknown" (p. 203).

Here, again, it must be confessed that Mr. Butler's discretion is very trying.

Of Tewfik he has naught but good to tell. Rarely, indeed, has a more amiable, upright, and single-hearted character been drawn by a contemporary biographer:

"The Khedive lives with his wife and family at the palace of Ismailia, near the Nile bridge. He is a strict monogamist, loyal in his married life as any European, and detests slavery as much as polygamy. All his attendants are paid servants. He rises at four or five o'clock every morning, eats no breakfast, but takes two hours' exercise, walking or driving, and between seven and eight o'clock drives in state to 'Abdîn Palace, which is the usual place of reception and ceremonial. Here the Khedive spends the day transacting various business, seeing ministers, reading letters and telegrams, and talking with his courtiers. At five o'clock in the evening he drives out again, accompanied by his guards, and dines about sunset at Ismailia" (p. 39).

In his personal habits he is simple almost to asceticism. He never smokes. He wears no jewels. Even his sword is like that of an ordinary pasha. If he plays at a round game, it is for counters only. He earnestly desires to improve the social and mental status of women in Egypt, "and has himself started a sort of high-school for girls in Cairo." As for slavery, Mr. Butler emphatically says:

"If there is one conviction planted root and fibre in my mind, it is that the Khedive in his heart of hearts detests the system. . . . He has never bought a single slave, though he had to take over some of his father's when he came to the throne. All his so-called slaves receive £2 a month as wages, besides food and clothing" (p. 150).

In 1881, shortly before Mr. Butler's departure for Europe, and mainly through Mr. Butler's earnest representations, His Highness did away with the "dosh," or trampling of the der-vishes—an act of brutal fanaticism which has been frequently described, though never better than by the author of *Court Life in Egypt*. To all that he says of the tortures inflicted by the passage of the Sheykh and his horse over that "road of human flesh," I can bear positive testimony. The Khedive had, it seems, always abhorred this ceremony, which he stigmatised as "an inhuman rite"; but he had hitherto doubted whether he could venture upon so extreme a measure as its summary abolition. The result proved that his apprehensions were groundless. The scene of the festival was shifted from Boulak to Abbasiah, on the verge of the desert; the

procession took place with the usual pomp; the Sheykh and his horse rode past upon the bare sands, and "there was not the faintest attempt or faintest sign of a wish on the part of any dervish to have his bones broken" (p. 296).

Of the Khedive's affection for his people, and of his untiring efforts for the improvement of their condition, Mr. Butler recites many interesting anecdotes. He attends to the petitions of the meanest among them, enters into their troubles, redresses their grievances, and gives liberally to those who are in distress.

"It is my aim," he said, in the course of a memorable conversation recorded at some length in Mr. Butler's tenth chapter, "to be loved in the hearts of my people, as I have always striven to gain the goodwill of those about me in private life. I have no ill pride, and nothing pleases me more than making other people happy. It was the same before I came to the throne. In those times all my household were well treated; if a man was ill, I went to see him in his room; if he was in trouble, I sympathised with him; and everyone was paid every month, even in those times when all public salaries were long in arrear. Only once was there any difficulty, and then I sent for a French merchant, and sold him all my ostriches" (p. 270).

Want of space compels me to omit many other passages which I had marked for quotation, including some vivid descriptions of scenery, sketches of native amusements and customs, and, above all, certain curious anecdotes of Gen. Gordon, which show the singular absence of tact which characterised that ill-fated hero in his intercourse with the present Khedive. Regarded as the spontaneous and unbiassed testimony of an English gentleman, *Court Life in Egypt* is undoubtedly of some political value. It places the Khedive before us precisely as he is, in his court and in his cabinet, in his strength and in his weakness. The book is not, perhaps, what one would describe as a volume for family reading, and it gives the impression of being somewhat hastily written; but it contains much curious matter, and it is decidedly amusing.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

The Historical Basis of Modern Europe. By Archibald Weir. (Sonnenschein.)

THIS, with some marked omissions and defects, is a well-informed and instructive book. Mr. Weir examines the series of events which have made the western world what it actually is, and the various influences which have determined the character of the civilisation we see around us. The political side of the work is its best part; and Mr. Weir has very fairly described the circumstances which have shaped the destinies of the different states and kingdoms of Europe. It is otherwise with the social side. The account of the many and complex causes which have given its form to modern society is not exhaustive, and is far from accurate. We dissent, too, from some of the author's judgments; and, while he sets forth at excessive length the intellectual and material forces which have principally affected the modern world, he scarcely alludes to the strongest of moral forces—religion as it has affected the nations. The

book, nevertheless, is worth reading; and as a "general view" will repay study.

The eighteenth century, Mr. Weir remarks, saw feudalism and all that was associated with it in permanent decay throughout Europe, and monarchy evidently in the ascendant. France had taken the lead in this revolution; Richelieu had made Louis XIV. supreme; and kingship at Versailles had extinguished the power of the old order of the ruling noblesse once omnipotent from the Garonne to the Rhine. The movement continued for many years, and manifested itself under various forms, in different lands, throughout Christendom; and one of the best parts of Mr. Weir's book deals with the events that marked its progress. It was conspicuous in the kingdoms of the North, and especially in the Russian Empire, where Peter the Great established his power and broke down that of a savage nobility; it was illustrated in the ruin of Poland; it was seen in the reforms of the Austrian Joseph, and in the legislation of Frederick the Great; nay, in England itself, where 1688 had made the Whig aristocracy dominant for a time, it was exhibited in the writings of Hume and Bolingbroke, and in the attempt of George III. to become "a real king." By the middle of the century monarchy had become the settled order of things in Europe. And, on the whole, it had been an influence for good, for it had established the supremacy of a general law; it had, in some measure, protected the weak, and it had counteracted, to some extent, the evils of superstition and of local tyranny. But just at the moment when it appeared all powerful, a set of causes were sapping a structure of government seemingly as strong as adamant. Monarchy had left the decaying remains of feudalism in society, while it had destroyed its power; and these galled and harassed national life, and, being associated with kingship, made it unpopular. Again, monarchy, though it had done much, had not, with all its boasted reforms, fully reached the people and the humbler classes. These, rising, year after year, in importance, were still largely ill-ruled and oppressed. The personages, too, who filled thrones in the eighteenth century were, with few exceptions, remarkable chiefly for gross vices or the absence of high qualities. In their case, in fact, unquestioned ascendancy had produced its usual bad results; and the institution was in decline in opinion. Finally, the intellectual movement of which Voltaire was the most prominent champion—a movement of almost unequalled force—though not, except in the writings of Rousseau, avowedly and directly opposed to monarchy, sapped, nevertheless, its props and foundations; and, by exposing to destructive criticism much that seemed inseparably connected with it, insensibly made it despised and disliked.

Republican freedom and all that is allied with it had, Mr. Weir correctly remarks, declined in Europe with the growth of monarchy. Venice, at all times an oligarchic commonwealth, had become a shadow of a mighty name; Genoa had lost her ancient glory and power; the House of Orange had acquired supreme authority in that cradle of liberty, the Seven Dutch Provinces. The revolt of America and the creation of the United States in a far distant continent ushered in the advent of the new era marked

by the subversion of the old order of Europe, with its declining kingship and its worn-out feudalism. France was the scene of the portentous change—France whose monarchy had worn its most repulsive aspect in the reign of Louis XV. and Du Barri, whose sceptical criticism and wild theorising had taken possession of the national mind, where an enlightened middle-class, deprived of just rights, had beneath it millions of artisans and peasants either brutalised by oppression and misery, or in that state of slow social progress in which the sting of wrong is most keenly felt. It must be pronounced an immense misfortune that the crisis came to its tremendous head in a nation, with all its splendid qualities, deficient in practical sense and judgment, carried away by specious and shallow ideas, and especially prone to run into excesses and to commit atrocious crimes in its passionate vehemence. Mr. Weir's account of the French Revolution is too much a narrative of the mere facts, and is wanting in generalisation and philosophic insight. The tempest did great things as a work of destruction. It swept away noxious and cumbrous rubbish that injured and weakened the national life—nay, it prepared the soil for prolific germs that ultimately were to be rich with blessings. But as a work of construction the Revolution failed. The institutions it planted were barren and worthless; and it would probably have led to European anarchy had it not passed into the hands of Napoleon. Mr. Weir's estimate of this extraordinary man is simply that of a brutal despot; but this is a ridiculous judgment on the restorer of order and law in France, on the author of the Concordat and the Code, on the Caesar who, tyrant as he was of the Continent, nevertheless has largely attracted the sympathies of the very races he had at his feet. Napoleon's career of conquest, too, produced results of extreme beneficence. It diffused ideas of equal law and of social equality from the Rhine to the Vistula; and it accelerated, if it did not actually cause, that movement of nationality which, in our day, has made Germany and Italy united peoples, and is the dominant force of modern politics.

Like other commentators on what is before their eyes, Mr. Weir is not happy in his *résumé* of the immediate antecedents of the present era. The settlement of Vienna in 1814 was like a thundercloud running against the wind. It was opposed to modern ideas and principles, and the system it has established has passed away. Mr. Weir rightly points to "nationality" as a cardinal fact in the order of Europe. From the days of the Carbonari to the National League it has agitated and perplexed governments; and, as we have said, it has made the German empire, and established for ever Italian unity. Democracy has not been, by any means, so general or so powerful a force. Unquestionably the great industrial movement—described minutely by Mr. Weir—which, beginning in England, has overspread the Continent, the diffusion of popular knowledge and culture, a free press and a cheap literature, have had a strong democratic tendency. But the "militarism" of the Continent has told the other way; and aristocratic Prussia, imperial Austria, and the half-barbarian despotism of the Czar, are

supreme from the Rhine to the Frozen Ocean.

Mr. Weir has wholly omitted to estimate the influence of religion—in most ages the most potent of moral forces—throughout the period he has passed under review; and his account of it here is extremely imperfect. Christianity has made immense gains through the failure of the Revolution in France. Atheism is no longer professed in high places; the philosophy of Voltaire is a thing of the past; and religious obligations are more deeply felt in every community, through all its classes, than they were a century and a half ago. This, indeed, seems to us the decisive advantage the present has over the past age; and the growth of the religious spirit has been accompanied by a stricter sense of duty throughout society, and by a philanthropic and humane tendency, not devoid of evil, yet, in the main, beneficent. It is idle to deny that the modern world is exposed to danger from such forces as Socialism, Nihilism, and kindred faiths. Yet these are rather theories than dominant facts; and Europe—though we do not forget the Commune of Paris in 1871—seems scarcely threatened by such hideous portents as the triumphant Jacobinism of 1793, the growth of a polite, but a godless and an indifferent, age.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Through the Long Day. In 2 vols. By Charles Mackay. (W. H. Allen.)

DR. MACKAY in a sub-title describes his book of reminiscences as "Memorials of a Literary Life during Half a Century"; but his life has really been that of a journalist rather than that of a man of letters in any strict sense of that term. He has been, and is, emphatically a newspaper man; newspaper work has absorbed his best energies; and neither the books of prose which he has written to please publishers, nor the books of verse which he has published to please himself, have taken a permanent place in English literature. His *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, for which he tells us Mr. Richard Bentley paid him £300, is a readable book, and is probably still read; but we should imagine that everything else is already more than half forgotten; and, though Dr. Mackay speaks slightly of his popular songs, it is not unlikely that he will be longest remembered as the writer of "There's a good time coming" and "Cheer, boys, cheer."

Still, though Dr. Mackay may not be the rose, he has lived near it, having been brought into fairly intimate relations with persons whose claims to be considered men of letters are beyond dispute. He enjoyed what would be generally considered the great privilege of being a frequent guest at the much talked of "intellectual breakfasts" of Samuel Rogers, and his notes of the conversations at ten of these matutinal gatherings of the notables occupy a third part of the first of his two volumes. Young people of a reverential habit of mind, who are wont to regard great writers as persons living in an exalted sphere of intellectual interests in which they of the lower world have neither part nor lot, will be somewhat disappointed, but perhaps also somewhat reassured, by the discovery that the great ones are much less aggressively extraordinary

than they have always supposed. Indeed, others than youthful hero-worshippers will incline to think that—assuming Dr. Mackay's reports to be fairly adequate, and they have every appearance of being so—these breakfasts have won a fame very disproportionate to their deserts. A story is told of how Thomas Campbell, who had been pointed out to an old Scotch lady as "the great" Thomas Campbell, was mistaken by her for a locally eminent cow-doctor of the same name, and was implored to exercise his skill upon an afflicted "beastie" of her own. We do not say that Rogers's guests as a body could have been mistaken for cow-doctors, but they certainly did not wear their intellectual eminence upon their sleeves. No sensible person will think the less of them for this, though many sensible persons may doubt the advisability of reporting the free-and-easy talk of distinguished people who had no idea that they were addressing posterity through the literary mediumship of Dr. Charles Mackay. In the chapters devoted to these breakfasts the passage which we have found most interesting is a quotation from a book entitled *The Shipwreck of the Juno*, whence Byron drew the episode of the two fathers and their two sons in the shipwreck scene in *Don Juan*. The book, which was written by Dr. Mackay's great-uncle, William Mackay, who was second mate of the wrecked vessel, is known to have been read by Lord Byron as a boy; and Moore declared that Mackay's prose narrative was "in its plain grandeur, if not sublimity, far superior to Byron's poetry." The passage, in our opinion, quite justifies Moore's preference, though we should hardly choose his words as the best by which to describe it. It owes its impressiveness not to grandeur and sublimity, as they are generally understood, but to pure pathos, which is all the more effective because of the utter absence from the recital of any touch of literary artifice. Byron was too inveterate a rhetorician to compete successfully with the simple seaman.

When Dr. Mackay first went out to the United States on a lecturing tour he naturally fell in with some of the literary celebrities of the Western world, but their conversation, as reported here, is not more noteworthy than that of their English brethren; nor has Dr. Mackay anything that is specially interesting to tell us of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, or the celebrities of the Boston Club. The record of his second visit, when he went out as special correspondent to the *Times* during the Civil War, is, of course, mainly devoted to matters political, and the tone is not quite so genial as elsewhere. As Dr. Mackay made no secret of his Southern sympathies, and as the *Times*, which was largely guided by him, was practically the English organ of the secession party and the most powerful and bitter foe of the cause of union, it is not surprising that some of his old friends looked askance at him, or that he resented the coolness and even the overt animosity which he had certainly provoked.

Dr. Mackay began to write early; and "verse—or worse," to quote Douglas Jerrold's very mild witticism, was his first love. At the age of thirteen he had a poem printed in a penny periodical called the *Casket*, and was visited by the usual dream of poetic fame in life and a grave in Westminster Abbey; but

practical considerations drive many a young versifier from Parnassus to Fleet Street, and young Mackay drifted into journalism. His first engagement was on the *Sun*, a Liberal evening paper; his second, on the then famous *Morning Chronicle*, of which he became one of the sub-editors. His connexion with the *Chronicle* brought him into contact with some interesting people, and placed him behind the scenes at interesting, though in some instances, nearly forgotten events. Interesting is perhaps hardly the word to apply to the Eglinton Tournament—that *reductio ad absurdum* of mock mediævalism; but Dr. Mackay's account of the incidents of the wretched fiasco, the summons of the newspaper correspondents to dinner in the servants' hall, and the appearance of Lord Londonderry clad in complete steel, with casque, plume, and—umbrella, is very entertaining.

Indeed, the book, as a whole, is the reverse of dull reading, though its contents have certainly a look of having been shaken together which is not pleasing to the artistic eye. Here and there are little repetitions, evidently due to imperfect revision of chapters which have clearly been written at widely separated times, and perhaps originally published in different places. For example, after we have been told all about Mr. Charles Rice, the musical composer, we are introduced to him again as if he were a perfect stranger; while a story about Mr. George Dawson and Archbishop Whateley is not only told twice (vol. i., pp. 196 and 294), but is told in such diverse manners as to render it certain that one telling, at any rate, must be grossly inaccurate. George Dawson, who is erroneously described as a Unitarian minister, went to Manchester to make a speech at the opening of the Athenæum; and several bishops, who had also been invited, refused to meet a man who was supposed to be in some way heretical. Archbishop Whateley, however, was not frightened, and in telling the story for the first time, Dr. Mackay writes:

"After Mr. Dawson had delivered a set oration, rich in words but poor in ideas, the Archbishop turned to me and remarked that his reverend brethren on the episcopal bench, had they been present, would have received no shock to their feelings by [sic] Mr. Dawson's discourse, except, perhaps, the shock of knowing that so shallow and harmless a person had so large a following in so intellectual a hive of industry as Birmingham."

What is our surprise when we come to the second telling of the story to read the following sentences:

"Mr. Dawson was at the time a very young man, spoke with great eloquence and power, and impressed the audience favourably, the archbishop included. 'I think,' said Dr. Whateley, turning to me at the conclusion of the speech, 'that my reverend brethren would have taken no harm from being present to-night, and that more than one of them whom I could name would be all the better if they could preach with as much power and spirit as this boy has displayed in his speech.'"

There is clearly something wrong here. Perhaps for the sake of his own reputation for accuracy, as well as for the satisfaction of George Dawson's many friends, Dr. Mackay will kindly explain.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

NEW NOVELS.

Diane de Breteuille. By Hubert E. H. Jerningham. (Blackwood.)

Disappeared. By Sarah Tytler. (Chatto & Windus.)

Madame's Grand-daughter. By Frances Mary Peard. (Hatchards.)

A Mere Accident. By George Moore. (Vizetelly.)

Brotherhood. By David M'Laren Morrison. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

The Wild Curate. By J. McGrigor Allan. In 3 vols. (White.)

A Wilful Young Woman. By Alice Price. (Frederick Warne.)

Sir Hector's Watch. By Charles Granville. (John Murray.)

"V. R." By Edward Rose. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Diane de Breteuille is a really exquisite little story—exquisite in its plot, in its style, in its combination of English frankness that never descends into brutality and French charm that never degenerates into *chic*. The central incident of the book—a well-educated and obedient French girl making overtures to an English gentleman to aid her in escaping from a marriage with the man of her parents' choice—is so delightfully improbable that Mr. Jerningham may be believed when he says that it is based upon fact. That incident, however, makes *Diane de Breteuille* what its author terms it—a love story, pure and simple. Diane having thrown out a signal of distress to Henry Vere, it is the most natural thing in the world that, from being her knight and protector, he should become her lover. The two drift into love as inevitably as do Juan and Haydee; and, happily, there is so little of Lambro about the Marquis de Breteuille that, when his daughter declines at the eleventh hour, and in the Mairie itself, to accept the husband he had chosen, and in the most literal and public fashion rushes into the arms of another, he accepts that other with good feeling as well as French grace. Then the surroundings of the lovers are thoroughly in keeping with themselves: they are utterly free from vulgarity. The bewildered, but loyal, governess; the Comtesse de Chantalis, all lace and grace; her good husband, Raymond; even the disappointed suitor, M. de Maupert, are the impersonations of French honour and dignity in their respective spheres. They plot and counterplot, struggle with difficulties, and bear disappointments in a style which is irreproachable, but which is happily not marred by affectation. It is hardly possible to forgive Mr. Jerningham for the half-tragedy with which his little story closes—the snatching of Diane from her husband and children after six years of domestic happiness. It is a fact, Mr. Jerningham says; but, not being a realist, he ought to have kept the fact to himself. It is inartistic, to say the least of it, to place the cypress in such juxtaposition to orange-blossoms. In spite of this jarring conclusion, *Diane de Breteuille* is so nearly perfect that it is to be hoped its author will not be tempted by his success to write a three-volume novel.

Miss Tytler's new story is more ambitious and less satisfactory than anything she has

published for three years past. In *Disappeared* she is, or professes to be, on English ground; and she tries to reproduce the coterie-talk of a university, and not the confidences of lovers or the tattle of village gossips. She does not quite fail—Miss Tytler is too laborious, has too much skill, even as an imitator, to quite fail in anything she undertakes. But *Disappeared* is not nearly so pleasant, or successful as, say, *In Logis Town*. St. Bernard's College looks like St. Andrews trying to pose as Oxford. Tom Gage, the frivolous, brilliant, erratic, and conceited student of the "there's nothing new, and nothing true, and it's no matter" school has a "got-up" appearance. As for Hugo Kennett, the earnest professor, and his sister, they are really Miss Tytler's ordinary, stalwart, enthusiastic Scotchman and his "sonsie" Martha off a sister a trifle Germanised. The "disappearance" of Tom Gage, who is "accidentally" pushed into the university river by Hugo Kennett while engaged in a controversy with him, is too trifling and improbable an incident to be the centre of any plot. Miss Tytler is, so far as this story is concerned, seen at her best in her sketch of Petronella Gage, Tom's sister, who is one of those simple, good-hearted girls that it is her mission to do justice to. Mr. Macnab, who illustrates *Disappeared*, has surely done his worst by it. Even if Hugo Kennett, a rough creature, who evidently does not know what to do with his hair, is not a caricature, Petronella Gage need not have been represented very much as a pauper lunatic.

Admirers of Miss Peard's work, more particularly of her Dutch work, will feel somewhat disappointed with *Madame's Grand-daughter*. That may be because the scenery in the vicinity of Cannes is, in spite of sunshine and the eucalyptus, not so plot-moving as that of which the Hague is the centre. Or it may be that Miss Peard is more at home in telling a simple, and on the whole, prosperous love story, than in reproducing an old woman's essentially Italian revenge. Whatever be the cause, one feels exhausted when one has got to the end of the maze of rather petty intrigue and misunderstanding in which Madame de Mérillon and her grand-daughter Marcelle, and Sybille Valette and Lambert Solignac, get lost. Solignac, too, although it may be allowed that he makes in the end a good choice of a wife, strikes one as rather too half-hearted and undecided a man to make a hero of. Some of the minor characters in *Madame's Grand-daughter* are good, such as fat Barnabé, the notary; while Mademoiselle Jeanne, Lambert's aunt and Marcelle's nurse, is shrewd enough and kindly enough to have been drawn by Mrs. Oliphant—as an elderly Scotch maiden lady of good family.

A Mere Accident is the best written, and, on the whole, the least realistic of Mr. George Moore's novels. There is, of course, a good deal of morbid sensuality in it. The hero, John Norton, who is composed, in about equal parts of fool, priest, and prig, talks sad nonsense, such as that "Sussex is utterly opposed to the monastic spirit; why even the downs are easy, yes, easy as of [*sic*] one of the upholsterer's armchairs of the villa residences," and that "Mr. R. L. Stevenson is "a

charming writer" with "a neat, pretty style, with a pleasant souvenir of Edgar Poe running through it." He dreams asceticism, and bores his visitors with monasticism, but he can give them brandy and soda, and, if need be, absinthe; while on the walls of his rooms are French pictures, and on his shelves are French novels. Of course, also, *A Mere Accident* ends tragically; the heroine, poor innocent Kitty Hare, having been outraged by a tramp, goes mad and throws herself out of window. But there is in it none of the man-millinery, and comparatively little either of the gorgeousness or the suggestiveness which spoiled *A Drama in Muslin*. *A Mere Accident* also shows that, if Mr. Moore were so minded, he could draw healthy, virtuous people and their simple surroundings with more than ordinary ability. Probably he will take to this line of fiction when he has finished his studies of the skin-diseases of humanity.

Brotherhood is a curious *mélange* of public school and university life and London gaiety (?), friendship and flirtation, self-sacrifice and adultery, cricket and boating, Italian scenery, Scotch whiskey and a Scotch mother's goodness. The reader may learn if he chooses—but he may as well not choose—what is the exact amount of drapery that an Italian child, in training to be a prostitute or an actress, is expected to wear when she is dancing the can-can; that at Aldershot officers are in the habit of addressing barmaids in the language that, according to Shadwell's *Fair Quaker of Deal*, such girls were a century ago insulted with by midshipmen and boatswains; and that "Lady Pagoda remained pure, not from love of virtue, but because she possessed no strong animal passions which rendered vice pleasing," &c. Yet *Brotherhood* is not a realistic novel, but rather what its author styles "a strange hotch-potch of humanity." The writer is, we should say, an earnest, but somewhat juvenile, moralist, who has read and travelled a little, but has taken to writing novels before years have brought him a firm philosophy.

Mr. McGrigor Allan's *A Wild Curate* is almost as much of a hotch-potch as Mr. McLaren Morrison's *Brotherhood*. It is a trifle worse; for it is distended to three volumes, and it contains pigeon-shooting, an attempted murder, raving politics, Rational Dress, Seneca, Keats, Dissent, and "Lady Honoria's rich *soprano* rising in unison with Captain Rasper's powerful baritone, in an exquisitely beautiful Italian duet, *Una Notte a Venezia*." Mr. Weatherall, the curate, is not so very wild after all, unless it be wild to twaddle on nearly everything under the sun. He is always ready to obey his mother like the hero of *Tancred*, develops into a rector, defeats the designs of his enemy, Blackadder, and marries Lady Honoria when she is minus an eye. *A Wild Curate* is very absurd and very tiresome; and its plot is nearly as harum-scarum as its style. Yet it contains passages that are decidedly readable.

A Wilful Young Woman is a very pretty and carefully executed story of an old-fashioned pattern. The young lady who never rests till she has atoned for the ruin brought on innocent folks by the weakness, rather than the deliberate villainy

of her father is an old friend; so is the young lady who makes a proposal of marriage to a blind genius, who worships her, but is ashamed and afraid to avow his devotion. Sydney Alwyn is the two in one, and the only wonder is that such a charming and resolute girl could have had such an unlovely and selfish mother as Mrs. Selwyn. Gilbert Hurst, the blind genius, is a strong, and, on the whole, original character; yet, for a man who has read and reflected, he is unduly sensitive to the wounds inflicted on his pride by a garrulous sister. Richard Drayton—the good genius of the story, supplying the wants of the virtuous and needy, baffling the villains, and marrying Sydney's bosom friend—is an excellent example of the English rough diamond. There are some portions of *A Wilful Young Woman* that can hardly stand analysis. But, then, it is a story which, to be enjoyed, ought not to be analysed at all.

No more careful amateur-detective fiction than *Sir Hector's Watch* has ever been published, at least in English. It is not so powerful as the average Gaboriau or Boisgobey story; but it is much brighter and pleasanter. It does not exhibit so many wheels within wheels of crime as any of the innumerable and curious volumes by the American author of *Shadowed by Threes*; but it is incomparably more refined and artistic. Mr. Granville does not explain completely how, in his pursuit of Sir Hector Mackenzie's watch and Miss Mackenzie's hand, he and his wonderful servant Simmonds—such a servant as the elder Dumas or M. Jules Verne should have anticipated Mr. Granville in creating—are on such intimate terms with the fraternity of thieves. But the tracing of the watch, or rather of one of the two watches, in the story, besides other valuables, to Sir Hector's secretary, Le Breton, is managed very cleverly, and with an ingenuity that is none the less likeable that it reminds one of Mr. Stevenson rather than of Lecocq. Plot and not character is, of course, the strong point of *Sir Hector's Watch*. Yet Lord Fitzroy deserves a word of notice as an admirable sketch of a stately beau and bachelor whose heart is quite as good as his head.

"V. R." is the preposterous and, in parts, rather silly story of an impossible young lady who, on account of her initials is, in 1837, mistaken by some incredibly gullible Norfolk rustics for the Queen. It is a Jubilee comedy of errors, which the Jubilee mania may excuse, but nothing else can. Mr. E. Rose, its author, would appear to have studied Douglas Jerrold, for some of his characters are, like Jerrold's, not so much possible individuals, as oddities more or less typical of a particular time. But Mr. Rose has not the playwright instinct of Jerrold. "V. R." alike in its many faults and its few excellences, suggests the idea that in writing it Mr. Rose had the theatre-going rather than the reading public in his eye. Revised, reduced, and very greatly corrected, it might even yet be made to suit the less critical of the two audiences.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

The Odes of Horace. Translated by T. Rutherford Clark. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) Mr. Clark disclaims any idea that, after so many versions, he can hope to "reveal to the unlearned the treasures of the ancients"; accordingly he addresses himself wholly to the small class that love Horatian versions *per se*, as exercises of ingenuity. (Pref., p. i.) He may fairly claim a higher position than this. His book is full of clever versification and very graceful turns of thought; nor can we recall any version better calculated to please those to whom the original is unknown. Horatian, in the strict sense of the term, the version is not. Too much of the form is sacrificed, and, with the form, too much of the poet's weightier mood. For instance, the grand mysterious ode (Bk. i., Ode 28) to Archytas, melts, in Mr. Clark's hands, into a pretty wistfulness, reminding one of Mr. Lang's occasional verses:

"Into the halls on high
What profit to presume?
Or round the vaulted sky
On spirit wings to fly,
Returning to the tomb?"

No novice he, you say,
In nature's verities;
But all the sons of clay
One night awaits, one way,
And no man treads it twice."

This is elegant and graceful; but it lacks the solemnity of the original. Another defect is the use of conventional phrases where the Latin is purely metaphorical. "The roar of battle" is a good phrase enough; but, as a rendering for "proelia virginum sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrim" ("the roar of battle waged by girl on boy"), is wholly out of balance, and almost absurd. It comes of thinking more of English phrases than of the meaning of the original. Neither, in the same ode, do we like "Merion" for Merionen; nor on p. 25, Ode 12, such a wholly alliterative line as:

"Fabricius, Furius frame";

nor (Ode xvii.), for the sufficiently ugly "olentis uxores mariti," the still uglier "The odorous sultan's harem." Mr. Clark follows Mr. Calverley and the advice of Prof. Conington in rendering the weightier Alcaic Odes into the metre of "In Memoriam"; and these are all powerfully and effectively done—e.g., Ode iii. 3:

"Being more resolute to ban
The gold best buried 'neath the soil
Ungarned, than to gather spoil,
Plundering high Heaven to pleasure man.

"So shall her conquering sword attain
Earth's utmost bound, and overrun
Dominions of a wilder sun,
And cloud-wrapt kingdoms wet with rain."

The language is poetical throughout, reaching sometimes great felicity, as in Ode ii. 5:

"Dearer than thy young Phœbe,
And Chloris with her shoulder white,
As pure and perfect as the light
Of moonbeams on a midnight sea,

"And Gyges, though, among the girls,
The keenest eye might fail to trace
The fair enigma of his face,
The riddle of his floating curls."

This is certainly delicately and beautifully expressed. Horace might well cry "Euge!" to it. Nor is such grace uncommon in Mr. Clark's little labour of love.

The Alcestis of Euripides. Translated by Margaret Dunlop Gibson. (Williams & Norgate.) The pathetic circumstances under which this translation has been completed will cause the preface to be read with sympathy and the translation itself with interest. We feel, with

Mrs. Gibson, that the "Alcestis" must always interest a Christian student, in one point at least, beyond other Greek dramas. We hardly share her impression (p. v.) that "it is curious to find the relation of stepmother deprecated in those early days." It is a prejudice rooted in human character, not in Christian civilisation. The "iniusta noverca" was as prominent in Rome as in modern literature. The blank verse, though somewhat stiff and monotonous, has at times a sedate beauty of its own, as, e.g., on pp. 14-15:

"And for these children, may I have in them
The blessing from the gods I lose in thee.
I will not mourn for thee a year or two,
But to the utmost verge of this my life,
In enmity with her that bare me, hating
My father, givers of lip-kindness only.
But thou has given for me thy dearest self,
And saved my life."

And the choruses, though studded too freely with short and weak lines, are in places gracefully turned—e.g. (p. 24-5):

"Dappled lynxes
Filled with joy, were with them fed;
Herds of lions tawny-red,
From the Othrys-valley sped.
Spotted fawns were
Dancing, Phoebus, round thy lute,
From the tufted pines they throng,
Springing with elastic foot,
Joying in the merry song."

Eumelus's childish complaint (p. 17) is somewhat too childish. We do not like "mamma" for *μαία* in serious poetry; nor "all the tinged flood-tide of her eyes" for *ὀφθαλμοτέκνη πλημμυρίδι* (p. 8). There is nothing about "tinged" in the Greek. It is hard to make l. 1145, p. 47 scan, either by ear or finger, as blank verse.

Medea. Translated by W. J. Blew. (Rivingtons.) There is a pleasant interest in the circumstances of this little book. It is the work of a grandfather, dedicated to his grandson. The dedicatory letter reminds its recipient that to read "Medea" in the old days, with no Mr. Sidgwick or Mr. Glazebrook at your elbow, was not a light task. It was lightened, however—so the translator assures us—by the ring and fire of Campbell's adaptation of the choric Odes, which, accordingly, are here reprinted. Finally—to encourage an English boy's natural love of boating—Mr. Blew translates the "Pinnacle" of Catullus. Here is a specimen:

"Amastrix, thou of Pontus, and Cyturus, tree on tree
Box-kirtled (saith the pinnacle), well hath this
been known to thee,
And is—that on this top she stood, from her
first baby-shoot
Till she dipped her maiden oar-blades in the
sea-floor at thy foot."

"Homeward Bound" is an allegory of Christendom; "The Ballad of Bacchus and the Rovers," a spirited version of the Homeric hymn. The translation of the "Medea" seems to us a little stiff and monotonous, though the language is often well chosen. We dislike the recurrent "Tyrsen" for Tyrrhenian; for *ἀνδρῶν τυράνων κήδος ἠράσθη λαβεῖν* we think a less affected rendering could be found than

"Kinship with kings was his inamorata."

But the sad scene (pp. 39-42) of the deaths of Glauce and Creon is given with great power and picturesqueness. This for instance, is good verse—

"She took the tissued robe
And folded it about her, and put on
The golden tiar round her curls, and trimming
Her hair at a bright mirror, laughs to see
Therein the soulless image of herself;
Then, from her seat upstanding, through the house
Paces, with dainty-stepping all-white foot,
At the gifts over-gladdened."

Few of us will write so well as that, as grandfathers, we opine.

Le Rane di Aristofane. Tradotte in Versi Italiani. Carlo Castellani. (Bologna: Zanichelli.) Prof. Castellani has the one pre-eminent qualification for a commentator and translator—an ardent enthusiasm for his author. His soul has been vexed—naturally, yet needlessly—at the long list of literary men who have disparaged Aristophanes. The great comedian has, undoubtedly, been raked by a cannonade from right and left. Those who could have understood his humour have, too often, been scandalised by his licence; those who could comprehend that satiric revelry need not imply moral corruption have, too often, missed, in a cloud of pedantry, the radiance of his wit. But we would respectfully bid Signor Castellani not repine at the adverse judgment of Plutarch; nor say regretfully that “la posterità generalmente confermò quella sentenza” (Introd. p. 2). As to Voltaire’s incredible *dictum* (p. 3 note)—“Il me paraît plus bas et plus méprisable que Plutarque ne le dépeint”—let it be ranked with the same critic’s estimate of Dante. Let them not be forgotten, but remembered as conclusive proofs of the point where Voltaire’s insight failed him. They criticise the critic. It is said to be a weakness of Italians to overrate the literature and criticism of France. In this case, at all events, the world confirms Prof. Castellani’s judgment and discards Voltaire’s. Whether the “Frogs” is rightly accounted Aristophanes’s best comedy (see note, p. vi.) may be matter of argument: that Aristophanes is among the three kings of comedy is accepted, Voltaire notwithstanding. The introduction (pp. 1-62), though lucidly and even brilliantly written, seems to us rather too massive for the prelude to a poetical translation. It is the result of Signor Castellani’s ambition. To acquaint Italy with Aristophanes, he thinks it needful

“Esplicarlo a tal segno che non rimanga nulla, non pure ignoto, ma dubbio o inavvertito; bisogna fare in modo che il lettore rispetto all’ oggetto della sua lettura si trovi, quasi per dire, nelle condizioni psicologiche in cui si trovava l’ateniese che assisteva alla rappresentazione della commedia.”

It is a generous enthusiasm, but the object is unattainable. We cannot so reach Dante, nor even Shakspeare, much less Aristophanes. None the less, the introduction is good and useful reading. We note a very misleading sentence (p. 8), where we are told that the Sicilian expedition “terminò con la totale distruzione delle forze ateniesi e con la morte dei capitani Nicia, Lamaco, e Demostene.” Who would not suppose from this that Lamachus took part in the catastrophe? But he was slain by the Anapus before the arrival of either Gylippus on the one side, or Demosthenes on the other. On pp. 38-9, the translator seems to have been misled by Aristophanes’s merriment into really supposing that Euripides justified the perjury of the tongue if the heart was unsworn—into thinking that his speculation, “whether life be not death and death life,” was a pure paradox. But this is to mistake Tenniel’s cartoons for literal history. It would certainly be possible, and even easy, to give the argument of the “Frogs,” in the most helpful form, in somewhat less than sixteen pages (46-62). But the notes are useful and readably short. On l. 105, we think the more unlettered reader, perhaps, should be told why the “beatii,” i.e., μάκαρες, are identified with the “conviti del re Archelao.” The jest is not brilliant, but without it the passage is pointless. Sometimes that is added in the notes which the mind should add for itself, e.g., on l. 216, p. 95, when the dead man refuses to carry Dionysus’s luggage cheap, with the oath ἀναβίβην ὄν πάλιν, we are warned that “con queste brevi e terribili parole è svelato

il mistero della vita.” Nothing goes so near blunting the fine edge of Aristophanes’s thought as this sort of explanation. The hint in Heracles’s farewell, χαίρε πάλα’ ὠδελφέ, is surely ignored in “Ti saluto, o fratello” (p. 92.) But often a really useful parallel is quoted: e.g., the local bearing of the phrase (l. 603) “le titrasie Gorgoni,” is neatly expounded “Cosi oggi di un fiorentino potrebbe dire *streghe di Camaldoli*.” Italian, no doubt, with its wealth of diminutives and humorous forms, lends itself particularly well to the translation of Aristophanes. Prof. Castellani is at his best, we think, in the mock-heroic passages, e.g., the address of Aecus to Dionysus (p. 131):

“O audace abominevole sfrontato,
Ribaldo arciribaldo ribaldissimo,
Tu che prendesti il nostro cane Cerbero,
Ch’era a mia guardia, e strettolo alle fauci,
Fuggisti via menandol tecco. Ma ora
Sei preso in mezzo: chè prigion ti tiene
E di Stige la rupe dal cuor nero;
E d’Acheronte il sasso che giù stilla
Sangue; e l’erranti cagne di Cocito;
Non che l’Echidna dalle cento teste,
Che ti lacererà tutte le viscere.”

But the purely satirical parts—e.g., the murdering of Euripides’s cadence by the ληκύθιον—is capitably done.

“Eur. Egitto, come il grido ovunque suona,
Per nave ad Argo co’ cinquanta figli
Essendo giunto—
Aesch. ruppe l’ ampollina.
Eur. Cos’ e quest’ ampollina? non andrà
Alla malora?”

And so on. The joke somehow seems to fit the Italian language more than another. Indeed, we confess to having found in this translation not a little reason for assenting to the comparison instituted by Mr. Browning as to the relative sonorosity of Greek and Italian. The defects of the translation and commentary—a tendency to amplify in the one, and to explain the obvious and suggest the inevitable in the other—may probably be ascribed to Prof. Castellani’s evident feeling that Aristophanes is not duly studied by his countrymen. We confess to a feeling of surprise that such should be the case. Where should his sunny genius be appreciated so well as in the sun-bright land that knows the mood of Carnival?

König Ödipus. Übersetzt von Emil Müller. (Halle: Max Niemeyer.) We are not acquainted with any English translation of a Greek drama, except Prof. Kennedy’s “Agamemnon,” that attempts the reproduction of the Greek iambic measure in facsimile, as Herr Müller does in this prettily printed German version. Prof. Kennedy’s alexandrines certainly do not attune themselves to the ordinary English ear. So far as we can judge, the monotonous pulse of the metre is less perceptible, yet still perceptible, in the German. In each alike, the form of the original is preserved; but its music seems to have floated away. Let anyone who can read Greek and German, or get them read to him, contrast the original and the translation of Tiresias’s famous warning to Oedipus of the unknown horror, soon to be revealed to him in his guiltless pollution (ll. 420-4).

βοῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ποῖος οὐκ ἔσται λιμήν,
ποῖος Κιθαράν οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,
ἔταν καταίσθη τὸν ἄμναϊον, ἢ δόμοις
ἀνορμον εἰσπλευσας, εὐπλοίας τυχών;

“Dann vom Kitharōn schallt zurück dein Weh-schrei:
Von Berg zu Bergen halt er und von Strand zu Strand,
Wenn du begreifst, in welches Heim der Braut-gesang,
In welcher Port dich jenes Windes Gunst geführt!”

The translation is grave, admonitory, impressive; but it is not rhythmical and musical, it is not solemn with presence and awe, as the

original is. Yet who will say that the language of “Faust” is incapable of these qualities, any more than is the language of “Hamlet”? It was, we think, a pity to annul the interrogative form of the original, a pity not to get nearer to the phrase εὐπλοίας τυχών, a pity to amplify the ποῖος Κιθαράν into many mountains. Prof. Jebb will not allow that λιμήν has here its maritime sense. It is ill arguing with the master of many legions, or we would fain urge the context against his conclusion. On the whole, we prefer the choric renderings to those of the dialogue. There is a grave and sonorous sadness, not unworthy of the original, in the first chorus, describing the pestilence of Thebes. It is not literal, but it is fine.

“Auf dem fetten Gefilde nun
Hin welken die Halme, vergeblichen Wehen
In Foltterqual erliegen die schmendnen Mütter.
Und Seel’ auf Seel’ ellenden Schwungs, un-
aufhaltsam entfleucht mir.
Schneller als fressendes Feuer hin stürmen sie
Zu Hades’ Nachtgestade!”

But, to Sophocles, the souls passed away into the darkness like birds on nimble wing, more swiftly than unconquerable—not merely devouring—fire.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE is every reason now to believe that the Life of Mr. Darwin, by his sons, will be published in October. Mr. Joan Murray will also have ready about the same time M. du Chaillu’s work on the Vikings.

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS have in the press a new volume by Michael Field, containing two plays, entitled “Canute the Great” and “The Cup of Water.” The latter is founded on a recently published prose fragment of Rossetti.

A DRAMATIC poem, entitled *The Sentence*, by Mrs. Augusta Webster, dealing with the life and times of Caligula, is now in the press. The publisher is Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

PROF. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS is passing through the press two more volumes (v. and vi.) of his *History of Agriculture and Prices in England*, covering the period from 1583 to 1702. He intends ultimately to continue the work down to the end of the eighteenth century.

THERE is some talk, in Scotch geographical circles, of an expedition to Lake Chad, at the cost of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and to be commanded by Mr. Joseph Thomson.

THE printers (in Benares?) are occupied with Sir Richard Burton’s third volume of *Supplemental Nights*, which will before many weeks be issued to subscribers. They contain the ten tales in Galland, beginning with “Zayn al-Asnam” and “Aladdin.” These two have been translated directly from the Arabic MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, lately acquired by M. Hermann Zotenberg (see ACADEMY, January 22, 1887). This distinguished Orientalist, by-the-by, is now printing the text of “Aladdin” with prolegomena and annotations, which will be most interesting and novel to students. Sir R. Burton has been compelled, through the impediments placed in his way by the Bodleian authorities (see ACADEMY, November 13, 1886) to modify his plan, and to substitute Galland for the Wortley Montague MSS., of which he has as yet translated only half of the fourth volume.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a new volume, by Mr. W. Clark Russell, entitled *A Book for the Hammock*.

A BOOK likely to cause some sensation in clerical circles is announced for immediate publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It is entitled, *Only a Curate*; and the writer died

while his book was yet in the press. The hero of the story is a young Canadian, who, on taking orders in England, is much astonished by the machinery—if so it may be called—by which the Church of England is worked.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in the press, for immediate publication, *A Guide to Alassio*: a Pearl of the Riviera, by Dr. Joseph Schmeer, containing a chapter on its history, an account of the town, the people, their manners and customs, trade and industry, excursions and meteorological observations.

An Old World Story is the title of a new tale, founded on the times of the Commonwealth, that will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

THE City of London Publishing Company will almost immediately issue a volume of poems, entitled *Roses and Thorns*, by C. W. Heckethorn.

THE next volume in the series of "Camelot Classics," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be Mazzini's *Essays, Literary and Political*, with an introduction by Mr. W. Clarke.

MR. AARON WATSON has made arrangements to contribute to a number of provincial newspapers a series of studies in Bohemia, under the title of "Characters of the Day."

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS'S *Introduction to Robert Browning's Works* (Cassell) has sold out its first edition of two thousand copies within four months. A revised edition will be ready next month, with Mr. Symons's comments on Browning's *Parleyings*.

The Browning Society—of which Dr. F. J. Furnivall was elected president at the late annual meeting—has more members than ever. Mr. Henderson has accepted the post of secretary for New York.

ON Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell an unusually interesting collection of books, MSS., and autograph letters, the bulk of which come from the library of the late William Brice, of Bristol. Mr. Brice's books include many county histories on large paper, and are all well bound. He also possessed all of the four folios of Shakspeare, what is known as the Shakspeare edition of Holinshed, Purchas with the almost unique map, and the first edition of Hakluyt with the scarcely less rare map. Among the other lots we can only mention several holograph MSS. of Pope's poems, and—what is still more attractive—similar holographs of some of Rossetti's ballads and sonnets. It will be very curious to learn the comparative market prices of the originals of the "Essay on Man" and "The King's Tragedy."

By the death of the Rev. Dr. W. Maturin, of Dublin, the post of Marsh's librarian in that city has become vacant. Marsh's library has a curious history. It was founded in 1707 by Archbishop Marsh, who presented, as the nucleus of the collection, the books of the famous Bishop Stillingfleet, and endowed it with a good estate in the county Meath. At present it comprises about 20,000 volumes, besides some valuable MSS. The post is worth about £250 a year, with a residence. It is open to M.A.'s of any university in Great Britain or Ireland, and is not confined to clergymen, though hitherto the appointments have been notorious for unblushing jobbery. For more than a century—from 1773 to 1875—the librarianship was held in succession by three clerical members of the Cradock family, descended from a former Dean of St. Patrick's, and collaterally from an archbishop of Dublin of the same name. The duty of appointment is vested in a body of official governors, of whom two now happen to be Roman Catholics.

Applications should be addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire called attention to Mr. H. J. S. Cotton's little book on *New India* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—which (we may mention) has been translated into some half dozen of the vernacular languages. M. Saint-Hilaire commended the information given about the caste system, the joint-family life, and the influence of education; but, while he agreed that Christianity was destined to make no progress, he doubted the probability of the spread of Positivism in India.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

AN important series of papers by Mr. David A. Wells, the American economist, on the present "Great Depression of Trade," will be commenced in the next number of the *Contemporary Review*, which will also contain a continuation of Mr. Holman Hunt's autobiographical papers, and articles by M. Clermont Ganneau on "The Moabite Stone," by Lord Thring on "Irish Alternatives," by Prof. Stokes on "Alexander Knox and the Oxford Movement," and by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen on "The Progress of Popular Music."

PRINCESS LOUISE has placed at the disposal of the editor of the *Lady's World* the original drawing of the screen designed by herself and executed by members of the Lady's Work Society, of which she is president. The design is being reproduced by lithography, and will be given in the *Lady's World* for August.

MR. G. A. SALA'S house in Mecklenburg Square will form the subject of a special article, with illustrations, in the August number of the *Magazine of Art*; Mr. Richard Jefferies will contribute a paper entitled "Nature in the Louvre"; the frontispiece will consist of a steel engraving of "The Daughter of Palma," from the painting by Palma Vecchio.

LADY SOPHIA PALMER will contribute to the August number of the *Quiver* a paper on "Jerusalem as it is," containing her experiences of the city during a recent visit to the Holy Land.

"A TREACHEROUS CALM" is the title of a new serial story by Thomas Keyworth, the opening chapters of which will appear in the August number of *Cassell's Magazine*.

A TRANSLATION.

APRIL DRINKING SONG.

(From the Italian of Giosué Carducci, "Levia Gravia," I.-IX.)

Now from the leafy closes—
Dark holm-oak, almond pale—
Dances upon the gale
The blithe birds' nuptial song;
And the shy, sweet primroses,
On sunlit hills unfold;
Eyes of the nymphs of old
That watch the mortal throng.

And sunbeams sottly glowing
The orchards white salute;
And o'er the landscape mute
The sky bends low with love;
And April's warm breath blowing
Swayeth the corn in flower;
Like veil of bride in bower,
Which her soft love-sighs move.

With throbbing and leaping pulses,
Feel the sweet influence both
The vine's rough trunk uncouth,
The tender maiden's breast;
In odorous air of spring-tide
Buddeth the tree-trunk cold;
The love her heart doth hold
Is in bright blush confest.

The warm air breeds a ferment,
And in a seething flood
Leaps in the veins the blood,
Leaps in the cask the wine;
Ah, for thy native hillside,
Red prisoner, dost thou fret?
Is it thy strong regret
That shakes that tun of thine?
Here of the vine-shoot joyous,
The jocund spirit see;
How better now employ us,
Than set the captive free?
From where he is prisoned darkling,
Free to the glad sunlight;
Alive and brilliantly sparkling,
Here in the wine cup bright.

In sight of the hills that miss him,
Again to see the day,
Let the soft south wind kiss him
That ushers in the May.

Thou smil'st on him, O Sun, from thee he springs—
Begot when thou sink'st low on Ops' deep
breast.

And this thy gift comfort to sad life brings,
Ardent as thou art, yet serenely blest.
When thou recedest prone, himself he flings,
Celestial thrall in earth's dark jail opprest.
Then steep thy beams in heavenliest vermeil glow,
And kiss, immortal sun, thy child's bright brow.

Vermeil is this—But that of golden hue,
As thy bright hair, Apollo, lord of light;
Or the fair nymphs', that from Olympus drew
Thee, to pursue through Tempé's vale their
flight,

What time the Ionian spirit joyous grew,
And named thee lord of all things fair and
bright.

Alas, the fairest shapes are banisht now—
Yet kiss, immortal sun, thy child's bright brow.

Of them he only doth to us remain;
And well I love him whether white or red;
White, he's the light that flashes from the brain,
And sparkles into song in poet's head.
Red, he's the true heart's blood, strong to sustain,
That leaps to high-souled deeds and conquers
dread.

Steep then thy beams in gold and vermeil glow,
And kiss, immortal sun, thy child's bright brow.

M. R. WELD.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE "Smith and Wright" is the title of a very short paper in the *Antiquary*, by Mr. J. F. Hodgetts. It is instructive, but we feel that a great deal more information ought to have been given. So very much of what we call modern civilisation has been the direct result of the labours of the men who work in iron, wood, and stone, that we cannot but wish that the early and mediæval history of these "crafts" should be dealt with in an exhaustive manner. "Mellifont Abbey" is the subject of a paper by Mr. F. R. MacClintock. Though we have suffered more than any man can tell by the destruction of the remains of our monastic architecture in this island, the damage has not been so relentless as in Ireland. It is probable that, except in a few places on the eastern side of the island, the architectural glories of the green isle were never so great as those of England and Northern France. The long continued wars and rapine by which Ireland was tortured hindered the growth of architecture as it did the sister arts; but that there was much that was beautiful we know, and of that much but a few precious fragments remain. Enough, however, exists, to show that in Ireland as elsewhere, architectural beauty was a strong passion. Mellifont was a Cistercian house. Its founder was an Irish prince, but it really owes its origin to the great Saint Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh, the friend of Saint

* Ops—the Oscan earth goddess; the meaning is that the wine is generated when the sun hangs low over the earth in winter.

Bernard. Mr. MacClintock tells us that "monkish annals . . . do not, as a rule, furnish very profitable matter for reflection." In this we do not agree with him. How much should we know of the middle ages had it not been for the monastic chroniclers? We concede, however, that the storm-time of the Reformation, when the religious houses were secularised, is also important. Richard Conter, the last abbot, surrendered his house to King Henry VIII. in 1540. The abbey lands seem not to have been given away until 1566, when they were bestowed on Sir Edward Moore, an English soldier of fortune. The abbey was then converted into a dwelling house where the Moores resided until they removed to Moore Abbey, the present seat of the family, early in the last century. The work of destruction has not been so complete here as elsewhere; we gather from Mr. MacClintock's paper that the chapter-house is still in a nearly perfect state. The series of papers on "Old Storied Houses" progresses well. The Oaks, West Bromwich, is the one treated of now. From the engraving here given, it seems to be an excellent specimen of those half-timbered structures of which England once possessed so many fine examples. Mr. Peacock has contributed a paper on "John Hodgson," author of the *History of Northumberland*, which draws attention to the fact that Hodgson, as well as being a learned antiquary, assisted Sir Humphrey Davey in those researches which led to the invention of the safety-lamp.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for July contains another article on the date of the prophecy of Joel by Dr. Matthes, with reference to recent writers, especially W. L. Pearson, whose ill-thought-out tractate derives special importance from the assistance which the author states that he received from Prof. Dillmann. Dr. van Manen renews recent attempts to raise the credit of Marcion. This first paper contains a historical survey; in the next, a detailed discussion will be given relative to the Epistle to the Galatians. Dr. van Leeuwen notices W. Wason's edition of Plato's "Symposion," taking a higher and, as it seems, worthier view of that charming work. Dr. Hugenholtz draws attention to some points in Wundt's important work on ethics. Dr. Baljon criticises the treatment of the text in Heinrici's excellent commentary on 2 Corinthians. Dr. Tiele notices recent issues of the "Sacred Books of the East."

THE July *Livre* is as interesting as usual in its minor and contemporary articles; but the part destined for posterity is not so good as it might be, and as it often recently has been. A review of Mr. Rogers Rees's *Pleasures of a Book-worm*, and an account of "Les Grands Editeurs d'Allemagne" are, no doubt, both things which may very properly find a place in such a publication. But we hardly think that either is up to the level of chief piece of resistance in *Le Livre*; and other there is none. Something the same may be said of the illustrations—a portrait of Herr Paul Lindau, and a rather commonplace sketch of the Rouen Typographical Exhibition. They certainly "do not over-stimulate"; indeed, they do not "stimulate" half enough.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

XII.

I HAVE now endeavoured to demonstrate that when we place the printer of the Costeriana and his products in a period commencing with the year 1471 and ending several years afterwards, we find him and them out a very strange figure indeed among the other printers and the other products of that period. But when we place him and some, at least, of his works about and before 1454, that is to say, if we

acknowledge him as the inventor of printing and some of his works as the firstfruits of the art of printing, we are able, forthwith, to reconcile a variety of circumstances, traditions, and accounts, which otherwise remain hopelessly at variance with each other, and with a period of 1471 to 1474, and later. If we place the Costeriana about and before 1454, we make them (in accordance with the statement of the Cologne Chronicle) the first prefiguration of Mentz printing, and have the key to the perfection of the Mentz products which we already observe at the moment that the art of printing made its appearance there. If we refuse to date the Costeriana so early, and to accept them as the models of Mentz printing, this perfection of Mentz printing must always be regarded as an inexplicable fact. And if we refuse to date the Costeriana so early, and to accept them as the models of Mentz printing, we are compelled to act in the most extraordinary manner. In the first place, we should have to say that (though bibliographically speaking the Dutch and the Gutenberg and the Schoeffer *Donatuses* cannot be said to differ in point of time, yet in order to satisfy some theory) we declare the Dutch *Donatuses* to have been printed circa 1471-74, therefore about twenty or thirty years later than the Mentz *Donatuses*. Our next step would be, of course, to declare that the *Specula* and the *Doctrinales*, and all the other Costeriana which cannot be separated from the *Donatuses*, were likewise not printed before 1471-74. And when once we have satisfied ourselves that these arguments are perhaps not usual, but demanded by the exigencies of the Gutenberg theory, and have, accordingly, brushed the Dutch *Donatuses*, and the *Specula*, and the *Doctrinales* completely out of our sight, we smilingly say to anyone who dares to call our attention to Ulrich Zell's testimony in the Cologne Chronicle of 1499: "But, my dear sir, there are no *Donatuses* printed in Holland that Zell could possibly refer to as having been the 'prefiguration' for Mentz printing, for those that you are thinking of were printed long after the invention of printing had been made at Mentz. Zell was mistaken in every one of his particulars; he meant *Donatuses* printed from wooden blocks, not from movable types, and when he spoke of Holland he meant Flanders!" And if anyone should have the courage to refer to Junius's account of the Haarlem invention, we simply declare that his whole account is a fable, a legend, a myth from beginning to end. And if anyone should hesitate and murmur that, though some of Junius's particulars appear doubtful, and even wrong, yet a good many of the genealogical and bibliographical particulars mentioned by him have turned out to be absolutely true, and that this could not have been the case if everthing had been a falsehood—we reply that Junius also relates particulars about a mermaid, and tells us that a woman had given birth to 365 babies at one and the same time, and that therefore everything else mentioned in his *Batavia* must be a fable also.

In other words, if we refuse to date (some at least of) the Costeriana before Mentz printing, we are compelled to deal with Zell's account in the Cologne Chronicle in a manner which would not be allowed in any other case. We should have to say that this man, whose utterances as regards Gutenberg and Mentz printing are regarded as Gospel-truths, went completely off his head the moment he spoke of Dutch *Donatuses*, and said something quite different from what he meant, or, rather, referred to something that he omitted to say. In fact, desperate attempts to distort and discredit Zell's account have been made at all times, and by various authors. As long as no typographically-printed *Donatuses* had been discovered,

the opponents of the Haarlem claims pointed exultingly to this want of evidence in proof of Zell's allegation, who, therefore, so they said, could only have meant xylographically-printed *Donatuses*. Now that we have the very *Donatuses*, which were formerly (when people fancied that they did not exist) emphatically demanded as the only means of substantiating Zell's assertion, the opponents of the Haarlem claims turn round and say: (1) that Zell must have meant Flanders when he spoke of Holland; (2) that he could only have meant xylographic *Donatuses*, as otherwise his account would be contradictory in itself, ascribing the invention of printing to two persons and to two different places; (3) that he was a pupil of Peter Schoeffer, the rival of Johan Gutenberg, and, therefore, wished to detract from the latter's glory; and (4), lastly, some ingenious editor of the Cologne Chronicle professes to have discovered that Ulrich Zell, though he is expressly named as the author of the substantial part (the beginning and progress of printing) of the celebrated passage in the Cologne Chronicle, did not suggest it, after all. Explanations and applications of this astounding feat of interpretation may be read in Dr. Van der Linde's last two works on printing, and his explanations and interpretations are echoed by all those who wish to acknowledge Gutenberg as the inventor of printing. There is, of course, contradiction in the account of the Cologne Chronicle if we were to take it as a whole, because it apparently tells us in the first instance (1) that the art of printing was invented at Mentz in 1440; and it then goes on to say (2) that from 1440 to 1450 the art and all that belonged to it was investigated; and it continues to say (3) that in 1450 people began to print, the first book that was printed being the Bible in Latin; then follows the important contradiction (4) that, although the art was discovered at Mentz, as is said before, in the manner as it is now [1499] customary, yet the first prefiguration was found in Holland out of the *Donatuses*, which had been printed there before that time [1450], and from and out of them was taken the beginning of the aforesaid art, and it has been found much more masterly and more exact (*subtilis*) than that [other = in Holland] manner was, and has become more and more artistic; then follows (5) a contradiction of Nic. Jenson being the inventor of printing; then, again (6), an assertion that the first discoverer (*vinder*) of printing was a citizen of Mentz, who was born at Strassburg and named "jonker Johan Gudenburch"; then (7) an assertion that the art of printing spread from Mentz to Cologne, Strassburg, and Venice; finally (8), the information of the compiler that the beginning and progress of the aforesaid art had been verbally related to him by the upright man, master Ulrich Zell, of Hanau, still a printer at Cologne in 1499.

Now, it is admitted (in fact, it is clear from the wording) that statement No. 1 was copied by the compiler of the Cologne Chronicle from Hartmann Schedel's Chronicle, published in 1493; that statement No. 2 was written by the same compiler as a transition from statement 1 to 3; that the latter statement was made by Ulrich Zell. And rational people would come to the conclusion that statement No. 4 was also made by him. But no; statement No. 4 is declared to have been written down by the compiler, just as if the latter himself did not distinctly say that the beginning and progress of the art had been told him by Ulrich Zell.

I think it must be plain to everybody that if we remove statement No. 1, which is admitted to have been copied from Schedel's Chronicle, the whole passage in the Cologne Chronicle becomes quite clear; in fact, it is not in the least obscure, unless we decline to have any-

thing to do with the Haarlem tradition. We see that the compiler of the Cologne Chronicle took counsel with Ulrich Zell as to the art of printing, and that Zell told him certain things which he would not, or could not, reconcile with the statements which he found printed in the historical books at his disposal. So he copied first Hartmann Schedel's statement (1), and inserted No. 2 in order to reconcile statements Nos. 1 and 3. But when we remove Nos. 1 and 2, and also regard Nos. 6, 7, and 8 as the compiler's statements, as they certainly appear (even to Dr. Van der Linde) to be, what is there to prevent us from accepting statements 3 and 4 as Zell's utterances? They actually relate the beginning and progress of the art of printing, which the compiler, as he says, had heard from Zell.

We should, of course, have to reject Zell's statements if we had no *Donatuses* which could be said to have been printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz. I, for one, should even feel inclined to reject Zell's statement, if, after nearly four hundred years, we had found only a single *Donatus* printed in Holland, because Zell speaks in the plural. But we have several editions of *Donatuses*, which have undoubtedly been printed in Holland. These two circumstances (the plurality of the *Donatuses* and the fact that they were printed in Holland) agree, therefore, with Zell's statements. But those who wish to reject his testimony tell us that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland were not printed before people printed in Mentz. I have endeavoured to demonstrate that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland may be said to be at least as old as the Gutenberg and Schoeffer *Donatuses*; and that, if we grant so much, the Dutch *Donatuses* may then be said to be older than the Mentz *Donatuses*, for there is no difference between the printed books of the period 1454 to 1477. It is clearly the duty of the opponents of Zell's testimony to say why the Dutch *Donatuses* should be dated even a single year later than the Mentz *Donatuses*.

We should, of course, have also to reject Zell's statements, if the *Donatuses*, which we may fit into his account, differed, even in the minutest particular, from the books on which the claims of Holland (=Haarlem) are based by a tradition handed down to us by Junius, and which cannot be said to have derived, in any sense of the word, its particulars from Zell or from the Cologne Chronicle. If, for instance, the *Speculum* and the *Doctrinale*, on which Junius based the Haarlem (=Holland) claims, could be declared, with any degree of certainty, to have been printed not earlier than 1480-1490, I, for one, should certainly abstain from saying one word more. But when we see the opponents of the Haarlem claims themselves admit that the printing of those works cannot very well be placed later than 1471-1474, then we may be allowed to ask them what difference they can point out between the printing and workmanship of these Dutch and German incunabula produced between 1454 and 1474, which would compel us to date the former later than the latter. Or I for one should abstain also from saying one word more if the types of the *Speculum* and the *Doctrinale*, on which Junius based the Haarlem (=Holland) claims, differed, even in the minutest particular, from the types of the *Donatuses* which we may fit into Zell's account. But we know that the types of the three works mentioned, independently, by Zell and Junius are identical, and, therefore, forbid us to separate Zell's account from that of Junius.

But, really, the opponents of the Haarlem claims have realised themselves the difficulties of rejecting Zell's account, or of not ascribing it to him; otherwise they would not suggest, at the very moment that they deny that Zell

wrote the statements, that Zell meant xylographically printed *Donatuses*; least of all would they have suggested that Zell had been a pupil of Peter Schoeffer, the rival of Johan Gutenberg, and, therefore, wished to detract from the latter's glory. Here I really feel inclined to agree most heartily with Dr. Van der Linde and all other opponents of the Haarlem claims; for if Zell had actually been animated with such a feeling against Gutenberg he could not have chosen a surer basis for his opposition to his enemy's glory than the *Donatuses* printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz. They surely not only detract from Gutenberg's glory, but they destroy his claims to the invention altogether. Dr. Van der Linde and other opponents of the Haarlem claims, in suggesting this enmity on Zell's part, forget to tell us why Zell, the so-called pupil of Peter Schoeffer, in wishing to injure Gutenberg's reputation, should have ascribed the first prefiguration to non-German *Donatuses*, or to any *Donatuses*, or xylographic *Donatuses* in particular. Why should he not have said (if he meant xylographic *Donatuses*) that Gutenberg took his inspiration from block printing? Or, when he set about making a false statement, and wished to injure Gutenberg, why should he not have said that Schoeffer's *Donatuses* were the first prefiguration? I believe there is only one answer to all these questions, and a good many others that may be asked. Zell was speaking the truth to the compiler of the Cologne Chronicle, and the truth of his account is proved by the *Donatuses* which we possess, and which were printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz.

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- HERTZ, E. *Voltaire u. die französische Strafrechtspflege im 18. Jahrh.* Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Aufklärungszeltalters. Stuttgart: Enke. 12 M.
 HEUSCH, Waldor de. *La tactique d'aujourd'hui et quelques mots de la tactique de demain.* Paris: Berger-Levrault. 8 fr.
 HÜNNEBERG, E. *Fahrten nach Mond u. Sonne. Studien insbesondere zur französ. Literaturgeschichte d. 17. Jahrh.* Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 25 Pf.
 IMHOOF-BLUMBERG, F. *Zur Münzkunde Grossgriechenlands, Siciliens, Kretas etc.* Wien. 4 M. 50 Pf.
 L'ALLEMAGNE actuelle. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
 MAYER, M. *Die Giganten u. Titanen in der antiken Sage u. Kunst.* Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.
 PRABON, K. *Die Fronica. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Christusbildes im Mittelalter.* Strassburg: Trübner. 9 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- DECHEND. *Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Feldzuges v. 1806 nach Quellen d. Archives Marburg.* Berlin: Luckhardt. 3 M. 40 Pf.
 DUCLOS, H. *Histoire des Arlésiens.* T. 8. *Archéologues de l'Arles.* T. III. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GREGA di Federico in Italia descritta in versi latini da anonimo contemporaneo ora pubbl. secunda un MS. della Vaticana a cura di E. Monaci. Milan: Hoepli. 9 fr.
 HRUZA, E. *Üb. das Leges agere pro tutela. Rechtsgeschichtliche Untersuchung.* Erlangen: Deichert. 1 M.
 LEMONNIER, H. *Étude historique sur la condition privée des affranchis aux trois premiers siècles de l'empire romain.* Paris: Hachette. 6 fr.
 LUFUS, B. *Die Stadt Syrakus im Alterthum.* Atonia. Deutsche Bearbeitung. der Cavallari-Holm'schen topographia archaeologica di Siracusa. Strassburg: Heitz. 10 M.
 MARCHGAT, P. *Correspondance de Louise de Coligny, princesse d'Orange. (1555-1590.)* Paris: Doin. 10 fr.
 MÜLLENBERG-ROEBBERG, H. *Führ. v. Die Annexion d. Elsass durch Frankreich u. Rückblicke auf die Verwaltung, d. Landes von Westphälischen Frieden bis zum Ryswickler Frieden (1648-1697).* Strassburg: Heitz. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 NABBER, J. *Die römischen Militärstrassen u. Handelswege in Südwestdeutschland, in Elsass-Lothringen u. der Schweiz.* Strassburg: Noirlot. 3 M.
 NAPOLEON, le Prince. *Napoléon et ses détracteurs.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
 SCHULTZE, V. *Geschichte d. Untergangs d. griechisch-römischen Heidentums. I. Staat u. Kirche im Kampfe m. dem Heidentum.* Jena: Costenoble. 12 M.
 SPILLMANN, J. *Die englischen Martyrer unter Heinrich VIII.* Freiburg-L.-B.: Herder. 1 M. 25 Pf.
 WUTKE, C. *Beiträge zur Geschichte d. grossen Städtebundkrieges f. die J. 1387-1388.* 1. Thl. Berlin: Stargardt. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BROK, G. *Flora v. Südbosnien u. d. angrenzenden Herzegovina.* 3. Thl. Wien: Hölder. 8 M.
 CALBERLA, H. *Die Macrolepidopterenfauna der römischen Campagna u. der angrenzenden Provinzen Mittelitaliens.* 1. Thl. Dresden. 2 M.
 GHILLIANI, V. *Esquisse delle specie di Coleotteri trovate in Piemonte.* Turin: Loescher. 8 fr.
 MUNZ, J. *Die Religionsphilosophie d. Maimonides u. ihr Einfluss.* 1. Thl. Berlin: Rosenstein. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- CHARANEAU, C. *Via de Saint George, poème provençal, publié pour la première fois d'après le manuscrit de la Bibliothèque nationale.* Paris: Maisonneuve. 3 fr. 50 c.
 MYSTÈRE de l'Incarnation et Nativité de notre Sauveur et Rédempteur Jésus-Christ, représenté à Rouen en 1474, p.-p. P. Le Verdier. Rouen: Le Métérier. 55 fr.
 RECUEIL de fac-similés à l'usage de l'école nationale des chartes, 4^e Série. Paris: Floard. 25 fr.
 SIMON, J. A. *Xenophon-Studien.* 1. Thl. Zur Entwicklung d. Xenophontischen Stils. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER'S NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE.

Cambridge: July 14, 1887.

Tyrwhitt has pointed out how cleverly Chaucer has expanded his Nun's Priest's Tale out of one of the fables of Marie de France. He quotes the fable, in the original Old French, from the Harleian MS. No. 978, fol. 76. The same fable appears as No. 51 in Roquefort's edition of the fables of Marie de France (Paris, 1820), where it is printed from another MS. I think many readers would be glad of a translation of Marie's fable, as it enables one to make the comparison with Chaucer much more easily. I, therefore, subjoin one, following Tyrwhitt's text mainly, as it seems to be the better of the two:

"THE COCK AND THE FOX."

"A Cock our story tells of, who
 High on a dunghill stood and crew.
 A Fox, attracted, straight drew nigh,
 And spake soft words of flattery.
 'Dear sir!' said he, 'your look's divine;
 I never saw a bird so fine!
 I never heard a voice so clear
 Except your father's—ah! poor dear!
 His voice rang clearly, loudly—but
 Most clearly, when his eyes were shut!'—
 'The same with me!' the Cock replies,
 And flaps his wings, and shuts his eyes.
 Each note rings clearer than the last—
 The Fox starts up, and holds him fast;
 Towards the wood he hies apace.
 But as he crossed an open space,
 The shepherds spy him; off they fly;
 The dogs give chase, with hue and cry.
 The Fox still holds the Cock; but fear
 Suggests his case is growing queer—
 'Tush!' cries the Cock, 'cry out, to grieve 'em,
 'The Cock is mine! I'll never leave him!'
 The Fox attempts, in scorn, to shout,
 And opens his mouth; the Cock slips out,
 And, in a trice, has gained a tree.
 Too late the Fox begins to see
 How well the Cock his game has play'd;
 For once his tricks have been repaid.
 In angry language, uncontrol'd,
 He 'gins to curse the mouth that's bold
 To speak, when it should silent be.
 'Well,' says the Cock, 'the same with me;
 I curse the eyes that go to sleep
 Just when they ought sharp watch to keep
 Lest evil to their lord befall.'
 Thus fools contrarily do all:
 They chatter when they should be dumb,
 And, when they ought to speak, are mum."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT IN GREEK.

Ulm: June 29, 1887.

May I call attention in the ACADEMY to the fact that it is now exactly 300 years since the first edition of the New Testament in Greek was printed in England? Such, at least, is the

statement of the well-known editor Reuss, of Strassburg, and of all bibliographers whom I have read. On p. 91 of his *Bibliotheca Novi Testamenti Graeci* (1872) E. Reuss describes an edition "Londini, excudebat Thomas Vautrollerius, 1587, 16°, of which he says:

"Editio omnium in Britannia procuratarum prima. Typographi e Gallia oriundi nomen Le Long et Maschius p. 224 perperam Vautrollerium scribunt."

According to an indication on the title-page, which is confirmed by the collations of Reuss, the text was taken from H. Stephanus (*sine loco* 1576, 16°, or rather from the later reprint 1587, 16°) and diligently collated with the last edition of Beza. Even the types of H. Stephanus were followed by the English printer. Reuss adds:

"Unicum quod nancisci potui exemplar possidet Bibliotheca ad S. Genovevæ Parisiensis."

Nor was there a copy in the famous collection of Pastor Lorck, now in the Royal Public Library of Stuttgart.

Dr. C. R. Gregory mentions in his *Prolegomena to Tischendorf* (iii., p. 218), that Scrivener (*Introduction*, 2nd ed., Cambridge, 1874, p. 390, n. i.) speaks of an edition "Londini anno 1565"; but Gregory adds: "quæ hæc sit, nescio." And he has also the statement: "Bibliographi omnes N.T. Gr. in Anglia primum anno 1587 editum esse docent."

It is a remarkable fact that it took so long a time till the want of the Greek Testament was general enough in England to encourage an English printer to undertake an edition of it. This fact may be compared with the similar statement, which I happened to read the other day in Kapp's *Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels*, that during the whole of the fifteenth century no edition of the Bible appeared in England, but between 1526 and 1600 no less than 306. And nowadays it is from England that we receive not only the reprints of the *textus receptus* published by the British and Foreign Bible Society—editions which we would rather miss—but also such standard editions of the Greek Testament as that of Westcott and Hort, not to speak of such minor, but none the less valuable, contributions towards the textual history of the Bible as those on the Codex Amiatinus which appeared lately in the columns of the ACADEMY.

I ought to add that I have no means of ascertaining in what English libraries and collections copies of this edition are to be found. Perhaps in England it is not so rare as it seems, according to this statement of Reuss, to be on the Continent. At all events, I hope to be excused, in this time of centenaries, for having called attention to what we must for the present consider as the first English edition of the New Testament in Greek.

E. NESTLE.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

Walmer: July 18, 1887.

Invalided, away from home and books, I am not well placed for re-arguing the various points raised in the latter half of Dr. MacCarthy's letter in the ACADEMY of July 16. I still join issue with him on the more important of them, while accepting his corrections on some points of detail, to which he now draws my attention for the first time.

With regard to the symbol N, the dates usually assigned to the books of Dimma and Mulling are extremely problematical, and rest on proposed identifications of their writers which may be as unfounded as Dr. MacCarthy's proposed identification of Moel Caich. Apart from this, the small liturgical portions of those volumes with which alone we are now concerned are, if I remember right, not coeval

with the bulk of the text, and may, like the St. Gall MS. 1395, be at least as late as the ninth, and possibly as the tenth, century.

The list of errata in my printed version of the Stowe text I accept as provisionally and presumably correct. Scholars will be generous enough to accept my explanation of them for what it is worth. My work was accomplished under difficulties. The Stowe Missal was at that time private property. There was no apparent probability then of its ever ceasing to be such, otherwise I would gladly have waited. Through the kind courtesy of the present Lord Ashburnham, I was practically the first person to have access to it. I travelled down from London to Ashburnham Place by the newspaper train in winter, starting about 5 a.m., and was engaged for thirty-six hours continuously (meal times excepted) in transcribing about one hundred pages of the MS. I worked through the whole night by candle light, and my eyes have not yet quite recovered from the strain. I was permitted to pay a second visit to Ashburnham Place to correct the proof-sheets, which I took with me. There were numerous misreadings of my own as well as printers' errors to correct. The MS. is not "as plain as print." A glance at Dr. MacCarthy's plate, as well as the long discussions in your columns about certain readings, prove this. It presented, and still presents, many unsolved difficulties, partly due to its palimpsest character, partly to the dislocation of two leaves, to which I have called attention on p. 261, note 62, partly to the carelessness of the scribes and the corruptness of the text. Frequently neither grammar nor sense helped one to the true reading. In a text where a collect is headed "In sollemnitatibus Petri et Christi" (p. 227) by error for "Petri et Pauli," one need not be surprised that Stellæ (= Epiphany) should be placed as a heading to words which refer to Maundy Thursday (p. 235).

Such rapid work in a limited time is very different from working at the MS. at leisure in the library of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin, with another person's printed transcript and notes, though unacknowledged, by one's side, and with Irish experts at hand to consult in case of difficulty.

With this apologia I will stop. In the face of Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter in last week's ACADEMY, your readers will agree with me that discussion is difficult with a controversialist who can only escape from the charge of fraudulent references if he is willing to admit the charges of ambiguity and irrelevancy, and the gist of whose arguments it is sometimes impossible to catch, because they are not conducted upon the ordinary lines of English or of any other, save possibly Irish, logic.

F. E. WARREN.

[In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, p. 42, col. 1, l. 5, for "1250" read "1150."]

DIVINATION BY THE WINNOWING BASKET.

July 9, 1887.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, is a paper by Mr. Sherer under the heading "Mystica Vannus," which gives some interesting particulars connecting the Eastern method of winnowing wheat with that practised in France during the middle ages, and, doubtless, long before. The writer also refers to the ancient Greek and Roman reverence for the Van, and to its mention in the Bible. He gives a curious account of the sanctity of the implement, and shows that it is still used in India as a babe's first cradle, in the same manner as is represented on Grecian bas-reliefs of great antiquity. Finally, he offers some speculations on the use of the epithet "mystica" in the mention of the "vannus

Iacchi" in the first *Georgic* of Virgil. "Reflection will show," says Mr. Sherer, "that there was a sacredness attaching to the winnowing-basket."

It is perhaps a dim reminiscence of this ancient cult that prompts some of the lower classes in Hindustan to use the *süp* as an instrument of divination. It should be mentioned that this primeval winnowing-engine is nothing but a flat basket with one side higher than the next two, the fourth being entirely open. It thus lets the grain fall, while at the same time it serves as a fan. Its form, therefore, resembles that of the modern English dust-pan. Through the wicker-work of the raised side, or back, a strong T-shaped twig is driven, one end of the cross-piece resting lightly on the finger. A question is then asked, and "Yes" or "No" is augured according as the basket, thus suspended, turns to left or right; an archaic anticipation of the oracles of "Planchette." This description is given from memory, after the lapse of years; perhaps Captain Temple, or some other Indian folklorist, can correct or amplify it. In any case it appears to point to a mystery and reverence hanging over the *süp*.

I may add that Mr. Sherer's attempt to connect the word with *sip*—"a bivalve-shell"—does not seem tenable. The two words are derived from two different Sanscrit roots.

Be this as it may, the article is full of interesting suggestion, and the subject deserves to be worked out as an old derelict of the common ancestors of Europe and Asia.

M. A.

"THE BLUE VASE" AND "THE PRUSSIAN VASE."

July 19, 1887.

Prof. W. Wright has called attention to the fact that my story, "The Blue Vase," in *Belgravia* for June, 1887, closely resembles Miss Edgeworth's "Prussian Vase," in her *Moral Tales*, vol. i., p. 167 (edit. 1832). I was quite ignorant that Miss Edgeworth had told the story till it was pointed out to me. It was given in 1817 in the *Niederrheinische Archiv*, vol. i., and thence was quoted repeatedly in Germany in the controversy which raged against the secret system of trial, and in favour of the introduction of trial by jury; and, as Dr. Löffler says, "without the slightest suspicion that the story was not authentic." At last Dr. Löffler, editor of the *Berliner Gerichts-Zeitung*, disputed the facts. He showed that there were improbabilities in it, which made it impossible to accept it, without further evidence, as genuine history. As it was so uncertain where fact ended and fiction began, I gave the incidents a romantic colour, and rounded them off as a story, without any suspicion that Miss Edgeworth had done the same long before. There is, probably, some substratum of fact.

S. BARING-GOULD.

SCIENCE.

DELITZSCH'S ASSYRIAN DICTIONARY.

Assyrisches Wörterbuch zur gesammten bisher veröffentlichten Keilschriftliteratur unter Berücksichtigung zahlreicher unveröffentlichter Texte. Von Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. (Leipzig: Hinrichs.)

An American humorist has said that "it is better not to know so much than to know so much that aint so." The remark could nowhere be better applied than to Assyrian lexicography. The greatest harm has been done to Assyriology by the pretensions of some of its students to so much certain know-

ledge on philological questions. A few years ago, when Assyrian scholars were more moderate, their work commanded the respect of the learned world.

When the lamented George Smith discovered the deluge tablet, creating a revolution in Oriental study, public attention was directed anew to the value of Assyrian for Semitic philology and the history of the Bible. Smith's translations, after the lapse of a number of years, may still be studied with profit. The first attempt at an Assyrian dictionary was made by E. Norris, three volumes of which were published. The many references given made it an invaluable help to scholars. More recently a fairly complete concordance of words and of the passages where they occur has been issued by the Rev. J. N. Strassmaier; and the accuracy of Mr. Pinches has rendered available a large number of additional texts in the invaluable series issued by the British Museum. Notwithstanding this, Assyrian lexicography has but made a beginning. When we know how many thousand contract tablets still lie untranslated upon the shelves of the British Museum, in which a vast number of unknown words occur, and when we remember how small a part of the Assyrian and Babylonian literature we possess, we are bound to grant that we must be still a long way from finality in our knowledge of that very difficult language.

The published books, however, of Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, of Leipzig, convey to the reader a very different idea. His works, *The Hebrew Language viewed in the Light of Assyrian Research* and *Prolegomena zu einem neuen Hebräisch-Aramäischen Wörterbuch Alten Testaments*, claim far too much for Assyrian. Upon him rests the responsibility for a large share of the disrepute into which Assyriology has fallen, and he deserves the rebuke which he has received at the hands of such scholars as Th. Nöldeke, D. H. Müller, and others. The idea which Delitzsch advances, that Assyriologists have arrived, in so short a time, at foregone conclusions on so many points of Semitic philology, is justly set aside by the best Arabic and Syriac scholars everywhere.

The most recent contribution to Assyrian lexicography, which is the subject of this review, was announced at least eight years ago; and scholars have waited impatiently for it, hoping that thereby the study of Assyrian would be made much easier. But how sadly have we all been disappointed! The book is neither fitted for the beginner nor for the scholar. For the beginner it is too bewildering and indefinite. He needs only to know the result at which Assyriologists have arrived, without being troubled with the processes by which these results have been reached. It is of no interest to him to learn when Delitzsch copied the texts he quotes, or how large or how small some of the unimportant tablets quoted are. In fact, these things do not properly belong to a dictionary at all. The beginner also is unable to appreciate the long discussions which are found all through the book. The scholar, on the other hand, has no use for them. The passages upon which they are based are all familiar to him, as likewise are many others which he wonders not to find mentioned. Every thorough

student of Assyrian will be struck with the very few letters and documents of which Delitzsch seems to have any knowledge. The same is true as to the contract tablets. Hence the dictionary is of no value for this class of inscriptions, and this is where the scholar would most desire such a work. What is the value of a dictionary which does not solve any of the difficulties of the language?

One qualification which is absolutely necessary in the preparation of such a work is the ability to copy Assyrian inscriptions correctly. In the publications of earlier years there are frequent errors, and these must be carefully corrected, or the lexicographer will be discussing words and giving references which in reality do not exist. Certain unpublished texts are so well known that they must be used in any dictionary. Furthermore, Strassmaier, in his concordance referred to above, published a great many unedited texts. Delitzsch, therefore, felt himself bound to do the same. This he has attempted; but with what success? In a small Assyrian document containing forty-four lines (K. 525) he has made twenty mistakes of copying. In his copy of K. 646 I have noticed several mistakes, besides many characters badly drawn. Even in the fragment of a tablet belonging to the creation legend (which is given twice on the same tablet) he has made several mistakes, such as reading *ut* for *liš*, &c. This text is beautifully clear, and no trouble to a good reader of Assyrian. In fact, so far as I have observed, not even the smallest and most clearly written fragment of the texts that Delitzsch has published for the first time is without mistakes. Moreover, the method followed must inevitably lead to mistakes. To attempt to publish unedited texts in transcription can be of no advantage to science, for they must all be published over again. Why then should so large a space be occupied by these untrustworthy transcriptions?

There are also many undoubted mistakes in the explanation of words. Delitzsch separates *adannu* (p. 135) and *adanniš* (p. 160), putting them under different roots. Now, the former is an adjective and the latter is the adverb from the very same root. The same word occurs in Arabic and Aramaic, and means "time." The word *Aba* is used for an official of some kind, and is of frequent occurrence. Delitzsch gives us the conjectures of others as to its probable meaning, including his own, and then begins his disquisition by saying that it is undoubtedly "good Semitic." But it is quite certain that the word is not Semitic at all, but Accadian. Delitzsch himself shows that he realises the weight of the argument against himself. This is, however, a weakness of his entire method. He considers almost everything Semitic. He tries to ignore the existence of anything else but Assyrian. One must everywhere be struck with the paucity of comparisons made with the other Semitic languages. Where are the many Arabic and Syriac words which ought to have been placed side by side with their Assyrian equivalents in any work professing to be an Assyrian dictionary? Have these languages no longer a place in Semitic philology? One would think so, if one had no other informa-

tion than that supplied by the works of Delitzsch. Has Assyrian advanced so far, and is the published literature so complete, that it can take such an independent position? We venture to think not. It is correct to dwell upon the light that Assyrian has thrown on the Hebrew language, for Hebrew undoubtedly owes much to Assyrian research; but it would certainly be more sensible to point out what Assyrian has become with the aid of and under the leadership of Hebrew and Arabic. What a pitiable condition Assyriology would be in now if it had not had the assistance of these languages, which were already well known before the first Assyrian text was deciphered!

Now, there is need of an Assyrian dictionary on quite a different plan from that of Delitzsch. Some scholar ought to prepare a pocket dictionary, containing eight or ten thousand words, giving the principal meanings, and, in case of unfamiliar words, adding one or two passages illustrating their uses. Such a work would meet the requirements of students, and could be published at a price within reach of those for whom it would be intended. The subscription for Delitzsch's book is about £15, which is as much above its merit as it is beyond the reach of most Assyrian scholars.

S. ALDEN SMITH.

THE "ARCHIV FÜR GESCHICHTE DER PHILOSOPHIE."

In this age of specialist periodicals, it may seem strange that so important a subject as the history of philosophy has hitherto had no recognised organ of its own, and that students should have had to turn to numberless reviews dealing not only with philosophy proper, but also with the classics and with theology.

This want is now to be supplied by the issue of an *Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie*, which has already obtained the support of the best names in other countries as well as in Germany. The editor in chief is Dr. Ludwig Stein, dozent at Zürich, who will take as his special department post-Aristotelian Greek philosophy, Roman philosophy, and the philosophy of the fathers, the schoolmen, and the renaissance. The other editors of special departments are—Prof. Hermann Diels, of Berlin, for pre-Socratic philosophy; Prof. Eduard Zeller, also of Berlin, for the period from Socrates to Aristotle; Prof. Benno Erdmann, of Breslau, for modern philosophy down to Kant; and Prof. Wilhelm Dilthey, of Berlin, for the period since Kant.

A special feature of the *Archiv* is to be a Jahresbericht or annual summary of the current publications on philosophical subjects according to the classification just given. While in this summary Prof. Felice Tocco, of Florence, will be responsible for Italy; Herr P. Tannery, of Tonnesins, for French; Mr. Ingram Bywater, the Greek reader at Oxford, for all works in English relating to ancient philosophy; Prof. J. Gould Schurman, of Ithaca, New York, for English works on mediæval and modern philosophy; and Prof. H. Oldenberg, of Berlin, for all oriental philosophy, whether published in German or other languages.

Besides those already mentioned, the list of contributors includes the names of Prof. W. Wallace and Mr. J. A. Stewart, of Oxford; Dr. H. Jackson and Mr. R. D. Hicks, of Cambridge; Prof. G. Croom Robertson and Mr. E. D. Archer Hill, of London; Prof. Lewis Campbell, of St. Andrews; M. Paul Janet, of Paris; Prof. Gompertz, of Vienna; and Dr. A. Harnack, of Marburg.

Articles may be written either in German, Latin, Italian, French, or English. The first number will appear early in October; and the mode of publication will be quarterly, each number containing about 160 pages. The annual subscription is fixed at twelve marks. The publisher is Herr George Reimer, of Berlin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

Scrayingham: July 19, 1887.

I have already in the *Cambridge Chronicle* made a solemn protest against the method adopted by Prof. Jebb in his recently published *Introduction to Homer*. The matter is so serious as to make it my duty to bring the question to an issue.

Prof. Jebb has stated that our *Iliad* and our *Odyssey* have come down to us substantially unchanged from the ninth century B.C., and that therefore our *Iliad* and our *Odyssey* formed the Homer of the Greek lyric and tragic poets. He has done this, without making any attempt to rebut the evidence which proves this theory to be absolutely untenable—the fact being that, in Dr. Paley's words, it is

"utterly impossible, from Pindar or any of the very numerous dramas or their titles (not less than 100) bearing on the *Troica*, to prove the existence of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* till the time of Plato."

I am bound to say again, as I have already said, that this challenge must be taken up, and the controversy decided not by citing the opinions and fancies of Aristotle, but by a thorough examination of the facts; and that to reason from the assumed antiquity of the poems to their present form, ignoring all the evidence which demonstrates that the idea of this antiquity is a delusion, is merely to spin a web of more or less plausible fiction and falsehood. I use these words advisedly and deliberately; and I have no hesitation in saying that the determination which clearly exists in some quarters to keep the truth about this question carefully out of sight is a most discreditable fact. In these quarters Prof. Jebb has been lauded as having "rendered a signal service to the scientific study of Greek literature." I assert, that, instead of doing this, he has written a book which from beginning to end can only mislead and deceive. The matter affects Prof. Jebb's personal veracity; and it is in the name only of common honesty and English truthfulness that I repeat this protest.

GEORGE W. COX.

SCIENCE NOTES.

It is proposed to form a museum of objects of ethnological interest in connexion with the Anthropological Section of the British Association at the forthcoming meeting at Manchester, of which section Prof. Sayce is president. This exhibition will include a remarkable series of casts taken from squeezes recently obtained by Mr. Flinders Petrie during his work in Egypt on behalf of a committee of the British Association. The casts are of much value in enabling the anthropologist to determine the racial characteristics of the people represented on the Egyptian monuments.

THE Clarendon Press will publish, within the next few weeks, the first number of a new scientific periodical, to be called *Annals of Botany*. The papers will be on subjects pertaining to all branches of botanical science, including morphology, histology, physiology, palaeobotany, pathology, geographical distribution, economic botany, and systematic botany and classification. There will also be articles on the history of botany, reviews and criticisms

of botanical works, reports of progress in the different departments of the science, short notes, and letters. A record of botanical works in the English language will be a special feature. The editors are Prof. Bayley Balfour, of Oxford; Dr. Vines, of Cambridge; and Prof. W. G. Farlow, of Harvard. The form of the publication will resemble that of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*; and every effort will be made to secure for it the same excellence in the illustrations.

Coal Tar and Ammonia will be the title of the enlarged and more fully illustrated edition of Prof. Lunge's "Treatise on the Distillation of Coal Tar," which Mr. Van Voorst's successors, Messrs. Gurney & Jackson, have in the press, nearly ready for publication.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE have to congratulate Mr. Jago on the publication of another Cornish book. The previous volume was entitled *A Glossary of the Cornish Dialect*, of which a short account was given in the *ACADEMY* of February 20, 1886. The present work is nothing less than an English-Cornish Dictionary, compiled from the best sources, and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It consists of 230 pages quarto, and contains various interesting things besides the dictionary, such as Prince Bonaparte's letter accusing Pryce of plagiarism. As only a portion of the literature of the old Cornish language has come down to our time, the labour of making an English-Cornish Dictionary is not so great as a corresponding dictionary dealing with any of the other Celtic languages would be; and, as the author did not undertake to coin or compound new words, his task was confined to registering, under their English equivalents, the Cornish words which occur in the Cornish literature extant and in diverse vocabularies, together with what Cornish words still survive in the English dialect which has taken the place of the old language. Mr. Jago is proud of the extent of the Cornish vocabulary which he has thus been able to bring together; and he has, we think, a right to be proud of it. His words are to the following effect:

"It has been said that the husbandman expresses all his thoughts by using four or five hundred words, and Shakspeare used about 15,000 words. Thus it may be seen that the 'remains' of Celtic Cornish stand far beyond the vocabulary of the rustic, and rival in their amount the words of Shakspeare."

Mr. Jago has prefixed to the dictionary an account of these remains of Cornish literature. They consist principally of Mysteries or Miracle Plays based on biblical stories or the lives of Cornish and Breton saints, and their treatment of biblical and saintly characters is frequently very quaint. Mr. Jago's dictionary will be invaluable to all Welsh and Breton scholars who wish, without waste of time, to see at a glance what the Cornish word may have been which corresponds to any given word in those languages. This old Cornish Dialect of Bythonic speech stood just half-way between the languages of Gwent and Brittany.

WE have received, in the form of a doctor's dissertation, an able essay on Welsh grammar, by Max Nettlau, by whom it was offered recently to the Philosophical Faculty in Leipsic. It is the first part of a much larger work, as it only consists of an introduction and the phonology of the vowels. One of its special features is that the author has paid particular attention to the various dialects of Welsh. There is one drawback to his study of them, and that is that Dr. Nettlau has not yet been nearer Wales than the British Museum and the Bodleian Library; but the quantity of materials he has been able to accumulate from

books is very remarkable, considering the comparatively short time he has been working on Welsh, and how little help he could get, seeing that the Celtic scholars of Germany are mostly devoted to Irish and the other dialects of the Gaelic language. We hope this instalment of Dr. Nettlau's studies in Kymric grammar will soon be followed by the publication of the rest of his MS.

THE *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* for July 16 contains full reviews of Dr. Sandys' *Orator* (by Dr. Heerdegen) and Mr. Jevons' *Greek Literature* (by H. Müller). Both receive praise, the former particularly so.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.—(First Annual Meeting, Wednesday, July 6.)

THE EARL OF CARNARVON in the chair.—Mr. Macmillan read the report, of which the following are the most important passages:—At the last meeting, on October 19, 1886, it was announced that the school building was complete, and that a director had been found for the first year in the person of Mr. F. O. Penrose. It was further stated that an income of £400 a year had been provisionally secured for three years. Mr. Penrose went out to Athens early in November; and about the middle of December Mr. Ernest Gardner, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and now Craven University student, was admitted as the first student of the school. Two months later the Oxford Craven fellow, Mr. David G. Hogarth, of Magdalen College, was admitted. Later in the session two more students, Mr. O. J. Jasonides, of Athens, and Mr. Rupert Clarke, of Exeter College, Oxford, were added to the number. In accordance with the rules drawn up by the committee, Mr. Penrose, besides directing the work of the students, has delivered three public lectures on the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of Olympian Zeus, and will deliver three more in the course of October before he lays down his office. He has, moreover, at the expense of the Dilettanti Society, conducted excavations on the site of the Temple of Olympian Zeus at Athens, which have established the important fact that the temple was octastyle, not decastyle, as has hitherto been generally supposed. Before closing this brief record of the first year's work of the school mention must be made of the very cordial welcome given to the director and students of the British School both by native Greek archaeologists and by the members of the other foreign institutes. Special mention is due of the extreme friendliness of the relations between the British and American Schools. The American director and students did their utmost to smooth the way for their English colleagues, generously throwing open their excellent library. Representatives of the British School were present at the laying of the corner-stone of the American School building, which is now in course of erection on the adjoining site. The two properties have been surrounded by a single fence at the joint cost of the schools, and will, it is hoped, be to a certain extent enjoyed in common. It is obvious that for the work of a school at Athens one indispensable requirement is a good library of archaeological and classical books. The committee are happy to be able to state that a very good beginning has been made in this direction during the first year. In the first place, valuable gifts of books have been received from the delegates of the Oxford University Press, from the syndics of the Cambridge Press, and from many publishers. Mr. F. F. Tuckett, Mr. Barclay Head, and other private individuals have also made valuable gifts to the library, and it is hoped that their example may be widely followed. In the next place, the committee have expended a sum not far short of £250 upon the purchase of the books which it was considered most important for the school to possess. Turning to the financial position of the school, the managing committee regret to say that the appeals for aid made for last year after the meeting of subscribers in October did not produce very much results. The new donations amounted to no more than \$115; new annual subscriptions

were promised to the amount of £70 15s. a year. Donations towards the establishment of a capital fund or annual subscriptions will be gladly received by the hon. treasurer, Mr. Walter Leaf, Old Change, E.C. Finances apart, the committee feel that there is every cause for satisfaction in the progress made by the school in this the first year of its existence; and the outlook for the future is no less promising. As Mr. Penrose's successor the committee have been fortunate in securing, for two years at any rate, the services of Mr. Ernest Gardner, who is a thoroughly trained archaeologist, and has had the great advantage of working under Mr. Penrose as a student during the past season, so that he will take up the work with full knowledge of what is required. It is proposed next session to provide board and lodgings at a moderate rate in the school building for a limited number of students. Information upon this point may be obtained from the hon. secretary, Mr. George Macmillan, 29, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C., to whom all applications for admission to the school should be addressed.—Mr. Penrose gave an account of his work during the past year. He had been able to visit and collect objects of art from Palermo, Oropus, Sicily, and other places, and in his labours the American and German archaeologists had afforded him much valuable help. He had, unfortunately, contracted a fever, but had been able to give lectures on the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and other subjects, and had been honoured by the presence of Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, and Mr. Watts, the artist. Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Clarke, and the other students had been doing good work, and had achieved valuable results.—Sir C. Newton, as a veteran, was not disappointed at the number of students, as the qualities of a real student were difficult to find in combination, and the gentlemen who were now students of the school had shown themselves to be possessed of those qualities. Great results were to be expected from their labours—such as those which the French archaeologists had already obtained in Delos. He desired specially to refer to the Greek journal *Ἐφημερίς Ἀρχαιολογική*, which was a model of what a paper devoted to such subjects should be, and ought to excite the emulation of English scholars.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromo and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. HAZEL, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

Notes on the National Gallery. By Walter Armstrong. (Seeley.)

THESE papers, which originally appeared in the *Guardian*, would deserve notice if only for the rarity of publications which take any serious notice of our great national collection. With the exception of Dr. J. P. Richter's learned book on Italian art in the National Gallery, this small pamphlet is almost the only independent work in English which has of recent years been devoted to the National Gallery. Mr. W. Armstrong is beginning to be well known as one of the best equipped of the few serious students of art; and it is to be hoped that this rather slender contribution to the literature of the National Gallery is only an instalment of what he proposes to do in the same direction.

He begins with an interesting account of the growth of the institution, which includes a testimony to its value which is well deserved.

"In the total of its pictures the National Gallery is about half the size of the museums of Dresden, Madrid, and Paris, the three largest in the world, and considerably less than those of Berlin, Munich, and St. Petersburg. But in quality it is surpassed by none of its rivals."

This is a very important fact which redounds greatly to the credit of Sir Charles Eastlake,

Sir William Boxall, and Sir Frederick Burton. They have all been subject to criticism, they have bought what (in the opinion of others) they should not have bought, and have left unbought what they ought to have bought; but, on the whole, they have spent the public money well, and the gifts and bequests have been very extensive and valuable. These are facts which are not sufficiently recognised, and cannot be repeated too often.

The greater part of Mr. Armstrong's pamphlet is devoted to a description of pictures about which there is little dispute, and he shows throughout a grasp of art history and a catholic appreciation of the merits of various artists of various schools. There is little other cause for remark except in regard to a few points of connoisseurship. To record his opinions on these points appears to have been one of the motives for the publication. We agree with him in doubting whether "The Rape of Helen" (591) is by Benozzo Gozzoli. We think he takes it too much for granted that Piero della Francesca was a pupil of Uccelli, though there are strong points of resemblance in the work of the two masters; and also that the fine "Rhetoric" (755) and "Music" (750) are undoubtedly by Melozzo da Forlì; nor can we agree with him in giving to Catena the pretty Madonna and child in a landscape now ascribed in the catalogue to Basaiti, still less the "Death of Peter Martyr," generally accepted as a Bellini. Though there is some resemblance in the landscapes of these two pictures, the drawing of the trees and the foliage can scarcely be by the same hand. Mr. Armstrong here, as in other opinions, follows Dr. Richter. Mr. Armstrong's suggestion that the much-disputed "Madonna with Angels" and "Tobit and the Angel," ascribed to Antonio Pollaiuolo, are really by his brother Piero, is one which must have occurred to many—to Signor Morelli, for instance, who thinks they came out of Piero's workshop, but does not venture to say they are by his hand. Mr. Armstrong, we think, insists (with Dr. Richter) too much on what he calls the "childish mistakes in proportion" in the figure of the Virgin. Abnormal length of body was traditional in the seated figure of the Virgin. If it existed in the other figures the argument would be more forcible. The recent opening of the new galleries makes it possible to easily examine what we take to be Mr. Armstrong's most important suggestion—viz., that the little "Last Supper" (1127), bought at the Hamilton collection as a Masaccio and now assigned to the "North Italian School," is by Ercole Roberti. Mr. Armstrong is unusually, but not, we think, too, positive on this point, when he declares that "a glance is sufficient to convince one that its author was he that painted the 'Israelites gathering Manna.'" The latter is a small work recently added to the gallery from the collection of the late Earl of Dudley.

But Mr. Armstrong's intelligent survey of the pictures is not confined to the Italian schools. We think he is mistaken as to the pictures ascribed by Mr. W. M. Conway to Bouts. Mr. Conway ascribed the "Deposition" (664) to Bouts, but Mr. Armstrong gives it to Rogier van der Weyden the younger. He is also mistaken in saying that there are four pictures ascribed to this master

in the catalogue. That most interesting and beautiful picture by an unknown artist, "The Adoration of the Magi" (1079), is the subject of one of Mr. Armstrong's most interesting notes. To him is due the interesting discovery of the word "Ouwater" written low down in the left-hand corner. Other particulars might be noticed to establish the strong affinity between this picture and Gheeraert David's beautiful picture in the same room; but Mr. Armstrong has been the first, we think, to point out the likeness between the St. Joseph in the one and the beggar in the other. It would be pleasant to find that we have a real example of the great unknown Albert van Ouwater. Whether we agree or not with Mr. Armstrong, all his remarks show the care of the student and the eye of the critic; and we hope that he will himself carry out some of the schemes for investigation which he generously suggests to others.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE second of the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibitions of Water-colours and Works in Black and White is now being held in their galleries in Edinburgh. The display of current art has been supplemented by a few drawings representative of the water-colour art of the past. Among the works by English artists that are shown are three small, but typical and exquisite, subjects by Turner—his sunset view of "Shoreham"; his lovely little "Streetan," from the celebrated Farnley Hall collection; and his vignette of "Berwick-on-Tweed," executed for the illustration of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works: and among the examples of David Cox is a road-scene in Wales, a very simple and beautiful work in the painter's earlier manner. The water-colours by deceased Scottish artists include representative examples of Sam Bough, H. W. Williams, J. C. Wintour, E. T. Crawford, and J. Cassie; and there are some good drawings by the modern Dutchmen, among the rest B. J. Blommers' excellent rustic subject of "Gossips"; Albert Newhuys' freely handled and admirably lighted "At the Window"; and P. Sadée's noble study of a peasant woman at her cottage door, "Working and Waiting"—a work full of refined and dignified form, and of restrained, but complete and satisfying, colour. Among living Scottish painters Sir William Fettes Douglas, is very fully represented by a selection from the delicate landscape work in water-colours which, during recent years, has exclusively occupied his brush. Mr. W. E. Lockhart, who has been honoured by Her Majesty's commission to paint the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in the Abbey, sends an imposing flower-piece and two life-sized portrait heads. Mr. Tom Scott contributes some of the most attractive work in the exhibition in his small Italian subjects, distinguished by their crisp and subtle draughtsmanship, and by their vivid rendering of sunlight and atmosphere; and from Mr. A. Melville we have two important and telling, if rather forced, subjects, representative of his work in landscape and in figure-painting.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE following are the arrangements for the annual meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute, to be held this year at Salisbury. On Tuesday, August 2, after the inaugural meeting, at which Gen. Pitt-Rivers will deliver the

presidential address, the members will inspect the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and St. Nicholas' hospital; and in the evening the Bishop of Salisbury will open the antiquarian section. On Wednesday, August 3, Old Sarum, Amesbury, Vespasian's Camp, and Stonehenge will be visited; and in the evening the Dean of Salisbury will open the historical section. On Thursday, August 4, the annual business meeting will be held, after which Precentor Venables will open the architectural section; and in the afternoon Britford and Downton will be visited. On Friday, August 5, the members will go by rail to Bradford-on-Avon, and afterwards drive to South Wraxall and Great Chalfield. On Saturday, August 6, Wardour Castle, Tisbury, and Wilton House will be visited. On Monday, August 8, Longleat, Warminster, and Heytesbury. On Tuesday, August 9, the Romano-British village at Rushmore will be inspected, under the direction of Gen. Pitt-Rivers. After the close of the meeting, some of the members will cross over into Brittany with the object of examining the megalithic remains.

MESSEURS. T. & A. CONSTABLE have in preparation an illustrated catalogue of the very remarkable collection of examples of modern French and Dutch art, which was brought together by Mr. Hamilton Bruce last year in the Edinburgh International Exhibition. The letterpress, consisting of a description of each picture and critical and biographical notices of the various painters, is to be from the accomplished pen of Mr. W. E. Henley; and the illustrations will consist, in addition to numerous reproductions of pen *croquis*, of a series of etchings by Mr. W. Hole, and Mr. A. Zilcken. Judging from a series of proofs by the former etcher, transcripts from Corot, Matthew Maris, Monticelli, and others, now included in the Royal Scottish Academy exhibition of water-colours and works in black and white, these illustrations will be of very unusual excellence in the spirit of their handling, and the fidelity with which they reproduce the feeling of their originals.

MR. MCLEAN has now on view, at his gallery in the Haymarket, a large picture by Mr. C. Kay Robertson, called "Leading Conservatives, 1887."

AT a recent meeting of the French Académie des Inscriptions, M. Bertrand read a report upon the Gallic cemetery recently discovered at St. Maur-les-Fossés, near Paris, by M. Ernest Macé, who has presented most of the objects to the Museum of National Antiquities. They are identical with those found hitherto in that part of Gaul which Caesar allotted to the Belgians. The tombs are dug to the depth of about 3 ft. 6 in.; they vary in length from 6 to 7 feet, and in width from 2½ ft. to 3 ft. Most had been walled round to a height of from 12 to 14 inches to keep back the sand at the sides, and the body is placed immediately upon the sand and covered with a row of large flat stones. In every case the bodies are laid with the face upwards, the sword in the right hand, fastened by a jointed iron belt near the head. On the right hand side is the point of a lance, the handle of which is placed between the legs, having probably been broken as a token of mourning. Among the other objects discovered is a sword in good preservation, with the chain still attached to it. This sword is 32 inches long, the sheath being of iron, while the hilt and the guard are ornamented with three heavy nails representing a sort of shamrock.

PROF. GEORGE STEPHEN writes from Copenhagen of an important "find" lately made near Bergen, in Norway. A bone stylus with a Runic inscription was discovered, together with a little book in red Latin letters, evidently written with the stylus. The date seems to be twelfth century.

THE STAGE.

"DEVIL CARESFOOT."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD—from whose first story of *Dawn* Messrs. Stanley Little and Haddon Chambers drew the play which, as excellent efforts of the dramatists' art, we applauded at the Vaudeville on Tuesday week—is, as everybody knows, the sensational novelist of the moment, holding to-day the crown and sceptre which were Hugh Conway's three or four years ago, and destined, perhaps before the fulness of time, to pass them on to another. For the public will not be as faithful to Mr. Rider Haggard as, doubtless, Mr. Andrew Lang will be. The public will take up with a new favourite—some humourist, perhaps, freshly declaring himself, or some realist who shall study London—or it may be even it will remember, with more than its present enthusiasm, accepted men of genius in letters, like Stevenson and Hardy. Anyway it can hardly be expected to be entirely faithful to the author of *She*. *She* excites something of that wonder and curiosity which the hero of "Fifine at the Fair" by no means begrudged to

"Doré's last picture-book."

But, with a fire in the house—that hero went on to observe—Doré's last picture-book would very probably get chucked to the wall. The rush would be to save the Raphael. And so with those who, whether in fiction, verse, or essay, have won popularity a little cheaply. The moment is for them. What lasts, of course, is literature—the writing you can return to and dwell upon.

But the writing you can return to and dwell upon is not needed as the groundwork of a successful play. What you want nowadays for that is a powerful story. *Dawn*, in its own fashion, is quite a powerful story. Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Stanley Little have treated it excellently. Their dialogue has crispness, directness, smartness, style in it. And doubtless the characters—where life and individuality were lacking to them—have gained by coming on the stage; gained as second-rate or as impossible characters do sometimes gain on the boards, by the mere fact that henceforth we can associate each one of them with some definite personality. Devil Caresfoot, for instance—that must henceforth be Mr. Charles Charrington, looking as ugly and vicious as his art can make him. When Mr. Charles Charrington acts him it is possible to believe in him. The performance impresses you by its grim power; but the conception of the character—a scoundrel so absolute, so unreasoning, so superfluously mischievous—we do not, looking at it calmly, find that very full of the subtlety which is genius. Devil Caresfoot has the qualities which help the novelist to carry on the reader to number the next. Such a character is a convenience; but, when we have done with number the next, he is not a permanent possession.

How much of the impressiveness of the piece as it goes is owing to the dramatists and to the actors—who yet were far from being equal in excellence—is shown by the fact that the very strongest scene in the play is the love-scene with which the first act ends, the love-scene brought about by the compelled departure of Arthur Beaumont from

Angela. This is the strongest love-scene we have seen on the stage since Miss Alma Murray's in "In a Balcony." It is written with vigour and unconventionality. It soars above the spooony. It has what, in love affairs, we must venture to describe as the interest and virtue of passionateness. And, really, it was acted remarkably well by Mr. Fuller Mellish and Miss Achurch. Preceded to some extent by that which had not been very moving, and followed, if not in the next act, yet certainly in the third, by some commonish and familiar effects of melodrama, it had the character of a page torn, for once, from *la vie véçue*. It had the air, at all events, of a *chose vue*. Yet here, perhaps, Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. Haddon Chambers, watching it carefully from their private box, may have recognised what seemed to us a mistake. The curtain should have fallen on the actual parting, and Miss Achurch—who had comported herself admirably to that point—should not have been left with any words whatever to say after it. The risk of anticlimax may here surely have been perceived.

The stolen document business of the third act plunges us into full melodrama. Here it is question of compromising love letters, penned by Lady Bellamy, ages ago, to Devil Caresfoot, who is now about to marry Angela against her will, and who has employed Lady Bellamy, as his agent to win Angela, under threat of exposure, should she decline to assist him. A little wicked mean old man—Sir John Bellamy—has been on the track all the while. He possesses himself of the letters just when Lady Bellamy is of opinion that her services to the blackguard have at last ransomed them. And there comes to be a fight between the great blackguard and the little rascal, the blackguard acted still powerfully by Mr. Charrington, and the rascal somewhat too obviously rascal and monkey besides, through Mr. Dodsworth's abuse, I cannot help thinking, of his distinct faculty, which I have elsewhere recognised, for "making-up" and "character-acting." Now the "character-acting" of Mr. Eric Lewis, as one Lord Minster, is, on the present occasion, seen to much greater advantage. In the fourth act—to do the dramatists justice—and especially as that act proceeds, the interest is regained which had been a little lost. There is a scene necessarily unpleasant, but I will not say untrue, between Devil Caresfoot and Angela, recalling a little in its action a scene in M. Sardou's "Nos Intimes." Lastly, the young lover—Arthur Beaumont, who had been banished—comes back, and Devil Caresfoot, married for a day, dies of heart disease increased by excitement.

Thus are the innocent delivered, and the play closes in happiness. If the characters are not in themselves original, they conduct the intrigue, upon the whole, with skill. I suppose it would have been perfectly impossible to have dramatised the piece better. The dialogue, it has been said already, is such as one can listen to with satisfaction; and the play holds the attention of the audience. It will certainly be seen again. And when it is in the "evening bill," it will successfully invite the attendance of the large public.

FREDRICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. IRVING'S farewell performance, last Saturday night, was one of the finest he has given. Never, certainly, has his Shylock been more intense, more vivid, or fuller of significant detail. It is now some few years since we last saw it. Are we right in thinking that the actor has to some extent modified his conception of the character, laying stress again where stress was wont to be laid by his great predecessors in the part, from Macklin downwards? At first, if we remember rightly, Mr. Irving was wont to sacrifice something to rouse our sympathies for the sufferings of the Jew and for his character; but now, all that is mean in Shylock and all that is savage—the "lodged hate, and a certain loathing"—are brought into a prominence which we seem to remember they were once without. The performance is one of extraordinary power and completeness, and is not open in the slightest degree to the charge that it succeeds in investing the Jew with undue dignity; indeed, Mr. Irving's Shylock is, in many passages, as unattractive and unwholesome an elderly gentleman as one could easily meet. What are called the "mannerisms" of Mr. Irving are distinguished but slightly in this part, while one of the true characteristics of his acting—variety, delicacy, and force, in facial expression—is peculiarly manifest. Miss Terry's Portia gains, if anything, in earnestness, and has never needed to gain in grace. In the casket scene, on Saturday night, she was the very image of picturesque anxiety; in the trial scene she was of noble carriage and of expressive speech. Indeed, in this trial scene, there were some curiously admirable illustrative gestures to prepare the way for the remark that was coming. It was with real art that the actress made the famous and always difficult address about the "quality of mercy" seem to flow directly from a question of Shylock's, and to succeed almost inevitably the gesture which was her first answer to that question. One reason why Miss Terry's Portia—especially in its most celebrated scene—is among the finest things that she can do, is because it makes no call upon her for the absolute passion which she cannot display. Two deficiencies it seems, nevertheless, bound to have, though in presence of its qualities of graciousness and justice it is not difficult to forgive them. Miss Terry continues to show but little feeling for the rhythm of blank verse; and, in the matter of sense, as well as of sound, her emphasis is sometimes wrong. On Saturday night for example, instead of

"Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?" we had

"Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?"

"THE performance of the "Merchant of Venice" over, Mr. Irving came before the curtain and said some interesting things to the audience. First as to his plans for the autumn and winter. He goes to Edinburgh and Glasgow, to Manchester and Liverpool, from about the middle of August to the second week in October. Then, after a three weeks' interval, he opens in New York; plays likewise at Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston, and ends his third American tour with a second visit to New York. Then as to his plans for England. He opens at the Lyceum in April—it will be tenanted till then by Miss Mary Anderson; and, though we did not gather certainly whether "Faust" would once more appear on the bill on Mr. Irving's return, there is no doubt of the intention to give another chance to "Werner," and to place Mr. Calmou's "Amber Heart" in the repertory, because of the admirable and even extraordinary use which Miss Terry has already shown she can make of what we confess we should have thought its somewhat scanty opportunities.

"THEODORA" is the only new piece—or piece new to England—in which M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt appears during the brief engagement which began last Monday. And "Theodora" is an immense and repulsive melodrama—Sardou quite at his worst. But M. Sardou is a very clever tailor of parts for M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt. He cuts and he fits to a T. He produces precisely that garment of words which permits the best of sensational effect. And the sensational effect is obtained to perfection, no doubt, by an actress whose powers time seems only to have matured. M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt can now hardly say that she is "not a show"—the public, at all events, take her for one—but she is at all events an artist into the bargain.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE season now coming to an end has been an unusually busy one, and it has been impossible for us to notice all the concerts as they deserved. Every week we have received the programme of the students' concerts at the Royal College of Music, but some engagement or other has prevented us from going. On Thursday week, however, we were able to attend the last concert of the summer term, and record with pleasure that the college orchestra greatly distinguished itself. Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" was performed with immense spirit. The tone of the strings was excellent, and light and shade were carefully observed. The audience tried hard to have the piece encored. Formerly it used to be marked on the programme that encores were not allowed, and yet they were accepted. Now the notice is withdrawn; but Sir George Grove has evidently determined to abolish them. The players had a more difficult task in the performance of Goetz's fine symphony in F; but here again they passed through the ordeal successfully. Dr. Stanford, the conductor, has laboured with good results, and these cannot have been obtained without much patient work. The programme included Mozart's Concerto for Pianoforte in D minor (with cadences by Mr. J. F. Barnett), played by the accomplished student, Mr. Barton; Bennett's "Parisina" overture, and some vocal music. The concerts will be resumed in October.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music also gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening. The singing of the choir in Brahms' "Song of Fate" was very good. The soft introductory movement was rendered with smoothness and delicacy, and the more agitated section with its difficult intervals and rhythm came out most effectively. The last time we heard the choir was in Beethoven's Mass in C, and then we were not able to speak in such favourable terms. There has therefore been great improvement, for which thanks are doubtless due to Mr. Barnby, the conductor. While praising the choir we must not forget to note that the orchestral accompaniments were effectively rendered. A symphony in E minor, by a student, Mr. J. E. German, is a work of considerable merit. The opening Allegro Spiritoso answers well to its name. It is Mendelssohnian in character, and shows a good knowledge of form and orchestration. The Andante pleased us less, but the Menuetto is exceedingly graceful. The Finale is bright. Mr. German knows well how to express his thoughts, and we shall probably hear of him again. The programme included an Allegro Moderato from Mr. Prout's organ concerto, neatly rendered by Mr. H. J. Wood; and the Intermezzo and Finale from Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, interpreted by Mr. G. W. F. Crowther in an intelligent manner. Miss Norman was very successful in "Una voce."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

Juvenilia. By Vernon Lee. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE eleven essays contained in these two beautiful little volumes seem to me, all things considered, among the very best things their author has given us. Quite apart from the more familiar and personal setting, she is here more unaffected, closer, and even more candid with her reader than in any book of hers that may have fallen into his fortunate hands. To such books one must needs come with pen or pencil, and be thankful for a broad margin to write on; for, let us say here, though not for the first time, that the best service Vernon Lee does for us is not merely to suggest new subjects of thought, which anyone can do, but to make us review and revise the judgments that have already, may be, hardened into convictions. It is almost needless to say that *Juvenilia* is written with the luminousness, the choice wealth of illustration, the entire absence of *floriture*, that have made the author notable among modern English writers for equal grace and strength of style. We naturally expect much, and we are not disappointed; for the essays run on without a trick or caper to distract one from the business in hand.

As for the essays themselves, it is impossible to pass from one subject to the other without allowing oneself an interval for readjustment. We must think, and the thought must be fruitful. So, without the faintest tendency to cheapen her themes, the author deals with such really momentous perplexities of contemporary life (or thought, if you like) as call on all of us for some practical solution as soon as ever we become conscious of them. This makes it a little hard to understand why a stumbling-block is placed at the very threshold in the curiously misleading title. For these *Juvenilia* are not what is usually understood by the name; and I venture to quarrel with the author over this with less hesitation, as I freely confess that it is the single point of opinion on which I do not feel sure her judgment is as sound as her authority is weighty. Just in the same way Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds" is a good sub-title; but a good sub-title is poor consolation to the farmers who bought the tract with an eye to the comfort of sundry quadrupeds. The title, then, will not be understood till we have examined the introduction—itsself a discourse of great interest and excellence. The book is a series of essays on art. The author hints a belief that such things are mere playthings, not at all the realities of life, which, indeed, call on us first of all for an answer to the serious question, "In which direction shall our grain

of dust's weight be thrown?" We are not all leaders, we must learn, be led,

"As tender, surely, for the suffering world,
But quiet—sitting at the wall to learn,
Content henceforth to do the thing I can."

"Therefore it behoves us to know what the world is; . . . what we think, and why we think it." But who is to decide on the relative pertinence of the several subjects of contemplation to "reality"? Surely we have no right to regard any serious play as mere juvenility. How do we know—to put it in another way—that there is not, as there is in Mrs. Ewing's story, a land of lost toys, where our playthings will exact from us in a clearer daylight hereafter as much as we have inflicted on them in this ambiguous and misty present?

The Lake of Charlemagne, Botticelli at the Villa Lemmi, Apollo the Fiddler, Perigot, and Christkindchen—all of these are essays of extreme interest. The first four are very closely connected, though they do not profess to be strictly coherent. They deal mainly with the relations of archaeology and art, or (better) of archaeology and life. The first, "an apology of association," is an examination of what that faculty (may we still call it a faculty, I wonder?) brings us of good or evil. It interferes, as the author shows, with the simple enjoyment of a work of art; and yet, without it, the same work would mean nothing to us. Sometimes we see sentimental or psychological qualities where the artist expended himself solely in "a hundred beauties of line and curve and boss"; but sometimes the work of art acts as a nucleus for the collection of so much precious flotsam else entirely lost to us. Indeed, works of art themselves are such aggregations from the chaos of the experience of the men and women who produced them. "Botticelli at the Villa Lemmi" tells us how a certain fresco was removed from the villa for which it was painted and in which it *lived* to that fearful cemetery at the Louvre. This transaction is the text for reflections on the value of modern "appreciation" of art, which the author thinks actually makes it harder and harder to assimilate art into our lives. It is surely true, as she writes, that "we love the elements of the work before the work itself is dreamed of." Who does not know that beautiful things *per se* cannot create a love for themselves? Yet each beautiful thing that we see or feel may make some microscopic contribution to our sympathies and ejects some ugly old idol. Nothing so well shows how fragmentary and capricious and gradual is the growth of what we call taste as the fact that people may live within reach of the loveliest things brush or chisel ever left, and yet, as a glance at a Florentine sculpture-shop is enough to prove, may be more than content with the merest harlotries of art. "Apollo the Fiddler" claims for art a "pageant" character. Why else is so much of its very best anachronistic? Its "form," indeed, is permanent; but the materials it uses may be differently adapted by each generation. The people who are indignant "at such hotch-potch things as operas," twitted by the author in the essay on the Botticelli of the Villa Lemmi, will, perhaps, not be convinced by this essay that they are unreasonable, if, indeed, they are not

provided with the means of answering their critic out of her own month. It is, perhaps, all a question of degree. Some of us, the least musicianlike, no doubt, are not "refreshed" by the ridiculous jumble of a "serious" Italian opera; some people eat sweets, as they did when Aristotle was a boy, at the theatre; some like to hear Beethoven in a gilded restaurant, over lamb and green peas, or (rather) like their lamb the better for the Beethoven. But we can easily imagine that our author is fastidious in the concoction of the hotch-potch, as she herself calls it, that is to serve as the vehicle of her pleasure. It is all a question of degree, we may say. I am sure that I have never seen a Raphael that one would put in a pork-butcher's shop; but I can put my finger on an Ostade that is fit for no other place. So with operas; the Pan's pipe and Punch and Judy were made to be married, and are delightful taken together; but let it be permitted to us still to think that music can be desecrated by idiotic acting, attitudinising, or libretto. The more complicated and refined an art becomes, the greater its need of isolation. The simple majesty of Greek tragedy (which, observe, represented *fact* to the spectator) was not affected by the doubtless rude music of the choruses. Titania and Miranda are rightly waited on by dainty melodies; but Lear in the rain and lightning with the finest music in the world is a conception no nobler, perhaps, than Nahum Tate's.

On page 185, of vol. i., in "Apollo the Fiddler," we read of a common type of crucifixion picture:

"The gentlemen in furred robes and ladies in high coifs, who knelt at the foot of the cross, the pages holding the caparisoned horses, and the half-naked St. Johns and red-hatted St. Jeromes of Van Eyck's and Memling's pictures were not supposed to be really coexisting with the fainting Virgin, the sobbing Magdalen, the bleeding Redeemer; the cross was not really supposed to be erected in front of a Dutch castle farmhouse, with fowls cackling by its barn-door, palfreys crossing its drawbridges, and ducks swimming in its moat. . . . For the agony on the cross, the anguish of the Virgin and her attendants, touched people's hearts; the knights and ladies and horses impressed their imagination; the barn-door, the drawbridge, the ducks, the rabbits, the twenty familiar irrelevant details, tickled their fancy; the singing angels sounded delightful; and the whole—to us so incongruous—picture was enjoyed like some great play, in which there is tragedy and comedy, and pastoral and allegory, all mixed together, and the whole effect of which is delightful."

The common and familiar background brought the story home. Is it not a mere truism to say that we do not feel things unless they are fitted into our lives? "Knowledge by suffering entereth"—our own suffering, of course. Now the hearts of even Van Eyck's contemporaries were more easily got at than are ours. Nor is it doing our generation much injustice to suppose that the story of Christ's agony was true to them in a sense in which it is not to common folk in these days. We dare not imagine a background for the Crucifixion consisting of some part of Trafalgar Square, with Mr. This, Mr. That, and Mrs. So and So at the foot of the Cross. It is not merely humility that would make us shrink from finding our own faces pictured

at the foot of the cross. We should feel something more, perhaps, than simply archaeological incongruity. So, too, we laugh at the picture of Apollo fiddling, though Sarasate, to be sure, is acceptable enough. But Apollo came home to Raphael's contemporaries in nearly the same degree as the group at the Cross. There was room for stories of both; and in neither case did these poor superstitious people see any anachronism when they painted the things of their own time as backgrounds for things true for all time.

It is impossible to do more than hint at the interest of this book. To discuss it properly would require more space than a single number of the ACADEMY could afford. To say that it leaves one unsatisfied is to give it the highest praise such a book can receive. It will be read and re-read with pleasure; and, although it treats of "Juvenilia," they are such youthful things as are, even if they do not so appear, of as much interest to the old, who think they must engage in matters of greater concern, as to the youths and maidens who have no doubt of their infinite importance.

P. A. BARNETT.

The Silver Pound. By S. Dana Horton. (Macmillan.)

MR. DANA HORTON was justly ranked by Jevons "quite apart from ordinary bimetallicists." He commands a peculiarly respectful attention as the most learned and one of the ablest champions of a cause in favour of which so much ability and learning are now being enlisted. The historical research and the dialectical acumen by which he is distinguished are conspicuously manifested in the work before us. Monetary history—a field neglected by most economists—has been cultivated by Mr. Horton with a rare diligence. His labours have been rewarded by the discovery of hidden treasures. He has brought to light documents illustrating the views of Locke and Newton. He is in a position to describe the various stages of opinion through which the unfettered mind of Locke passed. He extracts from this new-written page of history the following lesson:

"The final outcome of Locke's activity in speculation and action in monetary affairs is that his authority makes for the concurrent use of the two metals as money, and for the power and duty of the state to maintain them in that function."

The views of Newton are interpreted in a similar sense. Continuing the monetary history of England, Mr. Horton shows in what sense silver, or gold, has been "the standard" at different times. He traces all the downward steps which form what he calls the "Descent to Gold." He throws a new light on the epoch of Lord Liverpool, exhibiting the unfavourable conditions under which the celebrated *Treatise on the Coins of the Realm* was produced. Mr. Horton does not spare the father of monometallism. It is part of his design to prove that those who made monetary history were themselves lamentably deficient in historical knowledge. He regards Lord Liverpool as a sort of non-conductor, isolating the present century from the historical past. The ignorance and negligence which he fixes upon the authorities to which monometallists

look up are astounding. We do not venture to join issue upon details with one whose special knowledge is unmatched. But it may be permissible to doubt whether the general impression conveyed by Mr. Horton's criticisms is not a little exaggerated; whether the author of the classical *Treatise* was quite such a driveller as the following passage imports:

"... Lord Liverpool's cardinal proposition—that the principal measure of property can be made of one metal only—acquires an air of Hibernian simplicity. The subject contains the predicate quite as explicitly as in the proposition 'the larger of two apples can only be one apple.' A short cut to final judgment upon the matters in hand will, perhaps, be found in the remark that if we proceed... to argue that, because the larger of two apples can only be one apple, therefore it follows the smaller apple is not an apple at all, or at least ought not to be so regarded, we shall have sounded the depth and completed the circuit of Lord Liverpool's reason."

These historical researches have a direct bearing on the author's thesis. According to him, the prejudice in favour of monometallism is founded upon the sentiment *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. Now he contends that the earlier historical precedents make for the concurrence of the two metals; while the laws by which in later times the "disinherison of silver" has been decreed were made by legislators not entitled to the respect of posterity. We have already quoted his opinion of Lord Liverpool. Peel he describes as "praising Newton to the skies for supposed anachronistic opinions from which Newton would probably have recoiled, not merely as an imputation upon his judgment, but upon his honour." Mr. Horton thus points the moral of this incident:

"The entire statement, so far as it attempts to justify the exclusion of silver, is baseless; and yet it is through the intervention of Peel that the exclusion of silver was transmitted to the present generation, and it is by favour of his mistake that people in England to-day believe that the gold standard necessarily implies the exclusion of silver as full money."

Misinterpreted history is not the only idol of the market-place which Mr. Horton undertakes to clear away. The prepossession against a fixed par between silver and gold is largely due to an erroneous theory concerning the relation of law to the value of money. Mr. Horton combats the doctrine of non-interference with his usual warmth. Aristotle's dictum that a king ought to know "what coin should be raised or lowered in price and when" is shown to be by no means so absurd as it appears to some moderns. One of the instances by which our author proves that even in a monometallist régime the state does regulate the value of money will be new to most readers. He cites from a return made by the Bank of England the statement that "the ounce of gold—equal in weight to £3 17s. 10½ of ideal coins—was worth in 1827 £3 17s. 6d.," and in subsequent years different amounts varying to the extent of 5d. At many other points the bimetallic leader attacks successfully the monometallist intrenchments. Nor can it reasonably be denied that he has carried at least the outworks of those defences—all the loose mass of unfounded prejudices by which it has been

sought to bar even the approach to a consideration of the subject.

It is another question whether he makes much impression on the interior lines of defence occupied by picked champions—upon the position which an eminent economist has recently thus indicated: "There is agreement [between the ablest monometallists and the ablest bimetallicists] as to the qualities or general tendencies of the causes under discussion, but not as to the relative quantities of those tendencies." What is required for the practical decision of the matter is to estimate rightly the degree of certain probabilities and utilities. What is the probability of nations being induced to form a monetary convention? What is the probability that such a convention would (as Jevons thought) be set at nought by paper issues; or, that if it were maintained, there would occur an inundation of silver? Problems such as these do not admit of demonstration, and we may properly defer to the opinion of experts. In the delicate balance of authorities what weight should we assign to our author's judgment? It is an invidious duty to have to point out that the prestige attached to so great ability and learning is somewhat impaired by the appearance of a certain want of measure and moderation. The writer's tone is too often that of an advocate brow-beating a jury, rather than of a judge impartially summing up the case. The following passages are characteristic:

"Of course, casuistry and special pleading can have full exercise in the game of hide-and-seek between causes and conditions. It would be a dull and barren age which, after having set on foot an inter-continental outlawry of one of the money-metals of man, should make default of sophistry in self-defence."

"The ancient and well-invented bull of the witnesses, who sought to prove a defendant's innocence of stealing by swearing that they did not see him steal, has at last appeared in the flesh. So fatal is the Nemesis that pursues science when she is untrue to her better self."

"For the rest, we can close this section by recommending to whom it may concern [a certain argument] as a cucumber, more likely than any in the field, to yield sunshine:

"One who should put forth speculations upon the desirability of there being but one sex... would meet with little sympathy in this common-sense world... And yet how far is the 'monometallist' with his one-metal doctrine... free from exposure to the *reductio ad absurdum* which must haunt the monosexist...?"

This slap-dash style of argumentation will no doubt be effective with a large class of readers. The sort of person who takes his opinions on political unionism from the leader of a party newspaper may approve of discussing monetary unionism in a similar style. On the other hand, those who consider that the decision of the matter turns upon fine questions of degree may doubt whether the case is quite so clear as our author represents. They will remember that, as Lord Liverpool says, in a passage which our author has quoted, but does not seem to have laid to heart: "Many persons of acknowledged abilities and great authority have entertained different opinions on this subject." Those who approach the subject in this spirit will, perhaps, not find

much in this volume to modify the conclusion of Jevons :

“To wade through the interminable discussions on bimetallism is about as useful as to wander through a forest in a mist, the happiest result of which is usually to find yourself back again at the point you started from.”

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

TWO GERMAN BOOKS ON BULGARIA.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg. By A. Koch, Court Chaplain to his Royal Highness. (Whittaker.)

The Kidnapping of Prince Alexander of Battenberg. By A. von Huhn. Translated by Captain F. Beaufort. (Stanford.)

MAJOR VON HUHN'S book in its German form has already been noticed in the ACADEMY of January 15, 1887. Little need be added here. The author in his preface disclaims the notion of writing “academical books.” We must, therefore, not expect style either from him or his translator; but he has a most interesting story to tell, and he tells it truthfully and well. His book should be read by all who take an interest in Russia's foreign policy in the Balkans. Mr. Koch's book deals with a far longer period of Bulgarian history, and practically covers the entire reign of Prince Alexander. If the German soldier writes with a sword rather than a pen, it is difficult to describe the substitute for a pen with which the German chaplain writes. The following is a fair instance of his style :

“How, therefore, is it possible that there should be a confederacy of the Balkan peoples against their over-powerful neighbour, when, for the reasons just given, one Balkan state cannot even meet another in the stadium of preliminary conferences; when each one of them is only on the watch to blacken the other to a powerful neighbour, in order that it may pose as the good child; when every success of the one calls forth a storm of indignation on the part of the other; and in this way envy and ill-will towards the other determines the policy of each?” (p. 48).

If those who most desire to see a Balkan confederacy must mournfully admit that there is much truth in this remark, surely Mr. Koch goes too far when he states that “the statesmen in the other Balkan states are for the most part exactly like those in Bulgaria.” No one in his senses would compare Zankoff and Karaveloff with Tricoupis and Garschanine; although, strange to say, these four prime ministers, differing in everything else, have one good quality in common—they have not enriched themselves at the expense of the state they served. But even in this respect Mr. Koch does not do justice to the Bulgarians. Prince Alexander, he says,

“had become acquainted with the fact that among the Bulgarians, and in their party disputes, money is a great factor; that to secure a minister's post, with the pay attached to it, and to pocket high salaries, form the pivot of domestic politics” (p. 27).

It would have been more generous in Mr. Koch had he not made Prince Alexander the vehicle for this opinion of Bulgarian public men, unless, indeed, the prince actually expressed this opinion, which it is difficult to believe. On the other hand, Mr. Koch is more fair in his estimate of Bishop Clement

than the major. Perhaps this is natural in speaking of a brother clergyman. The major speaks of Clement as a “depraved and ignorant voluptuary” (p. 59); but the chaplain, while referring to his “rather disreputable private life,” mentions the fact that he has made a name for himself in Bulgaria as the author of two popular dramas. For Zankoff, Clement's civilian partner in the kidnapping, Mr. Koch has not one good word. Dragan Zankoff is indeed a “gipsy” by nature as well as by descent. The prince called Zankoff in 1880 “a thoroughly depraved man,” and this description was deserved. At the time of the Danubian conference, Zankoff assured the Austrian consul-general that Bulgaria would vote unconditionally for the Austrian presidency of the river. At the same time he assured the Roumanian consul-general that Bulgaria would vote against it. When the matter was put to the vote in the Danube Commission at Galatz, the Bulgarian representative, Kyriak Zankoff, a nephew of the minister, recorded his vote against the Austrian presidency. The Austrian government was naturally indignant at this duplicity of one who held in the cabinet the two portfolios of prime minister and foreign minister; but Zankoff merely resigned these posts and took over the Home Office. This mere exchange did not satisfy the prince, who wrote to Karaveloff, the new prime minister, demanding Zankoff's removal from the cabinet “for the preservation of the dignity of the Bulgarian government” (p. 66). Zankoff resigned on December 29, 1880. The prince's *coup d'état* took place in the following spring. That a parliamentary majority should have given him Zankoff and Karaveloff for his chief advisers forms the prince's best excuse for abrogating the constitution. Mr. Koch shows, however, the weakness of his case by taking refuge in metaphors. The prince, he says (p. 87), “dared not rob his people of the right of free disposition of themselves—only such over-luxuriant tendrils and excrescences were lopped off as threatened to attract all the healthy sap to themselves.” The first to suggest to the prince the abrogation of the constitution was Gen. Ernroth, the Russian war minister. It was the irony of fate that made Ernroth the instrument of the Czar for suspending the Bulgarian constitution. Ernroth had always himself adhered to the letter of it. As the constitution forbade anyone wearing arms to enter the chamber, Ernroth used always to divest himself of his sword before doing so. But it was not only in anise and cummin, but in the weightier matters of the law that Ernroth was unlike his Russian brethren, and gained the good opinion of the Bulgarians. On his own motion his salary was cut down by one half.

Sobobeff, in *Der erste Fürst von Bulgarien* (see ACADEMY, January 15, 1887) states that the prince abrogated the constitution by the advice of Austria and Germany in order to excite enmity between Russia and Bulgaria. This statement has been contradicted by Ernroth in the Russian press, and is contrary to the facts. When the elections on the proposed suspension of the constitution were being held, the entire influence of Russia was exerted on the side of the prince. “The

Czar's government wishes that the Bulgarian people should remain indissolubly united with their prince, and should repulse all the lures of the traitors who are working against him.” So ran the telegram which the Russian consul-general caused to be posted through the streets of Sofia. The Pan Slavist party of Russia, as well as the Czar, supported the prince's *coup d'état*. The letter of Aksakoff to the prince of July 30, 1881, is most instructive (p. 76). A recently published pamphlet thus expresses Bulgarian public opinion on the matter :

“So long as the Prince of Bulgaria listened to the insinuations of such people as Katkoff, and worked against the interests and freedom of his people, he was a saint for those Moscow Slavophiles; and Katkoff proclaimed from Moscow, with might and main, ‘the prince is even more than a Slav.’ Yes, in those days he was the right man for them, in those days he was their ideal. But when—seeing that the road he had struck into was a wrong one, and that by proceeding in it he only placed a new yoke of slavery round his people's neck, and merged his princely crown in the title of viceroy—he consequently arranged his government otherwise, he suddenly turned from a saint into the scum of humanity for those Moscow gentlemen. And they all began to impute to him as a crime his endeavour to preserve the freedom, autonomy, and independence of his country” (p. 89).

By the side of his rival Karaveloff, Zankoff assumes almost heroic proportions. In the minds of all Bulgarians, including the partisans of Russia, Karaveloff is, of all men, the most despicable. “You are a loathsome wretch, a cur not worth a thought. I am ashamed that I ever believed in you.” These were the words of burning indignation, addressed by Stambouloff to Karaveloff, in the ministerial council, after the return of the prince. Karaveloff, who crouched on his seat as if crushed, only replied: “I can't defend myself now” (p. 254). It was owing to Stambouloff that in the summer elections of 1884 Zankoff was thrown out, and succeeded by Karaveloff. Stambouloff has himself never sought office, and this is the secret of his unbounded influence over his countrymen. Stambouloff is the Cincinnatus of Bulgaria. Had Karaveloff reversed the Chauvinist foreign policy of Zankoff towards Serbia he would have deserved the gratitude of his country, but unfortunately he only intensified it. The result of the Zankoff-Karaveloff policy was the Serbo-Bulgarian war. As I have stood alone among English writers in pronouncing the conduct of the Serb government natural, though not generous, I cannot refrain from quoting from a letter written by the prince to his parents immediately before the outbreak of that war on November 13, 1885 :

“With Serbia the case is different. Here the Bulgarians can only smite their breasts, and confess that they have themselves to blame for this state of things. They [the Bulgarians] have unfortunately always been really bad neighbours, and especially during the last two years. From political shortsightedness and propensity to factious intrigues they have continually ran foul of Serbia and her king in the most unjustifiable way. Certainly Serbia would have behaved more generously in the moment of danger if it had forgiven as an elder the misbehaviour of a younger brother. Milan's policy is not according to my taste, as it is a policy of

revenge; but it is not undeserved by Bulgaria" (p. 242).

Mr. Koch makes no mention of the attempt of Kaulbars and Soboleff to kidnap Prince Alexander—a singular omission. Nor is his book deficient in padding: chapters i. and xii. might well have been spared. He has nothing new to tell us about the Philippopolis revolution of 1885; but his pages throw much light on the interesting and little known period of Bulgarian history between the meeting of the Second National Assembly in 1880 and the formation of Karaveloff's second administration in June 1884. This period exactly covers the career of "old Father Zankoff" as a minister. On his fall in 1884 he resumed the more congenial rôle of conspirator. The result of his consummate abilities for intrigue is fully described in Major von Huhn's book, which should be read as a complement to Mr. Koch's.

J. G. COTTON MINCHIN.

Introduction to the Catholic Epistles. By Paton J. Gloag. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

THAN Dr. Gloag there could not easily be a more fair-minded controversialist, or a more judicial and impartial critic; and the present work will certainly add to his already well-established reputation as a Biblical scholar. It may be that Dr. Gloag has no absolutely new light to throw upon a subject which has been so abundantly discussed as the Catholic Epistles—in dealing with the alleged obligations of second Peter to Josephus, for example, he is content to refer to the trenchant criticism of Dr. Abbot's theory by Prof. Salmon; but he brings to his task not only the thoroughly judicial temper to which I have referred, but sound judgment, accurate scholarship, and a seemingly exhaustive acquaintance with the literature of the subject. He possesses, moreover, the power of clear statement and logical arrangement in a remarkable degree; and the result, accordingly, is a volume which is a distinct gain to Biblical learning.

But Dr. Gloag is nothing if not orthodox; and so great is his fairness that he does not even pretend to be entirely unbiassed. "The truth, and the truth only," he says, "ought to be the great object of our pursuit: all other considerations must yield to this." But he adds, "It is impossible to read [these Epistles] without some prepossession. . . . There is, we believe, a divine harmony in the books of the New Testament, because we regard them as all inspired by one Spirit." Now, the man who believes that the books of the New Testament are divinely inspired, and who assumes that the particular books under discussion belong to that category, cannot be considered entirely free; and it is not, therefore, surprising that Dr. Gloag, while apparently giving all due weight to adverse considerations, settles down at last, in each case, into the orthodox conclusion. The check, it may be, operates unconsciously. Dr. Gloag, indeed, is too sound a Protestant to rest the authenticity of the New Testament books on the authority of the Church; and he stoutly repudiates as of dangerous consequence the opinion that because a book has been pronounced canonical it must be inspired Scripture. "No divine superintendence," he

tells us, "was promised to the Church in determining the canon of Scripture; each writing must stand or fall on its own evidence." If this means that although a book be included in the canon it may notwithstanding be a forgery, it is as much as the freest investigator could ask. For this plain statement, therefore, even though it may not quite harmonise with what has been quoted above, Dr. Gloag is to be thanked. If, after all, he is wholly unbiassed, it can, of course, only be noted as a remarkable fact that out of so many works of doubtful authenticity he does not find sufficient grounds for the rejection of even one.

Dr. Gloag's work, it will be observed, is entitled an Introduction, and this word defines its scope and limits. It discusses in order the authenticity and authorship of each epistle, its readers, its design and contents, and the time and place of writing, balancing the arguments on either side and noting the leading authorities for each opinion. As may be anticipated, Dr. Gloag does not acknowledge any opposition between James and Paul, though he admits different points of view, and that they use the word "faith" in different senses. The early date which he assigns to the Epistle of James—prior to the council of Jerusalem—however inadmissible otherwise, is, it must be confessed, the only one consistent with the assumption of its non-polemical character. It is, of course, unnecessary for me to say whether Dr. Gloag is successful or not in his defence of the two Epistles of Peter. It is certain, at least, that he argues the case with great ability and commendable moderation. It speaks well, too, for his common-sense that he perceives the explanation which would refer the resemblances between second Peter and Jude to inspiration to be uncritical. Dr. Gloag has no doubt that either writer was indebted to the other; but which was the first is a point on which, he confesses, it is "almost impossible to come to a distinct and definite conclusion." Of his treatment of the Epistles of John, I will only say that, with regard to the second and third, it seems a little beside the mark to speak of forgery. Dr. Gloag says a forger would have called himself the apostle, which is probably true. But the writer does not even call himself John, and it surely does not follow that he was the apostle because he does not call himself so. Perhaps the real point requiring explanation is how it comes to pass that two private letters having no lesson—or no very profitable one—for the Church, and which, it must be said, breathe very little of the spirit of the Master, have been included in the canon of Scripture.

Besides the matter more strictly pertaining to the subject of the work, Dr. Gloag introduces a number of interesting dissertations—on the Book of Enoch, for example, the Assumption of Moses, &c.—all of which are distinguished by the same qualities of clear statement, nice balancing of evidence, and strict impartiality, which characterise the rest of the work. Still, in some cases, it must be confessed, the conclusion arrived at is more safe than profitable. In treating of the "spirits in prison," Dr. Gloag says, "The meaning of the passage must be left in uncertainty. It is one of those obscure statements of Scripture on which it is impossible to dogmatise, and any inference derived from

which must be extremely problematical." It is difficult not to believe that a further exercise of common-sense and a really free criticism might have led to some more satisfactory result. ROBERT B. DRUMMOND.

THE STUDY OF OLD FRENCH.

La Langue et la Littérature Françaises. Par Karl Bartsch et Adolf Horning. (Paris: Maisonneuve et Leclerc.)

WE can conceive but one unfavourable criticism being passed on this excellent book, and that is of a mainly technical kind. Herr Bartsch might have distinguished it rather more clearly from his admirable *Chrestomathie*, of which it is neither a sequel nor a new and enlarged edition, while, on the other hand, it is not entirely independent of it. This, however, matters very little. The book is larger and on a more elaborate scale than its forerunner, the choice of texts is wider, the apparatus criticus given with each is much more extensive, the glossary is proportionately fuller, and the prefixed grammar by Herr Horning is, in its scale and measure, nearly complete. Indeed, except so far as literary history goes, it may almost be said that the student has his whole requirements, in at least the earlier stages of his study of Old French, bound up together here. The extracts are taken from more than a hundred different works and authors, and are in each case not mere snips, but solid chapters, if we may so call them. And it may, perhaps, be as well to add that the objections often, and in our own opinion not unjustly, made to extracts in the study of both ancient and modern languages do not apply here. The range of dialectal and even of grammatical variation in the five centuries of what is usually called "Old French" (that is to say the centuries from the eleventh to the fifteenth) is very considerable, and requires illustration from, if not the complete study of, a large number of works. But it is impossible, from the length, the repetition, and the frequently diffuse style and plan of much of this literature, that many of its books should, by younger students at any rate, be studied as wholes. In the present volume the difficulty is met and solved, and it is most sincerely to be desired that it should be introduced largely in the upper forms of English schools. None of the objections made to the study of merely modern languages applies to Old French, which has at least something both of the unfamiliarity and of the method of the classical tongues; while until it is studied to some extent as a part of secondary education, the establishment of schools or triposes in it by the universities is, in a great degree, lost labour, or, rather, labour whose expense is defeated by the neglect of others to do their part. We do not say that it is quite as absurd for a third or fourth year man of ordinary education at either university to plunge into half-a-dozen old French books, without a ghost of a previous acquaintance with the grammar or the vocabulary or the history of the subject, as it would be for a boy from one of the upper forms of the modern side of a school to plunge into half-a-dozen books of Greek; but the absurdity is the same in kind if not in

degree. There are some of us who, however fond we may be of modern languages, believe that the merely educational value of their strictly modern forms is not very large. But the older forms have, even according to these heretics, a value less indeed than that of the classical languages, but approaching to it. This value can only be got out by methodical and regular study, to which, in the case of Old French, no single help so convenient as this book has yet been given.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

NEW NOVELS.

- The Crusade of the Excelsior.* In 2 vols. By Bret Harte. (White.)
- Her Son.* In 3 vols. From the German of E. Werner. (Bentley.)
- Thralldom.* By Julian Sturgis. (Longmans.)
- An Exile's Romance.* By Arthur Keyser. (Vizetelly.)
- Friend Sorrow.* By Mrs. Austin. (Burns & Oates.)
- Moy O'Brien.* By E. S. Thompson. (Dublin: Gill.)
- An Iceland Fisherman.* From the French of Pierre Loti. (Maxwell.)
- My Brother Yoss.* From the French of Pierre Loti. (Vizetelly.)

It is a pleasure to encounter Mr. Bret Harte elsewhere than in a silver mine in the Sierra Nevada or on a Californian ranche. Not but that he is the most charming of companions either in the mining gully or round the prairie camp fire, but one can become as satiate with these as Amael with the milk of Paradise. As a sketcher of the life of the Far West he is still unrivalled, but even such masterpieces as *The Luck of Roaring Camp* or *Flip* have no claim to be considered complete romances. They are brilliantly coloured fragments of a fragment, glimpses of lives momentarily all the more vivid from the abrupt darkness which envelopes their past. But in *The Crusade of the Excelsior* the author has not been content with characterisation, description, and startling incident: plot has allured him from his beaten way and drawn him far afield. Mr. Bret Harte's new story is a tragi-comedy of a kind which is unfamiliar in English fiction. In this romance, if he prove his affinity to any one it is to the humorous author of *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshins*. *The Excelsior* is a vessel bound from Boston to San Francisco, *via* Cape Horn. The passengers are a queer set—mostly every-day personages, and yet each with distinctive traits. Chief among them are the fascinating and aristocratic Mrs. Brimmer, who believes that the husband whom she is about to rejoin is known and revered wheresoever the human tongue waggeth; the strong-minded Mrs. Markham, whose mission is to enfranchise her sisters in bondage; the acute Yankee merchant Banks, who loveth not sentiment or romance; the lovely Miss Keene, journeying westward to join her brother; the saturnine Hurlstone, whose strange actions as the vessel nears the West Mexican Coast puzzle his fellow passengers extremely; the mysterious, ever complaisant, poetry-quoting Señor Perkins, who, in the

cabin, is considered a benevolent bore, but whom the reader at once recognises as a principal motor in the tragi-comedy which is to ensue. The story opens as the vessel is off Cape Corrientes and the passengers are eagerly looking forward to touching at Mazatlan. Mysterious circumstances disappoint them. Señor Perkins affords Capt. Bunker the benefit of his knowledge of the coast further north, and guides the ship into the eternally fog-shrouded straits of the harbour of Todos Santos, an old-time Mexican stronghold and an advanced station of the Catholic Church. Each passenger goes ashore, and is amused, charmed, or disgusted by the backward state of the inhabitants, who from the Commandante, Alcalde, and Padre downwards appear entirely ignorant of aught that has occurred for several generations. While enjoying their new experiences they learn that the *Excelsior* has disappeared, and that it has been seized for the Central American Free State of Quinquambo by Señor Perkins, who turns out to be the Liberator, Generalissimo Leonidas Bolivar Perkins. This eccentric individual (vaguely akin to the genial "Count" in Mr. Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White*) is as passionately enamoured of revolution for revolution's sake as any aesthete of art for art's sake. But though dexterous with either knife or pistol when the occasion occurs, he prefers bloodless surprises: hence his desertion of the *Excelsior* passengers at fog-bound but hospitable Todos Santos. Mr. Bret Harte's readers will greatly enjoy the amusing account of the travellers' life at the Mexican outpost; the absurd revolutionary fiascos; the love-episodes, the restless energy of the Americans among the indolent and ignorant Mexicans; the strange end of Generalissimo Perkins, and the very clever way in which at last the castaways are extricated. In this story the author shows a faculty of invention and a literary tact so noteworthy that we may even venture to expect another romance as superior in permanent value to the delightful *Crusade of the Excelsior* as the latter is to its lengthy predecessor, *Gabriel Conroy*.

The author of *Her Son* is one of the most popular of contemporary German novelists. *No Surrender* and *Under a Charm* are already known in an English guise in this country; but neither book was so interesting nor so artistically worked out as the ably written romance which Miss Tyrrell has very satisfactorily translated. As a rule, the translations of German books are better than those from the French; the effervescence is not so collapsed, the draught not so stale. On the other hand, the novels of Deutschland are apt to be as little entertaining as a Scotch clergyman's harangue in the noon of a summer-day. There is a terrible conscientiousness about the Teuton romancist. The baking of a scone, the knitting of a stocking, must be chronicled with as diffuse veracity as the fall of Hector or the ruin of Troy. Village gossip and commonplace loquacity are as worthy of record as the oratory of Demosthenes or the wisdom of Solon. *Her Son* is a pleasant contrast to much German fiction of this kind. The story is interesting, the plot consistent and well developed, the dialogue natural, and the characterisation distinctly good. Haughty, intolerant, domineering, but not hard-hearted

Count Steinrück and his unacknowledged grandson, Michael Rodenberg, are the protagonists representing intolerable pride and passionate determination conflicting in an eager life drama. The author of *Her Son* has sought to delineate the power of consanguinity—how ill-treatment, indifference, neglect, absence, and a hundred other ills of life are incapable of arresting the manifestation of the characteristics of a dominant race. By slow degrees Michael Rodenberg forces his way in the world, under the very eyes of his antagonistic grandfather; and in the end he comes into his own again (and another's also) and marries his beautiful cousin. A skilful plot has been woven for the evolution of this motive; and, though the book would certainly not lose by condensation, it may fairly be said to justify its length—a rare thing with three-volume novels.

Thralldom is an improvement upon Mr. Julian Sturgis's last romance, which was clever rather than interesting. The title refers to the spiritual bondage of Gabriel de Courcy to one of the female personages in the book—to whom it would hardly be fair to say, as a clue would thereby be afforded which would spoil the interest of the story. If Mr. Sturgis had restricted himself to mesmerism *Thralldom* would have been a stronger romance than it is. The mumbo-jumbo, giant negress, Obeah-horrors business is anything but impressive, and quite discounts the narrative of the wonderful magnetic power possessed by the strange woman who so effectively pulls the strings in the background. The Fanes, father and son, are excellently delineated. Tom Fane is the hero, and is as foolish, vain, good-natured, and worthy a fellow as most heroes would be if recruited from ordinary humanity. He and Gabriel de Courcy are both desirous to win the hand of Sibyl Mervyn; but the one is checkmated and the other successful by means of strange doings beyond their control. Like so many books of this kind, one feels that *Thralldom* might have been made a really remarkable story. This it is not; but it is an amusing and interesting *conte* well worthy of a spare hour's devotion. The author seems to have written more hurriedly, though not less brightly, than usual—at least, his present critic noticed one or two slips, such as "from whence." But in his next story Mr. Sturgis should not allure the reader with visions of blood-curdling terrors, and ultimately offer him only second-rate and rather stale conclusions.

Mr. Arthur Keyser's story would not suffer from the removal of its sub-title, "Realities of Australian Life." Arthur Dacre's experiences "up-country" and elsewhere—south, east, and west—suggest a vivid imagination on the part of the author of *An Exile's Romance*, rather than convince the reader of their veracity. Arthur Dacre goes forth from London, unable to marry the girl whom he loves, owing to his shameful folly in squandering away his fortune among gamblers. In the deserts of Australia he encounters in the most natural manner a French gentleman who had helped to ruin him in London, and who now puts him on the track of a quondam friend, who will restore much cash, if not the girl of whom also he has deprived Arthur

Dacre. The latter goes to and fro upon the earth, his journeyings being narrated with a brevity and abruptness which must charm the reader if he should be at all bored. It is necessary for Dacre to find Darrell's accomplice, a certain Comte de Deauville. This gentleman has experienced a reverse of fortune, and has been sent as a convict to New Caledonia, on a charge of forgery and murder. Dacre does find him—tarred and feathered, he rules as king of the Cannibal Islands! Finally, of course, all comes right. The lady goes out to Australia, and finds her lover on the plains about to be devoured by carrion crows. The story is not uninteresting, despite its improbabilities and unskilful evolution of episode. It is, however, poorly written; and there are many wearisome pages of commonplace padding. Surely it is time for novelists, even of the Hugh Conway type, to cut dissertations on that ill-used word "good-bye." "There is no other word in the English language which contains as much as this" (and so on, for sentence after sentence, in the usual hackneyed style), writes Mr. Arthur Keyser. We have all also heard of the buoyant little craft, called *Hope*, which wrecks itself against the rocks of life in the seas of time.

Friend Sorrow is an unpretentious story, well-told. The musician, Luigi Pasturini, is the real hero. The woman who has the long companionship of "Friend Sorrow" is Ethel Merton; but at last, after much suffering, she and Luigi find out that they love each other. Even when a book does not strongly interest, it is always worth reading, if it be a faithful mirror of life, and be well written. Such a book is *Friend Sorrow*.

Moy O'Brien, as the title conveys, is a story of Irish life. Presumably there are yet many people who are not bored to death by Irish novels. That "most distressful country" has been as prolific of romances as of potatoes or patriots, and of none of these does there seem to be any lack. Miss Thompson's story, however, is distinctly above the average; and even those who have a wary eye on Irish fiction and the politics therein inevitably broached, may take up *Moy O'Brien* with a light heart and with an assurance of interest in the narrative of how Moy O'Brien and Denis Gilmartin at last, after the usual devious course, reached the goal of marriage.

Pierre Loti is one of the ablest and most noteworthy of living French writers. He may be called the Clark Russell of France, except that he is less of a story-teller and more of a literary artist than our popular sea-novelist. He is so admirable a writer, indeed, that, young as he is, academical honours are erelong certain to be his. His *Pêcheur d'Islande* and his *Frère Yves* have already been noticed in the ACADEMY in their original guise, so here I need only mention that Miss Cadot and Miss Fletcher have accomplished their respective tasks most creditably. These books should find many readers in this country. They represent the best achievements of contemporary French fiction; and either is worth a hundred of the sensational vulgarities put forth by Gaboriau and F. du Boisgobey, whose badly translated productions are being so widely disseminated throughout England. It is to be hoped that

either Messrs. Maxwell or Messrs. Vizetelly will enable readers to enjoy some others of Lieut. Viard's ("Pierre Loti's") romances, especially that exquisite Tahitian idyll, *Le Mariage de Loti*, his Turkish story, *Asiyadé*, or his admirable *Roman d'un Spahi*.

WILLIAM SHARP.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Pleasures of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) To those—and their name is legion—who are just starting on their holiday rambles and need some literary provender on the way, we heartily recommend this portable, well-printed volume. It is emphatically a small book on great subjects; and it would be difficult to find two better essays—more happily expressed and more suggestive of thought—than those felicitously entitled "The Duty of Happiness" and "The Happiness of Duty." Again, Sir John Lubbock deserves to be heard upon the Choice of Books, for it is quite evident that he knows their contents at first hand, and is not afraid to speak his mind about them. It is just what we should expect that Plato occupies a somewhat lower place than Aristotle in his estimation, while among moralists he gives the highest place to Epictetus. He considers the *Enchiridion* one of the noblest books in the whole of literature, and expresses his surprise that it is so little known. This remark may, perhaps, induce the thoughtful traveller to add it to his well-chosen store, and assuredly he will not regret the addition. If we have any fault to find with what Sir John says about the Pleasures of Travel, it is that he says too little. His quotations are, indeed, apt and interesting; but one would rather have had more of his own personal experiences, which, we believe, have been considerable. In one of them, at least, many have shared—"No one who has not travelled can realise the devotion which the wanderer feels for Domiduca, the sweet and gentle goddess who watches over our coming home." We hope this charming little volume will find many readers, for it will whet the appetite for wholesome reading as well as for calm reflection. Sir John will, in any future edition, correct the spelling of the great schoolmaster's name (pp. 185-6), which is not that of the metropolitan magistrate.

The Theory and Practice of Archery. By Horace Ford. Revised and re-written by W. Butt. (Longmans.) This re-issue of the late champion's work on archery, thoroughly brought up to the level of practice at the present day, is a gratifying sign to all lovers of the bow. No man in modern times has made better scores than Mr. Ford, and shown what it was possible to accomplish with that weapon. His book on archery, originally published in 1856, at once became the standard authority. The second edition, published in 1859, has long been out of print. No other work on practical archery can be named by the side of Mr. Ford's book; and when all the recent improvements and the experience of Mr. Butt, who has for many years been the secretary of the Royal Toxophilite Society, are added, it is superfluous to commend the present work, which is absolutely indispensable to an archer. It may be broadly divided into a full account of all connected with the bow, and the position in which it should be used, and a list of the different public archery meetings with details of the scores of the chief shooters. The old rule which prevailed up to the middle of the century, or a few years later, was to draw the arrow to the ear. Mr. Ford's improvement, which has revolutionised modern archery, is to draw the arrow below the aiming eye and suffer it to lie in the same vertical plane as the line between the eye and the object to be hit.

A good deal of variation, however, in this rule may be observed among archers. In the palmy days of the Royal Sherwood Archers we once saw a lady win all the three prizes—for greatest score, greatest number of hits, and most central gold—who drew her arrows, without effort and apparently without aiming at all, to her waist. This society, established in 1833, under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex, to which all the most celebrated archers of the midland counties belonged, recently expired, after an existence of half a century. Lawn tennis, frivolous though it may seem to the scientific archer, has proved a formidable rival to his sport. Anyone can play at the former pastime without a tithe of the practice necessary to make even a fair figure with the long bow. Many of the appliances needful for archery—arrows, bracers, shooting gloves, and the like—are here figured. Their use is also described with the utmost care. A portrait of Mr. Ford, who was champion for twelve years, will please those who remember his prowess; and it is well matched by a photograph, taken by Mr. C. E. Nesham, the present champion, of Major Fisher, champion archer during 1871-4. The book is retained within moderate dimensions by the omission of much historical matter relating to the use of the English long bow in mediæval warfare. This can be conveniently found in other works. Mr. C. J. Longman (himself champion in 1883), to whom is due the preface of Mr. Ford's book, may be congratulated on its appearing in time for the Grand National Archery Meeting at Cheltenham on August 3. The scores of all the leading archers at this meeting, from its commencement in 1844 to last year, can here be found at a glance.

Letters from Ireland, 1886. By the Special Correspondent of the *Times*. (W. H. Allen.) These letters deserve the careful perusal of Home Rulers and Unionists alike. While quite free from the bitterness which at present marks the *Times*, they go far to carry conviction by their calm and temperate tone. The writer is not only manifestly a truthful man, but probably a lawyer, as he appears experienced in weighing evidence. The letters, too, exactly cover the long vacation of 1886. They are written from the point of view of a fair-minded Unionist. The writer is no horror-monger, but he gives authentic instances of boycotting for the gratification of private spite. A man who was refused by a girl used his influence with the League to have her and her family boycotted, and they are now suffering under the ban of "exclusive dealing" solely because she rejected his suit. There is, however, evidence even in these pages that the Irish have made material, if not moral progress. One of his car-drivers had lived with "ould Martin" (of Ballinabinch), and remembered when Martin paid a hundred labourers in the week, and he "couldn't say one of them had a bit of bread or a cup of tea from Monday to Saturday." "And now they all have it," he went on, "and won't look at stirabout or milk at all. Every shilling they get goes to the shop for tea and bread, that's no food for labourin' men, and its ruin' them." In another part of Galway the correspondent found that the landlord had got for a tenant (who kept a small shop) a chest of the same Indian tea that he was using himself at 2s. a pound; but the tenant brought it back in great distress, saying that her customers would never buy such a coarse leaf—"in fact they will have none but the finest China tea at 3s. and 3s. 6d. a pound." It is only fair to add that the drinkers of this aromatic tea all pay their rent without any reduction (in 1886). The book (which only consists of 181 pages) is mainly full of facts, but a few specimens of Irish humour are given. Mr. Ashley's residence on the exposed promontory of Mullaghmore was thus described by

the car-driver: "It is a nice place in summer, but a terrible place in winter, without a stick or straw between you and the parish of New York." "Coercion," said another Irishman to the author, "sure, what is it but allowing a decent man to walk the road?" "In God's name, sir, when are they going to put us down?" is another remarkable saying. The writer considers there are more people in Ireland than the soil can support, and that from interested motives the priests try to keep them there. The result is (according to him) that, though the Irish are "the finest nation that ever grew on a fruitful soil," they are still

"Fightin' like devils for conciliation,
And hatin' each other for the love of God."

The Round Table Series. Edited by H. Bellyse Baildon. (Edinburgh: William Brown.) The six essays that compose the present volume appeared originally in separate numbers, and the editor was well advised when he gathered them together in this more permanent form. For, taken altogether, they are ably written and interesting. The subjects, too, are well-chosen. They are Emerson, George Eliot, Ruskin, Whitman, Darwin, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The object, says the editor in his brief preface, "was to secure a critical estimate positive and cordial, rather than negative or coldly impartial." Perhaps, the best essay in the book is that on Rossetti, by the late P. W. Nicholson, the artist. The author has just that sympathetic appreciation which is necessary for a proper understanding of the life and work of the man he seeks to exhibit. He is able to value both the poet and the artist. "Had Rossetti not been a painter by nature," he says, "his poetry would have been vague, thin, visionary." For his mind was of "so mystical a nature that, had he not been very strongly aware of the symbolical form of expression, his verses would doubtless have been very intangible." Comparing Rossetti with other poets of the time, Mr. Nicholson writes:

"He has not the direct force of religious or philosophical teaching so openly evident in the work of Browning, nor the swift, strong insight which gives value to the critical quasi-pessimism of Arnold; nor the agnostic hopelessness of Clough; nor the comparatively firm faith which informs with fervour and with light the verse of Mrs. Browning or of Tennyson; but he has that quality present in all their poetry: that sympathy, that pity for the foiled, circuitous wanderer, for the ever-eluded grasp of eager, human souls."

Mr. Patrick Geddes is hardly so able an exponent of Ruskin as Mr. Nicholson is of Rossetti. His essay has too large an element of what he doubtless considers slashing criticism—not, to be sure of Ruskin, but of those terrible "orthodox economists" who have vexed the soul of Ruskin. If Mr. Geddes has failed to grasp thoroughly the teaching of those "orthodox economists" he has only repeated the defect of his master; but he would have been better employed if, instead of weakly imitating his master's insolence of language, he had explained clearly what Mr. Ruskin's own economic theories really are. He admits that Mr. Ruskin's "chief services" as an economist are "constructive," and adds:

"Exceeding all other economists in clear vision of physical realities, in insight and criticism of the quality of production and of life, he is more than any other writer the legitimate continuator of the Physiocratic School and the forerunner of its complete re-systematisation by the aid of physical and biological science."

The editor, who contributes the paper on Emerson, shows that he has a fair understanding of the great seer. Mr. John Robertson displays good critical judgment in his paper on Whitman. The essays on George Eliot and Darwin are careful and discriminating. On the whole the book is welcome, and we hope

editor and contributors will be encouraged to continue their work.

American Literature, 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. Vol. I. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) In this volume of his elaborate work Mr. Richardson treats of "The Development of American Thought," discussing, first of all, what he terms the race-elements in American literature, and then the writers, ancient and modern, on theology, politics, and philosophy. He promises that, in a second and concluding volume, to be issued next year, he will deal with poetry and fiction. We have it on the authority of the writer himself that his work is a modest endeavour to aid readers to decide what has been and is the environment of American literature; what have been the relations between cause and effect, between the Saxon mind in England and the Saxon mind in America; what American writers have thus far done worthy to be mentioned beside Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, George Eliot, and all the great writers of this and previous centuries; what American books are "world books" and why; how and why American writers have succeeded and failed. There is much in Mr. Richardson's book that will command general assent, for instance, that "if we go to Poe for what he cannot furnish we shall be disappointed." Elsewhere we cannot agree so readily, as, for example, when, in pointing out the difficulty he feels in discussing "the work and relative rank of contemporary writers in the same historical field" as his own, he says that praise might seem to be the puffery of mutual admiration. Again, some of Mr. Richardson's critical judgments may fairly be questioned. Speaking of Lowell, he says:

"No argument is needed to show that Lowell is the most conspicuous American critic—the writer whom he would instructively [?] name as occupying a representative position like that of Mr. Arnold in England. Lowell represents indigenous American culture as Arnold represents English."

In saying this he may understand Lowell; but evidently he does not understand Arnold. To link, as he does, Artemus Ward and Mark Twain together seems to point to the critic's own deficient sense of humour—a deficiency which probably accounts for the existence of his present work. On the other hand, the book, though it disappoints the expectation it creates, is far from worthless. The author has not spared pains in gathering his materials together, and there is much information of a useful and interesting kind to be found in these pages. Mr. Richardson is quite capable of forming an independent and intelligent judgment on men and things. There is good critical discernment in such a passage as this: "He [Thoreau] knew nature, and loved it; in his descriptions of his life there is no affectation or attitudinising of the Walt Whitman order." The complaint against Mr. Richardson is that he has not understood his limitations. We may be permitted to say, without offence, of him, what he says of Emerson, that "he is at times superficial and, what is worse, speaks authoritatively on subjects concerning which he has no deep knowledge." The idea of his present book is preposterous. A century hence, at the earliest, will be soon enough to make such estimates of the American literature of to-day as he has attempted. The wisest man in the world could not do it now; but, being wise, he would not have attempted it. Mr. Richardson is a young man in a hurry. Let him possess his soul in patience, and put forth his efforts within the realms of the possible, and he will produce something worthy. We shall hope to meet him again under better conditions.

Struggles for Life. By William Knighton. (Williams & Norgate.) "Invention is learning

digested; quotation is learning vomited up raw." This severe dictum of Bentham's occurred to us as we read this volume; and yet we can express neither surprise nor regret that it should have reached a second edition. The book is exceedingly readable, and its tone of happy optimism is a fault on the right side. It is literally stuffed with quotations from writers of every age and language. Coleridge and Azurara, Ruskin and Raffles, Mr. Mulhall and Moses, Bishop Latimer and Tacitus, are found cheek by jowl with correspondents of the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Standard*. This is just one of those books that we should expect to find popular, for those who read it can learn so much with so very little trouble to themselves; nor has Dr. Knighton been "sleepless himself to give his readers sleep." With judicious skipping the book is very pleasant reading. The skipping becomes necessary when Dr. Knighton appears and pleads in his own person. The following is taken at random as a sample of the author's own work, unadulterated by quotation: "If we could make the people free from the many bonds that impede them, it would of course be a great blessing; but the task is a very difficult one" (p. 64). The author, after delivering his soul of this truism, proceeds to declaim in a mild fashion against party government. But we have no wish to argue with one who has so crowded his pages with the witticisms of the wise and the wonders of nature. Chap. ii., entitled "Struggling with Nature," is especially interesting, and a healthy tone makes itself felt throughout the volume.

Then and Now; or, Fifty Years of Newspaper Work. By William Hunt. (Hull.) Mr. William Hunt has been president of the Provincial Newspaper Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and is undoubtedly a man of great experience and ability; but we cannot congratulate him on having written a book that will interest the general reader. The small volume before us hardly tells those who are not journalists the amount and the value of Mr. Hunt's own work. It is too full of trivial details; such as his account of the *Times* correspondent opening his bedroom window at night (p. 50), or of events so generally known as the results of the Hull elections (p. 182). Nor is Mr. Hunt always accurate, as he speaks of "the two elections which preceded the passing of the great Reform Bill" of 1832 as "the last elections in Honiton." The last election in Honiton was held in 1865, and not in 1832, as Mr. Hunt, an old Honiton man, should have known. No journalist would, however, find the book tedious, and we can recommend it as the modest record of a useful and honourable career.

The Story of the Life of Queen Victoria. By W. W. Tulloch. (Nisbet.) This is indeed a story for boys and girls all over the world, and it has had the advantage of having been revised—with the exception of the last chapter—by Her Majesty herself. Not mere gossip, or exaggerated stories, but a truthful record. The last chapter deals with the wonderful fifty years of progress and good works. The author says the Queen has always, during her reign, been asking herself the question, "Are my people happier?" "And in looking back there can only be one answer," he adds—"Yes they are."

Ernest Jones. By Frederick Leary. (Democrat Publishing Office.) Few probably remember that this renowned Radical took his name from his godfather, Ernest, King of Hanover. Ernest Jones was unquestionably the most disinterested and the most interesting English democrat of this century. It is for his moral even more than for his intellectual gifts that he deserves to be held in remembrance. He was one of the few men who emphatically had

not got his price. He not only beggared himself by his politics, but he refused £2,000 a year which was offered him on the very cheap condition of holding his tongue. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of his political opinions, there can be but one opinion of his life. As the *Saturday Review* said of him :

"Such men elevate the standard and purify the atmosphere of public life. He has the gratification of giving up all that men hold dear, in order to promote what he believed to be political truth. . . . There is no going to heaven as a reward for political usefulness; and as political usefulness is a rare and precious quality, even in a free country, we cannot but regard Mr. Jones as one who is a national benefactor."

We were therefore prepared to welcome a life of Ernest Jones, but we can give no welcome to the pamphlet under review. It is written in the style of a penny-a-liner, omits important matters, lays stress on what is unimportant, and is disconnected and uninteresting. Ernest Jones deserves, and (let us hope) will yet find, a biographer more worthy of the noble life he led.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are glad to hear that there is some probability of a collection of essays and other miscellaneous writings by the late Rector of Lincoln being published shortly.

THE work upon which Prof. Mahaffy has been engaged for some time—and to which his little book on *Alexander's Empire*, in the series called "The Story of the Nations," and also his recent lectures before the Royal Institution, were in the nature of "chips"—may be expected early in the autumn. It is entitled *Greek Life and Thought from the Macedonian to the Roman Conquest*; and the publishers are Messrs Macmillan.

THE most interesting announcement already made for the Christmas season is an *édition de luxe* of all Randolph Caldecott's "Picture Books," printed on the finest handmade paper, from the original blocks, by Edmund Evans.

WE hear that the volume of poems by Mr. Edwin Arnold, to be published by Trübner & Co. in the autumn, will contain several original pieces. "In an Indian Temple," which consists of a dialogue between an English official, a Nautch-dancer, and a Brahmin priest, embodies some deep Hindu metaphysics and moral questions in a lyrical Oriental setting. "A Casket of Jewels" introduces us in a recdite manner to legends connected with precious stones. The book will also contain many minor poems.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately a book in two volumes, entitled *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty: their Development, Causal Relation, Historic and National Peculiarities*. The author is Mr. Herbert T. Finck, the musical critic of the *New York Evening Post*; and the tendency of his researches is to show that "romantic love (as distinguished from conjugal affection) is a modern sentiment, only about 600 years old."

THE new volume of the "*Gentleman's Magazine Library*" will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. It will contain the completion of the section on *Roman-British Remains*. In it will be found a record of the discoveries of Roman remains in all parts of the country, classified under counties. The usual introduction and notes by the editor are given, besides a copious index to this section of the work.

THE American Dante Society are now passing through the press the concordance of the *Divina Commedia* prepared by Prof. Fay, of Washington. The text followed is Witte's (Berlin 1862), with the addition of such words

of the edition of Niccolini, Capponi, Borghi, and Becchi (Florence 1837) as differ from Witte's. The Concordance will make a volume of from eight to nine hundred pages. Messrs. Trübner & Co. are the London agents.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" will be *Adam Smith*, written by Mr. R. B. Haldane.

THE City of London Publishing Company have in the press a novel entitled *Gerald Grantley's Revenge*, by Dr. Tanner.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a cheap edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Woodlanders*, which (we may add) seems to have met with a greater success in America than any of his recent novels.

ON Saturday last a meeting of the Selden Society was held in the old hall of Lincoln's Inn, for the purpose of receiving the report of the provisional committee appointed in January last, electing a council and other officers, and settling the rules of the society. The chair was taken by Lord Justice Lindley. The council will consist henceforth of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the treasurers of Lincoln's Inn and Grays Inn and of the Middle and Inner Temple, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the president of the Incorporated Law Society. The above are members *ex officio*. To these were added the names of Mr. Phelps, Minister of the United States, Lord Derby, Bishop Stubbs, Lord Herschell, Lord Thring, Lord Aberdare, three of the Lords Justices (Cotton, Lindley, and Bowen), eight other members of the judicial bench, Mr. Justice Gray, of the United States, and about eighty leading lawyers in England and America. The provisional committee were able to announce the early publication of a volume of thirteenth-century Pleas of the Crown, from the Eyre Rolls preserved in the Public Record Office, to be edited by Mr. F. W. Maitland, Reader in English Law at Cambridge, with full indices both of subjects and of persons and places. This volume will throw considerable light on the history of the petty jury. It is proposed next in order to print a series of records of real actions and of cases illustrating villein status and villein tenure; but how soon these may appear will depend on the number of subscribing members who may join the society. The annual subscription is one guinea, and the secretary is Mr. P. Edward Dove, of 23 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE *Century* for August will contain another instalment of Lincoln's biography, by John G. Nicolay and John Hay; the first part of a new tale, "Azalia," by Joel Chandler Harris, with illustrations; a paper on the cause of "Low Prices, High Wages, Small Profits," by Edward Atkinson; and "An Episode of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition," by Lieut. Greely.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE, President of the Co-operative Societies, will contribute an article to the *Fortnightly* for August on "The Growth and Development of Co-operation."

THE August number of *St. Nicholas* will contain "An Idaho Picnic," by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Boyhood of Oliver Wendell Holmes," by W. H. Rideing; "Fiddle John's Family," by Hjalmar Hjalt Boyesen; and "The Brownies Fishing," by Palmer Cox.

MESSRS. CARR & Co., of 26, Paternoster-square, have made arrangements for the publication of *Outing*, the well-known illustrated American magazine of sport and travel, in

England. Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth will edit the English edition; and among the contributors are Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. J. D. Dougall, "Rookwood," Gen. Marcy, Mr. Methven Brownlee, and Dr. Darbishire. The first number will appear on October 1.

THE August number of *The Scottish Church* will contain "The History of a Vain Young Woman," an article on "West Highland Sports," and "Facts and Fallacies of the Crofter Question."

THE forthcoming number of the *Central Literary Magazine*, the quarterly organ of the Birmingham Literary Association, will contain an article, by the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, on "Heinrich Heine."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

LONDON IN JULY.

WHAT ails my senses thus to cheat?

What is it ails the place;
That all the people in the street
Should wear one woman's face?

The London trees are dusty-brown,
Beneath the summer sky;
My love, she dwells in London town,
Nor leaves it in July.

O various and intricate maze,
Wide waste of square and street;
Where, missing through unnumbered days,
We twain at last may meet!

And who cries out on crowd and mart?
Who prates of stream and sea?
The summer in the city's heart—
That is enough for me.

AMY LEVY.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the *Revista Contemporanea* for July, Jimenez de la Espada prints the first portion of his notes on the History of the New Kingdom of Granada, by Juan de Castellanos. Señor Pidal writes with enthusiasm on the poetry of his friend, the late Duque de Almeriara. Don J. S. de Toca finds the best remedy for the agricultural distress in agricultural banks, syndicates, and associations, like those of the Bauernverein in Germany. Maria Saaroma gives a genial and amusing account of his visits to Paris and London in 1851. There is a further chapter of "Brihuega and its Fuero," by Juan Catalina; and Becerro de Bengoa begins a careful study of the Philippine Islands.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for June contains reports on José Montero's *El Archipiélago Filipino y las Islas Marianas, &c.*, by Javier de Salas; on M. Castan's *La Cronica General de Gonzalo de Finojosa*, Bishop of Burgos (1313-27), by Fernandez Duro; on Stoppani's "L'Ambra," by Antonio Fabié; and on a MS. History of the Colegio de San Gregorio de Valladolid, by Vicente de la Fuente. All are favourable, and the publication of the last work is recommended. Fernandez-Guerra fixes the sites of two cities of Bastelania: the one, Asso, at Las Cuevas de los Negros, near Caravaca; the other, Argos, at Vereda, on the river Argos. Padre Fita prints a detailed description of the Juderia of Xeres, in 1266. Several newly discovered Moorish coins, inscriptions, Latin, Keltic, and other remains, are described in various papers, and in the *Noticias*.

No. 2 of Tomo V. of the *Revista de Ciencias Historicas* begins with a contemporary account of the three sieges of Gerona in 1808, by the Franciscan Friar Manuel Cundaro, who himself took part in the defence. The Conde de la Vinaza publishes important additions to Cean Bermudez's Dictionary of Artists in Spain. The

present instalment covers the whole of letter A. The wood-work of the choir of the Church of Guetaria, said to have been brought from England, was really done by Andres de Aravz of Vitoria, who was paid for it December 30, 1562. Don J. Izart tells the history of the two Societies of Excursions in Catalonia, and of the excellent work which they have done. José Brunet shows that the game of chess really existed in Ancient Egypt, and gives illustrations of pieces found in the tombs, and of pictures on the monuments.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

XIII.

It will have been observed that in trying to assign a date to the Costeriana I have not placed them earlier than 1446. This I have done on account of the *Doctrinales* mentioned by the Abbat of Cambray as having been bought by him in that year and in 1451. And as I am not aware of any of the titles of the Costeriana being mentioned earlier with some additions which might suggest to us that there was question of printed works, I do not think it necessary to inquire whether the Costeriana (or some of them) might not be earlier. We read, indeed, of a MS. Catalogue that belonged to Jean des Roches, who wrote an essay on the origin of printing in *Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles*, i., pp. 536 and 540, and who regarded this catalogue as of the fifteenth century. Among its titles was "Item Dominicalia in parvo libro stampato in papyro, non scripto," while at the end of the MS. he read: "Anno Domini 1340 viguit qui fecit stampare Donatos." Bernard, who quoted these entries (i. 91), thinks that we must read 1440 instead of 1340, as the Catalogue is said to be of the fifteenth century, which is, moreover, plain from the use of Arabic numerals. But not having access to this MS. Catalogue, and being unable to examine it, I merely draw attention to these entries in order that they may not be forgotten, and be verified if the MS. is still in existence.

It is a singular thing, which deserves to be noticed, that when we work our way back to 1446, we touch not only the year in which the Abbat of Cambray bought printed *Doctrinales*; but, what is still more remarkable, the very year in which Laurens Janszoon Coster is asserted to have "brought the first print into the world." This assertion and the year are found in an old pedigree of Coster and his family preserved at Haarlem. It was made for an inhabitant of Haarlem (Gerrit Thomaszoon), who claims to be a descendant of L. J. Coster, and who died in 1563 or 1564. Dr. Van der Linde professes not to understand the phrase in the pedigree, though it is plain to anybody who desires to understand it. Nor does he attach any weight to the document; and at one time says that it was forged in the nineteenth century, at another time that it originated late in the sixteenth century, while in his last book he asserts that it could not have been written later than 1520. (By the way, this last assertion is made by the same Dr. Van der Linde who invariably tells us that the Haarlem tradition is not older than 1561.)

It is curious to notice with what learning Dr. Van der Linde discusses the pedigree, notwithstanding the enormous difference in the dates which he assigns to the document shows that he has no knowledge of such things. And it is an open secret that what he says about it has all been suggested to him by others, and he changes his dates just as it suits his purpose. However, the date 1520 seems to have been suggested to him by persons who ought to know, and, what is of still greater value, it seems to agree with the internal and external

circumstances connected with the document. Therefore, the Haarlem authorities will do well to preserve the document carefully, and we ought to bear its date and statement in mind whenever we deal with the tradition of the Haarlem invention of printing.

In working our way back to 1446, we touch, moreover, the year which we obtain by deducting the 128 years which Junius mentions in his text—"habitavit ante annos centum duodetringinta Harlemi Laurentius Joannes cognomento Aedituus Custosue"—from the date (1575) of his prefaces to the *Batavia*. But on this circumstance I can lay no stress for the present, because those who have examined the MS. of Junius's *Batavia*, which still exists at Haarlem and the Hague, say that the account of the Haarlem invention must have been written in 1568, and that the prefaces dated 1575 are a later addition.

It behoves me to say a few words as to the man, or men, who have been regarded as the Haarlem inventor of printing. Since 1870, Dr. Van der Linde has endeavoured, in three different works, to create the impression that Laurens Janszoon Coster, mentioned by Junius as the inventor, was altogether a myth; and he has succeeded so well that I am constantly asked by otherwise well-informed persons (1) how I could think of setting up a person who was entirely legendary; (2) could I show, from any genuine document, that such a person had ever existed? &c. In fact, Dr. Van der Linde has even succeeded in persuading himself that this Coster was a myth, as he always uses this word in speaking of Coster. But if he can be said to have proved anything, he has proved that Coster was certainly not a myth. It is true that, if his figures are correct, the Haarlem people and the authors who have written on the subject before 1870 have dealt with the tradition of the invention and the reputed inventor, in a very reckless manner, by mixing up two totally different men. On the other hand, it would be worse than useless to base any arguments or speculations upon such works as that of Koning of 1816, and least of all upon those of Dr. Van der Linde published from 1870 to 1886, which latter I have shown to be simply a reproduction of the old errors of 1816, with some new ones of his own added. But if we accept so much of Dr. Van der Linde's figures as have been corroborated to some extent by other writers, it would seem that there lived at Haarlem a "Lourens Janszoon" from about 1380 to 1439, who is duly authenticated by entries in the original Haarlem Registers and other documents. This man began to be regarded by the Dutch authors as the person indicated by Junius as the inventor of printing, when they considered that the invention had taken place so early as 1423. This man is, moreover, regarded as the "lou janssn" whose burial is recorded in a Haarlem Burial Register of 1439. But "Lourens Janszoon" was a very important personage in Haarlem history; and I have shown in my third chapter (ACADEMY of May 14) that the burial entry of 1439 has hitherto been misunderstood, and points to a man whose relatives were unable to pay the costs of his burial, which makes it doubtful whether the man who was buried in 1439 is the same who has been traced back as far as 1380.

But, however this may be, it seems certain that this man was never called "Lourens Janszoon Coster," and Junius calls the Haarlem inventor by this name. That there was such a man living at Haarlem, from 1436 to 1483, therefore, exactly at the time that printing may have been invented there, is established by Dr. Van der Linde himself, if he can be said to have established anything. He professes, moreover, to have established that the

genealogy of this L. J. Coster perfectly agrees and tallies with the chief person (Gerrit Thomaszn) mentioned by Junius as a descendant of Coster. Under these circumstances, one feels inclined to ask what objection Dr. Van der Linde can have against this man?

Ah! says Dr. Van der Linde, though all this is in perfect historical and genealogical order, yet this Coster could not have been an inventor of printing or a printer, because he was a chandler and an innkeeper. I do not see that we need trouble ourselves much about such an argument, because the inventor of printing had necessarily to be something else. Dr. Van der Linde would, probably, not feel disposed to argue that printing could only have been invented by a printer. We have seen, moreover (ACADEMY, May 21), that a Bishop of Liège and his sister, a nun, possessed, in the first half of the fifteenth century, instruments for printing images and pieces of texts, from which we may infer that "printing" (that is, block-printing) at that time was done more by private persons than by ordinary mechanics (printers, *prenters*).

It would be a more serious objection to Junius's account, if we were absolutely bound to pin him to all his dates and biographical particulars, that this Lourens Janszoon Coster resided (I can only quote Dr. Van der Linde) at Haarlem from 1436 (when he occurs as inheriting a chair in a club) till 1483, when he was not yet too old to depart from Haarlem. Such a man could hardly have been a grandfather already in 1440 when he invented printing, according to Junius, by attempting to instruct his grandchildren. And it seems that Junius had really the year 1440 in his mind; because he asserts that the thief who stole Coster's types printed with them in 1442 (a year after the theft) at Mentz. If Junius had said "1452," and if we could date the invention of printing according to the date of his preface, there would be *nothing* against his account. But, without a further investigation as to the circumstances under which Junius wrote and the transcripts of his work were made, I scruple to make any suggestions. I only wish to remark that we shall, perhaps, have to deal with Junius's dates and statements very much in the same way as with those in the Cologne Chronicle; that is to say, those which were derived from Chronicles and printed sources will have to be sifted from those derived from more trustworthy sources.

J. H. HESSELS.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. MACCARTHY'S "FRAGMENTA HIBERNICA."

London: July 16, 1887.

"When one Irishman is on the spit, another is always ready to turn the handle." Now that Dr. MacCarthy is before the fire of public criticism, I have been reminded of this old saying by the alacrity with which one of his Celtic fellow-countrymen has brought to my notice the doctor's "Fragmenta Hibernica," published in the eighth volume of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*—a monthly journal conducted under episcopal sanction, and having, I am told, a large circulation in the Catholic world. These *Fragmenta* comprise the text of a Middle-Irish tractate on the incredulity of S. Thomas found in the *Lebar Brecc* (pp. 194-6 of the facsimile), together with a translation and notes. As this tractate, in which every Irish sentence is either a translation or a paraphrase of the preceding Latin sentence, had not previously been edited, the following corrigenda will supply some material for judging how Dr. MacCarthy would have dealt with the treatise on the Mass in the Stowe Missal, if a transcription and translation of the greater part of that difficult document had not appeared in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*. For Dr. MacCarthy's convenience, I will arrange these corrigenda under three heads, viz.: (a) misreadings of Latin words, (b) misreadings of Irish words, and (c) mis-translations of Irish words.

(a) Misreadings of Latin Words.

DR. MACCARTHY.	FACSIMILE.
P. 129, l. 14 <i>mannus</i>	<i>manuus</i> (i. e., <i>manūs</i>)
130, l. 16 <i>fixtorem</i>	<i>fixuram</i>
131, l. 9 <i>Vidistis</i>	<i>Videtis</i>
1. 26 <i>Tibratis</i>	<i>Tibriatis</i>
132, l. 23 <i>renuit</i>	<i>rennuat</i>
133, l. 24 <i>virtutem</i>	<i>ueritatem</i>
135, l. 1 <i>Ad hoc via</i>	<i>Ad hoc enim via</i>
237, l. 11 <i>contractandum</i>	<i>contractandum</i>
237, l. 15 <i>incredulus</i> *	<i>incredulus</i>

(a) Misreadings of Latin Words (cont.).

DR. MACCARTHY.	FACSIMILE.
238, l. 24 <i>Hille uere credit</i>	<i>Hille etenim uere credit</i>
285, l. 19 <i>possinus</i>	<i>posimus</i> (i. e., <i>possimus</i>)
1. 26 <i>claudant[ur]</i>	<i>claudant[ur]</i>
265, l. 27 <i>obtrectoris</i>	<i>obtractoris</i> (i. e., <i>obtrectoris</i>)
266, l. 3 <i>maledicium pro maledico</i>	<i>maledictum pro maledicto</i>
1. 24 <i>Hocta</i>	<i>Hocto</i> (i. e., <i>Octo</i>)
267, l. 16 <i>congregabunt</i>	<i>congregabuntur</i> .

Such errors—like his *Noster erat Boetianus* for the *Notus uir erat Berachus* of the Antiphony, and others mentioned in the ACADEMY for April 2, 1887, p. 238, col. 1—justify a certain amount of hesitation in accepting Dr. MacCarthy's readings of the Stowe Missal when they differ from Mr. Warren's.

(b) Misreadings of Irish Words.

DR. MACCARTHY.	FACSIMILE.
P. 129, l. 8 <i>na haspalu</i>	<i>na haspail</i> (nom. pl.)
129, ll. 12, 19 } <i>ise</i>	<i>ised</i>
131, l. 7 }	
129, l. 22 <i>Isse</i>	<i>Is he</i>
132 <i>itchonarcais</i>	<i>itchonarcais</i>
130, l. 1 <i>sonsa</i>	<i>soséla</i>
130, ll. 2, 3, 4 <i>aspalu</i>	<i>aspail ocus descipuil Iau</i>
<i>ocus descipula</i>	<i>dobeth itegdais foriata 7 Tomas immalle friu isinochtmad ló iarnesergi Crist ocus Crist do thidecht in-dochum doirsaib foriata do demniugad anirse (i. e. cretim) imonesergi cotarustar etarra</i>
130, l. 7 <i>inasonsa</i>	<i>ina soséla</i>
11 <i>Isse</i>	<i>Is ed</i>
12 <i>aspalu</i>	<i>aspail</i> (nom. pl.)
18 <i>molaim inathaeab, nichretub</i>	<i>moláim inathóeb, ní chreitiub</i>
32 <i>iarnhdialtad</i>	<i>iarnidialtad</i>
131, l. 1 <i>tancatur</i>	<i>tancatar</i>
11 <i>tectamsea</i>	<i>techtaimsea</i>
13 <i>ise roraidsim</i>	<i>ised roraidsium</i>
17 <i>indi aspalu</i>	<i>indi aspal [déc]</i>
18 <i>chathar mela</i>	<i>criathar mela</i>
20 <i>in ba lor</i>	<i>ní ba lór</i>
23 <i>na haspalu</i>	<i>na haspail</i> (nom. pl.)
28 <i>donaspalu</i>	<i>dona aspail</i>
132, l. 3 <i>indaspalu</i>	<i>indaspail</i> (the <i>d</i> dotted)
6 <i>nobatar</i>	<i>robatar</i>
7 <i>Iudech</i>	<i>I'udaide</i> (gen. pl.)
9 <i>intreit</i>	<i>intreit</i> (nom. sg.)
13 <i>indaspalu</i>	<i>indi aspal [déc]</i>
<i>cen anathar</i>	<i>cen anathair</i>
<i>ocaremeni-</i>	<i>ocareminthús</i>
<i>thus</i>	
15 <i>indi aspalu</i>	<i>indi aspal [déc]</i>
20 <i>insin</i>	<i>isin</i>
28 <i>athaeab ocus a lamu dia tur</i>	<i>athóeb ocus alámu dia tur</i>
133, l. 8 <i>nanaspalu</i>	<i>nanaspail</i> (gen. pl.)
13 <i>iar ndichar</i>	<i>iar ndichor</i>
29 <i>do chuirp</i>	<i>do churp</i> (dat. sg.)
134, l. 3 <i>nemthruail-luide</i>	<i>nemthruailluide</i>
134, l. 14 <i>imainmain-sea</i>	<i>imanmainmsea</i>
15 <i>ocbennachar</i>	<i>ocbennachad</i>
19 <i>laiderite</i>	<i>laidite</i>
21 <i>ainim</i>	<i>ainm</i>
27 <i>dono</i>	<i>dona</i>
135, l. 5 <i>liag</i>	<i>liaig</i>
237, l. 5 <i>indhorchaib ainirsi</i>	<i>indorchaib</i> (the <i>d</i> dotted) <i>amirisi</i>
7 <i>ille feg</i>	<i>ille ocus féig</i>
9 <i>do chuunta-bert ochian</i>	<i>do chunntabairt ochian-aid</i>
12 <i>minethid-naicend diathur</i>	<i>minethidnaiced diathúr</i>
21 <i>innisis</i>	<i>indises</i>
22 <i>nhdes</i>	<i>ndes</i>

* This is no misprint. Dr. MacCarthy quotes it (p. 127) as proving "the early use of metathesis."

(b) Misreadings of Irish Words (cont.).

DR. MACCARTHY.	FACSIMILE.
24 <i>ise</i>	<i>ised</i>
30 <i>Cubad</i>	<i>cubaid</i>
238, l. 2 <i>diadat</i>	<i>diadacht</i>
4 <i>coma</i>	<i>comainsium</i>
<i>aium</i>	
4-5 <i>dodocaide</i>	<i>todochaide</i>
15 <i>roceris</i>	<i>rocbretis</i>
16 <i>mogenar</i>	<i>magénar</i>
21 <i>narabater</i>	<i>narabatar</i>
239, l. 2 <i>anives</i>	<i>anires</i>
3 <i>na timna is</i>	<i>na timna iudiada</i>
<i>diada</i>	
4 <i>codling curo-nech</i>	<i>codlighéach curó nech</i>
5 <i>isin [fh] infed ocus isaintshochradacht</i>	<i>isin [f] infed (i. e. isinfect-naige) ocus isaintshochradacht</i>
15 <i>ise</i>	<i>ised</i>
16 <i>forraide</i>	<i>forruside</i>
18 <i>is amal sin</i>	<i>isamlaid sin inorchathair</i>
<i>inorchathair</i>	
21-22 <i>is imlo</i>	<i>isinlo</i>
27 <i>scriptrai</i>	<i>scriptúri nóibe</i>
<i>noibe</i>	
30 <i>Nadisciplu</i>	<i>Na descipuil</i> (nom. pl.)
32 <i>sidamal</i>	<i>sidamail</i>
33 <i>iar ndichor</i>	<i>iar ndichor</i>
<i>Judaige</i>	<i>Iudaide</i>
240, ll. 3, 13, 24, 26 <i>ise</i>	<i>ised</i>
1. 6 <i>denta</i>	<i>deta</i>
16 <i>taruster</i>	<i>tarustar etarra</i>
<i>eterra</i>	
24 <i>ocbennacher</i>	<i>ocbennachad</i>
30 <i>boberim</i>	<i>doberim</i>
265, l. 2 <i>imorchaigne</i>	<i>inorchaigne</i>
4 <i>saiter</i>	<i>sáint</i>
8, 11 <i>a nhdenam, anhdochum</i>	<i>andénam, andóchum</i>
23 <i>descairdechu</i>	<i>dóescaire</i>
266, l. 5 <i>doescairdechu</i>	<i>doescaire</i>
26 <i>dofornetisín</i>	<i>dofornet sin</i>
31 <i>scara</i>	<i>scarad</i>
32 <i>oes fhuigell bratha. Din bedit descipulu Crist armedon</i>	<i>oes fuigill bratha. Post illud ergo futurum tempus erunt discipuli Christi intus, id est uniuersalis eclesie et plenitudo corporis Christi in regno celesti. IAr fuigell bratha didis bedit descipuil Crist armedon</i>
267, l. 6 <i>ifhuis</i>	<i>ifuss</i>
11 <i>docha</i>	<i>dorcha</i>
28 <i>sindraico</i>	<i>iundraic</i>
268, l. 12 <i>ionentaidsin</i>	<i>inoentaidsin</i>

The knowledge of the Irish vocabulary possessed by one who believes in the existence of *sonsa* (account), *chathar* (comb), *Iudech* (Jew), *remenithus* (providing), *bennachar* (blessing), *ainisi* (of unbelief), *diadat* (divinity), *dodochaide* (unending), *roceris* (thou has [sic] believed), *denta* (teeth), *anives* (faith), *codling* (with perseverance), *boberim* (I give), *saiter* (zeal), *descairdechu* (uncharitable), *genar* (blessing), &c., can only be equalled by the knowledge of the Irish grammar displayed by one who gives *cuirp* as the dat. sg. of *corp* (body), *oes* as the gen. sg. of *oes* (age, body), *ainmain* as the dat. sg. of *ainm* (name), *athar* as the acc. sg. of *athair* (father), *aspalu* as the nom. pl. and also as the gen. pl. of *aspail* (apostle), *rúin* as the acc. pl. of *rúin* (mystery), and *discipula* and *discipulu* as the nom. pl. of *discipul* (disciple); who gives *tectam-sea*, *nobatar*, *cretub*, and the infinitives *bennachar*, *bennacher* as genuine verbal forms; who translates *doraga* as a present; and who, lastly, gives *insin* as the combination of the prep. *in* with the article. Such barbarisms and blunders may fitly pair with the "coland" and "imabred" in his edition of the Stowe Missal, as well as with his *lam* given in the same work as a dat. sg. and *graiith* as an acc.

(c) *Mistranslations of Irish Words.*

Here, wherever Dr. MacCarthy has misread the MS., I shall give the reading of the facsimile.

DR. MACCARTHY.

P. 129	<i>tarrustar</i> "were"	stood	unbelieving
	<i>ancretmech</i> "faithless"		
	<i>mogénar</i> "my blessing"	he was happily born	
	<i>brundalla</i> "beloved disciple"	bosom-fosterling	
	<i>comorba</i> "protector"	inheritor	
130	<i>tarustar</i> "appeared"	stood	
	<i>dianecid</i> remaind in a <i>soscéla</i> "which preceded, gives this account"	of which he previously spake in his Gospel	
	<i>tarustar</i> "were"	stood	
131	<i>bratan</i> "fish"	salmon	
132	<i>oc freagabal</i> "carried up"	ascending	
	<i>anogaire</i> "the shepherd"	their shepherd	
	<i>tairise</i> "careful"	steadfast	
	<i>anathair boid oca-furtacht</i> 7 <i>ocaremimthús</i> "their father who was wont to protect and provide for them"	their loving father helping them and guiding them	
	<i>dia túr</i> "to be felt"	to examine them	
133	<i>roherailed</i> "was preached"	was enjoined	
	<i>tria thúr</i> "by feeling"	by examining	
	<i>seime</i> "penetrating"	slender, fine	
	<i>imfhulang</i> "power"	operation	
	<i>rogenair hi colaind marbda ón óig</i> "He was begotten in a mortal body of the Virgin"	He was born of the Virgin in a mortal body	
134	<i>dia dúilemain</i> "to the Creator of the elements"	to its Creator	
	<i>sund</i> "there"	here	
	<i>fercoemnacar</i> "is preached"	came to pass	
237	<i>dia thúr</i> "to be felt"	to search him	
	<i>tairises cohoentadaoh</i> "who is composed in unity"	consists unitedly	
238	<i>todochaide</i> "unending"	future	
	<i>magénar</i> "my blessing"	he was happily born	
	<i>chomailles</i> "who practices"	who fulfils	
	<i>fochraice</i> "remuneration"	rewards	
239	<i>coimet na timna ndiada coomairt ocus codligthech cu ró nech triasin irasin cusin frgné</i> "to keep the most divine precepts with fortitude and perseverance, until through that faith the true appearance is reached"	to keep the divine commandments firmly and lawfully until one shall attain through that faith to the true appearance	
	<i>chomailles</i> "practices"	who fulfils	
	<i>ailbeim, ailbem</i> "obstacle"	offence	
	<i>ina nóime ocus ina hinnracus</i> "in her sanctity and bliss."	in her sanctity and her worthiness	
	<i>togaithaoh</i> "false"	deceitful	

(c) *Mistranslations of Irish Words (cont.)*

DR. MACCARTHY.

240	<i>minigit glanruin na sceptra noibs</i> "who explain the pure mysteries of the scriptures"	who explain the pure mystery of the holy scripture
	<i>oc furtacht ocus oc foiridin,</i> "protecting and guarding"	helping and succouring
	<i>in síd nerohradech</i> "the very cordial peace"	the perishable peace
265	<i>sáint</i> "zeal"	desire
	<i>do fhéidrugad</i> "to rejoice us"	to abide
	<i>furseori ocus dáine dóscaire,</i> "flatterers and uncharitable persons"	buffoons and vulgar persons
266	<i>bréicc no borberlabra no briatra do-scáire</i> "falsehoods or proud or uncharitable"	falsehood, or rude speech, or vulgar words
	<i>craibdecha</i> "charitable"	pious
	<i>condergem</i> "that we may avoid"	that we may strip off
	<i>iar forba .ui. noes</i> "after the completion of the sixth age"	after completing six ages
	<i>doraga</i> "comes"	will come
	<i>oes fhuigill bratha</i> "the age of waiting for the judgment"	the age of the judgment of Doom
267	<i>na firian</i> "of the faithful"	of the righteous
	<i>oireraib</i> "honours"	pleasures (dat. pl.)
	<i>fireoin, firenuib, firenu,</i> "faithful"	just, righteous
	<i>ní getar ar.</i> "it shall not be refused to"	it shall not be taken from

I could add much more; but I remember a saying, which, as it is not in Irish. Dr. MacCarthy will, doubtless, understand—*Vince, sed ne nimis vincas.* It is a venial sin for an Irishman, even a Celtic Irishman, to be ignorant of the ancient language of his country. But for one to publish Irish texts, and to speak authoritatively on questions of Celtic philology and palaeography, without being able to translate easy Irish words, to decline ordinary Irish nouns, or to copy a legible Irish MS., this is a treason to the commonwealth of letters, calling for prompt and severe punishment. In the present case, the only mitigating circumstances are, first, that the crime was committed fifteen years ago; secondly, that the criminal is no worse than his neighbours in Dublin and Cork, who edit Brehon laws and compile Middle-Irish glossaries; and, thirdly, that, like some others of his countrymen, he has inherited the mental and moral defects of which a Saxon poet thus sang in the last century:

"Nature denied them common-sense,
But gave them legs and impudence."

WHITLEY STOKES.

P.S.—Let me add to my letter in the ACADEMY (July 16, 1887, p. 41, col. 3) that the name of the first bishop of Ardagh occurs in the gen. sg. as *Mel* in the Lebar Brecc, p. 64 b, l. 15; *Mel, ibid.*, l. 20; in the dat. sg. as *Mel*, p. 64 a, l. 65; in the acc. sg. as *Mel, ibid.*, l. 46. This Kymric name is as indeclinable in Irish as *πάροχα, ἀλφα*, and other foreign words are in Greek. Let me also say that in the ACADEMY for July 9, p. 26, col. 3, l. 25, the words "the Low-Latin" should come before *sacrificiale*, and that in l. 48, after *n*, the words "or rather in" should be inserted.

W. S.

SCIENCE.

PETERSON'S EDITION OF THE "HITOPADESA."

Hitopadesa by Nārāyana. Edited by Peter Peterson. Sanskrit Series, No. xxxiii. (Bombay.)

IN these days, when every Sanskrit scholar, whether in Europe or in India, thinks of nothing but editing texts that have not been edited before, when, in fact, no one calls himself a Sanskrit scholar who has not published one "Anecdote" at least, a new edition of the *Hitopadesa* seems at first sight almost an anachronism. No text, I believe, has been edited and translated more frequently than these fables. It is the first book which every student of Sanskrit wades through with grammar and dictionary by his side, but which he hardly ever looks at again when he has once entered on a serious study of Indian literature. Even for a study of the migration of fables the *Hitopadesa* has been supplanted by the *Pañkatantra*, from which it is professedly taken. A new edition, therefore, coming from Bombay, and from the pen of Prof. Peterson, who has proved himself one of the most courageous explorers of the unknown tracts of Sanskrit literature, is, at first sight, somewhat perplexing.

And yet this edition will be welcomed, not only in India, where there was a demand for it, as it is still the most popular textbook used in schools and colleges, but also in Europe. Scholars have hitherto not troubled themselves much about the MSS. of the *Hitopadesa*. It is a compilation to which every reader might add to his heart's content. Its age was unknown, the very name of the compiler was forgotten. Most editors were, therefore, satisfied with producing a readable text. The edition which Schlegel and Lassen brought out in 1829 professed, indeed, to be a critical edition; but it was an eclectic, not a diplomatic criticism which guided these scholars in establishing their text. I followed the same principles both in my translation of the *Hitopadesa*, published in 1844, and in my edition of the text, published in 1866.

Prof. Peterson, however, thought that the *Hitopadesa* deserved a better fate. First of all he shows that this compilation is by no means so very modern as is commonly supposed. Of the three MSS. on which he established his text, one (B) was written in A.D. 1541, while another (A) is declared to be considerably older—Prof. Peterson adds, "perhaps as much as two hundred years older"; but he leaves us in the dark as to his reasons for this "perhaps." A Sanskrit book of which we have a MS. written in the beginning of the fourteenth century cannot certainly be called quite a modern compilation. But while Prof. Peterson was printing his text, and the sheets to p. 57 had actually been struck off, he received another MS. of the *Hitopadesa*, which Mr. Bendall had discovered in Nepal; and which he, with the permission of the authorities of the British Museum, most generously lent to Prof. Peterson. This MS. (N) is dated A.D. 1373, and it was found to agree on all important points with the old MS. A. This was a most valuable discovery, for it showed that even before that time some text of the *Hitopadesa* had become a kind of *textus receptus*, such as might serve as a foundation for a critical edition. It is a pity

that Prof. Peterson was not allowed to cancel the first fifty-six pages of his edition. He has done, however, what was possible under the circumstances, and has given us in his *apparatus criticus* all the important readings of MS. N.

In speaking of his predecessors, and more particularly of Schlegel and Lassen, whose edition of the *Hitopadēsa* appeared in 1829, Prof. Peterson, like most young scholars, is far too severe. He has no idea of the difficulties under which these first explorers of Sanskrit laboured. To be able to construe a Sanskrit text was at that time a great achievement. Questions as to spelling, as to grammar, metre and syntax, which are now answered in every elementary grammar, were then discussed as questions of high scholarship. Few had even seen Sanskrit MSS., still fewer had used any; and as to the age, the localities, the families of MSS., all was darkness. Still it was fortunate that some of our first Sanskrit scholars had passed through the best schools of classical philology, and that they treated Sanskrit texts with the same minute care with which a Hermann treated Greek texts. We know now that the rules of conjectural criticism have often done harm, and that in Sanskrit, more than anywhere else, diplomatic criticism is our only safety. Still, as a discipline, the principles followed by Schlegel and Lassen have proved really beneficial to Sanskrit scholarship, and even now they are bearing good fruit among a small but ever increasing class of Sanskrit scholars.

Prof. Peterson is particularly severe on Schlegel and Lassen for having suppressed the last verse. They thought it was a late addition, possibly they did not quite understand it. But certain it is that it contains the name of the compiler of the *Hitopadēsa*, namely Nārāyana, and of his Maecenas, Dhavalakandra. Prof. Peterson is justly proud of his discovery; still, like most discoverers, he will find that he has been anticipated. In the preface to Shri Lalluji Lal Kab's *Rajñiti* we read:

"At a certain time Shri Narain Pundit made a collection of stories from moral philosophy into Sanskrit. Having made one book, he called its name *Hitopadēsa*. Then, in the year 1869, Shri Lalluji Lal Kab, a Guzerati Brahman, of the Saahasr Awdich family, resident at Agra, extracting the meaning thereof, and putting it into the Brij language, gave the book the name *Rajñiti*."

Prof. Peterson has not only established the name of the author of the *Hitopadēsa*, but he has likewise established a text which bids fair to remain the permanent text. His notes are decidedly valuable. On looking at some of the contested passages, we find that in i. 24 (p. 4) the expression *Kakātālyavat*, "like the crow and the cocoa-nut," is better explained than by Schlegel and Lassen. They thought it referred to a story of a crow who alighted on the ground in the nick of time to be killed by a nut falling from a tree. Prof. Peterson shows that what is meant is that a crow alighted on the tree at the very moment that a nut fell, and that the mistake we are thus taught to guard against is to mistake the *post hoc* for the *propter hoc*.

I am less convinced by Prof. Peterson's

interpretation of verse i. 14. There we read:

"If in beginning to count the list of virtuous men, the chalk does not fall full of surprise at a son—i.e., full of admiration of a son's virtues—then a mother may hardly be called a mother by such a son."

Prof. Peterson appeals to the system of counting usual in India. Either the fingers of the open hand are brought down one after the other on the open palm, or the fingers of the closed hand are raised one after the other. In either case the little finger leads the rest, and it is the custom to give to the little finger the name of the individual to be honoured. This is perfectly true, and the verse quoted by Prof. Peterson fully establishes the fact. The verse means:

"Formerly when poets had to be counted Kālidāsa resided in the little finger; now, as a like poet is not to be found, the little finger is rightly called nameless."

But though the little finger is called *anāmikā*, "nameless," or *kanishthikā*, "the youngest," *kathindā* has never been met with as yet as a name of the little finger; and for the present, therefore, we must keep our judgment in suspense.

Prof. Peterson, by his valuable edition of the *Hitopadēsa*, has earned the thanks of all Sanskrit scholars, and more particularly of myself—to whom he has done the honour of dedicating his latest work.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

OBITUARY.

HENRY WHITE WALLIS.

University of Göttingen: July 23, 1887.

It is with the deepest regret that I have read to-day in the papers the news of Mr. Wallis's death. I trust you will allow me to express my great sorrow at the loss which the University of Cambridge and English scholarship had suffered by this most sad event. Mr. Wallis had attended my lectures for only six months; but I have seen enough of him to be able to say that he was a most earnest and successful student, and that he certainly would have become a first-rate Sanskrit scholar had he lived.

F. KIELHORN.

[Mr. Wallis graduated at Cambridge with honours in both the classical and the Semitic triposes; and he was elected to a fellowship at Gonville and Caius College so late as last June. In 1884 he obtained a Hibbert studentship; and his essay on "The Cosmology of the Rig-Veda" has just been published (Williams & Norgate) by the Hibbert trustees. Mr. Wallis died at Cambridge on July 18. He was the youngest son of the late Rev. Joseph Wallis, of Stockwell.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

London: July 28, 1887.

The tone of Sir G. Cox's letter fortunately carries its own condemnation in the eyes of all sensible men, or it might be regarded as a serious degradation to English learning. No one could expect a gentleman against whom such a challenge is directed to stoop to pick it up. But the attempt to make a matter of evidence and opinion into one of personal veracity is not without its value as throwing light upon the writer's qualifications for rational controversy. The *Nautical Almanac* is not in the habit of discussing at length the vagaries

of "Parallax" concerning the figure of the earth. This, according to Sir G. Cox, is a matter which "affects the personal veracity" of the astronomer royal.

Dr. Paley is so highly esteemed, and is in his own department so eminent a scholar, that one would infinitely have preferred to be allowed to keep a respectful silence as to his unfortunate wanderings into other fields. But if his friends insist upon utterance, it is no longer possible to mince words. His Homeric hypothesis has been refuted again and again till it has not a leg to stand on. After the effective execution worked by Dr. Hayman and Prof. Mahaffy little has been left to do beyond the ungrateful task of slaying the slain. Prof. Jebb's pages are far too valuable to be wasted on work such as this; and Dr. Paley's friends would have been well advised if they had been satisfied at finding in his book a mere statement of the theory without the explicit condemnation which it might well have received.

No scholar of repute, so far as I know, thinks Dr. Paley's arguments worthy of further attention. The one such scholar to whom he might at one time have looked for support has now wisely left his side for the far more plausible hypothesis of Prof. Fick. The opinion of France and Germany, for once harmonious, may be gathered from M. Pierron and Dr. von Christ in the introductions to their respective editions of the *Iliad*.

If any one should venture to assert that Dr. Paley's theory has not received fair and conscientious examination from those whose business it is to give it, he would indeed raise a question of personal veracity—but not of Prof. Jebb's.

WALTER LEAF.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Geologists' Association has just issued a neat little pamphlet intended as a guide to those members who are about to join in the long excursion to Cornwall. It contains, in addition to the illustrated programme or daily itinerary, a long paper by Mr. J. H. Collins on the structure of Central and West Cornwall; a description of the igneous rocks of the western promontory, by Mr. J. J. H. Teall; and a note on the Pliocene beds of St. Erth, by Mr. Robert G. Bell. The association is fortunate in having secured the co-operation of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, and the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic. The excursion will last from August 8 to 13.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

GOPĀLA CHANDRA CHATTOPADHYAYA is publishing at Calcutta a new edition of the *Bhagavadgītā*, with Sridharasvāmin's commentary and a Bengali translation. By putting figures over the words in Sanskrit and the corresponding words in Bengali he has made it very easy for those who know Bengali to read and understand the Sanskrit original. The book is chiefly intended for native students; but it will prove useful to English students also, and would have done so still more, if it had been printed with Devanāgarī letters.

THE important Lapp lexicon by Prof. J. A. Friis (Christiania: Dybwad) will extend to six parts instead of five as originally promised. The sixth fasciculus, however, containing the conclusion of the dictionary and an outline of the grammar, will be delivered to the subscribers without extra charge. The work is a marvel of cheapness. It will contain 950 pages of the size known in England as imperial octavo, and the price complete will be only £1.

THE first volume of the *Giornale della Società Asiatica Italiana* contains—besides original

articles by Profs. de Gubernatis, E. Schiaparelli, Teza, Pizzi, and reviews by the veteran orientalist, Senator Amari, and Prof. Guidi (on Mr. Budge's *The Book of the Bee*)—a review by Prof. David Castelli of Dr. Löwy's article on the Moabite Stone. The learned reviewer concludes as follows:

"Non è certo con argomenti di tal genere che può essere seriamente compromessa, e molto meno assolutamente negata l'autenticità della stela moabitica. Polranno forse muoversi dubbi forvati sopra altre ragioni; ma, fino a che non se ne avranno altre che quelle del Löwy, davvero che questa stela non sarà, come egli dice, un pietra d'inciampo, a stone of stumbling, e resterà per gli studi biblici e per i semitici una pietra angolare."

Thus Dr. Löwy stands isolated in his attack upon the Mesha inscription.

FINE ART.

MAJOLICA AND HISPANO-MOESQUE AT THE BURLINGTON CLUB.

THE exhibition of Majolica and Hispano-Moresque ware, which has now for some weeks been on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is a logical and instructive sequel to last year's magnificent gathering of Persian, Rhodian, and Damascus pottery. The decorative art of the East, as seen in pottery, seems to have found its way into Europe in two streams—one from Syria and Asia Minor to Venice, the other passing through Africa with the Moors to Spain and Southern Italy; but what is generally termed majolica, that gorgeous flower of Italian pottery, seems to have been little influenced, except, perhaps, in technique, by the Southern stream. The colouring, with its striking yellows, greens, and blues, its decoration with dramatic scenes from Scripture and mythology, even its bold floriated patterns and its capricious arabesques, have little in common with the perfect but gentle harmonies of blue and silver and gold, with the simple but effective diaperings of the Moors. Even the Italian lustres, with their gorgeous rubies and emeralds, are not in tune with the delicate opalescent shimmer of the best Hispano-Moresque. Unfortunately we know very little about the history of these remarkable wares; and we are not likely to learn much more, except by means of such exhibitions as this, and continued patience in description and comparison of specimens. But such exhibitions as this ought not to be without their value to the student, especially when accompanied by such a carefully written catalogue as that which has been prepared for its visitors by the Burlington Club. Seeing how rare fine majolica is, except in public museums, the club is fortunate in obtaining a collection of such high average quality, and containing so many specimens of unusual interest. Most of them are, indeed, lent by its members, especially by Mr. Drury Fortnum, whose name is so well known as an authority on the subject; by Mr. Salting, whose collection of Chinese porcelain is the latest wonder of South Kensington Museum; and by Mr. Godman, who sends most of the best Hispano-Moresque. But valuable help has been received from outside. The Queen has graciously lent a magnificent dish of Venetian majolica, with grotesques, &c., in grisaille on a blue ground (140), which it is interesting to compare with Mr. Drury Fortnum's somewhat smaller specimen (174), dated 1540, which is the earliest dated specimen of this *fabrique*; and valuable contributions have been obtained from about twenty other non-members, including Lady Hay, of Kinfauns; Mr. A. Andrews, the Baron de Cosson, Mr. S. G. Hollond, and the Marquis of Santuree.

It is not easy, in an assemblage of pieces of

such various interest, to select specimens for particular mention. Some are specially important by reason of dates and signatures; and among these are specimens (all duly noted in the preface of the catalogue) of Maestro Giorgio and Maestro Cencio of Gubbio, of Orazio Fontana and other artists of Urbino, and of the wares of Pesaro, Castel Durante, Faenza, and Caffaggiolo. But it is not always these pieces which arrest on account of their beauty. In spite of its gold and ruby lustre and its rich colouring, its curious landscape and more curious figures, Mr. Salting's very important dish by Maestro Giorgio (245) is as unprepossessing an achievement as one could well see. But perfection in majolica is hard to find, or, at least, its perfection has a more artificial standard than almost any other art-product. You may get good design or fine colour, there is rich and splendid lustre now and then, and sometimes an approach to really good drawing; but to find all these qualities united in one piece is, to say the least of it, exceptional. On the other hand, there is nearly always something to attract or amuse in the least important specimen. These plates and dishes reflect with the greatest impartiality the designs of all nations and schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It appears to have been a matter of indifference to the artist whether it was a painting by Mantegna or Albert Dürer, a drawing by Raphael, or an engraving by Marc Antonio, that he selected for the decoration of his dish or plate. In no other class of art, perhaps, is the spirit and movement of the Renaissance in Italy and the life of the time so fully and vividly reflected. Besides his numerous specimens of what is usually called majolica, Mr. Drury Fortnum exhibits a bust of St. John of the school of Donatello, and two fine examples of Della Robbia ware: one a tabernacle, (69) with a Virgin and Child, a beautiful early specimen (catalogued by mistake among the Hispano-Moresque ware); and the other a bas-relief (182), which is a replica of one of Andrea della Robbia's panels in the altar-piece at the Duomo of Arezzo—a work of singular grace and fine expression. Mr. Fortnum's contributions are too numerous and fine for us to do justice to all of them; but among the most important or interesting are the perfect candle cup and cover (134) of Urbino, the vases (146 and 150) made in Rome in 1600, the Casa Pirola plate with arms (155), the Tazza with the portrait of Jerolima Bella (159), the fine examples of Gubbio lustre (160-62), including the remarkable "Hercules and Hydra," with the blood effectively painted in ruby lustre; the fine Faenza Tazza (165), with Marc Antonio's Cupids; and that with a bull in a landscape (167). But to mention these alone is almost to insult others equally rare and beautiful. It is also impossible to do justice to the large and singularly fine collection of Mr. Salting, which, besides many choice examples of Faenza Castel Durante, Urbino, &c., contains some fine Gubbio of the richest lustre, of which 206 is one of the best. In the central *vitrine* there are a grand cistern, some fine jugs, bottles, and dishes, lent by Sir Francis Cook, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Pfungst and others; and the walls are enamelled with a rich display. But we must leave it to the visitor to pick out, if possible, for himself, with the assistance of the catalogue, what in this magnificent show is most interesting and attractive to his own taste.

The collection of Hispano-Moresque is the first of any importance which has been got together outside of a museum. For those whose eyes are sensitive to the more delicate effects of colour, and who prefer decoration of pure and simple patterns, this portion of the exhibition will be most attractive. There are few things here which give such perfect artistic satisfaction as the dishes (21 and 25), with their

beautiful mingling of gold and cream and their glimmer of mother of pearl. Others may prefer those in which blue is introduced, like the lovely pair (23 and 26) also belonging to Mr. Godman; others, again, the bolder patterns and richer colours of such pieces as the Baron de Cosson's Plateau (14). Though the collection is small compared with that of majolica, it contains specimens of nearly all the kinds and shapes of this beautiful but limited class of ceramic art, from the silver and gold of the more delicate and earlier specimens to the copper lustre of coarser and later fabrics. It contains plates and plateaux, albarcellos and ewers, bowls and vases, beakers and benitiers, many made for, and by, Christians, but all rich with the lustre of the Moors and governed by their genius of decoration, and the best affording a luxurious rest for the eyes which few other artificial things of this world can provide with equal success. C. M.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARGARET GILLIES.

WITH regret, but hardly, indeed, with surprise, must we record the death of Miss Margaret Gillies—who may be styled the *doyenne* of the old Water Colour Society. She was in her eighty-fourth year—would have attained that age, in truth, had she lived till August 7. Hardly even can a painter of the importance and character of Ingres retain to the age of fourscore years his influence with the younger generation; and by the younger generation Miss Margaret Gillies was very slightly known. Yet her's was a figure not without importance in the records of English Art, and her's a personality distinct and impressive almost to the very end. Her energy was such that she continued to work—at intervals, at least—until the present year; and this very summer she was attending Hampstead garden parties, and seeing her friends as usual at her house in that artistic quarter of the town. Those who know the story of her life will honour the perseverance, the energy, the self-denial, the cordiality of feeling which were with her from first to last. Miss Gillies was the daughter of a Scotchman, settled as a merchant in London. She was born in Throgmorton-street. He suffered reverses, and she was placed under the care of her uncle, Lord Gillies, the well-known judge in Edinburgh. There, as a girl, she had the best society of Edinburgh in its great day. Erskine, Jeffrey, and Sir Walter Scott were of those whose acquaintance she enjoyed. But pleasant ease little suited the activity of her temperament; and she determined to be an artist at a time when that choice of a profession was, for a gentlewoman, to say the least, extremely unusual. Miss Gillies quickly gained a reputation as a miniature painter. She was but twenty-four when Wordsworth summoned her to Rydal. She remained there many weeks, and was ever afterwards sincerely interested in all that concerned the poet and his life. Before miniature painting went out of fashion she had managed to become more or less the pupil of Henry and of Ary Scheffer. She lived a while in Paris for this purpose. Then, devoting herself to water-colour drawings, chiefly of domestic, romantic, or sentimental themes, she became, in or about 1853, the first lady member of the old Water Colour Society; and for a long while her contributions—some of which were engraved—were among the most popular of the drawings in the annual show. It is the customary fate of artists who live to be old to find themselves, ere they leave us, long past the moment at which they were most highly esteemed. Nor was Miss Gillies a stranger to this depressing experience. Yet her works—coming less frequently, of course, as time

advanced—still sold; and when her art, by reason of her fourscore years, had to take but the second place in her life, she was yet able to give pleasure to others by her friendship and to value its return. F. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

“NOTES ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.”

Redhill: July 26, 1887.

One or two mistakes have crept into the very kind review, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, of my small pamphlet on the National Gallery, in the *ACADEMY* of last week. As they relate to facts of some little interest to students of early art, I venture to beg for space to correct them.

1. I do not ascribe the “Deposition (No. 664)” to Roger van der Weyden the younger, who is to me no more than a name.

2. Mr. W. M. Conway does not ascribe it to Bouts. The plate (p. 280) in his *Early Flemish Artists* is so lettered in error, as the words of his text are enough to show, and as, moreover, he himself told me. The pictures he assigns to Bouts are those I say, Nos. 774 and 943, and to me the ascription seems well founded.

3. Mr. Monkhouse will see, on a further reference to the Gallery catalogue, that I made no mistake when I said four pictures were ascribed to Roger the younger; their numbers are 653, 654, 711, and 712. Three different men seem to be represented by them. The other points of difference between Mr. Monkhouse and me are matters of opinion.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

IN the International Exhibition which is to be opened in Glasgow next May, under the patronage of the Queen, and with the Prince of Wales as hon. President, it is intended to give special prominence to the fine arts department. This will include both a loan and sale collection of works in oils, water-colours, and black and white, and of architectural drawings and photographs. In the British loan section a gallery will be devoted to the productions of living and deceased Scottish painters; and in the formation of the foreign loan and sale section the committee have secured the advice and assistance of Mr. Alma-Tadema. It is believed that a good representative gathering of works of sculpture will be brought together, including examples of the modern French school. The president of the fine arts section is the Marquis of Bute; and its corresponding secretary, Mr. Robert Walker, the secretary of the Glasgow Institute. Works of art will be received for exhibition in March next.

THE hon. degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred upon M. Naville, in recognition of his eminence as an Egyptologist and explorer, by Hamilton College, U.S.A.

DURING next week, from Tuesday to Saturday, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a great number of coins from several collections. The most interesting series is that of Indo-Scythic, Hindu, and Mohammedan pieces, which is sent—presumably as duplicates—by the Indian government.

MR. JOHN M. GRAY has wisely caused to be reprinted for private circulation a series of notes of his on Lord Lothian's treasures at New Battle Abbey, which first saw the light in a Scottish newspaper. Here are six and forty pages—for those fortunate enough to get them—elaborately descriptive of some early Italian and other foreign art, and of some of the finest portraiture in Scotland. What an excellent modern Waagen Mr. Gray could be, all over

the country, if he only chose, so well does he know its treasures, and so thorough are his investigations! He does, too, what Waagen comparatively rarely ventured to do, and what the modern German does too much—he sets people right. See, for instance, his really learned and judicious notes on the portrait hitherto known as that of the first Duke of Hamilton, in which he recognises a portrait of that duke's brother William—and tells us plainly why. The curator of the new Scottish Portrait Gallery—now curiously trained to observe faces as well as to amass facts—here, and often, speaks with authority. Nor has he forgotten to speak, from time to time, with the charm of style.

THE STAGE.

THE PRINCESS'S MELODRAMA.

IN “*Shadows of a Great City*”—played now at the Princess's Theatre—we see a strong melodrama, in the authorship of which an exquisite actor, not of melodrama at all, but of comedy, has had some part. Probably, however, Mr. Joseph Jefferson's collaborateur has had more to do than Mr. Joseph Jefferson with the piece which, on the Princess's play-bill, bears the names of both. If not, then Mr. Jefferson's taste in writing is notably less fine than his taste in acting. For though “*Shadows of a Great City*” is in its own way a worthy, it is essentially a rough, production. It tells us no very new story. But that matters little. It presents us—and that is more to the point—with scarcely a fresh character. Its dialogues is on the whole not bad; but in certain places it is decidedly redundant—to wit, the speeches of Biddy, the Irish girl, are long and irrelevant past all bearing. Let us chronicle with honesty the fact that the audience—or a very great part of it seated aloft—laughs at them; none the less are they insufferably tedious and conventional. The acting is fairly good all round; the scenery is good, and one or two of the scenic effects novel. Thus there is a diorama of New York Harbour—the East River at least: the Harlem River, as it is elsewhere called. But at the Princess's—and especially at the Princess's under the rule of Mr. Barrett—we have been accustomed to excellent scenic effect. The efforts of Miss Hawthorne, the new manageress, though sufficient, do not cause us to forget those of her principal forerunner. Of the chief characters and of the manner in which they are acted we will speak a little more particularly. The hero is one unjustly accused—a convict who did not deserve to be one. He escapes. He saves a child's life. He brings her up and falls in love with her. He is reminded of his past, and compelled to separate from her. And all these phases of his career Mr. Barnes illustrates in an approved manner; nay, more, he is natural and sympathetic. The chief plotter against the happiness of the young woman, and of the man who saved her, is a polite villain acted extremely well by Mr. Abingdon; in a way, it is true, that recalls a little, at times, the method of Mr. Willard—but the younger actor is presumably none the worse for following a good model. Miss Catherine Lewis represents the popular Biddy on a stage which had just before witnessed, night after night, the extraordinary skilful and original comedy of Miss Annie Hughes. Comparisons, however odious, are sometimes very instructive; and it is useful that the public should be invited, not to disapprove of Miss Lewis's performance—which indeed is quite good in its own way—but to recognise the difference between the competent and clever following of a stage tradition and the brilliant inventor of a new thing. The pleasant and long-suffering heroine of “*Shadows of a Great City*” is played by Miss Mary Burke. The more poetic and passionate

a part you give this actress, the better is she suited. Here, however, the words count for but little, and the emotions are those of melodrama. Still, even melodrama—with its suggestions of romance—affords to Miss Mary Burke a better opportunity than does conventional modern comedy, such as that she lately played in at the Haymarket. And in the new piece this lady acts with tact and delicacy, and makes an appearance that is thoroughly picturesque. The play-bill is not by us as we write, or there is one other actor we should like to name. That is the gentleman who plays so very well, in the last scene of all, the aged person who sits on “the prompt side,” and is half paralysed and wholly grotesque at the failure of his not very virtuous schemes. Altogether the piece, though a little lacking in novelty, does manage to command one's interest. When it is withdrawn, sometime during the autumn, Miss Hawthorne will appear as Theodora. We thank the *Globe* for reminding us that the play has been seen before.

STAGE NOTES.

WE hear with interest that, on the opening of the Haymarket by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in September, the part in “*The Red Lamp*,” which has been played at the Comedy by Lady Monckton, will be played by Mrs. Tree. Either while “*The Red Lamp*” continues to be acted, or else on its withdrawal, there will be produced at the Haymarket a version of “*Gringoire*.” In it Mr. Beerbohm Tree will play what is, perhaps, almost his first quite serious and sympathetic part. “*Gringoire*,” if we remember rightly, is by M. de Banville, and at the Théâtre Français it was one of the earliest of the serious parts of Coquelin.

It is said that there will be repeated shortly, for the benefit of a charity, the performance of “*A Midsummer Night's Dream*,” which was given in a private garden near London a few evenings ago, and in which the acting of Miss Norreys, as Puck, was accounted to be quite remarkable. Let us suggest that the representation take place in a regular theatre, in which the interesting young *comédienne*, from old habit, would be certain to be quite as gay, and nobody need have rheumatism afterwards.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Lectures on Musical Analysis. By H. C. Banister. (Bell.) The author of the well-known *Text Book of Music* has certainly added to his reputation by these published lectures. He modestly attributes the interest awakened by them when delivered at Dr. Campbell's College for the Blind to “the charm of the subject”; but, subject apart, Mr. Banister's easy diction, clear statements, and happy musical illustrations, could not fail to give pleasure. And we can scarcely agree with him when he speaks of the subject as having charm. Musical analysis—the study of form—is a mere valley of dry bones; but Mr. Banister has clothed them with flesh, and breathed into them the spirit of Haydn, of Mozart, and of Beethoven, so that they are no longer dry bones. Take, for example, the second lecture. He is considering the mode of proceeding from the first to the second subject, and the second subject itself in a movement in sonata-form. The plan of operation is soon described; but when giving examples he points out an important chord, some contrapuntal device, some characteristic feature, all of which kindle an interest in the music itself, and help the student to enjoy it as well as to understand its structure. In quoting from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3,

he finds points for comment "upon which I had better dwell at once, even though I digress from the matter which we are specially considering." Such digressions give to the lectures a free-and-easy style: it is not a master teaching, but a friend talking. The illustrations are drawn principally from Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. We think we are correct in saying that, of modern composers, Mendelssohn is the only one quoted. Mr. Banister is quite right. In these masters one finds all that is necessary for the discussion of fugue, sonata and rondo forms; and, if the student fully understands the lines on which they are constructed, he can easily examine for himself modern works. Our author's enthusiasm about Haydn is refreshing. In speaking about modulation, he gives three illustrations from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The one by Haydn is as discursive, extraneous, non-relative as any of them; "although," he adds, "it is sometimes thought that he is old-fashioned, conventional, and un-daring." Mr. Banister says that in early writers—Haydn and Mozart—the second subject was similar to the first. There are, however, also traces of that old custom in Beethoven, as for example in the first movement of Op. 57. Again, in speaking about the second subject of a sonata-movement in the key of dominant when the piece begins in a minor key, instead of, as is usually the case, in the mediant, he says he cannot recall any instance of this structure prior to Beethoven. There is, however, a very clear instance in Em. Bach's sonata in F minor in his third "Sammlung" of sonatas and rondos. The second subject and the remainder of the exposition are in the key of the dominant (C minor). Once more, Mr. Banister refers to a sonata of Haydn's in which first and last movements are in E flat, but the middle one in an "unrelated" key. E major is certainly not related to E flat; but did not Haydn think of it as the key of F flat major, writing for obvious reasons the movement in E? Between E flat and F flat, the minor second of the key, a relationship may be traced. And, again our author finds, in the adagio of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, a foreshadowing of the subject of the succeeding rondo. If a foreshadowing at all, it seems to us extremely faint. His remarks about this matter on the first movement of Op. 111 are extremely interesting. We have made these few observations on Mr. Banister's book not in any carping spirit, but principally to prove to the author that we have looked well into it.

The Song of Jubilee. By J. Bradford. (Novello.) The composer has taken his degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, and hence we are not surprised to find an excess of fugal writing; even "God Save the Queen" is made to do duty as the subject of a fugue. The counterpoint, by the way, at the end of this number, is far from strong. The composer lacks the gift of melody; and hence the cantata, with all its show of learning, must be pronounced a dull work.

The Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 75. Vol. X. (Novello.) Mr. W. Mullineux's "Pastorale" is extremely light in character, and the subject-matter possesses but small interest. The first movement of a sonata in G, by Mr. E. T. Driffeld, is also light, but contains some good workmanship. Two other movements are announced to appear in subsequent parts. Mr. E. Hake's "Evening Song" is calm and inoffensive. W. Conradi's "Trio with Inversions of the Theme" is more curious than pleasing. The volume concludes with a short prelude by Mr. T. Downes.

Daily Technical Studies for the Pianoforte. By O. Beringer. (Stanley Lucas.) Mr. Beringer, in a short preface, gives some very good

reasons for publishing a new work of this kind. Czerny wrote some "Daily Studies"; but, excellent as they are, they do not contain all that is necessary for a player who wishes to master the difficulties of modern pianoforte music. Our author, indeed, does not even mention them. Tausig's "Daily Studies" are for very advanced players; and Mr. Beringer has endeavoured, most successfully, to provide an introductory course to them. Tausig, considering Kullak's "Octave School" all that could be desired, wrote no special octave studies. Experience, however, has taught Mr. Beringer that Kullak's work frightens students by its length and difficulties; hence he has written a few studies embracing what is most essential. Other interesting features of the scheme are the exercises and fingered scales in thirds and sixths. We cordially recommend this volume both to teachers and students.

The Sleeping Beauty. Madrigal. By G. F. Cobb. (Weekes & Co.) *A Message to Phyllis.* Glee. By G. F. Cobb. (Novello.) Mr. Cobb is an industrious composer—now it is a piece of church music, now a suite for the pianoforte. This time he has chosen—as the above-mentioned pieces show—forms of art little cultivated at the present day. The madrigal is set to some excellent words by the poet Rogers, and the writing is as smooth as it is skilful. The glee is also good, though not so homogeneous. The glee proper has no pianoforte accompaniment; but Mr. Cobb, following the example of Bishop and others, has added one.

The Empire Flag. A Patriotic Song for Solo and Chorus. By Dr. Mackenzie. (Novello.) The composer has here aimed at simplicity. The melody is, for the most part, diatonic, and the accompaniment does little more than support the voice. He evidently felt that the music had to yield to the patriotic words of Messrs. Reid and W. A. Barrett. But if simple, it is not, in any way, commonplace.

Heart's Devotion. Ballad, by M. W. Balfe; *Nocturne*, vocal duet by L. Denza; *In Arcady*, song, by A. Hervey (Ascherberg); and *Songs of Childhood*, by H. Klein (Klein), may be recommended to singers who like light, soothing, sentimental music.

Twelve Songs to Old English Words. By E. Allon. (London Music Publishing Company.) Mr. Allon has, at times, some very good ideas and considerable knowledge of harmony. But his writing is unequal. He is too apt, especially with regard to the melodic part, to fall into the commonplace. Of the twelve songs, the best are Nos. 7, 8 and 11. He may be commended for his choice of words.

Three Romances. For the Pianoforte. By M. Bourne. (Ascherberg.) Three unpretentious, but exceedingly well-written pieces. The composer knows how to write effectively for the pianoforte.

Evening Thoughts. For the Pianoforte. By T. Gibsons. (Ascherberg.) Easy, graceful, and smoothly written. The second piece, "The Shepherd's Prayer," reminds us not unpleasantly of Heller.

A Waltz Whim. For Pianoforte. By Tobias A. Matthey. (Ascherberg.) The title is undoubtedly well chosen. The music is whimsical. The composer, however, has talent, and we shall wait to judge of it in something more serious.

Andante and Allegro Scherzo. For the Pianoforte. By M. Watson. (Ascherberg.) A long, rambling, and uninteresting piece. We have seen better things from Mr. Watson's pen.

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LITERATURE.

"Great Writers."—*The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. By Augustine Birrell. (Walter Scott.)

It may be doubted whether there was any clearly audible demand for a new life of Charlotte Brontë, but there is always a demand for writing like Mr. Birrell's. Few of us may think it faultless, some of us may at times find it a little irritating, but none of us, except the very superior or the very stupid person, will deny that it is singularly refreshing and exhilarating. There must necessarily be something of life and individuality lost where thought is poured into the mould of literary form, for even if a clever man be a poor talker there will be in his talk a certain piquancy of personal savour which evaporates in his "works"; and Mr. Birrell is a specially pleasant writer because he manages so to preserve the note of colloquy that in reading his books we feel that we do not merely read but, as it were, overhear. This peculiarity is naturally most noticeable in the papers which with a certain characteristic courage he has called *Obiter Dicta*, for the essay is a form of literature in which personality has free play; but it is by no means absent from this *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. Mr. Birrell has hardly anything new to tell us, as the additional particulars concerning the early life and love of the Rev. Patrick do not count for much; but there is just one thing that is better than a good new story, and that is the retelling of an old one in such a fashion as to give it the freshness of novelty.

Happily, this freshness is not achieved by the artificial and tiresome process of building up a new Charlotte Brontë who is warranted to be entirely different from all Charlotte Brontës previously presented to the public. This kind of thing has been done pretty frequently of late, and we know the manner of the performance. Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson has painted a vulgar liar and sensualist, and has called him the real Shelley; on another canvas Mr. Hall Caine has shown us the picture of a well-poised, firm-willed nature whom we are told is Coleridge. Both works of art are ingenious, and the latter is attractive; but they are not portraits, they are creations—the outcome of the painter's "moral consciousness," and are in their way quite as good as those avowed fictions, *Live it Down* and the *Shadow of a Crime*. It may be that Mr. Birrell, not being a novelist, distrusts his creative powers, or he may hold the antiquated opinion that biography is not the region in which to display them; at any rate, he sticks to portraiture, and, therefore, does not astonish or startle us. He even dares

to give longish quotations from Mrs. Gaskell's memoir—an act which, though it may be a confession of weakness, is not displeasing to those of us who believe that when a thing has once been done perfectly it is best to accept it as having been done finally.

We are, therefore, brought again into the presence of a familiar figure—a woman courageous, self-reliant, loyal, sternly conscientious, and rich in varied nobleness, but not, I think, in any way winning—one might almost say repellent, did not the word seem too crudely harsh to be applied to so finely touched a spirit. Charlotte Brontë was, probably, a woman not to be honoured merely, but to be loved, for there is something lovable in all sorts and conditions of goodness; but one cannot help feeling that her goodness turned its unlovable side outwards, and to get to the other side it was necessary to scale a *cheveux de frise* calculated to appall the boldest. She was clearly wanting in one thing which the novelist of all people can least afford to lack—catholicity of sympathy. She has produced certain characters of whom it is surely safe to say that they will live as long as English literature; but all of them—Jane Eyre, Rochester, Lucy Snowe, M. Paul Emanuel—are on one plane. They are Charlotte Brontë "writ large" and in a disguised caligraphy; but the disguise is one which does not deceive even the 'prentice expert, for it consists only of an occasional reversal of the slope. Her hand preserved its cunning only so long as it was occupied with a character standing in some definite relation to her own. It might be either a relation of similarity or of direct contrast, but the personal *nexus* must exist. It may be said that the imaginative insight and sympathy of Charlotte Brontë's first biographer was wider in range than her own, though Mrs. Gaskell belongs assuredly only to the second rank of novelists. Still, while we remember the disparity, we may be none the less certain that if the author of *Cranford* and *Wives and Daughters* had had to deal with the curates who cut such a poor figure in *Shirley* she would have made more of them than Charlotte Brontë has made. We should have seen all their weak points as clearly as we see them now, for the satire in becoming more genial would not have become less effective, but we should have seen their essential humanity as well. We should have felt, as Mr. Gladstone felt with regard to the sometime unenfranchised, that they were "our own flesh and blood," which at present we certainly do not feel. Lack of vital sympathy with curates is, however, a more pardonable offence than lack of vital sympathy with children, and here also Charlotte Brontë was defective, for the simple reason that she herself was always grown-up. As Mr. Birrell writes:

"Miss Brontë had not, on her small but wonder-opening bunch, the tiny key that unlocks the heart of childhood. As she glances upon children she seems to say: 'Wait, little one, wait awhile, till your eager heart has been bruised in the ceaseless strife of the affections; till the garden of your soul is strewn with withered hopes; till you have become familiar with disappointment, and know the face of sorrow; and then, if you seek me out, we shall have much to say to one another; not of foolish sentiment or Byronic gloom, but downright

vigorous good sense and pinching of each other's delusions.'"

I will make no comment on these sentences beyond saying that they are unfortunately true, and truth is apt at times to be somewhat repellent. Nothing but stupendous power within her own range could compensate for Charlotte Brontë's limitations. Goethe has an often-quoted remark about the impossibility of jumping off one's own shadow. In life it is true that the jump cannot be made; but in dramatic art—and the novel is a modified form of drama—one of the fixed conditions of supreme all-round success is that it shall be made, and Charlotte Brontë never makes it. The illuminating sentence in which Mr. Birrell says that "had Miss Brontë been a greater novelist than she was *Villette* would not have had the biographical interest it has," applies not merely to the story mentioned, but to all her books. They are simply crammed with biography, which, curiously enough, seems to have been written quite unconsciously. Charlotte Brontë was one of the most rigorously truthful persons, and yet she made the utterly astounding statement that Jane Eyre resembled herself in nothing but in being little and plain. When a shrewd and veracious woman does manage to deceive herself, how great is the deception!

Of Mr. Birrell's criticisms it is not necessary to speak at any great length, though they do not deserve to be dismissed hastily, for they have the somewhat rare charm of writing which is at once solidly sensible in matter and vivaciously fresh in manner. His estimate of the absolute and comparative merits of the poems of the Brontë sisters seems to me specially good, for the simple reason that it is sane and truthful; and amid the rhetorical subtleties of much contemporary criticism sanity and truth fare somewhat badly. Indeed, most of his separate judgments are likely to commend themselves to unsophisticated readers; and not until they reach the last chapter, in which Mr. Birrell begins to philosophise at large, will such readers have the feeling that their guide is getting a little too far beyond them. Here he speaks more oracularly than it is his wont to speak; and his words, like those of other oracles, are impressive, but vague. In endeavouring to fix the place of Charlotte Brontë among novelists he indulges in the dangerous luxury of formulating general principles; and though they sound well—sounding well is the strong point of most general principles—I cannot for myself be sure either that I understand them or that I know how to apply them. Mr. Birrell says, for example, "The test of merit for a novel can be nothing else than the strength and probable endurance of its pleasure-giving capacity." At first there does not seem anything wrong here; but we soon perceive that the clause "and probable endurance" must be abandoned, because this is a matter in which we have no canons of probability. Mr. Birrell is quite sure that Miss Austen will be read with pleasure a century hence, and he gives good reasons for his belief; but then literary fashions are independent of good reasons. Miss Ferrier's novels have lately been republished after being out of print through two generations of men and women who cared not to ask for

them. Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries found in them a "pleasure-giving capacity." Our contemporaries will probably re-find it, for it is certainly there as in the books of Miss Austen; but in the intervening time they were things of nought. And so, when we are told that the test of merit for a novel is the strength of its pleasure-giving capacity, it seems inevitable that we should ask—"Pleasure-giving to whom?" This question Mr. Birrell never answers; and his final chapter, though full of good quotations, good counsels, and other good things, is therefore a little ineffective. Mr. Birrell's theorising must seem thankless work even to himself when he knows that people do exist who honestly feel that *Middlemarch* is as pleasure-giving as either *Villette* or *Pride and Prejudice*, and that there are even some who find great enlargement of spirit in *King Solomon's Mines* who could not without weariness read any of the other three. Of course, Mr. Birrell is not blind to this very obvious fact—indeed, he explicitly admits it; the difficulty is to square his admission with his general principle.

The discussion of general principles, especially principles of taste, is, however, a somewhat profitless occupation; and happily the new *Life of Charlotte Brontë* contains little matter for discussion and much for enjoyment. It is full of good things, by which I do not mean merely things well put, but well thought. So thoroughly pleasant is it that it has half persuaded me to forgive its writer for his essay on Emerson, and to say this is to say much.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Rhodes in Modern Times. By Cecil Torr. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS book is a worthy sequel to the author's former work, *Rhodes in Ancient Times*, the merit of which has been recognised both in England and in Germany; and it is no slight credit to any writer that he should have shown himself so competent to treat the mediæval as well as the ancient history of the island. The work fills a vacant place in literature, since the time of the occupation of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John is the only part of its annals that has attracted attention; and even their story remains to be fully and accurately told. It covers the period from the third century of our era to the Turkish occupation; and, though it does not profess to be exhaustive, yet the author claims the merit of having critically compared the primary authorities, and having derived information from sources which had not previously been investigated. These, we may add, are very various and recondite, and the examination of them involves a wide knowledge of the general history both of Eastern and of Western Europe. One result of Mr. Torr's straightforward method is that his work frequently takes the form of a chronicle of events, and, therefore, is not light reading. There is an absence of light and shade in the narrative, in consequence of the smallest facts requiring to be introduced as well as the greatest. It is also truly ascetic in its disregard of all attempts at interesting methods of statement and *pace* of style. But this feature has its favourable side, since it is evidently the author's object to bring together

well-ascertained facts, and to explode erroneous views; and, in securing this, graphic treatment would be only an impediment. Now and then he springs a mine under his reader by unexpectedly introducing absurd legends, or dryly humorous comments of his own, in the midst of matter-of-fact narrative. The following notice of the gardens of the Grand Master is an instance:

"They were irrigated by water pumped up from a well by a windmill. In 1496, an old ostrich and two young were kept with their wings clipped in a walled enclosure here. They laid their eggs in sand and hatched them by simply looking at them; they fed on iron and steel. There was also a sheep from India, and various other strange animals; particularly a hound given to the Grand Master by Sultan Bajazet. It was about the size of a greyhound, mouse coloured, with no hair at all except about the mouth, and it had claws like a bird. From this last fact comes the story that the Grand Turk had a bird that every year laid three eggs, and from two of the eggs came birds, but from the third a puppy. It was necessary to remove the puppy as soon as it broke its shell, otherwise the birds pecked it."

Mr. Torr has grouped his facts under the heads of Public Affairs, Social Life, Religion, Art, and Learning; and to these subjects separate chapters are devoted. This arrangement is of necessity somewhat artificial, so that, for instance, the history of the building of the city walls is brought under "Social Life"; but much confusion of statement is avoided by this means. We thus obtain valuable notices of the commerce, the money transactions, the commercial jurisdiction, and the pawnbroking that were carried on in the island in the time of the Knights. During this period it seems frequently to have been a resort of pirates, and also of fugitive debtors from Western Europe. The inhabitants of the city seem to have been as motley as they are at the present day; for we are informed with regard to the sale of a house that the vendor was a Cypriot, and the adjacent buildings belonged respectively to a Venetian, a Florentine, and a Jew. The friendly relations which have existed between the Jews and the Turks since the capture of the city—for the Jews are the only non-Mussulman population that are allowed to live within the city walls—are easily explained by the following passage:

"On the 9th of January, 1502, the order was given that all adult Jews of either sex, in the dominions of the Knights in the Levant, who refused baptism, should be shipped off to Nice on the Riviera within forty days. During that time they might realise their property in land or goods; but if any remained longer their property would be confiscated to the treasury, and they would themselves be sold as slaves. And the Grand Master was empowered to baptise Jews of either sex, who were minors, in spite of their parents' protests. The Jews were sent to the West to prevent them giving the Turks information about Rhodes. On the capture of the city in 1522, the Turks compelled all the baptised Jews there to return to their old faith."

The Order of the Knights of St. John existed nominally for the service of the poor and the defence of the Catholic faith, and its members were subject to the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; but there is ample evidence in this volume of their neglect of

these. In Rhodes they lived in a luxurious manner, and the wealth of the order was reputed to be as great as that of the rest of the Church together. Still, it was said that the hardships and dangers in warfare and at sea were such that not one Knight in twenty attained the age of fifty years, and this is corroborated by the shortness of the average tenure of office by the Grand Masters, notwithstanding that they were appointed for life. Concubinage was generally prevalent among them; and one result of this remains in the collection of amatory poems in Greek, addressed by them to the ladies of Rhodes, and *vice versa*, which was found in the British Museum and edited by the late Dr. W. Wagner, under the title of "The Alphabet of Love" (ὁ ἀλφάβητος τῆς ἀγάπης). The literary value of these, we think, Mr. Torr unreasonably depreciates. In respect of commerce and general well-being the Rhodians gained greatly by this occupation. They were secured from the attacks of enemies, and were well supplied with commodities, while justice prevailed in the market-place and the law-courts, and extortion was almost unknown.

In a few pregnant sentences Mr. Torr disposes of the view, which has been entertained by several writers of late years, that the explosion which destroyed St. John's Church at Rhodes, the church of the order, in 1856, arose from gunpowder that was treacherously concealed in the vaults beneath by Andrea d'Amaral, the chancellor of the order, who was the rival of the last Grand Master, l'Île Adam, in order to hasten the capitulation of the city. Here, as in some other places, our author hardly does justice either to the fulness of his own investigations or the intricacy of the subject, owing to the conciseness with which he has stated his conclusions and the omission of authorities. He says that the complaint against Amaral was, not that he had concealed any powder during the siege, but that he had been remiss in bringing in powder beforehand. We have no doubt that this is correct; but as M. Guérin, in his book *L'Île de Rhodes*, states, also without authorities, that there is contemporary evidence for the story of the concealment of the powder, we should like to have seen the question more fully discussed. Mr. Torr goes on to say that, if Amaral had concealed any, this treachery would inevitably have been discovered in the interval between his execution on November 8 and the evacuation of the city on January 1 following; and that powder could not have been concealed by any one in such a well-known place as the vaults below St. John's. He does not touch on the further question, whether gunpowder could retain its explosive power for more than three hundred years. This, however, has been submitted to a high authority on explosives, and has practically been determined in the negative. Gunpowder, if kept perfectly dry, might retain its explosive power for an unlimited period; but the chances of any magazine which existed in the sixteenth century being so proof against moisture are infinitesimally small. H. F. TOZER.

Essays and Addresses. By the Rev. James M. Wilson. (Macmillan.)

THE head master of Clifton College has achieved considerable distinction both as a bold and independent thinker and as a popular expounder of religious subjects. This collection of essays seems likely to increase his fame in both these particulars. It consists of a number of papers, lectures, &c., whose general drift is described by himself as "an Attempt to treat some Religious Questions in a Scientific Spirit." No fault can be found with this description, if we except two papers which might be more fairly described as "an Attempt to treat Scientific Questions in a Religious Spirit." Probably, however, Mr. Wilson would say that such a distinction signified little, science needing to be qualified by religion as much as religion to be harmonised with science. The book may indeed be described as a kind of Eirenicon, and the author as unwaveringly a mediator between science and theology. Taking his place between the belligerents he displays the theological side of his shield to scientists and negationists and the scientific side to his fellow theologians. In this respect the book is equally opportune and noteworthy. That men of thought and culture are turning away from traditional presentations of Christianity is a fact as lamentable as it is undeniable. That the clergy as a class are doing nothing to avert this defection is unhappily no less true. The complaint of the Mayor of Bristol to Mr. Wilson, on this head would probably be re-echoed by hundreds of intelligent laymen in all our large centres of population :

"Parochial sermons," he said, "do not meet our intellectual needs. They seem intended for the young or for the uninstructed; they rarely touch the points on which men want guidance as to principles or information as to facts. We do not know what you clergy really think on some of the most important and fundamental questions of religion, questions which underlie what are commonly called doctrines. . . . That important questions should be avoided universally by the clergy produces the impression that you shirk awkward facts and awkward questions, and that at bottom you are as sceptical as we are. . . . We read the reviews, which are full of apparently well-reasoned papers which seem incompatible, or at least incommensurable, with much that we hear in church; and we cannot tell what you, our professional advisers, think on these questions. They are rarely touched on at diocesan or church congresses," &c.

With characteristic courage Mr. Wilson not only admits the justice of this damaging impeachment, but enforces it in language no less cogent and striking, e.g. :

"I think the church ought to provide meat for her strong men as well as secure that her babes shall get milk. . . . A church which declines to recognise the right of the few who are fond of wisdom not only to be tolerated, but to be respected, must become stagnant. . . . No army will conquer which dismisses its pioneers, and no church will conquer which not only deprives itself wilfully of the services of those who are most anxious to serve it in cutting new paths and letting in new light through the wilderness of ignorance and superstition, but stones 'its prophets, wise men, and scribes.' . . ."

I have transcribed these passages at some length, because they convey better than any

words I could have chosen the motive and aim of the book. Mr. Wilson is determined to have no share in the guilt of "shirking awkward facts and awkward questions" which Sir Joseph Weston rightly charges against the clergy. He discusses with an admirable mixture of freedom and caution most of the burning questions which have come up for solution since the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. He has his say on Inspiration, the Limits of Authority and Free Thought, Secularism, Church Authority, Christian Evidences, Miracles, Evolution, Fundamental Church Principles; and on all these topics his remarks will be found deserving of attention by all thoughtful and ingenious persons. Perhaps the paper which best displays the characteristics of Mr. Wilson's thought and his method of dealing with extreme Negationists is his "Letter to a Bristol Artisan." Here we have extreme tenderness in dealing with intellectual error, sympathetic insight into the better instincts and principles often found in combination with it, blended with a firm, straightforward statement of what he himself regards as fundamental truth. Such a letter must have produced on the feelings of an honest and thoughtful man a beneficial effect, whatever influence it exercised on his conviction. On the latter point it would, however, be especially interesting to learn its actual result not only in the case of the Bristol artisan to whom it was written, but of other similarly minded Secularists who chanced to read it. To me, I confess, it seems, with all its undoubted excellencies, not to lay sufficient stress on the chief cause of Secularism and Negation. The ordinary Atheist and Secularist suffers from overweening intellectualism—hypertrophy of reason, if such a term be allowed. He manifests the ostentatious omniscience which is the invariable accompaniment of aggressive ignorance. Judging from his treatment of this somewhat favourable case, Mr. Wilson thinks it best to meet these symptoms with an appeal to their owner's sentiments—to the aesthetic and emotional side of his nature. But this appeal presupposes the existence of that aesthetic material, which may be, and often is, wholly lacking. Besides, the plea is liable to be misunderstood by its objects as an appeal *ad misericordiam*. In my opinion this plethora of intellectualism would be best met—as similar symptoms in the physical frame—by a judicious system of depletion, such a method, e.g., as Socrates applied to the dogmatic arrogance of young Athenians. In other words, the infallibility of the reason must be questioned. Its numerous errors and vacillations in human history should be insisted on. The high place which a judicious suspense in speculative matters has occupied in the minds of the greatest thinkers should be pointed out. Impartial self-analysis should be recommended, and persistent and reverent enquiry (truth-search) should be inculcated. But the subject is by no means free from difficulty, and probably no uniform corrective would serve to meet all diversities of mental disorder.

In a book treating such a great variety of topics, addressed to such different audiences, and presenting diverse views of the self-same subject, seeming imperfec-

tions and inconsistencies might easily be discovered. I cannot find, e.g., that Mr. Wilson's utterances on authority and its kinds and limits can always be harmonised. There is, to take a specific instance, an apparent inconsistency in his "Letter to a Bristol Artisan" and his paper on Authority and Free Thought as to the consideration and respect which "spiritual giants," &c., are entitled to receive. He seems occasionally to speak of scepticism, i.e., negation, as if it were in all cases an avoidable defect, whereas negative dogma is as much constitutional in some mental natures as positive dogma is in others. Although admitting the indemonstrable nature of certain speculative truths, Mr. Wilson does not seem to me to lay sufficient stress on probability, both as a mode of conviction and as an incentive to action. In this respect he has something still to learn from the author of the *Analogy*. Further, when he incidentally subordinates aspiration to conviction he manifests, for one who appreciates so fully the scope of emotion in religion, an unexpected lack of spiritual insight, as well as a marvellous ignoring of familiar phenomena in religious history.

But these, after all, are comparatively slight defects, perhaps inseparable from a work which covers so large an area of controversial thought. Taken as a whole, the book must be said to meet admirably one conspicuous want of our church and time. It is a thoughtful, cautious, well-balanced attempt to solve the difficulties which intelligent men find in our popular theology. Mr. Wilson is clear-sighted enough to perceive, and courageous enough to avow, that Christianity must share, to a certain extent, the evolution which is the common law of the universe. He aspires to a "new Reformation,"

"in which spiritual truths will be more precious, while we shall feel that our expressions of them are less adequate; and in which conduct and charity and heavenly grace will be thought the truest evidence of the possession by the soul of those spiritual truths independently of the selection of the intellectual form in which those truths may be deemed least inadequately expressed" (p. 302).

Though "one swallow does not make a summer" in the moral and religious any more than in the material world, yet the publication of this book so soon after that of Dr. Abbott's striking and thoughtful work, *The Kernel and the Husk*, must be regarded as a significant sign of the times. Both are pioneers in the New Reformation of which Mr. Wilson speaks; and to both a fellow-worker for more than a quarter of a century in the same field heartily wishes "God speed." JOHN OWEN.

TWO BOOKS ON RECENT IRISH HISTORY.

Eighty-five Years of Irish History. By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Irish Wrongs and English Remedies. With other Essays. By R. Barry O'Brien. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

In literature, as in politics, Ireland demands special treatment. Of the two books above named it is absolutely impossible to write a purely literary review. I should like

to see an average English critic take in hand Mr. O'Neill Daunt. He would point out that the book has the defects as well as the excellencies of what is understood as Irish writing—a tendency to go off on side issues, to interpolate matter (the career of Fergus O'Connor, for instance, and the sad story of Tom Steele) not directly connected with the subject, to bring to the front evidence (like that of *chef de bataillon* Miles Byrne, about '98), which, though almost certainly true, fails to convince English readers, because it is not backed up with the array of proofs to which such readers have grown accustomed. But, if he were a critic with a heart, desiring (as most Englishmen, even critics, do) to deal fairly with Ireland, he could not stop there. He might regret, from a literary point of view, the form of Mr. Daunt's book; but, at the same time, he would confess that in any other form it would have been less telling. That picture of pre-Union society, grouped round "King" Bagenal, is surely a plea, stronger than any argument, for Catholic emancipation. A system under which the mass of the people had the manhood crushed out of them, so that (as used to be said) "you could tell a Catholic by his walk," and a Catholic merchant's son would account it an honour to be allowed to play marbles with the son of a Protestant attorney, proves more conclusively than any amount of argument the folly of government by Ascendancy. The ugly story of the Union shows the hopelessness of expecting anything but disappointment from a connexion so brought about. The whole sketch of the Old and Young Ireland parties reminds us that the cry for Home Rule, though sometimes only whispered, has never once ceased. Even O'Connor's eccentricities, we feel, are to some extent chargeable on the hopelessness of the Irish political horizon before the dawn. Our critic would, therefore, sum up by admitting that, after all, a series of graphic pictures, though it may leave something to be desired from a literary point of view, is, for the majority of readers, the most suggestive way in which the subject can be presented. People like to read between the lines; and between such lines as Mr. O'Neill Daunt's they can scarcely read wrongly. For, having taken part in a great deal of what he describes, Mr. Daunt writes with that fervour of conviction which is better than any amount of argumentative skill. Mr. O'Brien's style is more compact than Mr. Daunt's, because he was writing for English reviews; and, moreover, he has schooled himself in that abstention from rhetoric which is becoming such a feature in the Irish writing of the day. They both simply set forth facts, though facts of a different class: the latter gives us facts of social life resulting more or less directly from the bad system which is in process of removal, the former brings forward facts of legislation connected with the various attempts to remove this bad system. And these facts are so monstrous that Mr. O'Brien's calm judicial way of simply stating them is as astonishing as it is admirable. A Catholic, a Nationalist, fully alive to past and present wrongs and to the needs of the future, deeply sympathising with all that Irishmen are striving for, he is yet content to let his facts of "remedial" legis-

lation tell their own sad tale with even less comment than that supplied by Mr. Daunt. And he is right. He feels, for instance, that the education difficulty could not be better illustrated than by pointing out how Archbishop Whately struck out of the class-book "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" and Campbell's "Irish Harper," and put in:

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child."

The suppressed pieces had been inserted by the Scotch Presbyterian minister, Mr. Carlile, to whom Government in its inscrutable wisdom had committed the arrangement of the education scheme. But his Grace improved on Mr. Carlile. He feared lest some fourth-standard child might for Caledonia read Erin, and he struck out Scott's lines as well as everything else that savoured of patriotism. I am not now quoting Mr. O'Brien. He merely states the fact, and caps it with the following exquisite attempt at training the young in the way in which they should go: "On the East of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives. Many people who live in Ireland were born in England, and we speak the same language and are called the same nation."

Young "Pat" is generally thought to be not wanting in shrewdness. Were he the dullest clod imaginable, he could scarcely avoid thinking: "True, the Queen certainly never lives here; and the gentlemen who are kind enough to govern us were nearly all born in England." Not only in education, however, but throughout there has been the same determination on England's part "to ignore Irish public opinion, and to give Irishmen not what they want, but what Englishmen think they ought to have." It was so with the Poor Law. The report of the Commission, made up of Irishmen and Englishmen of Irish experience, which had been three years at work, was disregarded, and Lord John Russell acted on the report of a Scotchman, Mr. Nicholls, whose knowledge of the country was derived from a flying tour of six weeks. Till Mr. Gladstone's recent legislation, it has been the same with the land. Any measure so ruinous as the Encumbered Estates Act could not have been planned even by the most imbecile of native parliaments. Such is a fair sample of Mr. O'Brien's facts. He does not enlarge on the chronic insolence which has treated every national demand as the voice of a pack of children crying for the moon. He leaves the irony of his extracts from the *Times* of 1842 and 1850—when that newspaper was roaring against Irish landlords, comparing them to Turkish pashas, and conjuring the Legislature to interfere and to replace such a worthless set by men of capital and intelligence—to speak for itself. He leaves his readers to draw the parallel between Lord Melbourne in 1837 vilified by Lord Roden and the Orange leaders "for maintaining a conspiracy fatal to the integrity of the empire, and by his league with O'Connell endangering British rule and the Protestant religion" (p. 102), and Mr. Gladstone, in 1887, subjected to even more virulent abuse from the self-styled Unionists. Then, as now, the tranquillity which could only be denied by a quibble was attributed to

the undisputed triumph of "anarchy." Lord Melbourne fell, as Mr. Gladstone has fallen; but there the parallel ends. Mr. Gladstone will rise all the stronger for his fall, for English opinion is far more intelligent now than it was fifty years ago; neither is it now, as it was then, "bitterly hostile to the Irish people" (p. 13). This is the most hopeful change of all in the varied panorama of Irish affairs.

Very instructive are Mr. O'Brien's papers on the Lichfield House compact and on Thomas Drummond. Very interesting is his suggestion that Mr. Gladstone supported the Irish Church so long, and only so long, as he believed it to be Protestantising the Irish people. More practically important just now is the remark (p. 211) that "in Ireland there are not two nations, but a nation and a colony. . . . The Orange descendants of the Scotch settlers who occupy a corner of Ulster can no more be called a nation than can the 'Dutch Palatines' of Munster." These men, though "English to the Irish," have always been "Irish to the English" whenever the executive has not given them their own way; and yet Mr. O'Brien is sure that "if the Ulster colonists could only be persuaded that Home Rule does not mean Rome Rule they would fall into the national line before a twelvemonth." To those who really believe in local boards and such like, with or without coercion, I recommend the remark (p. 30) on "grudging concessions spoiled for lack of the sympathy that crowns a gracious deed." Nor should I be right in omitting almost the only bit of dogmatism in the book; it puts the case so clearly: "Ireland is in trouble because her material grievances have been but slowly and unwillingly redressed, and because the national sentiment has never been respected."

From Mr. Daunt's two volumes it is less easy to pick *γνώμαι*. They deserve to be widely read and pondered over, not without a sense of humiliation that such treatment was possible at the hands of free and enlightened England. Everyone (now that the time when England deemed she could profit by Irish rivalries is for ever gone by) will join in the wish "that Irishmen of all creeds could recognise and rejoice in each other's good qualities"; and those who still have a lingering dread of the "Rome Rule" bogey will be glad to hear from the Protestant Sir John Parnell (*Historical Apology for Irish Catholics*) that "the Irish Catholics are the only sect that ever resumed power without exercising vengeance"; and from Dr. W. Cooke Taylor (*History of Irish Civil Wars*) that "it is but justice to this maligned body to say that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a different religion." Mr. Daunt has done a good work by bringing out indisputable authorities like these.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

SPANISH FOLKLORE.

Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas. Tomos VII.-XI. (Madrid.)

THE volumes of this excellent collection of Spanish folklore show no falling-off as they advance. Nay, in some respects, the interest becomes greater. Vols. vii., ix., xi. are

occupied with the "Cancionero popular Gallego y en particular de la provincia de la Coruña," by Don José Perez Ballesteros. Vol. viii. contains (1) a charming essay in Portuguese on "The Rose in the Life of the Peoples," by Cecilia Schmidt Branco; and (2) "The Folklore of Proaza in the Asturias," by L. Gener Arivau. The contents of vol. x. are "Popular Tales collected in Estremadura," by D. Sergio Hernández de Soto. It will be seen at once that such a series is of no little value for philological purposes as well as for folklore. We have, too, a most pleasing variety of matter in the separate volumes. The "Cancionero Gallego" consists wholly of verses and couplets improvised or composed by the people, stanzas which pass orally from mouth to mouth without any one demanding who is the author of them. The volume of Señor de Soto contains fairy tales only; while Señora Branco's contribution is a delightful *résumé* of whatever the superstition or fancy or poetry of many peoples have associated with the rose in literature. Señor Arivau's "Folklore of Proaza" is gathered chiefly from one narrator, a native of the place, in service at Madrid. It includes traditions, legends, tales, superstitions, *coplas*, and romances.

The "Cancionero Gallego" of Señor Ballesteros is introduced by an excellent prologue by Theophilo Braga, in which he claims Galicia as the true fountain-head of Spanish song. He gives proof of the richness and complexity of its many forms by quotations—some of which are singularly beautiful—from the Cancionero of the Vatican (sæc. XIII.). He remarks on the likeness to Keltic poetry in the Triads; but the chief distinction of the verse is the skill and telling effect with which repetitions and refrains are managed, recalling in this some of the older forms of French versification. The form of the *coplas* has evidently been moulded by the compass of the instrument to which they were sung; or by the dance to which they lent, or from which they caught, their rhythm. Speaking generally of these Gallegan *coplas*—for we have not space to go into detail—they have neither the exquisite tenderness, nor the graceful fancy, nor the almost frenzied passion of the Southern Spanish. They are the production of a harder race. They deal more with outward life, with agricultural scenes, or with the daily lot of the fisher and the mariner. They are often satirical: the priest, the miller, the dressmaker, and the step-mother, are the classes which most often fall under the lash. The morality indicated in them is not high. On the other hand, they often evince a true feeling for nature—as love of trees, and an affection for cattle—not often found among rustics. "My god-mother," says one, "if I die, don't bury me in the churchyard; bury me in the green field, where the cattle go to graze." *Romerías*—i. e. pilgrimages—seem to hold as large a place in Galician life as do the *Pardons* in that of Brittany. The nursery songs are numerous and good. There is plenty of rustic wit and repartee. Occasionally we have reminiscences of far older ways of thought, as in vol. ix. 181, where Venus is addressed as the star of abundance; and another on p. 199, where the *cowado* is possibly alluded to. In one the manufac-

turing supremacy of England is commemorated:

"D'os panos que hai n-a tenda
Moito me gusta o *Manchester*,
D'os filhos que tèn teu pai
Tamén me gusta Silvestre."

"Of the cloths there is in the shop
I much prefer the *Manchester*,
Of the sons your father has got
I also do like Silvestre."

A note to the final word of l. 2 tells us that it is "an English cotton which formerly bore this name."

The Asturian *coplas*, and especially the ballads and romances, given by Señor Arivau are far more poetical than the Gallician; but they are not so rich in rhythmical forms. They are given in Spanish, not in the Asturian Babel, and have not so much peculiar to the soil. The religious folklore is rich, and some of the Christian symbolism very pretty. One superstitious practice is curiously opposite to Protestantism. "One ought never to pray for a person living, for that attracts death to him." But perhaps the most useful part of this collection is the proof that it gives, in the ballad of the death of Prim, and in the Carlist *coplas*, that folklore is still being formed among us. "The Death of Prim" is a legend entirely in the old style.

This collection, as we have said above, was formed from Asturians in Madrid, and taken down in Spanish. Had Señor Arivau taken his *Cuentos* from the lips of Asturians in their own country and in their own dialect, I think he would have modified his statement that "belief is no element in them." Among the Basques, who have told me variations of these tales, some certainly most fully believed that there was a time when animals, and even trees, spoke; others, who from wider intercourse had lost their faith, assured me that once they really believed this. The legal precedent of the pleadings of the man and the serpent in the Fueros of Navarre and Aragon was certainly not believed in at the time it was written down or printed; but it points back (like our John Doe and Richard Roe) to a time when men could think and express themselves only in concrete terms; when both thought and language in the effort to express abstractions were compelled to humanise external nature; when to the confused consciousness of sentient man everything else was sentient, and he could not believe it to be otherwise. Modern society is still somewhat like a vertical geological section. However rich and complex may be the forms in the upper strata, as you descend they become simpler and less complex, till at last we reach the remnants of the simplest rudimentary organisms. And these rudimentary forms in thought and language are still to be found throughout Europe. There are still those whose thoughts really dwell wholly in the concrete, even though their lips may repeat the abstractions which they have learnt by rote or caught parrot-wise from their superiors.

WENTWORTH WENSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

James Hepburn. By Sophie Veitch. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

Could he do Better? By A. A. Hoffmann. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Autobiography of a Slander. By Edna Lyall. (Longmans.)

Scamp. By J. Sale Lloyd. (White.)

Walter Ellithorne. By A. S. Melville. (Elliot Stock.)

Passages in the Life of an Undergraduate. By Bee Bee. (Sonnenschein.)

James Hepburn is a story of very unusual power, promise, and desert. It is not, indeed, altogether easy to read. The workmanship is too close, the threads too firmly knit together, the thought too terse for any lazy lady to gallop through it with her feet on the fender. There is in it no marrying and giving in marriage and no love-making; and it deals with the mental history of two very dissimilar persons, neither of them the hero—lovely Lady Elinor Farquharson and Rob Blackwood. The story of Lady Elinor is exceedingly pathetic; and all her moods, as she gradually progresses along a path of peril, are described with a hand at once sure and delicate. The young and beautiful wife of a stiff and formal old husband—a sort of animated and respectable ramrod in shoulderstraps and belts—she is thrown much upon the society of a gay, fascinating and generous young man of her own age, Sir Maurice Adair. She had married General Farquharson with feelings merely of respect and esteem; and she soon begins to pine for genuine love and sympathy, which is just what her husband is restrained from offering to her from a fear of appearing uxorious and absurd. He masks his really passionate devotion to his wife under a calm, immaculate propriety of demeanour, which gives him in her eyes the appearance of indifference, and in the reader's of an exasperating formalism and punctilio. How under these circumstances she passes from girlish pleasure in Adair's frank admiration to a startled dread of his influence; how, unable to avoid his company, she bravely battles with her own weakness and his growing passion; how again and again she reaches safe ground, only again and again, as if by fate, to slide into peril; how at last she is swept away on the stream of her lover's passion, and of her own yearning for some affection to take the place of that which her husband had never shown her, is told with intense interest, much psychological insight, and perfect delicacy. Robert Blackwood's, on the other hand, is a wild warped nature; a strange mixture of talent, loyalty, and vindictiveness, with a curious moral twist in it, which makes him act as a villain without a villain's motives. The fight in which the minister knocks him senseless and wins his devotion, the crisis at which he surrenders himself to justice on a charge of murder to save the minister his friend, and his escape from gaol, are most vividly described. Both to Lady Elinor and to Rob the Minister Hepburn is a kind of confessor and saviour. A man of unconventional habits, and of a bluntness which is skillfully made to verge upon boorishness, he is a paragon of unselfishness, who bewitches the people in the book without offending the people who read it. The tragedy of the tale is relieved by the picture of his petty, pestering, tattling congregation. It is true the tragedy is rather too psychological. The

minister preaches at times till he nearly prozes; and, skilful as is the birth of a mountain of gossip out of a molehill of fact, the tattling of the congregation is rather brittle and trivial. The railway accident, too, which concludes the drama, is both wanting in originality and hardly adequate to work such a change in Rob as it does, consistently with the previous history of his mind. The minor characters are well done. Mrs. Munro and Mr. Laing are especially sharp and fine in their drawing. The plot is unusually coherent and well constructed. So far is the book from having superfluous incident that the full force and effect of each incident is almost more than a memory of ordinary power can carry away in the course of the tale. On the whole, *James Hepburn* is an excellent novel, and one which it is a satisfaction to have read.

Could he do Better? is a novel which improves very much as it goes on. The first volume consists mainly of a rambling and unskilful introduction of the personages and a commonplace picture of the society of a small country town. Now, whatever may be the value of realism, it does not justify every observer of parochial society in jotting down a semi-humorous description of it and calling it a study from nature. But when the plot and passion has had time to expand Mr. Hoffmann shows that he has a real talent for weaving a complicated plot and that he can interest his readers in his personages. Often, indeed, his plot is too complex. Three or four of the characters play at a kind of hide-and-seek of proposal and refusal of marriage; and the air is darkened with rumours of engagements, and the fate of the hero and heroine, with their consequences. The heroine, poor Judith Topham, a sweet and only too conscientious girl, is kept on the rack—duty warring against affection—to the very last page of the last volume, until one rises in arms at the prolongation of her sufferings. True it is all undergone for the redemption of the hero—a gentleman, who, under the chastening influence of crosses in love, is brought to exchange his trade of politician for the comparative honesty of the manufacture of patent varnish. This is the theme of the book, and the fault of the process is that it is too full of stratagem. The young man shilly-shallies with a lovely widow so fond of diamonds that she sleeps in them. He proposes to her, or rather to her bankbook; and when he is accepted, he most inconsistently “shuddered as if a corpse had risen to life and embraced him. A horrible giddiness and nausea overtook him,” which, being in Park Lane, in the drawing-room of the proprietor of the bankbook, he fortunately controls. He gets out of this; and, strange to say, by means of a contested election, is brought to his better mind, and at last does poor Judith justice. If Mr. Hoffmann would not aim at quite such high *finesse* in his conversations, in which he misses his mark, and would not manoeuvre his pawns so adroitly that he forgets they ought not to be pawns at all but creatures of flesh and blood, he would do much better. No doubt he has the talent to do so, and it is to be hoped he will.

Miss Lyall is a little hard on gossip in her *Autobiography of a Slander*. The design on

the cover, which typifies her treatment of her subject, represents a small serpent coiling round a cup of tea, and trying without much success to sting the tea-spoon. Miss Lyall exaggerates the poisonous qualities of this sort of reptile. The slander in question is merely the statement that a Polish merchant, who loses his temper in a drawing-room about Russian despotism, must be a Nihilist in disguise. Anyone might have said that. This simple remark, uttered in September, kills the Pole with consumption in a Russian gaol on the following New Year's day. This is a portentous game of Russian scandal. In print gossips usually get the scourge. They are kicked and have no friends; but really to belabour them with the knout in this fashion provokes a recoil in their favour. Apart, however, from its intrinsic exaggeration, the tale has the merit we have learned to look for in Miss Lyall. It is very slight and hardly worthy of her; but it is skilful and fluent, and is well worthy the thirty minutes it takes to read.

What would novelists do without lover's misunderstandings? Given “Scamp,” a young lady with “two coral-red Cupidon lips and a row of pearl-like teeth” (why two lips and but one row of teeth?) and “a high-bred instep,” who gets engaged at fifteen to a warrior of five and thirty in the boughs of a walnut tree; given the confirmation of this engagement at the age of eighteen at vol. i., p. 126; the problem is to keep the young things apart, unhappy and interesting, till vol. iii., last page but fifteen. The thing is simple, though it is doubtful if a mere man could have done it. “Scamp” has undertaken to play guardian angel to the love affairs of an amorous solicitor and the daughter of a wicked baronet, who forbids such a *mésalliance*. The warrior catches the solicitor and “Scamp” by night in a summerhouse, and misinterprets Pyramus talking to the wall into Pyramus talking to Thisbe; and thereupon he vanishes for a volume or so, in haste and wrath, to India and waste spaces of jealousy and desolation of heart. Thereupon ensues a perfect carnival of love-making. “Scamp” gets six proposals of marriage—one from the baronet, and three from a nobleman, who afterwards crowns the edifice with a seventh to someone else. Still Adela, *alias* “Scamp,” behaves nicely and pathetically, with a tendency, however, to address rejected suitors as “my friend.” After her father's death, “etherealised, but equally lovely,” she encounters her warrior near her father's tombstone, which was “very chaste and pure looking and massive too,” just as the lover was placing on it “a rarely beautiful wreath of white flowers.” “A spasm of uncontrollable joy swept through her heart;” but the warrior, colder than the tombstone, takes himself off, “gnawing the ends of his brown moustache fiercely,” and muttering “Fool that I was to come here.” After so promising a conjuncture, no experienced novel-reader will doubt that marriage and happiness cannot be far off. Though Miss Lloyd has hammered out a very small nugget of gold into a very large surface of gilding, still there is gold in her nugget. In spite of a strong dose of the conventional absurdity of novels, the book is a pleasant and refined one, and may well be read.

For a stranger to point out which way the genius of the author of *Walter Ellithorpe* lies would be presumptuous, since he who ought to be no stranger to himself has lamentably mistaken its direction. Clearly, however, it never will make him a novelist. His subtitle, “A Country Parson's Facts and Fancies,” is a very good description of his book, so far as it goes; for the book consists of the fancy of some one who is not a man of the world, and who avenges the peacefulness of his country life by the lurid character of his imaginings. Gambling, forgery, a brace of suicides, child stealing, apoplexy, and heart disease are the minor links in the chain of events. Yet it must not be supposed that the book is exciting. It would not ruffle the tranquillity of a convent. The conversations consist largely of that class of talk which adorns the specimen conversations of etiquette books. The English language, too, has difficulties for Mr. Melville. He writes: “I would advise that to whichever of you he proposes, to say yes without any hesitation,” and “she and her stepdaughter were after having an unpleasant interview with the young lady's father,” when what he means is that they had just had one; and with unconscious pleasantry he remarks that “if Captain Sharp did not meet Miss Winton within the walls of her father's house, he met her very often in the city at concerts and other places.” When any of the male characters falls in love he always buys new hats and collars, which trait, with other things, suggests that the writer is a lady and not a parson, and is better acquainted with some suburb than even with the country.

Passages in the Life of an Undergraduate is a misleading title. It should be passages in the lives of three or four undergraduates, a parcel of their “lady friends,” and some irrelevant old fogs, with selections from tourist handbooks to Spain, Norway, and other unknown regions. If there is a plot, it lies in the awful consequences of a boy-and-girl flirtation at a Commemoration ball. The girl, without telling mamma, writes the boy a letter and sends him a knot of riband—doubtless a gross impropriety, and worthy of condign punishment, though there are still some of us who walk the streets—whited sepulchres that we are—with similar crimes on our conscience and a smirk of respectability on our lips. More lethal than the shirt of Nessus, the riband kills a child, conducts the girl to the brink of the grave, and deafens a naval lieutenant. To tell how this is managed would be to squeeze what little juice Bee Bee's orange contains. The story is brief, and the accounts of Oxford briefer, but they are not brief enough to avoid errors; which fact, with the entire freedom of the book from the detestable vices of youthful cynicism and affectation of worldly wisdom, goes far to prove that the author, who clearly is young, cannot be an undergraduate, and probably is a young lady who visited Oxford for a week during the Commemoration of 1886.

J. A. HAMILTON.

SOME SCOTCH BOOKS.

View of the Political State of Scotland in the Last Century. Edited by Sir Charles Elphinstone Adam. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) This is a statistical and political curiosity, being

a confidential report by some unknown person or persons on the political opinions, family connexions, and personal circumstances of the 2,662 individuals who alone had the franchise in Scotch counties in 1788. It was intended to assist William Adam and Henry Erskine, the Whig managers in Scotland a century ago, in their campaign against Pitt and Dundas. The main thing that it proves is that it must have been quite as easy a matter to canvass the whole of Scotland then as it is to canvass a single county now. The notes attached to the names of the voters reported on are characterised by worldly shrewdness rather than by malice. Here are three specimens:

"James McHarg, writer in Edinburgh, wishes for a small office. Unmarried. Not rich. Thought will vote for Sir Andrew Cathcart; swayed by John Hunter, W.S. . . . John Bushby, Sheriff-Clerk of Dumfries. An able, sharp man. Wishes for preferment and business to his son at the Bar. . . . John Carruthers, of Holmains. This estate and vote sold to James McCrae, Esq., cousin of the Earl of Glencairn, who will have influence with him."

Occasionally these notes tell odd stories, e.g.:

"Henry Rankine, of Knockdow. An oddity. Begs on the high way. Has amassed money. . . . John Christie, Baberton. Old man. Dying. Made his fortune by a lottery ticket. Arthur Forbes, of Culloden. Very independent fortune. Got a sum from Government for a monopoly of making whisky, duty free. . . . Hercules Ross, of Bossie. A new proprietor. Very rich. Made his money by privateering in the West Indies."

This report was decidedly worth printing.

A Short Border History, by Francis Hindes Groome (Kelso: Rutherford), is an admirable little book, and supplies a much-felt want; for, as the author says, "rich as is Border literature, there has till now been no short Border history to slip into the pocket, and be read on the actual battle-fields of Otterburn, Flodden, and Ancrum." Mr. Groome loves his subjects, knows thoroughly the story of every inch of the 110 miles which, following the Border and starting from Berwick-on-Tweed, one has to travel before one reaches the Solway Firth. He has also a nimble fancy, and is as opinionative as Prof. Blackie himself, occasionally waving his arms and shouting out such views as "The drama 'Monarchy' is all but finished, and the 'gods' are growing impatient for the end; for is it not to be followed by the grand new harlequinade 'Democracy,' in which all the fine actors shall heigh! presto! be turned into clowns?" But Mr. Groome's book is, perhaps, all the better, and it is certainly none the worse, for outbreaks of this kind. It contains all that the stranger, or the tourist at all events, needs to know of the history, the social life, the geography, and the ethnology of the Border. There is scarcely a superfluous, and not one uninteresting, line in it.

St. Kilda and the St. Kildians, by Robert Connell (Hamilton, Adams & Co.), is based on certain articles which its author contributed to the *Glasgow Herald* in October, 1885, and June, 1886, in the character of a "Special Correspondent." Mr. Connell does not add much to the information recently supplied on the subject of St. Kilda, with its fulmars and its Free Churchism, its tetanus and its intermarriages, by such writers as Mr. Sands and Mr. Seton; but he saw its inhabitants when they were in deep distress, and he writes clearly, graphically, and vigorously. Occasionally, indeed, he seems too vigorous, as when his topic is the Free Church clergyman on the island. His recommendations for the amelioration of the condition of the St. Kildians deserve careful and prompt attention. Plainly something must be done for them. It is to be regretted that the

sentimental yachtsman and other folks who have recently been paying some attention to the St. Kildians have—so says Mr. Connell—rendered him a "fibresless" creature.

My College Days (Paisley: Gardner) purports to be the autobiography of a defunct Scotch student, and to be only edited by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson, who is known already as the author of *Rambles in the Far North*. But it is, to say the least, eminently probable that Mr. Fergusson relates his own experiences in Edinburgh and St. Andrews. He does so in a sufficiently lively and "freshman" style. To judge from what Mr. Fergusson says, Scotch students, more particularly in St. Andrews, drink a good deal of beer and whisky, and have sufficient leisure on their hands to write a large quantity of jovial verse, in which they hit off the peculiarities of their professors. As some of this verse is rather indifferent, Mr. Fergusson might have given his readers a little less of it. One regrets to hear that "many Scotch students who go up with scholarships to Oxford become in the course of time so much Anglicised that they are anything but favourable specimens of their class. They get snobbish, and think it a proper thing to run down the university which they have left."

It is evident that this latter mistake is not one that Mr. Fergusson will ever commit. He has a good deal to tell of Scotch professors and Scotch landladies, as well as of Scotch students. We confess to being somewhat surprised to learn that Prof. Fraser, the eminent Berkeleyian, is a humourist. So it seems, however. At all events,

"a student who sent in an essay of 160 pages, finished up his production by saying that as it was Saturday night and very near the Sabbath, he would now bring his remarks to a conclusion. 'Gentlemen, I never felt so thankful in my life,' said the professor, 'for the Christian institution of the Sabbath.'"

My College Days is, on the whole, as readable as any book of the kind that has recently been published.

THE anonymous author of *Law Lyrics* (Paisley: Gardner), which, we see, is in its second edition, cannot be placed on a footing of equality, as regards either ability as a versifier or intimate knowledge of Scotch feelings and character, with either Outram or Neaves. These "lyrics" lack finish and suggest the criticism of "coarse kintra wark," which the Edinburgh beadle, an expert in sermons, was in the habit of applying to the lucubrations of provincial preachers. But the subjects they deal with are sufficiently varied, including love, law, lakes, wigs, and crofters. Their author has the power of condensation, too, as in lines like these:

"Farewell! to Craigmore, his bare forehead
erecting
O'er hills, streams, lochs, islands, and fens,
a full score,
Where Achray and Katrine lie sweetly reflecting
Bens Vane, Ledy, A'an, Venue, Voirlich, and
More."

Unkempt enthusiasm and rollicking good humour are the chief features of this little volume.

The Captive King, and other Poems. By James Sharp. (Paisley: Gardner.) It would be unfair to criticise these poems too sharply, as they are the productions of a Glasgow merchant, although some of them were written after their author had retired from business. The most ambitious of them—"The Captive King," illustrating certain passages in the life of James I. of Scotland, and "Tullebardine's Bride," which is a sort of Scotch version of "The Lord of Burleigh"—flow smoothly, and are agreeably free from sentimental twaddle. Occasionally, indeed, Mr. Sharp becomes too

prosaic, as when, in "Tullebardine's Bride," he tells us that

"The patient had in lucid interval
Flora to see, a strong desire express.
The doctors urge upon the family all,
The policy of granting this request."

Mr. Sharp is seen at his best in his shorter poems. In these, as a rule, healthy sentiment is expressed in unpretentious verse.

Early Songs and Lyrics. By Ebenezer Black. (Edinburgh: Brown.) The type and paper of this book are rather attractive; and Mr. Black has carefully polished his rather thin verses, which, some in Scotch and some in English, trudge along the road that Burns strode before their author. Mr. Black's ecstasies in Scotch are not very inspiring. There is not much contagious passion in

Oh the glory o' that night,
When the moon was at her heicht,
And through the wud in her brow licht
I gaed hame wi' Bella!

Occasionally he strikes out a happy conceit, as in

I loved her once, I love her yet,
While round my heart entwine
The tendrils of the wild regret—
She never will be mine.

There is some promise in Mr. Black's book, and almost no nonsense.

Border and other Poems. By Robert Allan. (Kelso: Rutherford.) The author of these poems writes a flowing style, and has an easy command of the Scotch dialect of to-day. His ethical and religious sentiments are irreproachable. That is all that need be said of him and his poems.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Mr. John P. Prendergast, the author of "The Cromwellian Settlement," has just ready for publication with Messrs. Longmans another work on *Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution*—an interesting period of Irish history in relation to the Act of Settlement and its consequences.

NEXT month Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, will publish *Hortus Inclusus*, being a volume of selections from Mr. Ruskin's Letters to Miss Beaver, with a preface and notes by Mr. Ruskin. The book has been edited by Mr. Albert Fleming, and will form a companion volume to *Frondees Agrestes*.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has made a selection of the poems of Goldsmith, which will be published later in the year by the Clarendon Press.

PROF. ROBERTS, of St. Andrews, is preparing for publication a volume entitled *Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles*. The work is expected to be ready in the course of a few months.

THE second and concluding volume of Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante will be published in September. Besides translations of the *Paradiso* and the minor poems, it will also contain several essays on subjects of interest to Dante students.

AN edition of Macaulay's *Lays of Rome* is being printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, for Messrs. White & Allen, of New York. The impression is limited to 1,250 copies and 350 large paper, of which numbers, 250 and 100 respectively will be consigned to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., who will issue them for sale in England, with autotype medallion portrait, in calf and morocco bindings.

THE demand for the new edition of part i. of *The Sea: its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism*, has been so large that Messrs. Cassell & Company are now reprinting it, and a second edition will be ready in a few days.

UNDER the title of the *Story of Creation* Mr. Edward Clodd will shortly issue a plainly written résumé of the theory of evolution.

How to write the *History of a Family*, by Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as shortly to be issued by him.

Our Church Manual: a System of Suggestions for Prayers and Devotions at Home and at Church, arranged by the Rev. A. Hunter Dunn, will be published immediately by Messrs. Roper & Drowley. A special feature of this manual is that, while complete for use as issued, the first sixteen pages can, at a trifling expense, be filled with any local matter desired by the parochial clergy. Canon Maclear, warden of S. Augustine's, Canterbury, contributes a commendatory preface.

LAST Monday Miss Bennett, the principal of the well-known Ladies' College of Ogontz, Philadelphia, started in a four-horse coach, with several of her old pupils and their friends, for a drive to Canterbury and back, to see the road and scenes they have long known so well in Chaucer's Canterbury Prologue. They invited the founder of the Chaucer Society to go with them; but he, being near Henley-in-Arden for his holiday and Shakspeare work, was unable to go.

AT Prof. Arber's request the Early English Text Society has agreed to supply certain of its books at a much reduced price to students preparing for the matriculation and honours examinations at the University of London. Thus Prof. Skeat's edition of *Havelok the Dane* (for the matriculation, 1889) is to be had, post free, for half price, 5s.; and the professor's edition of the three parts of Barbour's *Bruce* (for the B.A.), with its seven indexes and glossaries, is to be had for 7s. 6d., though published at 47s. In every case prepayment to the society's printers, Clay & Sons, Bungay, Suffolk, is indispensable. Any profit the society may make out of the sale will be applied to reprinting its out-of-print texts of 1866, though the fourth of these, Dan Michel's Kentish *Ayenbite of Inuyt*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, is already at press. But seven more need reprinting, and three for 1867.

Two American girls—Miss Gertrude Baxter and Miss Hussey, of New Bedford, Massachusetts—have made an index to seventy-eight of the volumes of the Early English Text Society. They are willing to complete the society's other fifty volumes if the society will print the index. This the committee will, of course, gladly do, if the specimen of the work to be sent meets with their approval. The index can then include the books of 1888, and thus comprise the society's first twenty-five years' work.

THE Froebel Society offers prizes to the amount of twenty guineas for the best essays on the following subject: "The Ethical Teaching of Froebel, as gathered from his Works." Essays must be sent in not later than November 1, addressed Froebel Secretary, office of *Journal of Education*, 86 Fleet Street. The judges will be the Rev. R. H. Quick, Prof. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, and Miss Snell.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made in Manchester for the celebration of the phonographic jubilee and tercentenary of modern shorthand, both of which anniversaries occur in 1887, by a series of meetings on August 29 and 30. A committee, of which Mr. W. E. A. Axon is chairman, and which numbers among its members the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Salford, Principal Greenwood, and others, with Mr. A. W. Croxton, editor of the *Shorthand Monthly*, as hon. sec., have now issued a programme of arrangements for the meetings. The meetings are to be inaugurated by a public conference upon the present position of short-

hand, to be presided over by the mayor (Alderman J. J. Harwood). Papers will be read by Miss Reynolds, Messrs. W. E. A. Axon, E. J. Baillie, E. J. Cross, and Henry Pitman. In the evening a dinner will be given to Mr. Isaac Pitman by the Vegetarian Society, of which Mr. Pitman is a vice-president, to be followed by a social reception, at which an exhibition of shorthand rarities, type-writing machines, &c., will be held. The meetings will conclude on Tuesday, August 30, by a public meeting, at which an address will be delivered by Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography. Sir Edward W. Watkin, it is expected, will preside on this occasion. Arrangements have also been made with the authorities of Chetham's College and the Free Reference Library for an exhibition of shorthand works and MSS. at the respective libraries.

MR. CHARLES MARVIN has been elected corresponding member of the Imperial Russian Technical Society in recognition of his writings on petroleum.

THE following were the prices paid at Messrs. Sotheby's sale last week for the holograph MS. of some of the late D. G. Rossetti's poems, &c.: "Rose Mary," £22; "The King's Tragedy," £17; "The White Ship," £21 10s.; "The House of Life," sonnet (signed), £11; Lyrics, £8; Sonnets, including five in Italian by Proserpine—*La Bella Maro*—£11 5s.; "Wellington's Funeral," and sonnets, £8; various sonnets, £10 15s.; Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, original edition, with Rossetti's signature on fly-leaf, £7.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DRIVING IN WINTER: ENGLAND.

WHERE brown-clad hill and wold ascends
With delicate crests against the sky,
Glossed in the wandering river-bends,
Ice-fringed, we hasten by.

Along the ridges sombre-firred
The girdling blue is clear and cold;
Shy melodies of morning heard
From dewy field and fold.

From rusted bough the last leaf drops
Reluctant as a hidden sigh;
Along the purple-hearted copse
Soft trains of shadow lie.

We haste by lonely quarry huts,
Their lintels green and dark with rain,
And from the roadway and its ruts
The blue sky glints again.

Our swift wheels, splashing left and right,
Grate on the stones. All else is still,
Save when a wood-dove takes its flight
Across, from hill to hill.

A beat of wing, a rushing air—
Thy shadow'd bough is gain'd, O dove,
To find thy gentle fellow there;
But I am far from her I love.

FREDERIC HERBERT TRENCH.

THE TEACHING OF GREEK IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The head masters of Marlborough, Winchester, and Harrow have addressed the following letter to masters of preparatory schools:—

"July 25, 1887.

"We think it well to inform you that we purpose shortly to make certain changes in our school course, with the object of encouraging masters who are preparing boys for our schools to begin Greek at a later age than is usual under existing circumstances. At present, masters of preparatory schools are frequently induced by the requirements of the public schools to start boys in Greek before either their knowledge of Latin or their mental growth has qualified them to enter on the study of a second dead language. Our experience shows that the minds of young boys are confused by the multiplicity of subjects taught at the same time;

and all the more, when they are taught Greek before they have acquired the power of reading an easy Latin author, and are still grappling with the rudiments of Latin Grammar.

"Boys who began at a later age would be able with more rapidity and less confusion to assimilate the grammar of a language which has many features in common with Latin.

"And there would be other considerable advantages in beginning Greek at a later age. Time would then be set free for the study of French, geography, and the outlines of history; and above all for gaining such acquaintance with English as would both stimulate interest and thought, and promote a more intelligent study of Latin and Greek.

"We are persuaded that such a plan as is proposed would tend to diminish the number of boys who leave school at sixteen or seventeen with a confused and inaccurate knowledge of the classical languages, and too ignorant of subjects which should form part of a liberal education.

"The conference of head masters has already taken up this subject; and their committee have lately issued a report (a copy of which is enclosed) showing their unanimous opinion that the evidence submitted to them proves that boys who begin Greek before the age of eleven might, as a rule, have spent their time on other subjects without any loss to their Greek. We should be prepared to go even further. While we fully recognise that the age test is rough and unscientific, and can only be provisionally accepted as a convenient mode of fixing a definite idea, we hold that the evidence which has been brought forward shows that Greek scholarship would sustain no loss, and in many cases would gain, if even boys with some gift for language did not begin Greek till twelve: while, in our opinion, backward boys might profitably wait till later. To meet the needs of such boys we are prepared to make arrangements for teaching Greek in our own schools *ad initio*, and to admit boys on the classical side up to a certain standard in the school without a knowledge of Greek.

"We are most anxious to do nothing that will diminish the range and influence of classical education in England. But we believe that a change of method on the lines here indicated would lead to a higher average of intellectual attainment in public schools, and that, so far from injuring the cause of classical education, it would strengthen it by removing reasonable objections, and by establishing the study of both Latin and Greek on a more scientific basis.

"G. O. BELL,
"W. A. FRABON,
"J. E. O. WELLDON."

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

XIV.

LET us now see whether the assertion of the Cologne Chronicle "that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland were printed before there was any printing in Mentz [consequently, that the invention of printing was made in *Holland*, not at Mentz]," and the assertion of Junius, "that it was made in Haarlem," and my own contention (based on what I venture to call the very strong circumstantial evidence which I have detailed above) that both the Cologne Chronicle (= Ulrich Zell) and Junius are in the main correct, and that printing was invented at Haarlem, are in any sense of the word, contradictory to the so-called documentary evidence that we have regarding Gutenberg, and the assertion that he invented printing at Mentz in Germany. Those who believed this to be a fact always point out to us that up to 1561 the whole world was unanimous on that point. So it was, when we except such a trifle as the contradiction in the Cologne Chronicle. But when we trace this unanimity to its origin and its source, it begins to look very suspicious. The earliest document which allows us to connect Germany, Gutenberg, and Mentz with the art of printing is the Notarial document of November 6, 1455, record-

ing the decision in the lawsuit between Johan Gutenberg and Johan Fust. By the mouth of Johan Fust it speaks of "the work"; by the mouth of Johan Gutenberg it speaks of "tools" in preparation, of "servants' wages, house-rent, vellum, paper, ink, &c.," and of "the work of the books"; while by the mouth of the judges it speaks of "the work to the profit of both of them," of "their common use," and of "their common work"; but none of the persons concerned in the affair say a single word about an "invention," or about a "new mode" of printing. And yet the occasion was such as to make it almost imperative on Gutenberg to say at least one word about his "invention," if he had made any, for he had spent 1,600 guilders (no trifle in his days) of another man's money on the affair, and was on the point of being robbed and having taken away from him all that he had made and done to give effect to his "grand idea." In the next document, the colophon of the Psalter of 1457*, published by Fust and Schoeffer, the art of printing is plainly indicated and its importance fully realised; for it is said that the Codex was "venustate capitalium decoratus, rubricationibusque sufficienter distinctus, adinventione artificiosa imprimendi ac caracterizandi absque ulla calami exaratione sic effigiatus," but not a word is said of an inventor, nor of the place where it was invented. On the other hand, the colophon speaks not of an "inventio," but of an "adinventio," which may be taken to mean that the "invention" itself had already been made, but that now something additional, some "new mode" of printing, had been effected. The same colophon is repeated by the same printers in 1459 twice (Psalter and Durandus), in 1460 (Clementinae), in 1462 (Bible), and in several later publications. In 1465 we find a variation introduced and used in some books: "non stramento [communis, added in 1468] plumali canna neque aerea, sed artificiosa quadam adinventione imprimendi seu caracterizandi [or, after sed, simply: arte quadam perpulsa];" but, whatever variation is made, there is never a single word about an inventor or a place of invention. In 1460 there comes a new testimony, namely, the colophon of the *Catholicon*, in which the new mode of printing is still more fully indicated, and its importance still more fully realised, for it says that the book in 1460

"impressus atque confectus est alma in urbe maguntina nationis inclite Germanice. Quam [the German nation] dei clemencia tam alto ingenij lumine donoque gratuito ceteris terrarum nationibus preferre illustrareque dignatus [dignatus] est. Non calami, still aut pennae suffragio sed mira patronarum formarumque concordia proportionis et modulo."

Here Gutenberg himself speaks, according to the advocates of his claims. He had been robbed and wronged in 1455 by his former partner Fust, in conjunction with Peter Schoeffer. He had, it is alleged, succeeded in obtaining fresh money from a certain Dr. Homery, a Syndic of Mentz, to establish a new printing office, and now, in 1460—after he had seen his two cruel rivals publish book after book with colophons loudly proclaiming the importance of the new art "invented and perfected" by himself—he (Gutenberg) issues a grand product of his own, with a long-winded and verbose colophon about the new mode of printing and the blessed German nation, without mentioning his own name or

* An earlier document would be the *Donatus* published by Schoeffer with the colophon, "arte nova imprimendi seu caracterizandi per Petrum de Gernsheim in urbe Moguntina cum suis capitalibus absque calami exaratione effigiatus," for it may be presumed to have been issued about, or before, 1456. But it has no date, and can, therefore, not be placed in a strictly chronological sequence.

his "invention" with one single word. Dr. Van der Linde and others have considered it necessary to explain this silence, this extraordinary silence, which indeed has struck everybody. This silence was necessary, it is argued, otherwise Gutenberg's creditors would have seized the copies and his printing-office into the bargain. This explanation is, indeed, as extraordinary as Gutenberg's silence itself. It may be supposed that the publication of such a book as the *Catholicon*—a large folio volume of nearly 400 leaves—would excite attention even at the present time among the ocean of large and small publications that are issued daily. But in 1460 such works did not appear every hour of the day. And as the colophon says distinctly that it was printed and perfected at Mentz (the very city where Gutenberg's chief creditor resided) in the year 1460, by an art which is described with most remarkable details, I do not see how its printer could possibly have expected to escape being found out. Fust and Schoeffer, who printed in that very same city of Mentz, at the very same time, could hardly have lost sight, since 1455, of their interesting former colleague. They must have known it if there had been another printing-office established at Mentz besides their own, as printers were not then so numerous; only one other at Strassburg, leaving the Haarlem office out of the question. They must have known, moreover, who was the owner of that third office. But even if they did not know, the appearance of such a work, printed on vellum and on paper, and provided with a colophon in which every detail connected with the book, except the printer's name, is trumpeted about with great minuteness, could not have escaped their attention. And it is incredible that Fust and Schoeffer, or any other person, if Gutenberg owed him any money, would have been so guileless as to leave Gutenberg alone simply because he did not publish his name in the colophon.

I think if we examine further documents we shall find another and a more satisfactory explanation of Gutenberg remaining silent while his rivals were proclaiming aloud that they produced books by some "by-invention," and even copied afterwards expressions from his own colophon. In 1465 (17 January), eleven years after printing had been going on at Mentz, the Archbishop of Mentz issued a decree whereby he rewards Gutenberg for "his services"; but not a word is said about his "invention," nay, not even of his career as a "printer." On February 26, 1468, Dr. Homery (the man who had helped Gutenberg, it is said, to a new printing-office) wrote a letter of obligation to the same Archbishop of Mentz, acknowledging to have received from the archbishop "several forms, letters, instruments, implements, and other things belonging to the work of printing, which Johan Gutenberg had left after his death, and which had and still belonged to him [Dr. Homery], and undertaking to use them, but in no other town than Mentz, nor to sell them to any person but a citizen of Mentz, even if a stranger should offer him a higher price for the things." Here, indeed, we see that Gutenberg had been in possession of things "belonging to the work of printing," but there is, again, nothing about him as an "inventor."

Again, in this same year, 1468, this long spell of silence about an "invention" of printing in Germany is broken; but it is not broken by Germany, nor by Mentz, nor by Schoeffer, nor by any other German printer, but by Italy, by an Italian bishop; and the testimony that we receive from thence is silent about an "inventor." And as the first two printers of Italy (who are supposed to have inspired this testimony) were Germans, who may be, or are, presumed to have learnt their art at Mentz, under the very eyes and presence

of the so-called inventor, it looks as if this Italian testimony, as regards this German invention, is simply derived from the colophons of the Mentz books, without the bishop and his informants knowing anything, or feeling justified in saying anything, of an "inventor."

At last, in 1472, the long spell of silence about the "inventor" is broken; but, again, not by Mentz, not by Germany, not by any German printer, but by France. I allude to the letter of Gul. Fichet to Rob. Gaguin, discovered at Basel, by Dr. Sieber, the librarian of the Basel University, in a copy of *Gasparini Orthographia*, printed at Paris circa 1472, in which Fichet speaks of Johannes Bonemontanus as the inventor of printing. This testimony has attracted a good deal of attention during the last two or three years. Some people have gone so far as to say that this early testimony finally settles the dispute in favour of Gutenberg. Dr. Van der Linde prints it with a shout of triumph. But, as the letter was apparently written and printed in 1472, it comes only two years before the publication of the Chronicle of Philippus de Lignamine (Rome, 1474), which speaks of Gutenberg as printing in 1459, but not as the inventor of printing. And as this latter testimony has never been considered conclusive, it is hard to see how a difference of two years could make the Gutenberg tradition more weighty. Fichet, moreover, tells us that his story is a rumour current in Germany ("ferunt enim illic"). But Fichet's letter, though it is useless to those who wish to regard Gutenberg as the inventor of printing, is of considerable importance to those who, like myself, feel forced to deny that he was the inventor. Let me explain. It is, perhaps, not unreasonable to say—in fact everybody admits—that Fichet must have heard the rumour about Gutenberg from the first three Paris printers (1470), two of whom are known to have resided at Basel, and to have most likely learned their craft there, before they settled at Paris. This circumstance leads us back to Berthold von Hanau, who was printing at Basel in 1468, and who is presumed to be the "Bertolff von Hanauwe" who appears in the Mentz lawsuit of 1455 as Gutenberg's servant. To this chain we may link on the facts told us by Dr. Van der Linde (*Gesch. der Erfindung*, iii. 895, on the authority of the *Liber fraternitatis*), that Gutenberg was a lay member of an ecclesiastical fraternity established in the collegiate church of St. Victor, near Mentz, and that of this church his relative, Ivo Wittig, who, in 1504, erected a memorial stone to Gutenberg, was a canon and the custodian of its seal. This same relative of Gutenberg, Ivo Wittig, wrote, or at least is presumed to have written, the dedication to the Emperor Maximilian of the German translation of the *Livy*, published in 1505, by Johan Schoeffer (the son of Peter Schoeffer, and grandson of Johan Fust), in which he ascribes the honour of the invention to Johan Gutenberg, whereas the same Johan Schoeffer, when he is left to himself, invariably ascribes that honour to his father (Schoeffer), or to his grandfather (Fust). And when we remember (1) that the Heidelberg professors, who wrote epigrams in 1494 in honour of Johan Gensfleisch (= Anscarus), which were published in 1499, were inspired by Adam Gelthus, another relative of Gutenberg, and (2) that Franz Behem was established in the collegiate church of St. Victor (mentioned above) as a printer, and, in 1541, printed there the well-known poem ("de Chalcographiae inventione") of his press reader, Arnold Bergellanus, in which the invention is ascribed to Gutenberg—we cannot fail to see that the assertion that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing was made and propagated in an off-hand and unofficial way by no other persons than those who either were related to him, or

had stood in connexion with him or the St. Victor Church. Hence, we may say, perhaps without the possibility of a doubt, that the tradition that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing originated from no other person but Gutenberg himself. No doubt, during the hours which Gutenberg spent among his convivial fellow-members of the St. Victor fraternity, he indulged in some talk about his "invention," perhaps, in order to obtain a fresh loan, or, perhaps, in order to account for the total disappearance of the 1,600 guilders lent him by Johan Fust, without his having published any books. But, however loquacious he and his friends may have been within the safe precincts of the monastery, they were, apparently, very careful not to say anything about their "invention" in public, at the time that such an assertion could have been contradicted or affirmed. His servant Berthold seems to have spoken of it at Basel as a rumour; the Archbishop of Mentz seems to know nothing about it; and Dr. Homery—one of the founders of a merry, gastronomical fraternity at Mentz (Van der Linde, p. 897), therefore, one not likely to be silent if he knew anything about it—is silent on the point, though he had to speak of Gutenberg in connexion with almost everything "that belonged to printing." Surely, such testimonies regarding Gutenberg being the inventor of printing would be instantly rejected, if they came before a court of justice and were confronted with what has been said in favour of another party?

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BURNOUR, E. Les chants de l'église latine: restitution du rythme et de la mesure suivant la méthode naturelle. Paris: Lecoffre. 5 fr.
 NREIMYER-VUKASOWITZ, H. Russland. Leipzig: Heitmann. 14 M.
 ZERST, M. E. Vorläufer Lessings in der Aristoteles-interpretation. Jena: Pohle. 1 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- REUTER, H. Augustinische Studien. Gotha: Perthes. 10 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BING, F. M. La société anonyme en droit italien: étude de législation comparée. Paris: Durand. 8 fr.
 CEROUST, A. Beiträge zur Geschichte Ludwigs d. Bayern u. seiner Zeit. I. Die Romfahrt. 1827-1829. Gotha: Perthes. 5 M.
 GARDEN, le Comte de. Histoire générale des traités de paix etc. depuis la Paix de Westphalie. T. XV. Paris: Le Poutel. 7 fr. 50 c.
 KOPPMANN, K. Geschichte der Stadt Rostock. 1. Thl. Rostock: Werther. 2 M.
 RAUSS, R. Charles de Butré: un physiocrate tourangeau en Alsace et dans le Margraviat de Bade 1794-1806. Paris: Fischbacher. 5 M.
 SKIPT, O. De Polybii Olympiadum ratione et de bello punico primo quaestiones chronologicae. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- REICHARDT, W. Ueber die Darstellung der Kummer'schen Fläche durch hyperalliptische Functionen. Halle. 5 M.
 SCHWABE, G. Fichtes u. Schopenhauers Lehre vom Willen m. ihren Konsequenzen f. Weltbegreifung u. Lebensführung. Jena: Pohle. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 WERNER, K. Die Scholastik d. späteren Mittelalters. 4. Bd. Wien: Braumüller. 15 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BETRÄGE, Frankfurter neuphilologische. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Mahlan. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 GRIMM, W. Kleinere Schriften. Hrg. v. G. Hinrichs. 4. Bd. Göttersloh: Bertelsmann. 14 M.
 HILDEBRANDT, R. Studien auf dem Gebiete der römischen Poesie u. Metrik. I. Vergils Culex. Leipzig: Zangenberg. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 SCHULZE, G. Quaestionum Homeriarum specimen. Jena: Pohle. 1 M.
 SCHRADER, B. Studien zur altgriechen Syntax. Ein Beitrag zur att. Grammatik. Jena: Pohle. 2 M.
 SUBEMTHAL, F. De Platonis Phaedro et Isocratis contra sophistas oratione. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 ZETSCHE, A. W. Ueb. den 1. Teil der Bearbeitung d. "roman de Brut" d. Wace durch Robert Mannyng of Brunne. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EVANGELISTARIUM OF ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

St. Mary's Entry, Oxford: July 30, 1887.

In the sale of the library of William Brice, Esq., of Bristol, at Sotheby's on the 26th of this month, lot 104* was thus described:

"Evangelia iv. Generatio Jesu Christi. Manuscript on vellum, with intittulation in letters of gold and 4 Figures of the Evangelists, illuminated in gold and colours, from the Brent Ely Library, old calf, gilt edges, Saec. xiv."

The Bodleian Library purchased this manuscript for a moderate sum, and it is found to be the identical "book of the Gospels" which was the daily companion and prized possession of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, sister of Eadgar Ætheling and mother of Matilda, the wife of King Henry I.; and the very volume which was the subject of a miracle described in the Lives of St. Margaret. Many of your readers will remember the principal facts of the Queen's life: her flight to the Court of Malcolm III., King of Scotland, their marriage in 1070, and the mild and civilising character of her influence on her court and country until the death of both husband and wife in November 1093. She was the foundress of Dunfermline Abbey; and St. Margaret's Chapel in the Castle at Edinburgh is one of the most venerated, as it is almost the oldest, of existing buildings in Scotland. We are fortunate in possessing a detailed and authentic biography of her by a priest closely attached to her person, whether the author be Theoderic of Durham, as is stated in one of the two surviving MSS. of the life, or as most suppose Turgot the Bishop of St. Andrews. It may be noted also that St. Margaret is a link in the genealogical chain which joins the Plantagenet line with the English kings before the Conquest.

A short account of the volume may precede the proof of its history. It is a Latin copy of all those portions of the Four Gospels which were used in the Mass, and was called from early times by the names of Evangelium, Evangelistarium, and Evangeliarium. Its English name appears to be Gospel or Book of the Gospels (W. Maskell, *Dissertation on the Ancient Service Books of the Church of England* [Oxf., 1882], also prefixed to the second edition of his *Monumenta Ritualia*, pp. lvii., lix., cl.; it seems to be called "liber evangelicus" at p. cccxix). The liability of such a title to confusion with the full text of the Gospels is obvious. The passages contained in the volume are Matthew i. 1-21, ii. 1-12, iii. 13-17, iv. 1-11, 18-22, xx. 17-19, xxvi.-xxvii., xxviii. 1-7, 16-20; Mark i. 1-8, vi. 17-29, xiv.-xv. 46, xvi. 1-7, 14-20; Luke i. 1-4, 26-38, ii. 1-14, 21, 22-32, x. 38-42, xxii.-xxiii. 53, xxiv. 1-12; John i. 1-14, xiv. 23-31, xvii. 1-11, xviii.-xix., xx. 1-9. The book measures 7 by 4½ in., and consists of 38 leaves (A¹B¹C¹D¹E¹F¹G¹H¹I¹, but G¹ is only a strip ¼ in. broad; there are no signatures in the volume). The writing and illuminations appear to be of about the year 1000. Of the latter the principal are four full-page pictures of the Evangelists, seated, writing in a book, of the general type so common in Byzantine MSS.; but the details are no doubt English. The outer border is of gold and orange, and the upper part, in the case of the two first Evangelists, is occupied by two curtains looped back; in the other two by a semicircular arch resting on pillars, with two figures of buildings in the upper corners between the arch and border. St. Luke is writing on a roll; St. John is in a chair with high square back. The colours most used are gold, pale green, blue, orange, and red; but the details of these

* This lot, however, seems to have been only "added" to the Brice collection for the purposes of this sale.

and other particulars must be left to the skill and sagacity of Prof. Westwood to describe. These pictures are on foll. 3^r, 13^r, 21^r, 30^r; on fol. 4^r there is a peculiar and characteristic capital L (in the word Liber), the corner being rounded and the ends spreading into interlaced work with four mouths of dragons; the whole is gold except the mouths of light red, and a band running lengthwise in the middle of the letter of light orange, edged with dark red, and bearing a series of dark red pellets surrounded by white circles. Many of the capitals are entirely of gold, and the rubrics in gold or red. The writing is in general Carolingian minuscule of the period I have suggested, with rubrics in half-uncial; but a discussion of further details is perhaps too technical for the ACADEMY. The binding is perhaps of the early part of the seventeenth century—ordinary brown calf or leather, with plain gilding and an oval stamped ornament on each side.

The identification of this MS. with St. Margaret's Gospel-book is as follows. On fol. 2^r of the MS. is written a Latin poem, here transcribed, in a hand which might be as early as 1090 or so, but would strike one as somewhat later:

- "Christe tibi semper grates persolvimus omnes,
 Tempore qui nostro nobis miracula pandis.
 Hunc librum quidam inter se iurare volentes
 Sumptuerunt nudum sine tegmine nonquam
 ligatum.
 5. Presbyter accipiens ponit sinuamine uestis:
 Flumine transmissis codex est mersus in
 amnem:
 Portitor ignorat librum penetrasse profundum,
 Sed miles quidam cernens post multa momenta
 Tollere iam voluit librum de flumine mersum.
 10. Sed titubans subito librum dum uidit apertum.
 Credens quod codex ex toto perditus esset.
 At tamen immittens undis corpus cum vertice
 summo [sic, hypermetricis]
 Hoc euangelium profert de gurgite apertum.
 O uirtus clara cunctis, O gloria magna!
 15. Inuolutus enim codex permansit ubique,
 Exceptis foliis binis qui cernis utrinque.
 In quibus ex un dis paret contractio quedam,
 Que testantur opus Christi pro codice sancto.
 Hoc opus ut nobis maius mirabile constet
 20. De medio libri pannum lini abstulit unda.
 Saluati semper sint Rex Reginaque sancta,
 Quorum codex erat nuper saluatus ab undis.
 Gloria magna Deo, librum qui saluat eundem."

Now observe the following extract from the life of St. Margaret* by her own confessor, who would presumably have charge of the volume:

"Vita S. Margaritae Reginae Scotiae, caput 3, § 25. (*Acta Sanctorum*, Jun., tom. ii., p. 333 [Anst. 1698]. *Vitas Sanctorum Scotiae*, ed. J. Pinkerton, p. 348 [Lond. 1789].)

"Habuerat librum Euangeliorum, gemmis & auro perornatum, in quo quatuor Euangelistarum imagines pictura auro admixta decorabat; sed & capitalis quaeque littera auro tota rutilabat. Hunc codicem, praeter ceteris, in quibus legendo studere consueverat, carius semper amplexata fuerat. Quem quidam deferens, dum forte per vadum transiret; liber, qui minus caute pennis fuerat obvolutus, in medias aquas cecidit; quod ignorans portitor, iter quod inceperat securus peregit: cum vero postea librum proferre vellet, tum primam quod perdidit agnovit. Quaresbatur diu nec inueniebatur. Tandem in profundo fluminis apertus

* The reference to St. Margaret, which is the key of the whole matter, was supplied by Miss Lucy Hill (*quam honoris causa nomino*), daughter of the editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, to whom, on July 29, while I was engaged in cataloguing the volume and lamenting that there was no clue to the *rex reginaque*, I mentioned accidentally the story of the miracle. She instantly remarked that the same incident occurred in the life of St. Margaret. To her is due much of the credit of the discovery—which is here recorded in a note, and not in the text, only because it is a personal matter.

jacere reperitur, ita ut illius folia impetu aquae sine cessatione agitantur, & panniculi de serico violentiâ fluminis abstraherentur, qui litteras aureas, ne foliorum contactu obfurescantur, contexerant. Quis ulterius librum valere putaret? Quis in eo vel unam litteram parere crederet? Certe integer, incorruptus, illaesus, de medio fluminis extrahitur, ita ut minime ab aqua tactus videretur. Candor enim foliorum, & integra in omnibus formula litterarum ita permansit, sicut erat antequam in fluvium cecidisset; nisi quod in extremis foliis, in parte, vix aliquod humoris signum videri poterat. Liber simul & miraculum ad Reginam refertur: quae, reddita Christo gratiarum actione, multo carius quam ante codicem amplectitur. Quare alii videant, quid inde sentiant; ego propter Reginae venerabilis dilectionem, hoc signum à Domino (fuisse opinor)."

No one can compare these accounts together and read the description of the volume which I have already given, without a conviction that we have before us the very subject of the miracle. Before considering the points of interest in the two narratives, let me add the only other original description of the event:

"*Vita S. Margaritae Reginae Scotiae*, quam quidem S. Adelredus [Adelred, Ailred, Edelred, of Rievaulx] abbas primo conscripsit, sed haec, quam nos edimus, ab alio quodam incerto auctore, ex illo brevis descripta est. (*De probatis Sanctorum historis*, ed. L. Surius, tom. iiii., p. 580.)

"Codex quidam Euangelicus, gemmis & auro ornatus, in quo studere & legere solebat, custodis negligentia in aquam cecidit, & per diem ac noctem sine aliqua iniuria vel laesione inuolutus permansit."

It is tempting to suppose that we have in the poem the composition and even the handwriting of Turgot himself, who, after the queen, had most interest in the book and the miracle. The poem seems to be the earlier, soberer, less ornamental account, but it may be doubted if there are any discrepancies. The "sinuamine vestis" is not inconsistent with the "pannis involutus"; nor, on the other hand, need the "profundum fluminis" of the prose account—which might appear not to agree with "vadum"—be a misunderstanding of the word "profundum" (hardly more than "water") of the poem. It is clear that when we find such phrases as "gemmis ornatus" applied to precious volumes, the terms may be taken to refer to the "theca" in which the book is deposited. We need not suppose that the book was torn from its binding for the purpose of transmission to have an oath taken upon it.

Were the words "Salvati semper sint rex reginaque sancta" written before the death of the king and queen in 1093? I think not. The use of "salvati," and not "salvi," and of "sancta" as applied to the queen (who was not canonised till 1251, and to whom the author of her *Life* never ventures to apply the term, so far as I have noticed) point to this conclusion, the prayer referring to the intermediate state between death and judgment. On the other hand, the phrases "nostro tempore," "nobis," and especially "nuper," preclude the idea that the poem can be later than 1100.

It is interesting to notice that the proper title of the *Evangelistarium* was at that time *Evangelium*, and that it was the custom to insert loose pieces of linen or silk between the leaves of an illuminated MS. The liturgical and textual points I must leave to be treated by others.

To return to the MS.: the last leaf but one shows signs of contraction and crinkling from the action of water; but with respect to the miracle itself, one would like the opinion of Mr. Maunde Thompson, whether the immersion of an illuminated parchment MS. for a few hours (the "per diem ac noctem" may be regarded as an unauthorised expansion of "post

multa momenta") would necessarily affect its condition, if carefully dried, without the application of heat. It might be thought no otherwise miraculous than was the bursting out of a spring through the prayers of St. Frideswide, at the well of another St. Margaret, at Binsey, in a water-meadow so low-lying that the later pilgrims to the scene had to construct a causeway in order to approach it.

The marks of ownership in the MS. are the following:—"Ceraelh [l and h perhaps doubtful] eli" scratched with a stylus on fol. 30^r at an early date: "Linguo Quax ranis, crooke corvis, vanaque vanis Ad Logicam pergo quae mortis non timet ergo" and "Claytoun Sudlaw," and "John Stowe" (the Chronicler?), both apparently sixteenth century; "William Howard,"* and a name which Bodley's librarian reads as "O'Reilly," of the seventeenth century; "Liber Ihois this ys bouke," seventeenth century (?); "Fane Edge," and "Brent Ely Library, L. i. 30," eighteenth century; and, quite modern, "No. [9 altered to] 8."

I trust your readers will help to elucidate these and other points which suggest themselves in dealing with the MS. Enough has, perhaps, been said to draw attention to a relic which must always have an interest for students of the Latin text of the Gospels, of palaeography and illumination, and of the early history of the English and Scottish churches.

F. MADAN.

P.S.—Prof. Westwood, who is unable to write himself this week, allows me to say that in his opinion the style and ornamentation of this codex are of the same period as the Canute Gospels in the British Museum (Royal MS. I. D. 9)—that is early in the eleventh century. He has no doubt that it was written and painted in England; but few distinctively Anglo-Saxon forms of letters are found, except in N, where the first perpendicular stroke is continued below the line, and the cross stroke is horizontal and very low. In general the writing is fine Caroline minuscule. The gold is not burnished, but consists of thick gold leaf laid on the parchment, and is either dull in tint or, where brighter, of a reddish colour ("rutilabat"). Beneath the figure of St. Luke is a representation of the earth as a rugged surface. St. Mark and St. John are represented as bearded.

F. M.

SHYLOCK AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

Glasgow: July 21, 1887.

In my former letter (*ACADEMY*, June 18, p. 434) I cited what I believe to be the earliest European version of the bond-story, from the Latin *Dolopathos*. I omitted to mention that a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (No. xxxv., p. 193), remarking that the scene of many mediaeval European legends is laid in Denmark, refers, among other instances, to "the oldest form in which we have yet met with the story of Shylock—an Anglo-Latin MS., where it is said to have occurred in Denmark." The version here referred to I do not know, but it is not likely to be of earlier date than *Dolopathos*; at all events, the writer could only have known the latter from the French metrical rendering made by a Trouvère in the thirteenth century, the original Latin

* The words "William Howard" are undoubtedly in the handwriting of Lord William Howard of Naworth, who died in 1640. In the *Catalogue MSSrum. Angliae et Hiberniae* (Oxford, 1697), vol. 2, p. 14, is a list of the MSS. possessed by Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, collected by his great-great-grandfather, whose signature is in the book; but the MS. seems not to be in that catalogue, unless it be miserably represented by "637.27. Officium B. Virginis. Fragm. de Miraculis." Lord Howard may have obtained it from Stowe, and probably gave it its present binding.

work having been discovered, at Vienna, by Dr. Mussaffia, in 1864.

It is very amusing to find—as we do frequently—old-world tales and fictions reappearing in different countries and ages as historical occurrences; thus in the *Jewish World*, 1863, the following curious version of the bond-story is given:

"In Rome, during the pontificate of Sixtus V. (1585-90), a wager like that of the "Merchant of Venice" was actually made between a noble and a Jew, only in this case it was the Jew who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he lost the wager. He lost; the noble demanded the forfeit; the Jew offered money instead in vain. The cause was brought before the Pope, and Sixtus decided for the noble, with the provision that he should cut off exactly a pound of flesh, and no more or less, on pain of being hanged. The noble declined to take this risk, and the Pope fined both parties in heavy sums for making such a wager."

There can be little doubt, I think, that this is a modern *rechauffé* of a Persian version of the bond-story, reversing the relative positions of the parties, probably to make it tell against the Christian, and introducing the novel conclusion, in which both are fined. The Persian form of the story to which I refer—found in Gladwin's *Persian Moonshie*, and also existing in several of the vernacular languages of India—is the only one at present known in which the cutting off the pound of flesh depends on the result of a wager, not on failure to repay money lent, as in the other versions.* And this brings me to speak of the Indo-Persian story of the "Kâzi of Emessa," where several amusing incidents are interwoven with the "pound of flesh" business—incidents which are passed over in the abstract of the story given in Malone's edition of Shakspeare, but which, as we shall see, are of some interest to students of the genealogy of popular fictions:

A Mohammedan merchant, seeing an opportunity of trading to advantage, went to his neighbour, a rich Jew, and begged a loan of 100 dinars, promising half the profits in return for the obligation. The Jew had long been enamoured of the merchant's beautiful and virtuous wife; and he now thought that, could he but contrive to involve her husband in a difficulty, she would intercede for him, and thus be brought to gratify his passion. So he told the merchant that he would lend him the money he wanted, without interest, on the sole condition that he would allow a pound of flesh to be cut from his body if he did not repay it by a given day. The merchant at first refused to take the money on such terms; but, pressed by his necessities, ultimately agreed in presence of a number of respectable Mohammedan witnesses, and with the 100 dinars set out on his trading journey. In good time he sent the money to his wife, who, not knowing of her husband's engagement with the Jew, applied it to her household purposes, and thus the penalty of the bond was incurred. Some time after this the merchant was returning with large gains, in full confidence that he had escaped from the snares of the Jew, when he fell among thieves, who plundered him of all his property, and he reached home even poorer than he had left it. The Jew, hearing of his arrival, called and blandly inquired after his health, and on the following day returned to claim the payment of the bond. The unlucky merchant told him how he

* Prof. Palmer, in his *Desert of the Exodus*, pp. 306, 307, states that among the tales related to him at night over the camp fire by "old Salem" he "was struck with a Bedawé version of Shylock, the main facts of the story agreeing in every particular with those of the well-known European version, except that the Portia in this case was the debtor's own wife, who appeared before the Cádi in the guise of a Turkish soldier to plead her husband's cause; and having consulted the Jew, proceeded to thrash him well with her own fair hand, after which the Cádi obligingly passed him over to the executioner." It is significant that in the *Dolopathos* version the debtor is also defended in court by his wife, disguised as a soldier.

had lost his all; but the Jew replied, "My money or the forfeit!" They went before the local kázi, who gave his decision in favour of the Jew. But the merchant insisted upon referring his case to the kázi of Emessa, to which the Jew consented, both parties binding themselves to accept his judgment as final; and they set out together for Emessa. On the way they saw a runaway mule, with its master in pursuit, who called out to them to stop the animal or turn it back; and the merchant flung a stone at it, which knocked out one of its eyes. Upon this the owner came up, and, seizing the merchant, accused him of blinding his beast, and demanded compensation. The Jew objected to this, as he had a prior claim, but told the man he might come with them if he pleased and submit his case to the kázi of Emessa. So the muleteer joined them, and all three pursued their journey together. At night, when they reached a village, they went to sleep on the (flat) roof of a house, and being suddenly roused by an uproar in the street, the merchant jumped from the roof, and falling on a man who was sleeping below, caused his death. The dead man's two sons seized the merchant, and would have killed him in retaliation, but the Jew insisted on their laying their complaint before the kázi, to which they agreed, and the four proceeded towards Emessa in the morning. As they journeyed on, they came up to a man whose ass had stuck in the mud, and he begged them to help him to extricate the animal. While the man tugged at the bridle, and the others took hold each of a corner of the load, the unlucky merchant pulled the beast by the tail, which came off in his hands. The peasant was enraged, and declared he must be paid for his animal; but the others bade him be quiet and come with them and tell his story to the kázi. When they came to Emessa, they saw a man tossing about on a bier, whom the people were carrying to his burial; and when he protested against the measure, appealing to the bystanders to say whether he was not alive, they assured him that he was certainly dead, and the poor man was buried.

Next morning they presented themselves before the kázi, and began all to make their complaints; but the kázi told them to cease their clamour and to speak one at a time. So the Jew began: "My lord, this man owes me 100 dinárs, upon the pledge of a pound of his flesh. Command him to pay the money or the forfeit." Now, it happened that the kázi and the merchant were old friends; so when the kázi asked the merchant what he had to say, he frankly confessed that what the Jew had alleged was all true, but he was utterly unable to pay the debt, hoping, no doubt, that the contract would be declared null. And he was astonished to hear the kázi declare that if he could not return the money he must pay the penalty; and, when the officers were commanded to prepare a sharp knife for the purpose, he gave himself up for lost. Then the kázi, turning to the Jew, said: "Arise, take the knife and cut off the pound of flesh from his body, but so that there be not a grain more or less, otherwise I will make you over to the governor, who will put you to death." The Jew replied: "It is not possible to cut it so exactly;" and being frightened at the kázi's words he added that he would forgive the debt altogether. "Very well," said the kázi; "but since you have brought this man so far on a claim which you cannot maintain, it is but reasonable that you should pay him for his time and the support of his family during his absence." And the Jew was compelled to pay 200 dinárs as compensation to the merchant.

Next came the muleteer and stated his case. In reply to the kázi, he said that his mule was worth 1,000 dinárs before it lost its eye. "A very simple matter this," said the kázi. "Take a saw and cut the mule in two parts from head to tail, give the man the blind half, for which he must pay you 500 dinárs, and keep the other half to yourself." To this the muleteer objected, because he said the beast was still worth 750 dinárs, so he preferred putting up with his loss. The kázi admitted he was at liberty to do so, but he must make amends to the man for such a frivolous and vexatious suit, and pay him 100 dinárs.

The two sons of the man whom the poor merchant had unwittingly killed then stated

their case. The kázi decreed that the merchant was to place himself on the ground outside the court-house and the young men were to get upon the roof and jump down upon the merchant as he had jumped on their father*; but they would not risk such a kind of retaliation, and, in their turn, had to pay 100 dinárs to the merchant for the trouble they had given him.

Last of all came the owner of the ass, and related how the merchant had deprived his valuable beast of its tail. The kázi ordered his own ass to be brought, and told the man he might pull off its tail if he could. He exerted all his strength; but the kázi's ass soon showed its resentment by such hearty kicks that the man begged leave to decline further satisfaction. The kázi replied that he might take his own time; but the more the man pulled the harder the vicious creature kicked, till at last, all bruises and blood, he declared that he had accused the merchant falsely, for his own ass never had a tail. The kázi said that it was contrary to practice to allow a man to deny what he had once alleged, and ordered him to pay the merchant 100 dinárs.

When all the plaintiffs had left the court, the kázi, collecting the different sums in which he had mulcted them, divided the whole amount into two equal shares, one of which he reserved for himself, and the other he gave to the merchant, who then desired the kázi to explain to him the reason of the living man being carried to his grave, as he had seen on entering the town. Said the kázi: "I assure you the man was really dead. Two months ago his wife came into court, pleaded that her husband had died in a distant country, and claimed legal authority for marrying again. I required her to produce evidence of his death, and she produced two creditable witnesses, who deposed to the truth of what she had said. I gave decree accordingly, and she was married. But the other day he came before me, complaining that his wife had taken another husband, and requiring an order that she should return to him. As I did not know who he was, I summoned the woman before me and ordered her to account for her conduct. Upon which she said that he was the man whom she had two months ago proved to be dead, and that she had married another by my authority. I then told the man that his death had been established on evidence which could not be refuted; that my decree could not be revoked; and that all the relief I could afford him was to give orders for his funeral."†

The merchant expressed his admiration of the kázi's acuteness and wisdom, thanked him for his impartial judgment in all his causes, and then returned to his own town, where he passed the rest of his days in the frugal enjoyment of the wealth which he had gained at Emessa.

I suspect that this is not the actual original of the bond story, but rather think it likely to have been adapted from some Sanskrit variant, not yet discovered, of one of the *Játakas*, or Buddhist birth-stories, namely, No. 257 of the Páli text of the *Játaka-Book* edited by Prof. Fausböll, of Copenhagen, a translation of which, by Dr. Richard Morris, is found in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1885, p. 339 ff., of which the following is the substance:

A farmer named Gámáni borrows two bullocks of a neighbour, ploughs with them all day, and then goes to the owner's house to return them.

* This shrewd judgment reappears in the chap-book collection of jests ascribed to George Buchanan, "commonly called the King's Fool," where a Flemish tyler looking out of his window at a street brawl falls on a Spaniard and kills him on the spot.

† Near akin to this is the tale of "Eraclius the Wise Emperour," in one of the Old English versions of the *Gesta Romanorum* (Harl. MS. 7333, Tale lviii.—p. 241 of Herbage's ed., E. E. Text Soc.), taken out of Seneca, from whom Chaucer has also borrowed it in his *Sompnours Tale*—see Harl. MS. text of the *Canterbury Tales*, printed for Ch. Soc., p. 253, l. 2017 ff. According to the law of Islám, evidence cannot be received in support of a negative; so that a fact legally established cannot be refuted.

Entering the house, accompanied by the bullock. Gámáni sees the owner and his wife eating rice and chagrined at not being asked to join them, he leaves the animals without formally handing them over to the owner. During the night the bullocks are taken away by a party of thieves, and the owner, on discovering his loss, determines to hold Gámáni responsible, though he well knew they had been stolen. So he goes to Gámáni and demands his bullocks. "Did they not enter your house last night?" asks Gámáni. "But were they formally delivered to me?" retorts the owner. "I admit they were not," says Gámáni. "Well then," quoth the owner, "here's a king's messenger for you." Now it was a custom among these people to take up a pebble or potsherd and say, "Here's a king's messenger for you"; and, whoever refused to go, was punished by the king, so off Gámáni starts along with the owner of the bullocks.

On the way to the king's court they came to a village where lived a friend of Gámáni, who enters his house, telling the other to await his return. His friend happens to be from home; and his wife sets about preparing some food for him, and in hastily ascending the steps leading to the granary she slips and falls to the ground, and being pregnant the fall causes a miscarriage. Just then the husband returns, and seeing what has happened, he accuses Gámáni of being the cause of the calamity, and saying, "Here is a king's messenger for you," takes him prisoner, and sets off for the king's court.

As they journey on, they meet a man who can't turn back his horse, and who calls to Gámáni, desiring him to strike the beast with something or other. Gámáni throws a stone, which strikes the horse on the foot and breaks it in two, as if it were a castor-oil plant. Quoth the groom, "You've broken my horse's foot, here's a king's messenger for you." So he was led off now by the three men.

Gámáni, in despair at all the serious claims against him, resolves to put an end to his life, and seeing a hill near the road, with a precipice on one side, he obtains leave of his captors to retire thither for a short space. Having climbed the hill, he throws himself down from the precipice and falls on an old basket-maker seated below with his son, and causes his death on the spot. The son accuses him of killing his father, and the four men proceed with the poor fellow to the king's court.

One should suppose that Gámáni had quite sufficient cares of his own without being troubled with those of strangers; but after this he is successively accosted by a number of men and animals who desire him to submit to the king certain matters which trouble them. Thus the headman of a village says to him, "I used to be handsome, rich, honoured, and healthy; but now I am very poor and a leper also. Ask the king what's the cause of this." And some Bráhmán students say, "Formerly every passage we committed to memory was clear to us, but now it does not remain in our minds, but runs out like water in a leaky pitcher; neither is it intelligible or clear to us. Ask the king the reason of this."

When the party entered the king's court of justice, the owner of the bullocks charged Gámáni with having failed to return his two bullocks. Quoth the king, "Is that true, Gámáni?" "Well, sire, just listen to me"; and Gámáni told the king the whole affair. Then the king asked the owner of the bullocks whether he saw the bullocks when they entered his house. He replied that he did not see them. "What!" said the king, "have you not heard people call me King Mirror-Face? Speak the truth." "I saw them, sire." "O Gámáni, because you did not restore the bullocks formally to their owner you must pay for them; but since this man saw them and told a deliberate lie, saying he did not see them enter the house, do thou tear out the eyes of this man and give him four-and-twenty kabápanas, the value of the bullocks." Having said this, they put the owner of the bullocks outside. He fell at the feet of Gámáni, saying, "What is the use of money to me if I have my eyes torn out? O Gámáni! take the money at which the bullocks are valued and also all that I have here." So giving Gámáni the money he had with him he went away.

The man whose wife had a miscarriage then

akes his complaint; and the king rules that Gámani should take the woman into his own house, and when she bears a child give it to her husband.* The owner of the horse whose foot was broken having stated his case, and denied that he had requested Gámani to strike the horse, but afterwards confessing he had done so, the king gives Gámani liberty to cut out the man's lying tongue but he must pay him 1,000 kahápanas, the price of the animal. The man saves his tongue by giving all his money to Gámani, and takes to flight.

Finally the son of the basket-maker comes forward and relates how his father had been killed by Gámani falling on him. The king says, "O Gámani, this man must have a father; but we cannot bring back the dead, so do thou take his mother and place her in thy house, and be a father to him." But the basket-maker, being unwilling to break up his house, gives all his money to Gámani and goes home.

Having thus gained all his law suits, Gámani begins to deliver to the king the several "cases for opinion" entrusted to him as he journeyed to the court. The king said regarding the case of the village head-man that "he used to decide cases with impartiality, and was, therefore, beloved and popular, and men, being pleased with him, brought him many presents; so he was handsome, wealthy, and respected. But now he takes bribes and decides cases unjustly, wherefore he is poor, miserable, and afflicted with leprosy. If he again acts as a just judge he will be in the same position as before." The case of the Bráhmán students the king thus explained: "There was formerly in their abode a crowing cock that knew the time. At cock-crow they rose up, learnt the sacred texts, and repeated them right up to the dawn of day. Consequently, they did not forget whatever they learned. But now they have in their dwelling place a cock that crows at the wrong time—that is to say, either very early, long before daybreak, or very late. If it crows too early, they rise up at the noise it makes and learn their texts; but, being overpowered by sleep, they lie down without repeating them; whereas if it crows too late (i.e., after sunrise) they get no time for repetition, and so they do not know what they have learned." In like manner the king explained twelve other "cases," and, after bestowing on Gámani much wealth, dismissed him.

Although the main question in this Játaka is not the "pound of flesh" but that of responsibility for the loss of two bullocks, yet its general resemblance to the Persian story of the Kázi of Emessa can hardly be considered as merely fortuitous. In both tales the unlucky man meets with additional mishaps on his way to the judge, two of which are virtually similar in both, namely, the killing of the man by falling on him, and the injury done to the runaway animal by throwing a stone at it. The questions submitted to the king, through Gámani, by the village headman, the Bráhmán students, and others, find parallels, or analogues, in Boccaccio and the Talmud. In the ninth novel of Day ix. of the *Decameron* two young men go to Jerusalem to consult Solomon. One wants to know how he may be well liked, the other how he may best manage a shrewish wife. Solomon advises the first to love others, and the second to repair to the oracle of Oca. From this last counsel neither

* In the great Sanskrit collection, *Kathá Sarit Ságará* ("Ocean of the Streams of Story") the ass of a washerman strays into the backyard of a Bráhmán's house, and is playing havoc among the vegetables, when the good wife runs out with a stick and belabours the ass, which falls into a ditch and breaks a hoof. The washerman, coming up and finding his beast thus injured, beats the woman so severely that she, being pregnant, miscarries. The Bráhmán and the washerman bring their counter cases before a sapient judge, who decrees that the Bráhmán must carry the washerman's load until the ass is again fit for work, and the washerman must put the woman in the same condition she was in when he beat her. No wonder the Bráhmán went forthwith and hanged himself!

can extract any meaning, but it is explained on their road home; for when they come to the bridge of that name they meet a number of mules, and one of the animals being restive, its master forces it on with a stick. The advice of Solomon being now understood, it is followed with complete success. (*Dunlop.*) In the Talmud a man whose life is embittered with a froward wife sets out to seek counsel of Solomon, and on the road overtakes another man whose business results in loss every year instead of profit. The sage Hebrew king tells the first to go to the mill, and the other to get up early in the morning. The man learns how to subdue his wife on seeing corn threshed near the mill; and the other, by getting up at daybreak, discovers his servants loading a cart with his goods, which they are stealing. Whether the Talmudic story be a comparatively modern interpolation derived from some Italian source, we have in both these versions interesting examples of the transformations which old Asiatic tales and legends have undergone in their wanderings.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

"INITIALS AND PSEUDONYMS."

London: Aug. 2, 1887.

A book has lately been published in America in which English books of the same class are freely made use of without the slightest acknowledgment. One of mine is of the number. I wrote to the English agents for the book complaining of the piracy. They communicated with the author, who denied it. As I was prepared to prove my case, I thereupon commenced an action for an injunction against the agents, who then rendered me an account, showing that if they sold all the copies they had bought when in America they could not repay themselves the money they had laid out. Not wishing to punish them, as they had acted with good faith in the matter, I have allowed the sale to go on for a time.

The title of the book is *Initials and Pseudonyms: a Dictionary of Literary Disguises*, and the name given on the title-page as the compiler is "William Cushing, B.A." He has taken every pseudonym in my *Handbook of Fictitious Names*, not only without acknowledgment, but under "Olphar Hamst" the title of my handbook is suppressed, and the title *Aggravating Ladies* only given. I am not quite sure whether this is the result of suppression or incompetent editing. For under "Max O'Rell's" name I find entered *John Bull's Womankind*; but the work that made the name of "Max O'Rell" famous is omitted!

If Mr. Cushing had admitted the fact, or made some slight acknowledgment to previous bibliographers, his offence could have been condoned. No; his book is to be treated as the first and only one on the subject. Halkett's and Laing's dictionary has been used in like manner. Every little pseudonym or article under initials not likely to be met with in England, much less in America, has been taken from the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* of Messrs. Boase and Courtney. It will be observed that, like mine, the book treats only of pseudonyms; but no doubt as soon as Halkett and Laing's great work is completed there will be sufficient matter for Mr. Cushing to issue another original compilation, consisting of the purely anonymous books in that work.

As a book of reference, I am quite ready to admit that *Initials and Pseudonyms* may be of great use for the American portion. The English part is so full of errors that it might almost be the work of a foreigner. Mr. Albert R. Frey assisted Mr. Cushing. In fact, a year or two ago he published a prospectus of a work to be entitled *Masques*, which is incorporated in *Initials and Pseudonyms*. Mr. Frey's ideas of literary honesty, it would appear, are on a par

with Mr. Cushing's; for the very first pseudonym in his prospectus is taken from my *Handbook of Fictitious Names* without acknowledgment. Mr. Cushing gives, on p. 579, a list of Voltaire's pseudonyms prepared by Mr. Frey, who, of course, never heard of a celebrated French bibliographer named Querard, who did something of this kind some years before Mr. Frey.

RALPH THOMAS.

SCIENCE.

ARE THE AINOS THE ABORIGINES OF JAPAN?

WITH great appropriateness the Literature College of the Imperial University of Japan has devoted the first number of what promises to be a valuable series of memoirs mainly to an examination of the much-debated question whether the fifteen thousand or so of fishers and hunters who roam over the desolate shores and wilds of the Hokkaido ought to be regarded as the remnant of an *Urvolk* that once peopled the entire Japanese group from Satsuma to Saghalin. Much, it is true, has been written about the Ainos and their language, characteristics, and customs, since they were first visited by a Catholic missionary in 1617—their existence had been previously indicated by the Jesuit Froes in his book published in 1574—by Dr. Schenke, Dr. Baelz, the Chevalier von Siebold, Pfizmaier of Vienna, who may justly be regarded as the pioneer in the thorny ways of Japanese scholarship, by Davidoff and others, and by that most enterprising of travellers, Miss Bird; while hundreds of volumes are extant to attest the interest felt by the Japanese, both of Bakufu and later times, in their northern subjects. Nevertheless, little accurate knowledge of the structure of the language, as isolated, apparently, from all other tongues as the speakers of it are from all other races of men, had been attained; and it has been reserved for two of our countrymen to make the most important contribution that has yet been furnished to the philology of the north-eastern tract of the great Altaic province. The volume before us opens with a monograph on the relations between the *Urvolk* and the present population of Japan, illustrated by a comparison of the languages and mythologies of the Ainos and Japanese, and by an investigation of the geographical nomenclature of Japan, now for the first time attempted. The remainder of the volume is taken up with a treatise on the Aino language, which entirely supersedes all previous work on the subject. Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, lately appointed Professor of Japanese Philology in the Imperial University, contributes the essay; and the Rev. Mr. Batchelor, of the Church Missionary Society, who has for many years laboured among the Ainos, is the author of the grammar. I propose to summarise the main conclusions arrived at by both these excellent and painstaking scholars.

The phonology of Aino—as Mr. Batchelor prefers to term the subject of his studies—presents a general similarity to that of Japanese. The vowel-systems in both languages are alike, and of a simplicity that leaves little if any scope for *umlaut* or *ablaut* changes. In both, again, sonant consonants are only found in compounds, never in roots or stems. But in Aino surds constantly terminate the word, while in Japanese words invariably end in a vowel or the nasal *n*—in archaic Japanese the *n* is replaced by *m*. This difference seems to negative decisively any community of origin between the vocabularies of the two languages. It is certain that at no period did final consonants exist in Japanese, otherwise some traces would have been found of them, at least in the archaic tongue, just as in modern Pekingese

the final consonants of old Chinese, still preserved in Cantonese, have left their mark in certain of the tones. On the other hand, the resemblance in structure between the two languages is exceedingly close; and it may be doubted whether, in view of the recent advances made in philological science, the grammatical or etymological differences noted by Mr. Chamberlain ought to be regarded as really incompatible with some degree of relationship. What he well terms the "iron rule" of Altaic speech—the absolute relegation of the verb to the end of the sentence, the pre-position of the attributive and the post-position of the predicative adjective in relation to its substantive—obtains with as much rigour in Ainu as in Japanese; while the fifteen points of difference between the two tongues which Mr. Chamberlain enumerates as salient might well turn out—did we know anything of absolutely unsinced Japanese—to be of comparatively minor linguistic importance. The difference in phonology, however, seems to me, as I have already said, decisive; and my own belief is that Ainu belongs to an earlier form of speech than Altaic—a form of which traces will be found, if anywhere, in linguistic areas so widely separated as those of the Eskimo and Melanesian languages.

Ainu, like Japanese, has no accident. Mr. Batchelor indicates what he regards as traces of an inflexional system in the language; but these are very few, and of doubtful quality. On the other hand, it is well provided with compositional affixes and suffixes, which might give great range and extension to the language as a vehicle of thought. A few examples may be subjoined, proving Ainu to be, in some respects, more capable of evolutionary development than Japanese, which is almost wholly destitute of compositional elements. Abstract nouns are formed from verbs and adjectives by adding *i* or *ambe*: *wen* "bad," *wen-i*, or *wen-ambe*; *yainu* "think," *yainu-i* "thought." The addition of *p* (*pe*—"a thing") concretises a verb: *ese* "to answer," *esep* "an answer"; *e* "to eat," *ep* "food." So *katu* (reminding one of the Japanese *koto*) converts verbs to nouns: *an* "to be," *an katu* "existence." *An katu*, however, has a suspicious resemblance to the Japanese *aru koto*. The vowels *a e i o u* are extensively prefixed to verbs, and variously modify the meaning. Thus, *a* gives a passive sense—*nu* "to hear," *a-nu* "to be heard"; *e* turns intransitive into quasi-transitive verbs—*kira* "to run away," *e-kira* "to run away with"; *i* has an intensive power—*nu* "to hear," *inu* "to listen"; *u* adds the idea of mutuality (like the Japanese *ai*)—*raige* "to kill," *uraige* "to kill one another." Various suffixes are also used with powers akin to those of these prefixed vowels. The latter seem rather vocalic differentiations preserved through some sort of selective process than worn-down word-elements. In addition, a number of auxiliary forms exist, by the aid of which continuance, conditionality, time, negation, and desire can be perfectly expressed; and compound and reflective verbs seem possible to any extent. Sometimes these are agglutinative sentence-words of considerable complexity, both as to form and meaning, as, for instance, the verb *uveyairamikashure*, which means "to bestir oneself with the view of obtaining the mastery."

Mr. Chamberlain's researches into the relations of Ainu to place-names in Japan are exceedingly interesting. Some years ago I gave an account, before the Royal Asiatic Society, of a visit I made to Ainu-land in 1865; and I took the opportunity of pointing out the need there was of some such investigation being undertaken as Mr. Chamberlain has so admirably conducted. I specially indicated the common termination *be* of many Japanese

place-names—Ishibe, Hamabe, &c.—as possibly being identical with the Ainu *pets* (*pet*) river. It was a perusal of the *Karafuto Nikki*, a diary of two Japanese officials in Saghalin, under the Shogunate, that led me to suppose that some place-names in Japan might be of Ainu origin. Mr. Chamberlain, after a right good fashion, which it were well philologists more commonly followed, enters upon his task with an examination of the positive material at his disposition. This consists of place-names in Yezo and their Japanese transliterations, ample lists of which are drawn up by Mr. Chamberlain. We thus learn what sort of names the Ainu are in the habit of bestowing upon places, and what changes these suffer under Japanese manipulation. Criteria are thus established that both authenticate and facilitate the detection of the Ainu element in Japanese place-names. The task was no easy one. The Japanese write down their place-names upon the how-not-to-do-it principle carried to an extreme. They use Chinese characters for the purpose, which may be read by their Chinese names (Sinic-Japanese), or by one of their many Japanese meanings. There is nothing, in any case, to show which mode of reading ought to be adopted; and, in fact, each place-name must be separately learnt independently of the characters with which it is written. Very often the name can only be accurately ascertained upon local inquiry. When read by the Japanese meanings of their compound characters, these meanings may be used significantly—if I may use the expression—or evidently as phonetic attempts to render some non-Japanese name. Thus, *Nagasaki* is written by characters, read and meaning *naga* "long," and *saki* "cape," and the whole name may be regarded as a significant one. But hundreds of names read significantly make pure nonsense. Such are (among others adduced by Mr. Chamberlain) *Izumo* "issuing-clouds," *Naki* "name-tree," *Ai-no-mura* "mutual-moors-village." It is principally among this latter class of names that traces of an Ainu origin must be sought. Thus, *Izumo* in Ainu means "the bay near the promontory," *naki* "stream," and *Aino* of *Ai-no-mura* (*mura* is Japanese for "village," literally "swarm," "cluster") "the Ainu people." It is much more in accordance with probability that names of this kind are really Ainu names, than that they are Japanese names of absurd derivation. And it is almost certain that they must be so when the differences between them and the Ainu words of which they are alleged to be corruptions are exactly paralleled by those which obtain between modern Ainu names and their Japanese renderings. Lists of these Ainu place-names, taken from every province in Japan, from Aomori to Satsuma, are given by Mr. Chamberlain, with their derivations and explanations so far as he has been able to make these out; and they prove, in my opinion decisively, that the Ainu race at one time extended over the whole Japanese group. They were the *Urvolk* who immediately preceded the Japanese, being, there is reason to believe, themselves preceded by—or contemporaneous with—a race of Malayo-Polynesian origin.

An elaborate bibliography at the end of the volume gives the titles, with brief indications of contents, of 465 books upon Yezo, Saghalin (Karafuto), and the Ainu, nine-tenths of which are, of course, of Japanese authorship.

F. VICTOR DICKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAGO'S "ENGLISH-CORNISH DICTIONARY."

London: July 28, 1887.

Allow me to correct some slight inaccuracies which have crept into this very useful work compiled by Mr. Fred W. P. Jago (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1887.)

At p. 205, after quoting my "Letter accusing Pryce of Plagiarism," Mr. Jago says:

"As the above letter of Prince L.-L. Bonaparte contains only a part of Pryce's preface, it will be more fair to Pryce to give the whole. A verbatim [*sic*] copy of the preface to the *Archæology Cornu-Britannica* is, therefore, inserted here to serve as Pryce's defence, and also because of the information the preface contains. It is very probable that there were more words and phrase of the ancient language of Cornwall known, and used about a century ago, than Prince L.-L. Bonaparte seems to be aware of. This may be the reason why Pryce felt justified in appropriating what Tonkin wrote to Gwavas, applying the words to his own time, about 1790," &c.

The verbatim (read *verbatim*) copy contains nothing in Pryce's defence, as any impartial judge will admit; and how can Mr. Jago impartially say that Pryce may have felt justified in appropriating to himself what Tonkin wrote to Gwavas about sixty years previously, for the strange reason that there were more Cornish words than in Tonkin's (not, I insist, Pryce's) Dictionary, about a century ago, as if Pryce's shameless plagiarism were not a mere copy of Tonkin's Dictionary. In fact, Mr. Jago himself, at p. viii., admits that Pryce used Tonkin and Gwavas's MS. written about fifty years before, and yet he persists in asking whether my charge of plagiarism be just or not? But do not Pryce's self-praising words—a copy of those that Tonkin employs towards Gwavas—sufficiently show the plagiarist's bad faith? (See and compare the words of pp. 204 and 205.)

With regard to the assertion that it seems that I was not aware that there were more words and phrases of the ancient language known and used about a century ago, I never said a word on this subject, my only aim having been to punish, even after his death, an unscrupulous author, by making known to the scientific public the names of the true authors of the Cornish Dictionary, which can no longer, without injustice, be called Pryce's.

At p. viii. I find: "Prince Napoleon's letter [I am not Prince Napoleon, my exclusive names are *Louis-Lucien*], in which Pryce is called a *plagiator*," &c. This gives me occasion to confess that I was guilty of a gallicism in using this word instead of "plagiarism"; but I did not certainly use *plagiator* for "plagiary," as Mr. Jago gratuitously asserts. My words are these: "As the production of the evidence of the *plagiate* of Pryce is by itself," &c. With a very small amount of reflection any one can perceive that my wrong word *plagiator* for "plagiarism" is not applied to Pryce himself, but to his "plagiarism," as the preposition "of" clearly indicates.

I do not know, neither do I care to know, whether Gwavas was a reverend or not; but, as at p. xii. Mr. Jago, in quoting my "observations on the Rev. R. Williams's preface to his *Lexicon*," says: "This work contains a copy of a letter from the Rev. [*sic*] W. Gwavas to T. Tonkin," I must demur to that "*sic*" which cannot refer to me, as I have never given this title to Gwavas. My words are these: "I conclude these observations with the following letter from Gwavas to Tonkin." It is impossible for me to guess to what that "*sic*" applies.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS OF NAUKRATIS.

Queen's College, Oxford: July 30, 1887.

As a discussion has been raised in regard to the inscriptions of Naukratis, it may be worth while to quote the evidence afforded by two of the earliest of the multitudinous Greek *graffiti* which I copied four years ago at Abydos.

One of them reads: *Ναυκράτης μ' ἔγραψε*. The characters have the early Milesian forms—the *epsilon* is written *v*, the *eta* has three bars, the *gamma* is four-lined, the upper part of the *gamma* loops upwards, the *rho* has a long tail, while the three lines of the *psi* end in a single point. Below this *graffito* was another, the first few letters of which were unfortunately obliterated. It ran—*Μ(?) . . . ης ἡλθε ἐπὸδδῆ (sic)*. Here the *eta* has three bars and the *sigma* consists of four lines (which are rounded, however, and not angular); but the *epsilon* has almost the same form as the corresponding letter in the Karian alphabet. It is represented by an oval, through the centre of which runs a horizontal line. The *heta* has the Milesian form. The proper name, *Ναυκράτης*, reminds us of *Ναυκρατία*. The other early Greek inscriptions of Abydos cannot be put in evidence, as the dialects employed in them are not Ionic.

A. H. SAYCE.

THE OLDEST MS. OF THE "HITOPADEÇA."

British Museum: August 2, 1887.

With reference to the loan of my Nepalese MS. of the "Hitopadeça" for Prof. Peterson's new edition, as to which Prof. Max Müller speaks in such kind terms in the last number of the ACADEMY, I think it will prevent misunderstanding, if I state that Prof. Peterson and, consequently, Prof. Max Müller, are mistaken in supposing that the MS. was lent by permission of the "authorities of the British Museum." My journey to Nepal, though permitted by the trustees of the Museum, was at my own risk and expense, aided by the University of Cambridge. Consequently, my MSS., of which I have been glad to lend some dozen already to fellow-scholars both on the Continent and in India, remained my own on my return, though nearly all have now been presented or sold to the university or to the national collection. Folklore, both Buddhistic and Brahmanical, was evidently popular in Nepal from early times. I am, at present, endeavouring to edit the "Tantrākhyāna," a short collection of tales, which has much in common with both the "Hitopadeça" and "Pañca-tantra." Three Newāri translations of this have been brought from Nepal to Europe, but my own Nepalese palm-leaf copy is the only Sanskrit original known to me. I take this opportunity of enquiring of scholars, especially those in India, whether anything further is known of this book?

CECIL BENDALL.

PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

Forayingham: July 30, 1887.

If Mr. Leaf thinks that, in the letter which appears in the ACADEMY of to-day, he is adopting a method likely to convince those who wish merely to know "the truth about Homer," he is, I believe, mistaken. Nothing is gained by referring to cases which are not parallel. "Vagaries" about the figure of the earth do not stand on the same footing with facts concerning the Homer of the lyric and tragic poets. It has not been shown that this Homer was our "Homer"; and the evidence which shows that it was not has not been met. It is kept out of sight. I repeat my protest, adding only that I am unconscious of having said anything more than what has been said by Dr. Paley. Seekers after truth are not to be put down by browbeating; and I can see little more in Mr. Leaf's letter.

GEORGE W. COX.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Zoroastrian Deities on Indo-Scythian Coins," by Dr. Mark Aurel Stein; "A Legal Term in Contract Tablets," by Prof. Eberhard Schrader; "Some Euphratean Names in the Lexicon of Hesychios" (concluded), by R. Brown, jun.; "A Babylonian Wedding Ceremony," by Theo. J. Pinches; "A new Hittite Seal found near Tarsus," by T. Tyler; "A Season's Results in Egypt," by W. M. Flinders Petrie.

DR. W. VIETOR's new periodical, *Phonetische Studien* (Marburg: Elwert), begins its career with considerable spirit. Besides reviews of books and short papers, the first number contains three long articles by J. A. Lundell, Paul Passy, and Max Walter. M. Paul Passy's article on the phonetic system of the French language is especially valuable for the careful observations which it contains respecting the varieties met with in educated usage with regard to the rendering of some of the elementary sounds. Among the minor contributions the most generally interesting is the lively discussion between Drs. Engel and Lohmeyer as to the pronunciation of Greek—the former vigorously assailing, and the latter as vigorously defending, the method at present followed in German schools. Both papers are worth reading, but that of Dr. Lohmeyer is decidedly the more effective. By way of illustration of the practical inconvenience of adopting the modern Greek pronunciation of the classical language, he gives the following ingeniously constructed sentence: "Ἦν ἔμα τῆ ἡοί ὄν, ἡ ὄσι, ἡ οἰ ἡ ὄι (ἡ οἰη λῶν), ἡ νῆσ ὄφ τῆν χροῶν ἔβροχον διατελέσειν; which, he says, a modern Greek would have to pronounce as follows: "In amæ ti ii ii i ii i ii i ii iii i i(j)i so tin chroan a wrochon dhiatelesin." If this is not irresistible as an argument, it is at any rate amusing.

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THE ECCLESIASTICAL SEALS OF DENMARK.

Danske Geistlige Sigiller fra Middelalderen. Ved Dr. Henry Petersen. Folio. (Kjöbenhavn: C. A. Reitzel.)

SPHRAGISTICS is a noble study and a captivating. It goes far, far back to famous lands and empires, and still flourishes, though with diminished splendour. Accordingly, it has been widely treated by distinguished men and artists, and is portrayed in scores of costly tomes, often richly illustrated.

In Scandinavia, in spite of partial efforts by zealous pioneers, it is only of late that the national perishing seal stores have been fittingly gathered. Till to-day, Sweden alone was properly chronicled in this respect. The valuable folio of the late accomplished Swedish Riks antiquary, Bror Emil Hildebrand, *Svenska Sigiller från Medeltiden*, was published at Stockholm in 1862-7. We have now the equally satisfactory instalment of Dr. Henry Petersen for Denmark. Propitious fates will also, doubtless, one day give to Norway its own seal enthusiast.

Seals, as the legal insignia of bishops, abbots, and chapters in Denmark, begin in the twelfth century, shortly after their use in the neighbouring German sees. But the oldest

Danish signet now known—that of the Abbot of Om (Peterson's, fig. 788)—is from the year 1219, while in the thirteenth century, these vouchers spread to all classes. The oldest Swedish sigillum is that of Archbishop Stephan of Upsala, between 1164-67 (Hildebrand's Ser. 2, pt. 1, fig. 1). The oldest Norwegian stamp, Bishop Henrik's, of Stavanger, is between the years 1208 to 1224.

Of course few of these Danish seals belong to the Romanesque period. Mostly they are Gothic in style; their material as a rule copper or brass, a few of lead. One, the Roskilde Chapter stamp, is of walrus bone. Almost all were of Danish workmanship, well executed by native goldsmiths. The round seal rapidly gives way to the almond-shaped. The oldest impressions are on loose parchment slips let in on the document. First, at the close of the fourteenth century, when paper deeds appear, is the stamp on the script itself impressed on thin paper over the wax. Sometimes the signet of the deceased was not broken or thrown into the grave. In that case the name of the bearer was re-cut.

The curious types and their gradual changes offer a most interesting study, as do the figures of local saints. We also often find the contrasigillum or secretum. In one instance (Archbish. Esger, 1324, fig. 15) it is an antique gem, Antinous. The oldest episcopal type is a sitting bishop, which we see in France as early as 1067.

Here, as in other lands, a crowd of valuable details as to costume, arms, pastoral staff, canopy, the marks gradually adopted for sees, the shape of the shields and mitres, the transition from majuscules to minuscules, and so on, offer food for wide research, often of great importance as to the testing of dates and documents. The majuscules die out in the first half of the fifteenth century, but re-appear with the Renaissance at the beginning of the sixteenth.

The mass of these Danish seals give only the name, with or without the office; but some of high antiquity add Leonine verses, or now and then a short prayer. The earliest stamps date from the Augustinians, Cistercians, and Benedictines; thereafter come the Dominicans and Franciscans. All the monastic seals are round. In the fifteenth century Birgittine and Carmelite seals come in, with minuscule letters. The sigilla of the Knights of St. John naturally stand apart, as having a secular character.

The publication of this beautiful monumental work, printed by Thiele in his best style, commenced in 1883 and ended last year. The whole volume contains 1,039 carefully drawn and delicately lithographed examples, executed by Th. Bergh; to these are added in the text thirty-six others, drawn and chemityped by Prof. Magnus Petersen. Not only is every seal carefully described by the learned and hardworking Danish archaeologist, who has devoted many years to this special study, but in a long introduction he enters into fruitful details as to the various historical bearings of these characteristic productions of the olden time.

That so costly a contribution to Northern seal-lore could be produced in Denmark is owing to the large grant in aid from the princely fund so generously endowed by the well-known patriotic Danish Mæcenas, Capt.

Dr. S. C. Jacobsen, and called the Carlsberg Fund, from the name of his world-famed brewery in the Danish capital.

Ere I close, let me add the hope that Dr. Henry Petersen may be enabled to add yet a second volume exhausting the subject. In that case he will work out, doubtless with the same care and minuteness, the secular seals of Denmark, from the earliest period to the Reformation. GEORGE STEPHENS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that M. Vereschagin, the Russian painter, has taken the Grosvenor Gallery for a general exhibition of his works during the coming winter. M. Vereschagin is, perhaps, best known for his series of historical pictures representing the conquest of Central Asia; but it will also be remembered that his "Nativity of Christ" fell under the ban of the Archbishop of Vienna, when exhibited there last year, on the ground of its realistic irreverence.

A SELECTION of the antiquities found in the excavations of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Tell el Yehudiyeh, Zagazig, and other sites in the Delta, is in course of arrangement at Oxford Mansion, Oxford Circus, W., in rooms kindly lent for the purpose by the Archaeological Institute. The exhibition will be open to subscribers to the fund and to members of the Institute and their friends on presentation of card, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for three weeks, from next Monday, August 8.

It is long ago now since we called attention to Mr. Frederic Shields's fine designs for the decorations of the Duke of Westminster's Chapel, at Eaton Hall. He had then completed the cartoons for the stained glass windows of the chancel and north wall. The south wall is unlighted, and is to be decorated with marble mosaics, for which Mr. Shields has just finished the last picture. The whole of the designs for the chapel are in illustration of the Te Deum; and these last represent the series of the prophets—twenty-six in number—figures all little short of life size, each with a mosaic beneath, representing some incident memorable in connexion with the prophet above. The limited and very broken scale of colours afforded by the marbles have required the exercise of much ingenuity on the part of the artist, and may be said to have developed in a remarkable manner his natural sense of colour. This is shown in nothing more than in his treatment of nude flesh, as in the Jonah, where the prophet is just released from the open jaws of the monster, and the pale yellows and greys at the artist's command are made to tell with the force of flesh and blood against the slate and pink of the whale's skin and palate. In most of the designs Mr. Shields has had no tradition to guide him; and where he might have borrowed from ancient art, as in the cases of the greater prophets, he has preferred to follow his own fresh invention. It is in some of these—such as the noble figure of Isaiah, the profoundly intellectual Ezekiel and the lordly ideal of David (with a nobly elegant Queen of Sheba in the panel beneath)—that he has achieved his greatest successes. Whether we regard Mr. Shields's decoration of the Eaton chapel from an intellectual or an artistic point of view, there can be little doubt that it is by far the greatest work of the kind ever executed by an English artist. The mosaics will be executed in Paris; but the cartoons are now on view for a short time at Mr. W. H. Burke's marble works, 17 Newman Street, Oxford Street, where they should be visited by all who care for art inspired by spiritual imagination.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Schumann's Symphonies, Quartets, and Pianoforte Works. (Leipzig: Peters.) All these six volumes have been edited by Herr A. Dörfel, who has been long and honourably connected with the publications of the Peters firm; and the general correctness of the music shows how conscientiously he has acquitted himself of his task. We ought also to call attention to the remarkably clear printing, and to the very cheap price at which these volumes are issued. There was a time, and that not so long ago, when full scores were luxuries; and now a student must be poor indeed who cannot afford to buy the principal orchestral works of the great masters. In noticing the present edition of the four Schumann symphonies in B flat, C, E flat, and D minor, and also of the symphonic work (Op. 52), entitled "Ouverture, Scherzo, Finale," we feel that there is nothing new to say about the compositions themselves. They have passed the ordeal of criticism, and already take rank among the masterpieces which the world will not willingly let die. And so also with two of the three quartets (Op. 41) which the composer dedicated "in inniger Verehrung" to his friend Mendelssohn. But it is different with the pianoforte volumes. Here we must say a few words about the fingering of Herr R. Schmidt. Chopin excepted, there is no great composer whose pianoforte writings present so many technical difficulties as Schumann. The music is written in an original style, demanding fingering of quite a peculiar kind. Herr Schmidt is of the Tausig-Bülow school. We perceive this in the changing of fingers on the repetition of a note, as in the simple "Soldaten Marsch" (Op. 68), and in the first Etude (Op. 13). For clearness of utterance this is often of immense advantage in such pieces as "Pantalon et Colombine" in Op. 9, or in No. 2 of the Novellen; but we think the system has been carried somewhat to excess in the "Traumes Wirren" and in No. 3 of the Etudes Symphoniques. Another modern feature is the fingering of many octave passages which formerly were played with the thumb and little finger. Herr Schmidt is fond of helping the player in difficult passages (as in "In der Nacht," "Vogel als Prophet," Präludium in B flat minor) by dividing a passage, intended for right or left hand, between the two. Such a method, however, except in the hands of a very expert pianist, is apt to result in a jerky rendering. There is a section in the Humoreske (Op. 20) which calls for notice. It is written on three staves, the middle one being marked as "Innere Stimme" ("Inner Voice"). We agree with M^{me}. Schumann, who says that this middle line should not be played; but Herr Schmidt, being of a different opinion, has fingered it. The latter is quite entitled to his opinion, only it must be remembered that M^{me}. Schumann must best know what her husband really intended. But, while mentioning one or two things which have struck us in looking through the volumes, we must cordially acknowledge the ingenuity and industry displayed. No difficult passage has been left to take care of itself; and, just as the skilled chess-player's move is the final choice of many mental moves, so here the marked fingering is the result of much deliberation. This is a very complete edition, for it contains the pianoforte part of the Concerto in A minor (Op. 54), of the Concertstück (Op. 92), and of the Concert Allegro (Op. 134), with many orchestral indications; and also the posthumous pieces—the interesting "Anhang" to Op. 13, the Scherzo which originally formed part of the "Concert sans Orchestre" (Op. 14), a Presto, and a curious little Canon, "An Alexis." J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

A Life of John Colet. By J. H. Lupton. (Bell.)

"FRIENDS and scholars" of Dean Colet will open this volume with very special pleasure, for in it is summed up and completed the labour of many years. Mr. Lupton published the *De Sacramentis Ecclesiae* in 1867; and since then he has edited all the extant works of the dean, translating the more important, and prefixing to each of his five volumes a valuable "Introduction." These "Introductions" have acquainted us with the character of Mr. Lupton's work, and taught us its value. His care and patience in investigation, the conscientious thoroughness with which he masters his subject and accepts no information at second hand, inspire us with a full confidence in his guidance; and this confidence becomes only the more convinced when we find Mr. Lupton writing with a cautious diffidence and anxious humility, rare indeed among those who have earned the right to speak with authority. Mr. Lupton shrinks from rapid generalisation even after the most exhaustive collection of facts; he obstinately refuses to regard probable conjectures as quite proved; on matters as to which his own opinion is authoritative and valuable he has a knack of quoting someone else, and leaving us in doubt whether his own mind is quite made up; frequently, indeed, his mind is evidently not made up, and he has the courage and candour to say so. It would seem as if nothing but good could result to the public from such qualities as these; but till recently they threatened to deprive us of the Life which at last we possess. When Mr. Seebohm, in 1867, published his *Oxford Reformers*, Mr. Lupton declared that beside this "finished portrait" there was no room for another life of Colet; and apparently he held to this opinion down to 1883, when, in the preface to his translation of Erasmus's *Letter to Justus Jonas*, he said that "an entirely fresh biography" was "beyond my ambition." We are delighted that Mr. Lupton's ambition has at length prevailed over his humility; for although we love Mr. Seebohm's book on this side idolatry as much as any, it by no means tells us all we would like to know about Colet. It does not profess to be an exhaustive biography, and it leaves us very anxious to know whether an exhaustive biography would in any way modify its conclusions. It is the essential charm of Mr. Seebohm's volume that he presents his subject to us from a very modern point of view. We complain that men so exactly suited to guide us in the nineteenth century were most unprovidentially born in the fifteenth. We feel that Mr. Seebohm sympathises with

certain views of his hero, and we ask whether these views would be quite so emphatically the hero's if they were not also Mr. Seebohm's. The *Oxford Reformers* in short, needs to be complemented by just such a book as Mr. Lupton has written. The mental qualities which we have already noted fit him specially to be Mr. Seebohm's fellow-worker, and minimise the danger of rivalry.

Considering, therefore, Mr. Lupton's Life from this point of view, we find with pleasure that on the whole it entirely endorses Mr. Seebohm's presentation of Dean Colet's work and character; and yet by a careful filling in of the background of the portrait, and a treatment of the subject historical rather than philosophical, introduces us to a Colet more real even than Mr. Seebohm's. In two points Mr. Lupton distinctly modifies Mr. Seebohm's portrait. Colet, in his views on marriage and on the study of classical authors, was in Mr. Lupton's view almost reactionary, and certainly less advanced than his friend Erasmus. It is in the *De Sacramentis Ecclesiae* and the *Lectures on Corinthians* that Colet expresses most decidedly a contempt for the married state. But these were written before 1500; and, in 1505, we find Colet advising More to marry, and apparently aiding him in the choice of a wife. Moreover, in the *Right Fruitfull Monicion* he declares a good wife to be of God's sending, though the declaration is somewhat weakened by the addition—not quoted by Mr. Seebohm—that an evil one is of the devil's; and, finally, he chooses married men as schoolmasters, and leaves his school to the care of married citizens, because "he has nowhere found less corrupt morals than among married people"—this, at least, is Erasmus's explanation of the fact. Against this we have a passage by Colet in his *Collection of Statutes of St. Paul's Cathedral*, quoted by Mr. Lupton on p. 135, very plainly and definitely asserting the earlier views of the *Lectures on Corinthians*, and providing that vergers shall be celibate. This summary of the evidence will suggest to us that when Mr. Lupton and Mr. Seebohm disagree on a point it is a very knotty one, which, perhaps, even Dean Colet himself was not quite clear about. There seems no other explanation of the conflicting nature of the evidence. Mr. Lupton is at his best in his minute and loving description of Colet's educational work; elsewhere, notably in his account of the summaries of the *Hierarchies of Dionysius*, his book suffers somewhat from his unwillingness to say over again what he has already said in the above-mentioned "Introductions." Chapters 8 and 11, on the life at the deanery, and chapter 10, on the three great sermons, are nearly as good as the chapter on the founding of the school; and every page of the book shows how exhaustive, accurate, and patient has been Mr. Lupton's study of his subject, and of everything that could throw light upon it. The concluding remarks are excellent, but only too short.

It is impossible not to speculate on the reason of Colet's growing reputation, and to inquire what special charm or power in his work and character has led such men as Mr. Lupton and Mr. Seebohm to toil so lovingly and so assiduously in his service. Colet was the Socrates to two such Platons as

Erasmus and More; and Erasmus, whenever he speaks of Colet, makes it plain to us that it was the vehement reality of the dean's religious faith which gave him his influence. Erasmus's interest was at once aroused when he heard an Oxford scholar discussing religious questions, not with logical subtleties, and not merely for discussion's sake, but earnestly, and even passionately. Colet's devotion moreover was peculiarly a devotion to Paul and Christ—to the men rather than the doctrines of the New Testament. It is no Anglican Lutheran or Popish dogma that Colet is excited about, but the wonderful courage or pure love of Paul or Christ. This, we take it, explains in part Colet's influence to-day, and a further explanation is to be found in the alliance in him of fiery fervour with a peculiarly patient wisdom. The scene at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, described so excellently by Mr. Lupton, affords the best illustration of the stern common-sense which Colet possessed in common with other reformers of his time; but in his case it was guided and modified by a patience and humility which most reformers have lacked. As we read the history of his foundation of St. Paul's School, and note the immense pains he concentrates on the task, the care with which he considers every smallest detail, we receive a lesson in patience and thoroughness very rarely given us by the leaders of reformations, and specially impressive when it is so given. His rule,

"if your child after reasonable season proved be founde here unapte and unable to lernynge, than ye warned thereof shal take hym awaye, that he occupye not here rowme in vayne"; and his remark,

"for in the begynnynge men spoke not latyn bycause suche rules were made, but contrariwyse bycause men spake suche latyn upon that folowed the rules were made."

contain educational principles we have scarcely mastered yet. The exquisite tenderness of his feeling towards "lytel babys" indicates how thoroughly human-hearted it is possible for educational reformers to be. Faith and common-sense were the two things which brought about the Reformation both within and without the Roman Catholic Church; but the Reformation suffered in many ways, because the faith was too often dogmatism, and the common-sense brutality and impatience. As we find out the flaws in the work of more hasty, and more famous reformers, we become willing to listen to quieter and less clamorous voices, and the teaching and example of such men as John Colet finds resurrection in the minds of men.

Mr. Lupton has not given us in full the letters which passed between Colet and Erasmus, and artistically, perhaps, his book is the better; but, in considering Mr. Lupton's work as a whole, we cannot look upon it as quite finished till these letters have been rescued entire from the ocean of Erasmus's correspondence. Perhaps they could be added to a second edition of the *Letter to Justus Jonas*. In a second edition, too, Mr. Lupton should translate the *De Sacramentis Ecclesiae*. We make these suggestions only because Mr. Lupton has taught us to look for perfection. We ask for more because we appreciate so fully what we have had already. One large request we have kept till the end, but it must

be made. Where is the Hercules who shall do for Erasmus what Mr. Lupton has done for Colet? We know of none unless it be Mr. Lupton himself.

RONALD BAYNE.

For a Song's Sake, and other Stories. By Philip Bourke Marston. With a Memoir by William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

IN the carefully written and excellent memoir which is prefixed to this volume, Mr. Sharp has told us all that we need to know of the short and terribly sad life of his friend its author. Philip Bourke Marston was born in 1850, the only son of Dr. Westland Marston, the dramatist. At the age of four his eyes began to suffer—as it was believed, from the effects of belladonna, which had been administered medicinally; and the mischief was further increased by a blow accidentally received at play. Soon symptoms of cataract manifested themselves; and, in spite of the best surgical treatment, blindness crept slowly but steadily upon the boy. The hours of his loneliness were solaced by literary pursuits; and before he was twenty Marston had produced much excellent and individual work in poetry, aided by his devoted mother and his younger sister, each of whom acted as his ready and willing amanuensis. He was fortunate, too, in his intercourse with the talented circle who frequented his father's house; and he seems to have drawn to himself, with quite a peculiar closeness, the friendship of many of the most gifted younger writers of the time. But fate had other terrible blows in store with which to smite the blind poet. The company of those who brought a measure of sunlight into his darkened days was thinned by death with startling swiftness. First came the death of his mother, then the death, by consumption, of his betrothed, then the death of his sister Cicely—

"More than any sister ever was
To any brother!"

and Oliver Madox Brown, Arthur O'Shaughnessy and his wife, Marston's elder sister, Rossetti, and James Thomson of *The City of Dreadful Night*, all followed on the dark way, till he came to believe that his friendship was a deadly thing. "Every friend," he bitterly wrote, "every friend whom I love seems to be brought within the influence of my unhappy fate." And day by day his own strength began to decline, till at length, early in the present year, he was seized by paralysis, and passed away into the rest for which, in his weariness, he had often longed.

After reading the pathetic record of their author's life, we turn with interest to his collected stories, which form the bulk of the volume, tales—composed at his type-writer during his saddened later years, and for the most part published in American periodicals—of which many will be new to English readers.

The story from which the volume is titled, one of the longest and best in the book, tells how Herbert Montague, a London painter, in a mood of irresistible pity, gave shelter to an Italian orphan girl whom he had found singing in the streets on a wild February night, tended her with parental care, and finally wedded her, keeping his marriage secret,

however, lest his wealthy father, who had been sufficiently scandalised by his son's Bohemian ways, should be hopelessly alienated. For three years all goes well; but at length Montague meets in society Mrs. Heather, a fascinating widow, a woman of wide culture and superb beauty, in whom he finds a fuller appreciation of his art and his aims in life than was possible to the poor little Mabel at home. Gradually the wife feels that his love has taken wing and fled. Montague struggles hard against his infatuation, finally discloses to Mrs. Heather the fact of his marriage—an announcement which is received by the lady with contemptuous scorn and astonishment—and then returns home to find that his wife has put an end to her life by poison, leaving a letter declaring that she has done so to free him from the irksome yoke of her presence and her wifely claims.

The next story, "The Lady of the Graves," is a weird piece in the manner of Poe; and in "Trapped" we have observant character-painting in the portrait of Albert D'Aurelles, the cruel and sensual French poet, whom the English heroine of the tale marries and endows with her fortune. In "The Actress and her Drama" the husband of Mrs. Brakehill, a popular *tragédienne*, is, with her connivance, murdered by her lover, and Featherstone, a young dramatist, is drugged and placed in circumstances which lead to his arrest as the assassin. Driven to frenzy, which ends in actual madness, by the infidelity of her lover, the actress denounces him from the stage as the murderer. Featherstone in the end is acquitted, and marries the bride who has believed in him and been faithful to him in his time of trial. "Her Price" is another wild tale of love and crime; and among the slighter pieces of the book are "Sir Charles Godfrey, Baronet," "Miss Stottford's Speciality," and "A Letter to Eva"—the last a particularly delicate and beautiful study of unwearied and self-forgetful affection.

It cannot be said that these stories contain their author's best work. Philip Marston was essentially a poet; and he has expressed himself in most fitting and final fashion in his verse, in the volumes entitled *Song Tide*, *All in All*, and *Wind-Voices*. But the stories are thoroughly readable, well worthy of republication, sufficiently good to make us regret that their writer was never able to undertake some such more sustained and lengthened effort in the direction of fiction as was often in his thoughts. These brief tales are skilfully composed, and the reader's interest is well sustained. They deal with the intense and passionate things of life, with the overmastering power of love, with the pathos and tragedy of death. They abound in telling and vivid situations; and, if they frequently verge on the sensational, the improbable, and even the whimsical, they are not wanting in touches of true poetic beauty.

J. M. GRAY.

TWO VOYAGES TO BROBADINGNAG.

Shores and Alps of Alaska. By H. W. Seton-Karr. (Sampson Low.)

The Queen's Highway from Ocean to Ocean. By Stuart Cumberland. (Sampson Low.)

THE student of the adventures of Mr. Lemuel

Gulliver, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and latterly of the kingdom of Lilliput, may remember that when that veracious voyager, abandoning a "long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane," shipped on board the *Adventure*, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander, he came, after a series of nautical manoeuvres which have ever since puzzled seafaring men, to the land of Brobdingnag. In other words, the vessel which set out for Surat reached the north-west coast of America, in a mythical region occupied by what is now the territory of Alaska and the province of British Columbia. A good portion of this country is still not much better known than it was when Swift evolved it from the depth of his inner consciousness, and the entire stretch has undergone changes almost as strange in their reality as was the fictitious life which Gulliver described. Alaska, indeed, when I first sighted its rugged shores, was a fief of the White Czar. Since then a good deal has been written on that still half-explored territory, so that Mr. Seton-Karr's book has to bear the brunt of comparison with those of my old travelling companion, Mr. Frederick Whympster, Mr. Dall, Mr. Schwatka, and of Mr. Eliot, whose sumptuous volume was recently reviewed in the ACADEMY. The result is not unfavourable. It is possible that those who heard the author's paper at the Geographical Society on March 14 might have been led to expect a somewhat more substantial narrative than this rather "thin" journal of 243 pages. However, Mr. Karr's book is not very monumental, neither is it pretentious, which is a merit, in any case, and almost a phenomenon when one remembers the order of travel literature to which it belongs.

The writer is what I believe is known as an "Alpinist," though it is evident, from the modest manner in which he refers to his "insignificant mountaineering," he does not rank high in "climbing circles." He is, however, something of an enthusiast, for he left England for the express purpose of visiting the Alpine region of Alaska, and only learnt, after crossing the continent, that a small party, equipped at the cost of a New York newspaper, was at Victoria, bound for the same region, under the command of Lieut. Schwatka, of Arctic fame. Being permitted to join it, the expedition attempted to ascend Mount St. Elias, about 19,000 feet high, and with a snow line 4,000 feet above the sea. In this aim they did not succeed; but they brought back what was much better—a very useful account of the slopes they did examine of the vast glacier country in and about the mountain, and of the rivers fed by the sub-glacial streams of its gigantic ice-fields. Mr. Karr then went alone to the north and west, and supplies an interesting account of this coasting voyage, and of the immense glaciers which line the entire shore-line to Prince William Sound. One of these—the Bering glacier, near Cape Suckling—is of vast extent. However, with the exception of few areas of flat land covered with spruce and cedar, every other flat expanse is ice half concealed by stones and other moraines. In brief, between the St. Elias Alps and the sea—that is, from Cross Sound to the Copper River—the country consists almost entirely of glacier and nothing else. It is therefore evident that here is a

fine country for the study of glacial phenomena—one, indeed, almost as good as Greenland; and with this advantage over any portion of that country, that it is infinitely more accessible. Mr. Karr claims to have been “the first explorer in the footsteps of Cook to make the circuit of the coast northward from Cape Spencer, or the canoe journey from Kaiak to Prince William Sound.” Possibly he is quite correct in holding this belief. But it all depends on what is considered to be an explorer. Mr. Karr had no instruments; and his hint that Mount St. Elias is in British territory has been doubted by Prof. Davidson (*Kosmos*, No. 3) and by Mr. Dall (*Proc. R.G.S.*, 1887, p. 444), on the ground that this determination, in the absence of astronomical observation, can be only guess-work. I have, moreover, a distinct recollection of sealers, traders, and fishermen visiting these shores more than twenty years ago; and in Victoria I have met men well acquainted with all the stretch to which Mr. Karr refers, and who have described the land to me much as the author of the book does. However, Mr. Karr has the credit of giving us a pleasant narrative, which might have had greater literary merit had he chosen a method less hard to handle for effective purposes than that of the diary. His numerous illustrations are nearly all very good, and the same may be said for the maps, though awkwardly enough one of them puts Mount St. Elias in British, while others place it in United States territory. As a rule, the statements in the book are accurate. Here and there, however, we have noted one or two errors, which had better be corrected in a future edition. For instance, the Hydahs and Timpseans are not Indians of “the seaward”—or any other—“shores of Vancouver Island” (p. 23). The first belong to the Queen Charlotte Islands, the latter to the opposite mainland. Nor do they carve their canoes out of “a single Douglas fir.” Their vessels are of “cedar” (*Thuja gigantea*), or occasionally of *Thujaopsis borealis*. We may also point out that the Queen Charlotte Islands are not “almost entirely unexplored and unvisited.” When I visited them in 1866 coal was being—and is still—worked in Skidegate Sound, and a copper-mining venture had before that date been attempted. Still later they have been the theme of an admirable monograph by Dr. Dawson in the publications of the Canadian Geological Survey. It is also misleading to say that “the settled portions [of Vancouver Island] and those fit for agriculture lie round Victoria and round Nanaimo Mine” (p. 20). In reality, Comox is the chief agricultural district of the island. Nor is this island “semi-tropical” (p. 24) by any means. And, not to find fault needlessly with a book well worth reading and keeping, Mr. Seton-Karr will, perhaps, take the word of an “old zoological hand” who ranged the far Western forests before he was born for the statement that *Cervus columbianus* (p. 24) is not the “Virginian deer,” and that it and the “black tail” are not the same species. Again, “Shouswap Indians or Siwash” (p. 17) is apt to be confusing. “Siwash” is not the pseudonym of a Shouswap, but the Chinook jargon (not “language,” p. 44) word for an Indian, being a corruption of the French *savages*.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland does not affect to play the explorer's part. He is merely an humble tourist, who aimed to do no more than to see what is to be seen by a traveller passing from Australia by way of Vancouver Island and British Columbia across the Canadian Pacific railroad. He had, however, been among men and cities before undertaking this trip, and hence his remarks have more maturity than the raw observations of a less experienced visitor. It is true that he does not describe anything actually new. But, for the first time, the reader will be able to glean from his book a connected and, on the whole, very accurate account of the route which has been laid for the iron horse across British America. He also supplies some useful and often pertinent remarks on Vancouver Island, its delightful summer climate, and its everyday scenes, and on the coast of British Columbia, along which he seems to have sailed as far north as the Queen Charlotte Islands. His style is that of a practised writer, not without a spice of cosmopolitan slang, well suited to the subject of which it treats. Mr. Cumberland is not a specialist—at least not in the branches of science requisite for a traveller; accordingly his notes are generally superficial, and in many instances it would not be difficult to indicate the source whence he derived some rather peculiar bits of information. He has, for example, a provoking habit of saying “I believe” when by a little trouble he might have said “I know,” and ended the doubts of his reader. A passing traveller, jotting down what he hears from other passing travellers or residents, often notoriously ill-informed, cannot be expected to be always accurate. Nor is Mr. Cumberland. Here, for instance, to note a fact or two almost at random, Comox (p. 13) is not “a logging centre.” It is the chief agricultural district in the island of Vancouver. Nor, though deer are plentiful in the vicinity, are mountain goats (p. 15) found within a short distance of Victoria. I question if there is one in the island. Nor (p. 18) was Nootka “a small English settlement”; and, like Mr. Seton-Karr, Mr. Cumberland falls into the error of supposing that because the Tsimpseans visit Victoria they are (pp. 23 and 42) natives of that district. They come from the northern coast of British Columbia. The little tribe on the other side of Victoria harbour are the Tsongeisth—a very different race. Again (p. 39) the oolachon is not “of the sardine type.” It is a smelt (*Thaleichthys pacificus*). It is also quite erroneous to say (p. 133) that in 1789 Vancouver Island was “called Quadra Island by the Spanish.” At that date it was thought to be a part of the mainland. Vancouver met Quadra in Johnstone Strait; and, in memory of their joint discovery of its insularity, they agreed to call it “Quadra and Vancouver Island.” Nor, though at one time familiar with nearly every North-western tribe, did I ever hear of any “salting” their dead (p. 55). The collotype plates with which the volume is illustrated are, for the most part, very successful. But, why does Mr. Cumberland, throughout his very readable and instructive volume, insist on calling British Columbia “the province of the midnight sun”? It is scarcely possible to give it a less appropriate name.

ROBERT BROWN.

Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart. By John Skelton. Vol. I. (Blackwood.)

THIS is very pretty and very paradoxical, and it is written with a purpose; but it is a contribution to the history of Mary Stuart in the sense that *Quentin Durward* is a contribution to the history of Louis XI. Mr. Skelton has, in fact, three purposes, which the subsequent volumes of his work, rather than the one he has now published, are intended to give effect to. Like all his countrymen he has an ecclesiastico-theological creed, a Church, and a party (or coterie) within that Church, of which he is the lay champion. For has he not in his “Shirley” days, poked sarcasm at “ecclesiastical ladies’ doctors” and the like; and does he not tell us here that “the Church that is identified with the true social development of Scotland is the Church of Maitland and Spottiswoode, of Forbes and Leighton, of Carstares and Robertson, of Robert Lee and Norman Macleod and John Tulloch”? Mr. Skelton is a believer in what used to be known as Moderatism, and is now known as Broad Churchism in Scotland; and so he very naturally wishes to make out that William Maitland, of Lethington, who was the Moderate or Latitudinarian leader of his time, had a greater influence on the Scotland of the Reformation than his “revolutionary” contemporary John Knox, whose Church, it seems, “burnt itself out in Covenant and Cameronian”—a delightfully audacious assertion which, no doubt, Mr. Skelton is prepared to defend against Scottish Dissenters bent on Disestablishment and against Scottish Democrats bent on destroying all political and spiritual privilege. In the second place, Mr. Skelton intends to institute a parallel between his favourite Lord Beaconsfield and Maitland of Lethington, whom Buchanan styled a “chameleon” and Bannatyne “Mitchell Wyllie” (otherwise Machiavelli), and whom Albany Fonblanque would, no doubt, have properly described as “all-principled,” for the same reason that he so described Sir Robert Peel. Finally, Mr. Skelton has found a patriotic Scottish policy for Maitland, to which that “subtil” politician, in spite of apparent tergiversation and unquestionable tortuosity, adhered.

“How to diminish the power of an anarchical nobility, how to promote the union of the nations, how to secure the succession to a Scottish prince, how to establish a religious peace on tolerable conditions—these were the problems to which, as a Scottish Protestant and a Scottish patriot, Maitland addressed himself [and which Mr. Skelton emphasises with italics]; and it will be found, I believe, that the secular and ecclesiastical policy which he steadily and consistently pursued was, upon the whole, as just as it was reasonable.”

It will also fall to Mr. Skelton, in the course of his narrative, to rectify Mr. Froude's estimates of Mary Stuart and John Knox, and to justify his own estimates of Queen Elizabeth and Cecil.

Obviously, therefore, Mr. Skelton has his work before him. But it is equally obvious that he will experience no difficulty in or outside of himself in executing that work skilfully and successfully from the purely literary point of view. He gives his

authorities in an introductory chapter. They are respectable, and fairly numerous; but even Mr. Skelton will not claim absolute impartiality for the majority of them. Then he has a short and easy method of dealing with inconvenient "facts" as they present themselves to him. They are not facts at all. He distrusts the reporters of them as Hume distrusted the reporters of miracles. "The fact being in itself incredible," he says, "I would not believe it were it told me by Cato." Mr. Skelton's mind being the final Court of Appeal as regards some facts, it is by no means impossible that he may be found quite honestly making others square with his theories or justify his loves and his hates. There is no reason whatever why Mr. Skelton should not write history trenchantly and picturesquely and with a purpose. When one thinks of the uncertainty that, in spite of all that has been published of late years on the death of Darnley, still rests on the question of who were—and still more, of who were not—consenting parties to his murder, it may be believed that the history of this period cannot be written from any other standpoint than that of partisanship. That being so, the author of *The Impeachment of Mary Stuart* is entitled to his innings. It is but fair that, after Mr. Froude, there should be the anti-Froude. Mr. Skelton may not succeed in whitewashing Maitland, whose record he admits not to have been "clear"; and his attempt to make out his hero to be Knox's equal, if not superior, as a patriotic force has a Quixotic look. But the Knox legend has had, in many respects, a paralysing effect on the modern Scottish mind. If Mr. Skelton can do something towards separating the truth from the fiction in that legend, he will perform a service to his countrymen, although many of them will be slow to appreciate it.

This volume is strictly preliminary. The indictments of Knox and Queen Elizabeth that appear in it are in reality the opening speeches of a prosecuting counsel. Eminently readable, they have yet to be supported by evidence. But in spite of or in virtue of its being preliminary, this volume will in all probability prove the most enjoyable of the three that are to constitute Mr. Skelton's work. It consists essentially of a sketch of Scottish history and life up to the time when Maitland really became a force in both as secretary or minister to Mary Stuart. As such it can hardly be praised too highly as a sustained effort in picturesque description and narrative. Mr. Skelton has a quick eye for pictorial effects, and he has used it to good purpose in his descriptions of Scotland, more especially in the sixteenth century. His short studies in early Scottish literature—that literature in which Barbour, Dunbar, and Lyndsay were the leading lights—are somewhat slight and superficial, being inferior to the criticisms contained in the volumes of Prof. Minto and the late Dr. Ross, and in a forgotten series of lectures by James Hannay. Nor does Mr. Skelton contemplate the Scottish "people" from the standpoint of the late Mr. Green. There are no democratic interiors in this volume. But he has realised the romantic aspects of burgh and keep and monastery; he has photographed the outdoor life of

Borderer and Highlander; he is nearly as fond of a morion as Scott; and with the help of imagination he can reproduce the material prosperity of a buried past with a gusto almost equal to Macaulay's. But Mr. Skelton is most likeable when he relapses into the vein of "Shirley," as when he reproduces "the bleak charm" of St. Andrews—where, before the middle of the sixteenth century, Maitland studied "the humanities"—which within the memory of men still living "was a huge academic city—a dark, sombre, ruinous, mildewed, ill-lighted, badly-paved, old-fashioned, old-mannered, secluded place," where

"a few noble fragments of ancient ruin, which had resisted the fury of the Knoxian mob—the massive walls of a feudal castle, the great tower of St. Rule, the lovely windows and arches of the cathedral—rose above an old-fashioned street, not inconveniently crowded with old-fashioned houses, in which old-fashioned professors and old-fashioned ladies looked after keen-eyed, threadbare students, who here, in red and ragged gowns, cultivated the muses, like the early Edinburgh Reviewers, upon a little oatmeal."

Beyond question, Mr. Skelton has sacrificed or kept out of sight some of the stern and sordid realities of early Scottish life. Occasionally his pen or his memory makes a slip, as when he confers a bishopric on Sir James Inglis, who became abbot of Culross in 1528, and was murdered two years later, and whose curious antecedents may be gathered from Sir David Lyndsay's complaint:

"Who can say more than Sir James Inglis says
In ballads, farces, and in pleasant plays?
But Culross hath his pen made impotent."

Trifles like these do not spoil bright historic retrospect—a retrospect so rich in colour as to make one lose sight of Mr. Skelton's purposes, predilections, and polemics.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Verses of a Prose Writer. By James Ashcroft Noble. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

WRITERS of indifferent verse almost invariably call their productions "poems," but here are genuine poems which the writer modestly calls "verses." And verses they are—short, simple, unambitious compositions, sometimes tenderly personal and domestic—but with the breath of true poetry in all of them. Here are no "Odes," either Jubilee odes or any other. I believe there is no mention of gods or goddesses; and I am sure there are no invocations to the sun or moon or the powers of the air. Affection forms the subject and certainly supplies the inspiration of many of these poems; but it never raves, nor does it indulge in language not generally used by plain men and women. Indeed, it is the first merit of these excellent verses that they are perfectly natural. That is unmistakably the quality of this "Invitation," with which the book opens:

"Come when Spring touches with gentle finger
The snows that linger
Among the hills;
When to our homestead return the swallows,
And in the hollows
Bloom daffodils.

"Or, if thou tarry, come with the Summer,
That welcome comer,
Welcome as he;
When noontide sunshine beats on the meadow,
A seat in shadow
We'll keep for thee.
"Or, if it please thee, come with the reaping,
When to safe keeping
They bring the sheaves;
When Autumn decketh with coloured splendour
And pathos tender
The dying leaves.
"Or come and warm us when Winter freezes,
And northern breezes
Are keen and cold,
With loving glances and close hand-pressings,
And fervent blessings
That grow not old.
"Nay! do not linger; for each to-morrow
Will break in sorrow
If thou delay:
Come to us quickly; our hearts are burning
With tender yearning:
Come, come to-day."

To treat of familiar things without exaggeration, and yet give effect to their highest charm, is a test of the true poet. How well Mr. Noble can do this may be seen from the following ballad, in which a lover owns that his mistress is not of the fairest, but reaches the full height of love nevertheless:

"SHE AND I.

"Why do I love my love so well?
Why is she all in all to me?
I try to tell, I cannot tell,
It still remains a mystery.
And why to her I am so dear
I cannot tell, although I try,
Unless I find both answers here—
She is herself, and I am I.
"Her face is very sweet to me,
Her eyes beam tenderly on mine;
But can I say I never see
Face fairer, eyes that brighter shine?
This thing I surely cannot say,
If I speak truth and do not lie;
Yet here I am in love to-day,
For she's herself, and I am I.
"It cannot be that I fulfil
Completely all her girlish dreams;
For far beyond my real still
Her old ideal surely gleams.
And yet I know her love is mine,
A flowing spring that cannot dry:
What explanation? This, in fine—
She is herself, and I am I.
"Mid all the cords by which two hearts
Are drawn together into one,
This is a cord that never parts,
But strengthens as the years roll on;
And though, as seasons hurry past,
Strength, beauty, wit, and genius die,
Till death strike us this charm will last—
She is herself, and I am I.
"She is herself, and I am I,
Now, henceforth, evermore the same,
Till the dark angel draweth nigh,
And calleth her and me by name;
Yea, after death has done his worst,
Each risen soul will straightway fly
To meet the other: as at first
She'll be herself, I shall be I."

The next extract is from a short poem called "The Brooklet." I quote it as being a really beautiful expression of natural sympathy:

"And often did I lie and dream
Beside that sparkling babbling stream;
Sun, stars, flowers, birds, and all the rest
I loved, but loved that brooklet best:
As if with life like mine endued
It had a voice for every mood
Of mirth or sadness, joy or dole,
It was to me a fellow soul.

“ A friend! 'twas more; it was the voice
Of my own soul—it did rejoice
As I rejoiced, and when I wept
It murmured low, and as I slept
It made fair dreams for me, and seemed
To sing strange music as I dreamed.”

I imagine that readers who have followed me through these extracts will want to read the whole book; and when they have read the book they will certainly regret that Mr. Noble—excellent “prose-writer” though he is—does not write more verses.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Chance and Luck. By Richard Proctor. (Longmans.)

THE Romans raised a temple to the goddess Fors et Fortuna, and the Greek tragedians are stored with wise moralisings on the power of the demon Luck; but Mr. Proctor, being as great an arithmetician as Michael Cassio, has written a very amusing book to prove that no such thing as luck, in the gambler's acceptance of the word, exists at all, and that every form of gambling is not only highly immoral, but must always, in the long run, end in the ruin of every individual votary. The practical forms of gambling which Mr. Proctor takes the most pains to expose are lotteries, betting on races, and gambling in shares, which latter has the charm to many that, while the stakes can be increased to any amount, it is disguised under the name of a business transaction. Many a respectable old gentleman in the city, who would be shocked at the idea of risking a fiver on a race, or of playing whist for more than shilling points, will speculate for hundreds through his stockbroker, and is as anxious to be put upon a good thing as the *habitué* of the Heath, or the young lady who backs her fancy at Ascot on the faith of direct stable information. Mr. Proctor's exposure of the cover system, introduced by advertising outside brokers to enable the public to indulge in Stock Exchange gambling, without risking fabulous sums, is one of the neatest things on record. He carries his successful and unsuccessful speculator through a series of cover-transactions, and lands them with the following pleasant result. We omit the details by which the result comes out with arithmetical demonstration:

“ A has won £50 and paid £53 2s. 6d. in brokerage, being, therefore, minus £3 2s. 6d. B has lost £50 and paid £53 2s. 6d. in brokerage, being, therefore, minus £103 2s. 6d. A's broker R has gained £53 2s. 6d. B's broker S has gained £53 2s. 6d. So long as there are many idiotic As and Bs seeking their own ruin by the cover system, one need not necessarily assume that R and S stand appropriately for rascal and swindler. But when stockbrokers choose to join the ranks of those who advertise for clients of this sort, who confidently proclaim that speculation of this kind is a safe and ready way of making a fortune, and thus ensnare thousands of foolish persons to enter on a path which leads always to loss, and often to ruin and shame, they must be prepared to find themselves classed among creatures of prey” (pp. 80-181).

est Gambling in lotteries is pretty well out of fashion, and few require to be deterred from such ventures by Mr. Proctor's proof that they are always what he calls swindles—i.e., that being got up for profit, an open deduc-

tion is always made from the value of the prizes offered. The most interesting point in his chapter on this subject is an account of a proposed St. Petersburg government lottery, which was intended to despoil the public in a more fascinating way than any of its predecessors, and which had to be abandoned because it was proved mathematically that no price to be fixed on for a ticket could ensure the government from possible ruin. The idea was to set all the world tossing coins of the realm, the government pledging itself to pay two sovereigns if head was turned up at the first toss, four sovereigns if not turned up till the second toss, eight sovereigns if not turned up till the third toss, and so on *ad infinitum*. Mathematicians were set to calculate the value of one privilege to toss, so that the government might charge such a price as would ensure them from loss, and produce a handsome revenue on the principle of heads I win, and tails you lose. Of a truth, however, the lucky individual who were to throw tails, so that head would not appear till the twentieth toss, would have to be paid £1,048,576, and the more persons paid for the privilege of tossing, the more certain would be the chance of such long runs occurring. The experts, therefore, arrived at the paradoxical solution that, were the numbers who would be induced to join in such a lottery infinite, the value of a single ticket, to ensure against loss, must be infinite also, and that the value of each ticket rose in proportion to the numbers taken.

“ The fewer bought chances the greater would be the government's chance of gain, or rather their chance of escaping loss. But this, of course, is precisely the contrary to what is required in a lottery system. What is wanted is that many should be encouraged to buy chances, and that the more chances are bought the greater should be the security of those keeping the lottery. In the Petersburg plan, a high and practically prohibitory price must first be set on each chance, and even then the lottery keepers could only escape loss by restricting the number of purchases. The scheme was, therefore, abandoned” (pp. 150-151).

With betting on races Mr. Proctor takes a very high moral tone, which, I fear, would not have much effect on those who feel any interest in the sport of kings, though all its votaries gifted with humour would doubtless be amused at the onslaughts made on their proceedings.

“ There is not a particle of real distinction,” says Mr. Proctor, “ between what the better wants to do and what a gambler, with clogged dice or marked cards, actually does. The more knowing a betting man claims to be, the easier it is to see that he wants and expects to take unfair advantage of other men. Either he knows better than those he bets with about the real conditions of the race on which they wager, or he does not. If he does, he wagers with them unfairly, and might as well pick their pockets. If he does not, but fancies he does, he is as dishonest in intention as he is in the former case in reality. If he does not and knows he does not, he simply lies in claiming to know more than he does. In claiming to be knowing, he really claims to be dishonest and (which is not quite the same thing) dishonourable; and probably his claim is just” (pp. 105-106).

Rhodomontade like this can never persuade anyone that the Englishman who loves a

good horse, and, on his judgment, backs him against another, is like a gamester playing with marked cards or clogged dice. Such foolish exaggeration defeats the writer's own object. According to Mr. Proctor, the bookmaker's trade must, indeed, be a rosy one. He need never lay the fair odds, for he will always find fools who will take them short. He need never be troubled with bad debts, for his constituents would rather rob their till than leave a debt of honour unpaid. I fancy that many an honest bookmaker has a very different story to tell. He is forced to take his clients bets for “ponies” and “monkeys,” when the youthful swell has no means to meet a run of ill-luck, and no till to break into; and bad debts are probably the experience of every respectable professional who adopts this trade. Mr. Proctor's arithmetic is unimpeachable; but his experience of the subject is small, and he might be astonished to find that there are honest and dishonest bookmakers as well as stockbrokers, and that, in fact, without scrupulous honesty no bookmaker can thrive.

“ Notes on Poker” is one of the most characteristic chapters in the book. Indignant denunciations against gambling are as strong as in any other of the essays; but Mr. Proctor's love of calculation, and of the laws of chance, here lead him to give admirable instructions to the practical poker player how to make money by the most gambling of games—skill in which, as he justly states, consists in lying, and lying in wait.

Anyone interested in chance problems would be delighted with this most amusing book.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

A HISTORY OF NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS.

Religiongeschichte. Erster Band. Von Chantepie de la Saussaye. (Mohr: Freiburg.)

THIS volume is the first half of a work forming one of a series of handbooks now being issued by the publishing establishment of J. C. B. Mohr, of Freiburg in Brisgau. It has been preceded by two others, of which the first, by Prof. Holtzmann, deals with New Testament criticism; while the second, which is shortly to be completed by another volume, gives us a history of Christian dogma by Prof. Harnack, well known to English scholarship as a contributor to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the *Contemporary Review*. To judge from what has so far been published, a leading object of this series is to put before us the latest results and views of modern criticism in each of the branches dealt with, together with such older theories as still hold their ground. Of course the writers are not debarred from expressing their own views in a very decided fashion; and, in fact, Harnack's work, for one, is a piece of thoroughly original and vigorous research. But, on the whole, these handbooks seem less likely to deal at first hand with the raw materials of knowledge than with the elaborated products of criticism. As regards the general history of religion outside Judaism and Christianity—the task assigned to Prof. de la Saussaye—such a method was almost imposed by the existing state of the science. The present volume gives an account of primitive religious beliefs and practices so far as they have been

ascertained or guessed at; then of religion in its actual elementary manifestations all over the world, followed by a complete ethnography of the human race. Then come sections devoted to the special religions of China, ancient Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, and India, including Buddhism. The second and concluding volume is to embrace the faiths of old Greece, Rome, Germany, Scandinavia, and Islam. The bibliography prefixed to each section—itsself not the least valuable part of the work—proves that to collect and sift the printed sources of information on each subject was a process demanding such enormous learning and industry as to leave little leisure or inclination for the production of new theories. Accordingly, Prof. de la Saussaye has, so far, wisely limited his intervention to an occasional criticism on one or another of the conflicting theories passed in review.

Those who are accustomed to the ardent controversies which in this country have raged round the subject of comparative mythology will perhaps find the author's tone a little chilling, and his eclectic method of combining what is plausible in every theory a little colourless. On the other hand, they will be interested to find that the labours of English scholars in this field meet with a fuller recognition than is usually vouchsafed them in German circles. Something, no doubt, may be due to the fact that Prof. de la Saussaye, although he writes for a German audience and in German, is himself a Dutchman—a fact which may also have something to do with the admirable clearness and simplicity of his style. On the whole, while showing full acquaintance, and even sympathy, with the new school of "folklorists"—among whom Mr. Tylor and Mr. Andrew Lang are especially mentioned—he would maintain that there is a great deal more truth in the theories of Prof. Max Müller than they are disposed to admit. And, while doing full justice to the literary brilliancy of Mr. Herbert Spencer's style, he pronounces that philosopher's explanations of mythical stories to be "often as absurd (*abgeschmackt*) as those of the old Euhemerists" (p. 28), an opinion in which some of us will readily agree.

Another interesting topic dealt with in this volume is the alleged similarity between the biblical accounts of the Creation and Fall, and the Chaldean traditions, as ascertained from certain recently deciphered inscriptions, on the other. According to Prof. de la Saussaye, it is only with regard to the Flood that any resemblance between the two narratives can be demonstrated, the supposed account of a Creation and Fall in the Chaldean records being purely imaginary (pp. 341-345). On the other hand, he speaks of the ordinary view of the Exodus as being confirmed by the discoveries of M. Ed. Naville (p. 310), but without explaining in what the confirmation consists. Perhaps it amounts to no more than that "the bricks are alive to this day." *Apropos* of Egypt, one is surprised to find so learned and accurate a writer as our author repeating without a qualification the old story that "Cambyse made himself detested by slaying the sacred Apis" (p. 280), as if it had not been refuted by the monumental evidence of the tombs at Sakkarah.

It is possible that other mistakes may have

crept into a work of so comprehensive a character; but if so I have not been able to detect them. The thanks of all students are due to Prof. de la Saussaye for placing at their disposal, in a convenient form, such an enormous mass of valuable and well-timed information. No journalist, novelist, or popular preacher should be without a copy of the work; and it is to be hoped that an English translation will shortly be issued for the benefit of those who cannot consult it in the original.

ALFRED W. BENN.

SOME VERSE TRANSLATIONS.

Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs. Translated by Alma Strettell, with photogravure illustrations. (Macmillan.) This dainty volume contains a selection, with music added, of the *Cantes Flamencos*; or, Songs of the Spanish Gypsies, published at Seville (1881) by Demófilo (Don A. Machado y Alvarez). Then follow Italian folk-songs, also with music, chiefly from Tuscany and from Sicily, and the book ends with a specimen of the funeral songs, the *Voceri* of Corsica. By far the most beautiful are the Italian songs, especially those of Tuscany. In the Sicilian we have already that mark of Oriental exaggeration to which the Western ear can never wholly accustom itself. But the reader must not conclude from the specimens here given that Spanish song is always so inferior to Italian. The *Cantes Flamencos*, though curious, are decidedly the least poetical of all Spanish popular songs. They are excelled in tenderness, in play of fancy, in fire of passion, in delicacy of expression, and especially in beauty of rhythm and metre, not only by Spanish and Portuguese, but even by Gallegan and Catalan verse. It is the peculiar touch of the gypsies on the guitar, their wild singing and dance, which give them fame. As songs, their only notable peculiarity is their deep melancholy. Miss Strettell gives an admirable summary of Señor Machado's preface, and discusses the various forms of the songs, and of the names given to them. The origin of the title *Flamencos* is hard to divine. There seems some slight evidence that Flamand, or some kindred word, once meant "a vagabond"; but it is quite a mistake to suppose (p. ix.) that Gypsies were ever called Germans, i.e., Teutons, in Spain. Germania, Germanos, Agermanados, are only some of many names for associations or brotherhoods, derived from the Latin "germanus." Hermano, Hermanidad, in Castille, Armandat in the Basque country, Germania in Valencia, were first applied to ecclesiastical, then to lay and police, associations, descending finally to brotherhoods of thieves, with Germania as the name of their slang. In this last sense only is it applied to the Gypsies. The *Voceri*, or songs over the dead, of Corsica are but relics of an almost universal custom, found among the Kelts of Ireland and Scotland, which was common, until lately, throughout the Pyrenees. The present writer has spoken with many who knew Marie Blanc, the last *Aurist* singer of the Vallée d'Aspe, one of whose *Aurosts* is not at all unlike the *Vocero* given here. In the middle of the last century, P. Larramendi mentions the *plañideras* as somewhat of a nuisance in the Spanish Basque provinces in his day. The translations of this volume are correctly but somewhat stiffly done; those from the Italian flow more easily than those from the Spanish. The illustrations are ambitious, but not wholly successful. Photography exaggerates so much the brush-marks as sometimes to obscure the real subject of the picture. The original sketches, however, should be very pretty.

The Cid Ballads, and other Poems and Translations from Spanish and German. By J. Young Gibson. With Memoir by Agnes Smith. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) It is a sad task to review the posthumous collections of a favourite writer, to learn that the skilful hand will never wield pen more, that the final touches, the last polish, can never now be given to what has been left comparatively rough and unfinished. Not that this applies to many poems in these volumes. It is only here and there that we miss the *labor limæ* which Mr. Gibson, beyond most men, delighted to give. As a whole, these translations are of unusual excellence. Those from the German of T. von Bodenstedt, here published for the first time, show equal facility in handling German as in dealing with Spanish. The only pieces which somewhat disappoint us are the original poems. Judging from the translations alone, and thinking them to be, as it were, the product of leisure moments, and of lighter thought, we had often questioned what might be the play of fancy unfettered by translation, what the deeper thoughts of the man himself, expressed in his own way. The few pieces of original verse here given reach the level of, but are in no wise superior to, the translations. Few of them rise above the ordinary mark of occasional poems, or of *vers de société*. Is it that the powers of Mr. Gibson were really so limited, or is it that a constant practice of translation is in the end necessarily fatal to original work? But if we turn to these translations, and especially to those from the "Romancero del Cid," we think that the reader has here almost as perfect a representation of the originals as can well be conveyed in a foreign tongue. Those in the shorter ballad metre are perhaps generally better than those in longer verse; but one has only to compare this translation with its predecessors to show its superiority. It is needless to say that there is no misconception of the Spanish as in some of Lockhart's ballads, especially that entitled "Zara's Earrings," or in Byron's "Woe is me, Alhama!" It is only when sometimes the general is substituted for the particular in the simplicity and directness of the Spanish lines, that we feel that the picture is slightly blurred—e.g., of the Cid's new wedding sword-belt and sheath, "que costaron cuatro cuartos," "that cost a good round sum," instead of "that cost four pennies down"; but this feature of Spanish song is very hard to transfer to another medium. Though the romances are posterior to the "Poema del Cid," yet reading them as well arranged here in biographical order, it seems an easy task to weave the whole into a continuous poem without any flagrant inconsistency of character. This may have a possible bearing on the construction of the Homeric poems; but the same phenomenon meets us in Carolingian legend, where the "Chanson de Roland" seems also to be anterior to the ballads. Should a second edition be required, we would suggest that the *tour de force* of suggested rhymes in the poem of "Urganda the Unknown," printed on p. 385 of the "Journey to Parnassus," be added to the translations from Duffield's *Don Quixote*. This would match Mr. Ormsby's "To Sancho Panza and Rocinante," and leave Mr. Gibson still unvanquished as a translator from the Spanish.

The Nibelungen Lied (Lay of the Nibelung). Translated from the German by Alfred G. Foster-Barham. (Macmillan.) Mr. Foster-Barham is not, as he fondly imagines, the first person to translate the *Nibelungenlied* into English verse. Two previous translations, at any rate, are in existence: one by a Mr. Birch, published at Berlin about 1848, is known to us only in the extracts given by a reviewer in Herrig's *Archiv*; the other, by Mr. W. N. Lettsom, appeared in a second edition in 1872.

The three versions are curiously alike in their general character. They all aim at being very literal, and at reproducing the original metre, the native ruggedness of which they considerably exaggerate. We do not think Mr. Foster-Barham's work can claim to be in any respect superior to that of Mr. Lettsom, and it has the serious defect of being unaccompanied by either introduction or notes. There is a preface of three pages, but it contains no information respecting the sources of the poem or its literary history. The words "from the German" on the title-page leave it an open question whether Mr. Foster-Barham has translated from the original Middle-High-German, or from the modern German of Simrock. We would not venture to affirm the latter alternative; but from his use of such forms as "Haunolt" for "Hünolt," and other indications, we can hardly be wrong in inferring that Simrock's version was constantly at his elbow during the progress of his work. At all events, he has, so far as we can discover, followed implicitly the text adopted by Simrock, which a scholar acquainted with the researches of Bartsch would certainly not have done without attempting some sort of justification or apology. Mr. Foster-Barham's remarks on the character of the poem do not say much for his literary perception. "The narrative," he says, "has the very highest merit, is well and firmly knit together, and with a happy avoidance of anything that would have marred its beauty." The truth is, that the faults of construction in the *Nibelungenlied* are quite as conspicuous as its excellencies. "One of the great poems of the world" it certainly is not, but it is a good deal better than any of the English translations would lead their readers to suppose.

The Templars in Cyprus. By F. L. Zacharias Werner. Translated by E. A. M. Lewis. (Bell.) The chief impression left upon the mind by this translation is that Carlyle took, on the whole, a very sound estimate of the original poem, more than half a century ago. Amid many pages of indescribable dulness, twaddle, and credulity, there shines out here and there a fine thought, a pathetic farewell, or a certain power of presenting the supernatural, which redeems *The Templars in Cyprus* from that oblivion which otherwise it merits all too well. The situation is tragic enough. Molay and his Templars are summoned to France, not without suspicions of their impending doom. Molay himself, as a leader and hierophant, of stainless character, but conscious of a dubious position, amid followers deeply impugned by the ecclesiastical and political world, and undermined by the secret influence of "The Valley"—a mystical fraternity, neither in the body nor out of the body, but worthy of a place in Lord Beaconsfield's novels. Molay is a figure well fitted for tragedy; and, had Werner's genius owned the slightest touch of self-control or humour, a great opportunity was before him. As it is, we wish to speak with all respect that may be due to Templar mysteries in the past, or masonic ceremonial in Werner's time or our own; but it is hard to be serious over the aspect in which this drama presents them. It is a dark echoing hall of wild superstition, lit up at intervals by the visions of *delirium tremens*. As a specimen of the stage-direction, take the following (act v., sc. ii., p. 166):

"A colossal demon's head appears between the two skeletons; its countenance is horrible; it is gilt, as on a high golden crown, a heart of the same on its brow, rolling fiery eyes, serpents instead of hair . . . the whole bust rests on four gilt dragon-feet."

This, as is natural, nearly quenches the curiosity of Adalbert, the neophyte of the Temple rites. But no, he has to hear "the history of the

fallen master," Baphometus, who in the wickedness of his heart delayed to build the Temple of the Lord (pp. 167-9). The Lord melts the gold which Baphometus had taken as a bribe:

"Then in the crucible he dipped one finger
And stretched the finger out to Baphometus,
His brow, his chin, his right and left cheeks
daubing
With molten gold, the gold his purse had
yielded.
Then changed in countenance was Baphometus,
Like flames of fire his lurid eyes were rolling,
His nose became a hooked beak of vulture,
His tongue from out his throat protruded
bleeding.
. . . And from his hair came actual serpents
growing.
And from the serpents sprouted horns of devils,"
&c., &c.

The real miracle is that to Werner this sort of thing was a reality, and a deeply impressive one; so were the mummeries of Cagliostro to Luchet and others; and the valedictory words of Carlyle to Luchet might be spoken over Werner:

"O Luchet, what a taking! Is there no hope left, thinkest thou? Thy brain is all gone to added albumen; help seems none, save in that last mother's-bosom of all the ruined, brandy-and-water! An unfeeling world may laugh; but ought to recollect that forty years ago these things were sad realities in the heads of many men."

This fifth act is concentrated delirium; but the same lack of sanity defaces the whole play, showing itself almost as much in absolute trivialities as in spectral nightmares. If there be anywhere in literature anything comparable, for pure inanity, to the opening part of act ii., sc. ii. (pp. 52-55), where Philip and Frank discourse in the garden, one can only pray never to meet with it. Yet there are fine passages, though rather, perhaps, of rhetoric than poetry—witness the following (act iii., sc. i., p. 88) spoken by Hugo, the old Commander:

"In these dim halls a shuddering takes
This breast unused to fear, and then meseems
As though the antique columns which have
upborne,
Through ages, the dome's boldly curved concave,
Did call to me. *Be faithful unto death!*
When I sometimes at evening-tide survey
The ancient tower in Gothic pomp ornate,
And see its ball that in the moonlight shines
Like some small star high in the firmament:
Then seems it me, the earlier knighthood, like
A giant counterpart, peers down on me,
Immense and yet most comforting; then is it
As though one whispered in my ear: '*Twas men
Piled up this bulk stupendous, by their zeal
And courage, and their living faith that they
Must give some holy gift, to overlive
The dust.*'"

And the same Commander's hesitation (act vi., sc. ii., p. 251) is finely rebuked by Molay:

"Comm. I foresee
Much detriment from this beginning!
"Molay God
Begins, not we. When many cross-roads lie
Before us tending divers ways, and we
Doubt which to choose, He sends us Duty then,
A guide that ne'er misleads; and we will go!"

Thoughts of rhetorical force, like this, are not rare in the volume. But, on the whole, the essence of the advice given by Kingsley to some one who wished to read Proclus might be given to those who intend to try Werner. "Read Werner by all means; but first do everything else which it can possibly be your duty to do."

NOTES AND NEWS.

It is generally believed in Scotland that Lord and Lady Aberdeen mean to publish a book on their latest travels, which will not be without a certain amount of political interest.

THE Story of Zebehr Pasha's life as told by himself is about to appear in the *Contemporary Review*. The first instalment will be given in the September number.

THE latest project in the way of African exploration is one for an expedition from Tripoli to Cape Town, taking Lake Chad by the way. The originator of this idea is the relative of well-known Scotch peer.

THE Clarendon Press will shortly publish a volume of lectures on the Book of Job, by Dean Bradley, being a companion volume to his *Lectures on Ecclesiastes delivered in Westminster Abbey* (1885).

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a new volume by Miss May Kendall, one of the authors of "That Very Mab." It will be entitled *From a Garret*.

MR. E. GERARD, the author of *Reata*, and other novels, has written a book on Transylvania, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Blackwood, under the title of *The Land beyond the Forest*. It will be in two volumes, with maps and illustrations.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press a volume containing four plays of Calderon, edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. Norman MacColl.

THE fourth series of *Queer Stories from Truth* will be issued next week by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The volume contains thirteen stories by the late Mr. E. C. Grenville-Murray, and will be bound in a blue cover. The same firm announce two new shilling volumes: a series of stories by Mr. Richard Dowling, entitled *With the Unhanged*; and *Ben D'Ymion*, by Mr. H. F. Lester, which contains skits of well-known novels by Lord Beaconsfield, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, &c.

A NEW edition of Mr. Blades's *Enemies of Books* is announced as to be issued very shortly in Mr. Elliot Stock's "Book-Lover's Library." It will have an additional chapter, and will be illustrated with new drawings.

AT the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the University of Göttingen, which has been held during the past week, the hon. degree of Ph.D. was conferred upon Mr. S. R. Gardiner, the historian of the Stuarts, and upon Sir Monier M. Williams, Boden professor of Sanskrit at Oxford.

IT is proposed to form a new association to take over and work Cavendish College, Cambridge, of which the special object is to enable young men to graduate at the university at an age earlier than is customary at other colleges, and to do so at as little expense as possible. Students can enter the college at sixteen, and obtain the B.A. degree before they are twenty years of age. The unfinished state of the buildings, together with other circumstances, has hitherto hindered the success of the college; but an offer of £10,000 has now been made for the completion of the building, provided means be found to place the college, in other respects, on a satisfactory footing. To do this, £10,000 more is wanted; and for this sum an appeal is now made to the friends of education throughout the country. At a meeting of Cambridge residents held in Trinity College, the master presiding, the desirability of forming the new association under the "no profit" clause of the Companies Act, 1867, so that it will be able to receive benefactions, was affirmed; and a committee, of which Mr. J. H. Flather, bursar of Cavendish College, is secretary, was formed to obtain subscriptions.

THE results of the L.L.A. Examination for 1887 have just been issued by the University of St. Andrews. It appears that 597 candidates entered for examination at 20 centres, as

compared with 391 candidates in 1886, and 374 candidates in 1885. The centres were St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Arcachon, Barbadoes, Birmingham, Bristol, Brunswick, Cheltenham, Coblenz, Edinburgh, Leeds, Leicester, Lerwick, Liskeard, Liverpool, London, Paisley, Paris, Pietermaritzburg, and Sunderland. Taking a joint view of all the subjects in which candidates entered, there were 636 passes and 149 honours. In Latin, 17 passed; in Greek, 3; in mathematics, 10; in logic, 25 passed and 2 took honours; in moral philosophy, 4 passed; in natural philosophy, 1; in English, 70 passed and 64 took honours; in education, 113 passed and 12 took honours; in political economy, 34 passed and 1 took honours; in physiology, 95 passed and 2 took honours; in chemistry, 2 passed; in zoology, 2; in theology, 5; in church history, 4; in French, 100 passed and 18 took honours; in German, 41 passed and 26 took honours; in Italian, 2 passed; in comparative philology, 26 passed and 3 took honours; in history, 33 passed and 2 took honours; in botany, 29 passed and 12 took honours; in geology, 20 passed and 6 took honours; and in astronomy, 1 passed. Eighty-three candidates, having passed in the full number of subjects required, are entitled to receive the L.L.A. diploma.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE INFANT MEDUSA.

(By Poseidon.)

I LOVED Medusa when she was a child,
 Her rich brown tresses heaped in crispy curl,
 Where now those locks with reptile passion whirl,
 By hate into dishevelled serpents coiled;
 I loved Medusa when her eyes were mild
 Whose glances, venomous now, perdition hurl,
 As her self-tangled hairs their mass unfurl,
 Bristling the way she turns with hissings wild.

Her mouth I kissed when curved with amorous
 spell,
 Now shaped to the unuttered curse of hell,
 Wide open for death's orbs to freeze upon;
 Her eyes I loved ere glazed in icy stare,
 Ere mortals, lured into their ruthless glare,
 She shrivelled in her gaze to pulseless stone.

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Expositor* for August, Prof. Wescott continues his instructive papers on the Revised Version of the New Testament. Most will agree that subtle differences of expression have been well reproduced in most of the cases here mentioned. Is it, however, accurate to say that *στέφανος* suggested to the Greek reader of the New Testament simply the victor's wreath (against this see 2 Sam. xii. 30 LXX.)? Dr. Blaikie sets before us St. Paul as a preacher; but his remarks imply that moderns have time to preach or to listen to sermons as long as the Epistle to the Romans. M. Godet (why be doct'or this charming French writer?) treats of "the most epistolary of all the Pauline epistles" (Philippians). Can the words "that he believed, &c., is false" be a faithful rendering of M. Godet's French? It has a truly German ring. Prof. Delitzsch instructs and delights us by a study on "The Royal Court of Adiabene"; but why should he say that the conversion of Helena and her children to Judaism "is a sight which possesses no sympathetic attraction for us"? The printer seems to have been puzzled by the name Yâkût. Prof. Beet explains the Pauline phrases, "Crucified and risen with Christ," &c. Dr. Maclaren continues "Philemon," and Dr. Dods notices a few English books on the New Testament.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF
 PRINTING.

XV.

Summary.

AFTER having explained what I desire to say for the present on the invention of printing, I will endeavour to sum up the results, so far as I am at liberty to call them results, in somewhat modified form. In doing so I shall be able to state a few points more clearly than I could have done when I had to surround them with all sorts of explanations. While proceeding I will concentrate into a few words most of the arguments which I have ventured to advance at greater length before, always quoting in brackets (chaps. i., ii., &c., as the case may be) the number of the chapter or chapters in the ACADEMY (from April 30 onwards) where my views may be found. It is satisfactory to me to be able to say that my articles have already stood the test of an adverse, though rather unintelligent and rambling, criticism in the *Dutch Spectator* (published at the Hague), which has adopted the views of Dr. Van der Linde with great fervour and confidence. But as, to my great regret, I have not learned anything from this criticism that could affect my arguments in one way or the other, I need not take any notice of it in this place.

Let us suppose that circumstances lead us to study the books printed before 1500, not in a haphazard fashion, but thoroughly, and animated with a sincere desire to know all about them. We start with the idea of making catalogues of such incunabula as will come under our observation from time to time, not only by visiting European libraries and private collections, but by studying and examining the facsimiles published by bibliographers. We arrange and describe the books under their respective countries, towns, and printers as the only method by which we can learn ourselves and be instructive to others.

After having studied, described, and arranged a large number of incunabula, we have gradually separated from all other books a group of forty-five different works (chap. vii.), some of which we only know from fragments, and which we cannot ascribe to any other country but Holland, firstly, because certain peculiarities of their types (chaps. vii., xi.) are known to be indicative of a Dutch, rather than of a German, or Italian, or any other nationality (chap. xi.), and secondly, because one of the works (the *Spiegel*), printed in the same types as a good many of the others, is written in the Dutch language (chap. ix.). But as none of them bear a date, place of printing, or printer's name, we cannot assign them forthwith to any particular town of Holland, nor to any printer, nor to any definite year or period.

Our books are printed in eight different types (chap. vii.), of which i. and ii. belong together, because they are found in one and the same book; iii., iv. and v. belong together, but we cannot as yet prove that they are inseparably connected with i. and ii., though the family-likeness between them is so striking that we could not separate them without further evidence; and vi., vii. and viii. we link on to the types i.-v., for the same reason that we link the latter types together.

As regards the date to be assigned to the books, when we take them up one after the other, without comparing them together or with any of the other incunabula, we feel inclined to assign some of them provisionally to the rather conventional date 1470, and some to the rather conventional dates *circa* 1472 or 1473. But it strikes us that we cannot place any one of them later than the year 1474, as they are all, not one excepted, without signatures, without initial directors, without

hyphens, without catchwords—in short, without any of those characteristics which we see gradually, one after the other, come into almost general use from 1473 (if not earlier) to 1480. We even find (chap. ix.) that four editions of one and the same book (the *Speculum*) are wholly printed on one side (anopisthographic)* only, partly as a blockbook and partly with movable metal types, which is a unique feature in the whole annals of printing and certainly not easily explainable after 1470. And as regards the lines—the evenness, or unevenness, of which is in many cases a sure guide in the dating of books—we find that, in some of our works in types iv., v., vii., they show a tendency to be even (though not always), whereas in the others they are uneven. So that, if we subdivide the books into groups, according to their types and workmanship, the books in types iv., v., vii., show a certain advance over those in types i., ii., iii., vi., viii., which compels us to put the latter group in an earlier period than the former.

Examining further we notice that 4 (5) of the books in types iv. and v. (the later group) must have been printed after 1458, as they bear the name of Pope Pius II. (chap. ix.). On the other hand, type v. must have existed before September 13, 1474, as a copy of one of the books in that type was bought by an abbat who was abbat only from (the end of) 1471 till September 13, 1474 (chap. ix.). We observe, moreover, that one of the works in type v. commences on the verso of the last leaf of another book (*Ludovicus Pontanus*) in type iv. (chap. vii.), which not only connects these two types, but seems to prove not merely that type iv. existed before v. was used (before September 13, 1474), but that, when it was used in this connexion, it was on the point of being discarded. And, finally, we find that we have also correctly placed type i. earlier than iv. and v., as fragments of a *Donatus* printed in type i. are used, towards the end of 1473, as binder's waste, in the binding of a register or account-book for 1474 (chap. viii.)—a fact which naturally suggests a much earlier existence of that type than 1473.

Well, then, presuming that, on bibliographical grounds, we cannot place any of the books later than 1474 (or, if any, only a few in types v. and vii.), and that certain circumstances suggest an earlier existence of, at least, two of the types (i. and iv.), we are at once confronted with the fact that we have to deal, not with forty-five different works, but only with twelve different works, and that our number of forty-five books, or volumes, consists of several different editions of four or five of these works. For instance, we have four editions of the *Speculum*, nineteen editions of the *Donatus*, seven of the *Doctrinale*, &c., (chap. vii.). Now, if our group or groups of books consisted of forty-five different works, we might suppose them to have been set up the one immediately after the other, so that an active printer might have issued them all in two or three or four years, as the books are not voluminous. But editions of one and the same work, totally different (not in text, but in the setting-up), suggest intervals between each successive edition; intervals of waiting till the copies of the previous edition are sold. We have nineteen (!) editions of the *Donatus*. How long an interval shall we place

* I will not now refer again to the other anopisthographic fragments of which I spoke in chapter viii., as an Oxford student of the subject has suggested to me a different explanation of this anopisthographic condition than the one given by me. The subject will have to be inquired into, but neither of us are able to do so for the present. I will only now remark that the other suggestion does not affect my contention that the fragments in question are not printer's or binder's waste or discarded proof-sheets.

between each of them? Half a year? We then get nine and a half years for the successive issue of our nineteen editions, that is a period from about 1465 to 1474. Even such a period (based on a too modest calculation) would entirely alter the history of the introduction of printing into the Netherlands as it is propounded by the opponents of the Haarlem claims. But an interval of half a year between each edition seems rather short for that period. The *Donatus* was, indeed, a popular school book, and, therefore, much in demand; but the students of the Latin language were, perhaps, not numerous, and, no doubt, a good many MS. copies were still being prepared by the side of the printed copies. So, for instance, the 250 copies which Schweynheim and Pannartz printed at Subiaco, though they all appear to have been used up, seem to have been quite sufficient for the printers' purpose, as we do not find that they printed any more. Of the *Donatus* in the thirty-six-line Bible type three editions seem to have been sufficient. Of the Schoeffer *Donatuses* we know no more than four editions. Would it, then, be unreasonable to suppose that our Dutch printer printed a small number of copies of his first and second, but gradually more of his later editions, and that, in this way, we might, on an average, allow an interval of eighteen months between each edition? This would give us twenty-eight and a half years for the successive issue of the nineteen editions, that is from about 1446 to 1474.

It is, of course, possible to argue that, although types i. and ii. belong together, and also types iii., iv., v., it is as yet not proved that those two groups of type were both used in the same office, and that a similar objection may be made as regards types vi., vii., viii., between none of which any connexion, except that of a family-likeness, has ever been established. So that, if we split up the one group of eight types into five groups, and suppose that each group belonged to a different printer, the nineteen editions of the *Donatus* may all be supposed to have been printed in the space of a few years. It might even be supposed that the founders of the different types transferred some of their stock to another person to enable him to print *Donatuses*. This last supposition may be met at once by the fact that there is no trace anywhere, so far as we know, of any large stock of type from which portions could be transferred. Nor do we hear of such transfers before about 1480, except the two supposed transfers of Gutenberg to Pfister and Bechtermünctze; and these are both so doubtful that we had better build no speculations upon them. And, as regards disconnecting types i. and ii. from iii., iv., v., and these in their turn from vi., vii., viii., and the latter again one from the other, it is possible; but even then we retain six editions of the *Donatus* in type i., and of one of them fragments were used as binder's waste at the end of 1473, while in type v. (which was in existence before September 13, 1474) we have also six editions of the same work, while there are four editions in type iv., which must be assumed to have existed and perhaps to have been used up before type v. began to be employed. So that the net result of all these speculations would be the establishment of at least five new early printers in the Netherlands, all working a considerable time before 1474, and none of them leaving a trace of their existence behind. Such a supposition is possible of one, perhaps of two, but hardly of five or more printers. So that after all it seems better to keep the eight types together and see how the dates 1446 to 1474 will work.

At this point we think it useful to compare our forty-five incunabula with some of the earliest books printed in the Low Countries, at Utrecht, Louvain, &c. (circa 1473-1480); when we find that the latter have nothing in common

with them, but that, on the other hand, the types of our forty-five books remind us, in every respect, of the earlier period of the Dutch blockbooks and MSS. (chap. xi). We also find that they are all, so far as we know, without any colophon, which would be incompatible with a period after 1471, but not with the earlier period of the blockbooks and MSS. (chap. xi.). We see, moreover, that out of the forty-five books, no less than thirty-three are printed on vellum, which is incompatible with a period after 1471, but not with the earlier period of the blockbooks and MSS. (chap. xi.). It is true we hesitate for a moment to turn this vellum printing into evidence for an early period, because we observe that nearly all the later editions of the *Donatus* are also printed on vellum, even so late as 1500, and perhaps later, so that it looks as if there existed an idea of having this and similar schoolbooks printed on stronger material than paper. This idea, however, seems to have already existed before or about 1456, as the six or seven early Mentz *Donatuses* that we know of are also printed on vellum. But, of course, the idea, if it did exist, may just as well be supposed to have entered the mind of another, of a still earlier printer, who commenced, perhaps, in 1445 and left off in 1474. In such a case we may assume, not only that he commenced to print on vellum, because he was more accustomed to it than to paper, but that he continued to print on it by way of custom or tradition, and that other printers caught the habit or custom from him, or from seeing his products. But if we place this printer, with all his vellum products, say, in the decennium 1470-1480, there would seem to be a break in the vellum printing from 1456 to 1470, for during that period printing on paper was universal wherever printing had been introduced, and even *Donatuses* began to appear printed on paper. So that, after all, this almost exclusive vellum printing seems more compatible with a period before, than after, 1470. Nor do we find anything in the woodcuts of the *Speculum* inconsistent with the early period in which these books must be placed on account of the anopisthographic mode of their printing (chap. xi., ix.). Finally, we compare our forty-five Dutch with some early German incunabula, by preference the earliest of Mentz, to ascertain whether the workmanship in the two groups of books forbids us to place the former in the same or in an earlier period than the German books. But we can see no reason (chap. x.) why, for instance, the *Laurentius Valla*, in type iii., should not be placed in point of time by the side of the *Catholicon* of 1460, or why the four editions of the *Speculum* should not be placed a few years earlier than 1454-1460 (the Sexennium of the Mentz Indulgences of 1454, the Psalters of 1457 and 1459 and the *Catholicon* of 1460); nor why some of the Dutch *Donatuses* should not be placed a few years earlier than the Gutenberg and Schoeffer *Donatuses*. For, not only have we learned that from at least 1454, when the first printed date makes its appearance, till about 1477, all printers followed one universal plan of printing, that is, they simply imitated the MSS. of their time, so that there is scarcely any difference in the mode of printing books, and, therefore, hardly any difference in their look (chap. vi.); but we have seen that through this unaltered, and therefore uncertain and deceptive look, books have often been placed fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, or ten years backwards or forwards, in accordance with fresh evidence or new opinions (chap. vi., viii.).

Having now examined and weighed all the internal and external features of our Dutch incunabula, and every positive and negative argument that we can advance ourselves, or find advanced by others, for or against the period 1446 to 1474, and finding nothing against,

but everything in favour of it, we turn to history and are at once reminded (1) of the testimony in the Cologne Chronicle of 1499 (=Ulrich Zell) which declares not only that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland were printed before there was any printing at Mentz, where it did not commence before 1450, but that these *Donatuses* served as models (the first prefiguration, the beginning) for the printing at Mentz (chap. x., xii.)—a testimony which is all the stronger because it appears as a contradiction of the tradition or rumour that Gutenberg invented printing at Mentz. (2) Of the passage in the *Batavia* of Hadrianus Junius, claiming, very circumstantially, and independently of the Cologne Chronicle, the honour of the invention of printing for Laurens Janszoon Coster, of Haarlem (chap. ii., x., xii., xiii.), and basing this claim not merely upon the tradition which lived in Junius's time (1568) among the inhabitants of the town, but upon the *speculum* (the four editions of which we could not possibly place in the decennium 1470-1480) and the *Doctrinale*, two works printed in the identical types used in at least six of our earliest *Donatuses* which we may fit into Zell's account (chap. xii.). This account we find indirectly confirmed by the finding at Haarlem, four times over, of fragments of our books, and even one leaf which had been used as binder's waste by the very bookbinder whom Junius alleges to have been the servant of the inventor. And though we cannot as yet accept Junius's year, 1440, as that in which the invention of printing was made, much less his year (1442) as that of the transference of printing to Mentz (through Coster's types), we must not pin an author of the sixteenth century strictly to all his dates, even if we were sure that the text of the *Batavia* were correct as it stands. But we find that we cannot be so sure of this point. On the contrary, the date of Junius's preface (1575) and the 128 years of his text suggest 1446 as the date of the invention, and 1442 in the text might be an error for 1452 (chap. xiii.). (3) Of the assertions of Van Zuren and Coornhert, both living at Haarlem about 1561, and speaking publicly of the Haarlem invention. (4) Of a pedigree, said to be of about 1520, of the reputed Haarlem inventor's family, on which it is asserted that "Coster brought the first print into the world in 1446" (chap. xiii.). (5) Of two MS. entries of an Abbat of Cambrai that in 1446 (therefore, before there was admittedly any printing at Mentz) and 1451, he bought printed copies of the *Doctrinale*, of which we have also seven editions (the interval between each being undoubtedly greater than that between the *Donatuses*, as it was neither such a small, nor such a popular, book) printed in Holland, three of them printed in the identical types of the earliest *Donatuses* (which we may fit into Zell's account), and of the *Speculum* on which Junius bases his assertion.

At this point we examine the claims of Gutenberg and of Mentz (chap. xiv.), and find that the assertion of an invention of printing there about 1450 is rather contradicted by the perfection in which the art makes its appearance there all at once in 1454. We see, moreover,

* The term is, as we know, *gette en molle*, or *jettez en molle*; and the phrase is, as Bernard (*Origine* i. 97 sqq.) shows, by at least eight examples, applied from 1474 to 1593 to typographically printed books, while he adds that he could multiply his examples without end, the phrase being used in the north and south of France till the present time. It seems quite plain that the abbat is speaking of a new, not generally known, mode of manufacturing books. But in 1446 or 1451 neither MS. books nor blockbooks were unknown or new; therefore, it seems natural to apply the abbat's phrase to the new mode of printing.

† If Junius is correct, one of these editions was printed at Mentz, but with the types stolen from Coster.

that all the testimonies which speak of such an invention there are mere pieces of late gossip or rumours, all of which we can trace to Gutenberg himself, or at least to his servant, and two of his relatives, and which are in no case based, like the Holland and Haarlem claims, on distinctly and especially named books. They come to us, in the first instance, not from Mentz, nor from Germany, but in an offhand and suspicious way from Italy and France, and only much later from Germany itself; whereas, on the other hand, Gutenberg himself and all those at Mentz or in its neighbourhood—who ought to have known, and ought to and would have spoken, if an invention had taken place there—preserve the strictest silence in public, and seem to know nothing about it, though some of those men speak of the art of printing with consummate minuteness, and mention everything except the one thing needful, namely that the art of printing had been invented by Gutenberg or at Mentz. Under these circumstances it seems inexpedient to infer from this silence at Mentz and in Germany anything but that the invention was not made there.

Seeing then that there is absolutely no foundation for the claims of Gutenberg and Mentz to the honour of the invention, except such a one as would have to be rejected, even if we had never heard of any other claims, we turn again to the Dutch books. And, finding that the testimonies—the independent testimonies—of the Cologne Chronicle, Junius, etc., point to the *Specula*, *Donatuses*, *Doctrinales*, which we have examined above, as the first books ever printed, and that these books in their turn bibliographically agree with the testimonies and the dates mentioned in them, and that no other town nor any other printer ever laid claim to these books—we have hardly any choice but to ascribe, till the contrary has been proved, the honour of the invention of printing to Lourens Janszoon Coster of Haarlem, fixing the date provisionally not later than 1446 (the end of 1445).

Suppose now that we assume, for one reason or another, that Gutenberg invented printing with movable types at Mentz, we should at once feel puzzled what books to ascribe to him, for none bear his name; and those that are usually attributed to him (as the 31-line Indulgence of 1454, the 36-line Bible, &c., and three or four *Donatuses*) we have, while grouping our German incunabula, placed with those of Albrecht Pfister at Bamberg, who printed with these types in 1461 (chap. vi.). But certain considerations, as the early date (1454) of the Indulgence, and the small brief type in the Indulgence, which was never used by Pfister, lead us to think that perhaps Gutenberg may have printed the earliest works ascribed to him, and have afterwards transferred his type to Albrecht Pfister. And though this would be entirely against all that we see happen from 1454 till 1477 (chap. vi.), we assume its possibility, otherwise there would be no books at all that could be apportioned to Gutenberg, for the 30-line Indulgence of 1454, and the 42-line Bible (Mazarine Bible), must be put down to Peter Schoeffer, while all the other books, as the *Catholicon* of 1460, &c., ascribed to Gutenberg, are too late to serve as a basis for a claim to the honour of the invention of printing.

Suppose, then, that the early Mentz books must be arranged as in my work on Gutenberg (p. 150 *seq.*), we are again puzzled at the perfection in which printing appears at Mentz the moment that we hear of it (chap. xii.). Well, it is said, the experiments of the inventor may not have resulted in anything worth preserving, or, if they had any practical results, these may not have come down to us. Or we say that the *Donatuses* known to be printed in

the 36-line Bible type (chap. x.) are Gutenberg's first-fruits.*

When these answers have removed to some extent our doubts, we are again at our wit's end how to explain the profound silence preserved, for at least thirteen years (1455-1468), by every one at Mentz and in Germany about an inventor, the invention itself, and the place of invention, though elaborate attempts were made during that period to proclaim loudly and publicly that some new mode, some by-invention, had come into existence whereby books might be printed. There is, therefore, no secrecy about the art of printing itself; but that it was invented at Mentz, and that a German invented it, is carefully concealed. And even Gutenberg himself preserves this inexplicable silence on two occasions (the lawsuit of 1455, and the *Catholicon* of 1460) when he, if he had been an inventor, ought to have spoken (chap. xiv.). Well, it is said, Gutenberg was robbed of all that he had made and done to put his new art into execution, and remained, moreover, heavily indebted to those who had so robbed him; so that his own interest forbade him to say anything not only in 1455, but when he published a large folio volume (in 1460) with all the details of his new art carefully described, for if he had said anything his copies would at once have been seized, and his printing office too. Moreover, all those loud and public proclamations about the new art, omitting all details about the inventor, &c., were issued by the inventor's enemies, and it was in their own interest to omit such details; and, at any rate, Schoeffer (Gutenberg's enemy) speaks (in 1468) of Johan (Gutenberg) as one of the *prothocaragmatici librorum* of Mentz.

These answers, however, seem lame and unsatisfactory in every respect (chap. xiv.); and so we ask whether this silence is not much better explained by the Cologne Chronicle of 1499, which says, by the mouth of Ulrich Zell, the famous Cologne printer, and a disciple of the early Mentz school, that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland before there was any printing done in Mentz were the models, the beginning of the Mentz printing, and that all that the latter town could lay claim to was that it had perfected the art of printing? Oh no, it is said, Zell meant *xylographically* printed *Donatuses* (chap. x., xii.), and even these were not printed in Holland, but in Flanders (chap. xii.). Or even if Zell meant *typographically* printed *Donatuses*, and even if he did mean *Holland*, he was an enemy of Gutenberg (chap. xii.), and, therefore, invented this story in order to injure his reputation. We now begin to smile, for the very persons who charge Zell, in this particular case, with gross inaccuracy or ignorance, and even with deliberate falsehood, simply for the sake of venting a supposed spite against Gutenberg, tell us, in another place, that Zell is such a high authority on all matters connected with printing that, for instance, his testimony as to the date of Mentz printing (1450) must be accepted as Gospel-truth. Or they say that Zell did not suggest the passage about the Dutch *Donatuses*, forgetting at the same time that if Zell did not suggest it, some-

* It is rather dangerous to base Gutenberg's claim, as Dr. Van der Linde does (*Geschichte*, 813), on one or two *Donatuses* in the 36-line Bible type, and to place these about 1448-1450, and at the very same time to relegate another set of the same school book printed in Holland, and showing the same primitive workmanship as the Mentz *Donatuses*, to the decennium 1470-1480. It is true, the *Donatus* facsimiled in Dr. Van der Linde's last book has, if possible, more uneven lines than any of the Dutch *Donatuses*; but every one must see that this merely arises from the larger and broader size of the types of the Mentz *Donatus*, and is not due to any greater degree of skill or incompetence on the part of the printer.

body else must have done it, for it is printed in the Cologne Chronicle.

Still, we ask further what to do with the genuine entries in the Diary of the Abbot of Cambrai, from which it appears that he, in 1440 and 1451, bought copies of the *Doctrinales* which were printed *typographically* (*jette en molle*): Oh, it is answered, they were not printed typographically but from wooden blocks (*xylographically*)! But, we rejoin, the phrase "*jette en molle*" is exclusively applied, from 1474 till the present day, to typographically printed books. The reply is that in the particular case of the Abbot of Cambrai it must refer to xylography, and that afterwards this technical phrase was transferred to the language of typography. We ask again whether any xylographic *Doctrinales* are known to exist. The answer is no.

We have a few more questions to ask: (1) What is to be done with the account of Hadrianus Junius with respect to the Haarlem claims to the honour of the invention (chap. x.-xiii.): It is an independent and a very circumstantial account, every particular of which has been found to be accurate, except the wooden types of the *Speculum* the theft of Coster's types, and the precise date of the invention, three points as to which we have for the present no adequate information, but which have, as yet, not been proved to be inaccurate. The answer is: everything is a falsehood, a fiction, a fable, a myth. (2) What is to be done with the earlier allusions of Van Zuren and Coornbert to an invention of printing at Haarlem: All this is again a fiction, a falsehood. (3) What is to be done with the pedigree of 1520 (chap. xiii.), made for an inhabitant of Haarlem who gloried in being a descendant of Lourens Janszoon Coster, the Haarlem inventor of printing, on which we find inscribed, not bombastic phrases of family pride, but the simple and homely assertion that Lourens Janszoon Coster "brought the first print into the world"? The answer is: it is a fabrication, or if it is genuine (and most of the particulars are correct, though one or two we cannot as yet explain), the assertion inscribed on it is a fabrication, a falsehood invented for the sake of exalting the family of Gerrit Thomaszoon for whom it was made.

We might here again ask why any man should deem it a source of pride to descend from a person "who brought the first print into the world," more especially if the assertion were not true and might easily have been replaced by someone more ambitious. But we now know enough. We see that the tradition of Gutenberg being the inventor of printing is not based on any book or any trustworthy testimony; that it can be traced to himself only, or (chap. xiv.) to his servant, who settled at Basel and speaks (about 1460) of it as a rumour, and to two of his relatives, who do not speak of it before the end of the fifteenth century, nearly thirty years after Gutenberg's death; that neither Gutenberg himself, nor any of his German or Mentz contemporaries, when they speak in public, seem to know anything about it; that the earliest assertion of an invention of printing in Germany comes to us, not from Germany, but from Italy, and the earliest mention of Gutenberg's name from France; that the claims of Germany and Gutenberg are contradicted so early as 1499 by a work of considerable authority, especially in a matter of this kind; that if the tradition, in spite of all these damaging drawbacks, is to be maintained, it can only be done (1) by applying extraordinary modes of interpretation to the Cologne Chronicle, and to the entries of the Abbot of Cambrai; (2) by the violation of all rules of fair and reasonable bibliography, asserting that a set of German books are printed about 1454 and earlier, and that another, an entirely similar,

or rather more primitive set of Dutch books are printed about 1471 and later; (3) by wholesale imputations of falsehood, deceit, and bad faith on the part of those who believe or assert that the invention of printing took place at Haarlem.

On the other hand, the believers in the Haarlem claims need not cast the slightest imputation on those who were the first to think or suppose that the invention was made in Germany, or at Mantz, or by Gutenberg. They merely have to trace the tradition or the rumour to its origin, and its hollowness is exposed. At this point they need but gather up all the testimonies in Dutch and German (the Cologne Chronicle) history as to an invention of printing in Holland, and confront these testimonies with the books (the Costeriana) on which these testimonies are based, and they will find that these books contradict, neither by their internal nor external appearance, the assertion that they are the firstfruits of the art of printing with movable metal types.

Though my essay has run to much greater length than I expected, I have not yet touched a good many things which require to be cleared up. But they can be left alone for the present. Perhaps I have sorely tried the patience alike of the readers and the editor of the ACADEMY. If this should be the case, I can only plead that I had to deal with a controversy of nearly four hundred years' standing, and that we have nothing but circumstantial evidence to approach it with. However clear such evidence may appear to those who collect and explain it, it always has to be set forth with great care and minuteness, and even then it is very often rejected, because it is circumstantial only. I may again be permitted to say, what I said in my work on Gutenberg, that I have approached the subject without any passion, or any bias for, or antipathy against, persons or things. I have no particular love or fancy for Haarlem or Coster, nor any, even the smallest, hatred against Mentz, Gutenberg, or Germany. I have no other idea but that we all wish to know the truth if we can possibly get at it.

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- FRIEDRICH, Th. Tempel u. Palast Salomo's. Denkmäler phönizischer Zeit. Innsbruck: Wagner. 5 M.
- LUX, A. E. Die Balkanhalbinsel (u. Anschluss v. Griechenland). Physikalische u. ethnograph. Schilderung u. Städtebilder. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 6 M.
- TUNNIE, F. Gemeinschaft u. Gesellschafts. Abhandlung d. Communismus u. d. Socialismus als empirischer Culturformen. Leipzig: Fues. 6 M.
- VERON, Eugène. Eugène Delacroix. Paris: Rouam. 5 fr.
- ZIMMERMANN, K. Bucheinbände aus dem Bücherschatze der kgl. öffentl. Bibliothek zu Dresden. 1. Lfg. Leipzig: Tietzmeier. 8 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- BREDENKAMP, O. J. Der Prophet Jesaja. 3. Lfg. Erlangen: Deichert. 3 M. 50 Pf.
- CODEx F^o Corbetensis. e codice membranaceo quinto vel sexto saeculo. ut videtur, scripto, qui in Bibliotheca Nationali Parisiensis a servatur nunc primum editit J. Belshem. Paris: Fischbacher. 4 M.
- LEBLOIS, L. Le Koran et la Bible hébraïque. Paris: Fischbacher. 10 fr.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- AMMANN, F. Die Schlacht bei Prag am 6. Mai 1767. Quellenkritische Untersuchung. Heidelberg: Peters. 3 M.
- CHAIKIN, A. Apologie des Juifs: étude historique et littéraire sur l'état politique et social des Juifs depuis la chute de Jérusalem jusqu'à 1806. Paris: Vieweg. 6 fr.
- FELTUS, J. Robert Grosseteste, Bischof v. Lincoln. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- FRIEDRICH, J. Geschichte d. Vatikanischen Konzils. 3. Bd. Bonn: Neusser. 28 M.
- FRIEDRICH's d. Grossen politische Correspondenz. 15. Bd. Berlin: Duncker. 14 M.
- HALSCHNER, H. Das gemeine deutsche Strafrecht, systematisch dargestellt. 2. Bd. Der besondere Theil d. Systems. 2. Abth. Bonn: Marcus. 10 M.
- HOLLMANN, S. Ob. Die Universität Göttingen im siebenjährigen Kriege. Hrg. v. A. Schöne. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M. 80 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ENGLER, A. u. K. PRANTL. Die natürlichen Pflanzenfamilien, nebst ihren Gattungen u. wichtigeren Arten, insbesondere den Nutzpflanzen. 9. Lfg. Leipzig: Engelmann. 8 M.
- FEST-SCHRIFT. Albert v. Kölliker zur Feier seines siebenzigsten Geburtstages gewidmet von seinen Schülern. Leipzig: Engelmann. 40 M.
- GAIL, G. Über die Abhängigkeit Locke's v. Descartes. Eine philosophische Geschichte. Studie. Strassburg: Heitz. 2 M.
- MANNO, R. Die Stellung d. Substanzbegriffes in der Kantischen Erkenntnistheorie. Bonn: Nolte. 3 M.
- MARTIN, K. u. A. WIGMANN. Beiträge zur Geologie Ost-Asiens u. Australiens. 2. Bd. 3. Hft. Leiden: Brill. 5 M.
- NOETLING, F. Der Jura am Hermon. Eine geognost. Monographie. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 3 M.
- ROSENBERGER, F. Die Geschichte der Physik in Grundzügen. 3. Thl. Geschichte der Physik in den letzten 100 Jahren. 1. Ath. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 6 M. 50 Pf.
- SPETTATORE, L. del Vesuvio e del Campi Flegrei. Naples: Furchett. 20 L.
- ZIMMERMANN, A. Die Morphologie u. Pathologie der Pflanzenzelle. Breslau: Treves. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- GODEFROY, F. Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française. Fasc. 47. NE à OBU. Paris: Vieweg. 5 fr.
- LUEBBERT, E. Commentatio de Pindariorum carminum compositione etc. Bonn: Cohen. 3 M.
- MADVIG, I. N. Opuscula Academica. Ab ipsorum collecta, emendata, aucta. Vol. I. Copenhagen: Gyldendal. 18 kr.
- MELANGES Rencor. Paris: Vieweg. 15 fr.
- OMONT, H. Fac-similés de manuscrits grecs des 15^e et 16^e siècles. Paris: Picard. 12 fr. 50 c.
- REITER, A. De Amantian Marcellini ufn orationis obliquae. Amberg: Habbel. 1 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MYTH OF PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

Settrington: Aug. 4, 1887.

My exposition of the tale of Cupid and Psyche as a Babylonian lunar myth has been so favourably received that I am emboldened to put forward an explanation of the Andromeda myth which has been suggested to me by the eclipse of the moon which took place last night.

Andromeda must be identified with Astarte, the Phoenician moon goddess, since in one version the bride of Perseus is Andromeda, while in another we are told that his bride was Astarte, the daughter of Belus. While Andromeda is Istar, Perseus is the son of Zeus, which identifies him with Bel Merodach, the son of Anu, who, like Zeus, is the firmament of heaven. At the time of the eclipse, the moon, bound to a lofty rock, is exposed to be devoured by the dragon of darkness, who creeps upon her, but is rescued by the god of light, who descends from the sky to slay the dragon, and take the moon goddess for his bride. This myth, like that of Cupid and Psyche, seems to have come to the Greeks from Babylonia through a Phoenician channel. The scene of the adventure is localised at Iope (Joppa) on the Phoenician coast, establishing beyond question the Phoenician source of the tale. The names of the personages point to an Eastern origin. Perseus is the eponymus of the Persians. Andromeda is the daughter of Cepheus, the eponymus of the Cephenees, who are identified by Herodotus with the proto-Persians, and by Hellanicus, more correctly, with the Chaldeans. Cepheus, we are also told, was the son of Belus.

Some of the details of the myth may also be noted. Andromeda, like Psyche and other lunar heroines, was famed to be the most beautiful of maidens. The rock to which she is bound reminds us of the lofty rock to which Psyche wanders. Andromeda, like Psyche, is condemned by an oracle to be wedded and devoured by a hideous serpent. The identity of Perseus and Bel-Merodach is shown by the sickle-shaped sword which Perseus carries, and which is also borne by Bel-Merodach in the well-known Assyrian slab in the British Museum on which the conflict is pictured. Perseus has the winged sandals which denote a solar hero. The Babylonian dragon has the

scales, the wings, and claws of the Greek monster. In the Babylonian legend, Bel-Merodach, like Perseus, is arrayed in "glistening armour," and has a helmet of "light like fire" upon his head. The lunar connexion is also indicated by the fact that during the conflict the dragon stopped the flowing of the tide, which was resumed after he was slain. Prof. Sayce recognises the Babylonian legend as describing in "thinly-veiled language the eclipse of the moon" (*Libbert Lectures*, p. 102); but he does not seem to have noticed that the Greek myth of Perseus and Andromeda describes still more plainly the same phenomenon.

In many mythologies a lunar eclipse has been explained as the moon being devoured by a dragon; and we see how the fight between Bel and the dragon, originally a Babylonian myth of lunar observation, became to the Greeks the story of Perseus and Andromeda, reappearing in later Christian hagiology as the legend of St. George and the dragon, which, like the story of Perseus, was localised on the Phoenician coast. It is very curious that Bel-Merodach, the patron and protector of the great empire of Nebuchadnezzar, should thus have been transformed into St. George, the patron saint of England and her vaster empire.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

"COLLATION OF FOUR IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS."

Clermont en Auvergne: Aug. 1, 1887.

I have only just seen the ACADEMY of July 16, in which Prof. T. K. Abbott complains that I have "brought a serious charge against him."

I am very sorry if I have misrepresented the case; and it is quite possible that I may have done so. As I have no books at hand at the present time to ascertain the fact, I admit it readily on the assertion of Prof. Abbott.

It is quite possible that, in writing my "Essay on the Four Important MSS." I remembered only, as I do even now, what Dr. Ceriani had told me about his collations in a few places, and that I did not sufficiently consider that the joint editors had caused a copy of cursive 346 (1) to be made, (2) to be revised by Dr. Ceriani. If this be so, it is evident that Prof. Abbott did his best to reproduce the MS. Only one other course would have been better—viz., to reproduce some pages by photolithography. I believe that I have, indeed, recommended such a reproduction in that particular case, because the minute details of accentuation, itacisms, and general orthography have a special value when one wants to decide in what relation these really important MSS. stand to each other. As we know now not four only but at least eight MSS. of the same class, I would advise the reproduction of a few pages of each MS. by photolithography.

ABBÉ MARTIN.

Lowestoft: Aug. 1, 1887.

In my note in the ACADEMY of July 16 I purposely confined myself to the contradiction of an injurious statement of the Abbé Martin. I should like, however, to be permitted to correct a misconception of the Abbé's of a different kind, and of some critical interest. He asserts that the principal reason alleged for holding that the codices of the Gospels 13, 69, 124, 346, are derived from a single archetype, is their agreement as to the position of the *pericopa de atultera*. This is entirely erroneous. The reasons alleged by Prof. Ferrar and myself are their coincidence in a very large number of minute particulars, not the least important for this purpose being manifest errors, and the absence of any serious difference, except such as can be accounted for by the natural disposition to substitute a familiar for an unusual

reading. As the four MSS. are not supposed to be immediately derived from the common archetype, such substitutions constitute no objection to the hypothesis of a common origin, which appears to be set beyond doubt by the fact that, whereas peculiar readings common to all the four, or to three of them, are very frequent, an unusual reading is rarely confined to one of the group. Thus, if an unusual reading occurs in cod. 346, it is pretty certain to be found in 13 also, and is even likely to be found in the other two. Cod. 124 has been more frequently brought into conformity with the common text than the other three, while cod. 69 often has peculiar readings, due to the perverse ingenuity of the scribe himself (or his predecessor). This is not mere conjecture, but is a deduction from the tendency shown by his readings in cases where there can be no doubt. And this exposure of the true character of the peculiar readings of 69 is not unimportant. It remains to be seen whether the fifth MS. added to the group by the Abbé Martin, or the others added by Prof. Rendel Harris, will stand the test referred to above.

T. K. ABBOTT.

SCIENCE.

BOTANICAL BOOKS.

Course of Practical Instruction in Botany. By F. O. Bower and S. H. Vines. Part II. (Macmillan.) In this second part, Drs. Bower and Vines complete their useful handbook to the laboratory student in botany. The present part is devoted to the mosses, algae, and fungi, and is marked by the same accurate description and careful instruction as the first part. The plan adopted of printing certain words and phrases on each page in thick letters is a very convenient and useful way of calling the student's attention to the salient points in the structure of the object he has before him for examination. If we might offer a criticism on the usually admirable selection of types, we might express our surprise at the omission of all reference to the Characeae—organisms, which, from their abundance and the ease with which the structure of the reproductive organs is made out under the microscope, are among those most frequently placed before the student in practical botanical examinations. More space might also, we think, have been given to the diatoms and desmids—organisms, again, of great abundance, and presenting many most interesting physiological phenomena. Seeing that the second part of the work is only two-thirds the thickness of the first part, there would seem to be no reason for this scantiness of treatment. These, however, are minor criticisms, and the work is one which should be in the hands of every practical botanist.

Handbook of the Fern-Allies. By J. G. Baker. (Bell.) This is essentially a work for the collector and herbarium-student. In substance, it is to a large extent a reprint of papers which have appeared in the *Journal of Botany*, but enlarged and brought down to date. In form, it is a companion-volume to Hooker and Baker's *Synopsis Filicum*, and consists of critical descriptions of every known species of vascular cryptogams outside the Filices or ferns, *i.e.*, of the Equisetaceae, Lycopodiaceae, Selaginellaceae, and Rhizocarpeae. Between 500 and 600 species are here described, considerably more than one-half belonging to the genus *Selaginella*. The special object of the book being to serve as a guide for the identification of living or herbarium-specimens, the author has not encumbered it with entering into those points of morphology and minute structure which will be found in text-books and monographs; and Mr. Baker's intimate acquaintance with

the class of plants of which he treats is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work. It fills a gap which has long been felt.

Illustrations of the British Flora: an Illustrated Companion to Mr. Bentham's Handbook. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. (Reeve & Co.) The publishers have now issued in a separate volume the wood-engravings which formerly appeared in the illustrated edition of Mr. Bentham's *Handbook*, adding thereto new cuts of recently admitted species. The engravings, which are accompanied by enlarged dissections of parts, are for the most part good and characteristic. The swollen leaves of *Sedum dasyphyllum* (fig. 363), with their feeble attachments; the blistered foliage of *Helminthia echioides* (578); the erect catkins of *Betula nana*—are very well hit off. And the *Romulea* (1019) is visibly *R. columnae*, not the *R. bulbocodium* of earlier editions. In fig. 979, *Malaxis paludosa*, the artist indicates—what Mr. Bentham omits among his characters—the cellular bulbils on the leaves developing into new plants. On the other hand, it is awkward to have a prostrate plant sketched erect, as *Genista pilosa* (229). *Arabis stricta* (61) is not drawn with its graceful curve of the stem, nor *Montia fontana* (174) with its incurved flowers and seed vessels. In *Lanunculus ficaria* we miss the bulbils in the axils of the leaves—the more needful to be noticed because the plant rarely seeds in England. But the book ought to stand on every botanist's shelf side-by-side with Sir William Hooker's new edition of Bentham's *Handbook* (noticed in the ACADEMY of April 2).

A School Flora: for the use of Elementary Botanical Classes. By W. M. Watts. (Livingtons.) A little trip undertaken in the company of this book through one of the most flowery parts of South England satisfies us that it will be an excellent aid to young botanists. With its assistance they ought to have no difficulty in identifying all the wild plants which they are likely to meet with. Its plan is to guide the inquirer to the right name by means of a series of keys, like those given by Babington and Bentham, but reduced to the utmost degree of simplicity. These indicate, by a series of alternatives, first the sub-class to which the plant belongs; then the natural order; then the genus; and, lastly, the species. If the student chooses a wrong alternative—*e.g.*, pronounces a corolla regular when it is really irregular—he will, of course, go astray; but he can only blame his own mal-observation, as the alternatives are quite clearly put. An earlier edition of the book was intended for the Giggleswick school only, and therefore included merely such plants as grow around that centre; but the *Flora* has now been extended to include all "common" plants, and the rarer ones which are within reach of several of our large schools. It will thus be found generally useful, and all school field clubs and natural history societies should add it to their libraries. At p. vi., where the Germander Speedwell is taken as an example of how to work the keys, we cannot make the instructions come quite right. Possibly they were printed for the first edition and have not been corrected to fit the paging of the second. This does not, however, affect the clearness of the keys themselves.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

An Arabic Manual. By J. G. Lansing. (Chicago: American Publication Society of Hebrew.) Prof. Lansing has produced a much-needed grammar of classical Arabic. We possess, indeed, a fair abundance of Arabic grammars; but they are either too slight and superficial, or else, like that of Dr. Wright, too

elaborate for the beginner. Prof. Lansing, who has spoken Arabic since he was a child, and whose experience has since taught him what it is that the Occidental student exactly requires, has achieved the happy mean. We have no hesitation in saying that for practical purposes his grammar is the best in existence. It is clear, well-arranged and compact; and, while doing full justice to the richness of Arabic grammar, does not confuse the learner with a multitude of details. The reading lessons and vocabulary at the end will be found particularly useful: while the fact that Arabic is almost his mother-tongue gives the author a practical mastery over the language which the Western scholar rarely attains. America is to be congratulated on having students to demand and a teacher to provide a book of the kind.

DR. AUGUST MÜLLER has brought out a fifth edition of the well-known *Arabische Grammatik* of C. F. Caspari (Halle: das Waisenhause). The editor acknowledges in his preface that the work, in order to bring it up to the standard of modern philological science, needed a thorough remodelling, which his other engagements have not permitted him to attempt. The new edition, therefore, corresponds paragraph for paragraph with its predecessor, though a great number of improvements have been made in detail. The volume is beautifully printed.

Acta Sancti Mar Abdu'l Masich aramaice et latine edidit nunc primum ex cod. Londinensi (Addit. MSS. 12,174) Josephus Corlyu, S.J. (Bruxelles: Société belge de librairie.) In a recently issued fasciculus of the *Analecta Bollandiana*, Father Corlyu, Professor of Holy Scripture at Louvain, has published the Syriac text with a Latin translation of the Acts of St. Mar Abdu'l Masich. The text is that of Codex No. 12,174 (Addit.) of the British Museum (see W. Wright, *Catalogue of Syriac MSS. in the British Museum, acquired since the year 1838*. Part iii., p. 1,132). The late Henry Matagne, one of the most distinguished among the new Bollandists, copied it in 1867, with a great number of other Syriac MSS, which he intended to use for the subsequent volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum*. Death prevented him; and this explains why this MS., copied twenty years ago, only appears now. Father Corlyu has accomplished with great care his twofold task as editor and translator. Moreover, his work is stamped with the authority of Prof. W. Wright, of Cambridge, who has revised the proofs and examined the version. The publication of the learned Belgian scholar deserves to be received favourably by all readers who are interested in the monuments of Aramean literature.

Manuel de la Langue Tigräi. By J. Schreiber. (Vienna: Hoelder.) The Tigräi language is the dialect of Central and Northern Abyssinia, and is the Tigrina of Praetorius, whose learned work upon it is well known to Semitic scholars. Father Schreiber's object is a practical, rather than a scientific, one; and he has compiled his manual not for the sake of scholars, but of missionaries and travellers. As it is based on the spoken language of the people, however, and not upon the literary language of European translators, the scholars also will give it a cordial welcome.

Lingua 'Afar nel Nord-est dell' Africa. By G. Colizza. (Vienna: Hoelder.) The 'Afar are an Abyssinian population, called Danakil by their Tigräi neighbours, who occupy the valley and some islands between the Bay of Adulis and the Gulf of Tejurah. With the help of Prof. Reinisch, Signor Colizza has compiled a grammar of their language, followed by a number of short texts and a vocabulary. His laborious work will prove very useful in these days of growing African trade, while

the philologist will find in it much to occupy his attention. We only wish that the author had remembered the weaknesses of human nature and added translations to all his texts.

PROF. REINISCH himself has just published the second volume of his work on *Die Bilitin-Sprache* (Vienna: Hoelder), which contains an elaborate dictionary of the language. He has thus laid the students of the African languages under a fresh obligation, and added another to the many services he has rendered to African philology. Whatever comes from Prof. Reinisch's hand is the work of a master.

Arische Forschungen. Part II. By C. Bartholomae. (Halle: Niemeyer.) Dr. Bartholomae continues his valuable researches into the language of the *Avesta*. His notes on its phonology and grammar are primarily intended to clear up the meaning of the Zend texts; but the comparative philologist will find much in them of interest and importance.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY.

THE first number of the *American Journal of Psychology* will appear early in October, under the editorship of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, professor of psychology and pedagogics in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The journal will be devoted to—(1) original contributions of a scientific character. These will consist partly of experimental investigations on the functions of the senses and brain, physiological time, psychophysic law, images and their association, volition, innervation, &c., and partly of inductive studies of instinct in animals, psychogenesis in children, and the large fields of morbid and anthropological psychology, not excluding hypnotism, and the field vaguely designated as that of psychic research; and, lastly, the finer anatomy of the senses and the central nervous system, especially as developed by the latest methods of staining, section, &c. (2) Papers from other journals. Articles of unusual importance will be translated from other languages, or even reprinted from other publications, in full or in abstract, if not generally accessible. (3) Digests and reviews. An attempt will be made in each number to give a conspectus of the more important psychological literature of the preceding three months, and to review significant books, bad as well as good. While articles of unusual importance in the field of logic, the history of philosophy, practical ethics, and education will be welcomed, the main object of the journal will be to record the progress of scientific psychology, and special prominence will be given to methods of research. Among the readers whose studies the editor will bear in mind are these—teachers of psychology in higher institutions of learning, biologists and physiologists, anthropologists who are interested in primitive manifestations of psychological laws, and physicians who give special attention to mental and nervous diseases. The advancement of the science will be constantly kept in view, and the journal will be a record of the progress of investigations. The journal will be published quarterly, and with as much regularity as the supply of material warrants. Each number will contain from sixty to one hundred pages. The subscription price will be three dollars a year, in advance. English subscriptions may be forwarded through Messrs. Trübner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAINTED CUNEIFORM WRITING.

Oxford: Aug. 9, 1887.

The British Museum possesses among its treasures of Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities a fragment of a clay tablet, preserved in

the first tray of Table-case E in the Assyrian room, and marked *a*, which may, perhaps, possess some special interest. One of the two rather flat sides of the fragment is inscribed with seven small lines engraved with the common Assyrian cuneiform characters of the period of Esarhaddon, Sennacherib, or Sardanapallos. As only very few characters are left, I have not yet been able to make out whether the inscription to which the fragment belongs has been published or mentioned elsewhere. The other face of the tablet, however, bears a fragmentary line of signs, not engraved, but written on the clay with a kind of brick-red paint. On a first view, the characters look like cuneiform Assyrian signs, showing the same style of writing as that of the so-called *amulettes*, some of which will be found described in my *Babylonisch-Assyrische Literatur* (§106); and though only a few traces are left (*viz.*, the end of a character like the Assyrian *ig*, one upright wedge as if to indicate the name of a person, two wedges like the beginning of the Assyrian *an*, a mark like the end of *nu*, and a clearly written *bar*, *mash*), I have no doubt that the characters are really cuneiform writing, mainly because no other characters, Pehlevi, Phoenician, or Greek, would agree so well with what remains. The style shows that this was not a first attempt on the part of the scribe to draw the signs, but that he was well acquainted with them. Though I think it certain that the writing is no modern forgery, I would not venture to determine to what exact period the characters belong; very probably they are much later than the engraved ones on the other side of the tablet. Perhaps some of the readers of the ACADEMY will be interested in the fact I have stated; because it is, so far as I know, the first time that painted cuneiform writing has been discovered. CH. BEZOLD.

THE HITTITES AND PYTHAGOREANISM.

London: Aug. 8, 1887.

On a recent visit to Asia Mr. Greville Chester obtained a remarkable seal, found near Tarsus. The seal has been spoken of as "Hittite"; and there are reasonable grounds for accepting this designation. It must be remembered, however, that in our present ignorance we apply this name to monuments which, though presenting one or more points of resemblance, may be found by and by to belong to types or classes widely divergent. Though, so far as I am aware, the newly discovered seal gives no additional aid in the decipherment of the inscriptions, yet it is of great interest.

It may be described generally as of cubical form, with engraved figures on five sides. On the circular seal from Yuzgat in Asia Minor, which the British Museum obtained last autumn, there are numerous equilateral triangles, which seem intended merely to fill up vacant spaces. But the evidence of the Yuzgat seal, taken together with that of the new seal, leads to the conclusion that the triangle had anciently in Asia Minor a mystical significance, as we know was the case in India, where it was regarded as the source of all things. Here we may recall the curious statement of Plutarch (*De Iside*, c. 75) that the Pythagoreans called the equilateral triangle *Athena*, with the additions *Τριτογένεια* and *Κορυφαίτης* (Sprung-from-the-vertex),* both of

* It is here worthy of note that, together with a Phoenician inscription, there is a bas-relief on a stele of Lilybæum (figured in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*, and by Perrot and Chipiez in their *Histoire de l'Art*, vol. iii., p. 309), on which occurs, as an object of worship, an equilateral triangle, with a head and projecting arms at the vertex. This figure sheds, not improbably, a good deal of light on the myth of Athene springing from the head of Zeus.

these [names being connected with the triangle.

On the new seal a curious figure is found four times, always with divergent legs having turned-up toes, or the so-called "Hittite boots." These "Hittite boots" led me to conjecture that this figure is a sort of abstract symbol of human nature. The figure itself is in all probability a modification of the equilateral triangle. Once it occurs with rounded head and projecting ears. In two cases a sort of cap in the shape of an equilateral triangle covers the head almost completely—an arrangement which becomes tolerably intelligible when we recollect the Pythagorean connexion of the equilateral triangle with the goddess of wisdom. The three-in-oneness denoted by the triangle is represented also on the newly discovered seal by the trident, which occurs three times in varying form. In one case it seems to contrast, as held by one figure, with two parallel rods or spears held by another. On another face of the seal, on which is found the curious symbol above mentioned and the triangle, a standing figure holds vertically in the right hand a single rod, and two parallel rods, also vertical, in his left, reminding us of the Pythagorean doctrines concerning duality and unity, the even and the odd, as well as that two and one make up the mystical number three. Such indications of Pythagoreanism as are thus presented—and, perhaps, even the general cubical form of the seal, is to be taken in this connexion—are in accordance with the well-known traditions which tell of the travels of Pythagoras, and connect the Pythagorean doctrines with the East.

A short article of mine on the new seal, with two or three figures, appears in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* for August; and I understand that the seal is to be fully engraved, and published together with, I believe, a paper from the pen of Prof. Sayce, in the *Journal* of the Royal Archaeological Institute.

THOMAS TYLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

IN compliment to Prof. Clifton, of Oxford, the name of *Cliftonite* has been proposed by Mr. Fletcher, of the British Museum, to designate a new meteoric mineral. In examining the meteoric iron which was found in 1884 at Youndegin, in Western Australia, Mr. Fletcher has discovered a black mineral which he regards as an allotropic form of carbon, different from any known terrestrial mineral. From a preliminary description published in *Nature* it appears that Cliftonite resembles graphite in most of its physical properties, while it agrees with diamond in crystallising in the cubic system.

THE August number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute, though rather thinner than usual, is noteworthy in that it contains a paper by Sir Charles Wilson descriptive of the Tribes inhabiting the Valley of the Nile north of Khartum. In the same number Prof. Ferrier and Dr. Lauder Brunton discuss the functional topography of the brain.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. J. A. CRAIG, of the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, U.S.A., has given the first complete translation of the Monolith Inscription of Salmaneser II. in the July number of *Hebraica*. The correction of the text of this inscription was the main object of a visit to the British Museum in 1885. Opposite each page of the translation Dr. Craig gives a transcription in syllables of the text; philological notes follow, and a list of corrections to the text in *W. A. I.* iii. 7, 8.

THE first twelve numbers of the *Diccionario Etimológico de la lengua Bascongada*, by the late Novia de Salcedo, have appeared (Guipuzcoa: Eusebio Lopez).

WE have received a leaflet of four pages of Volapük applied to Basque, by J. M. Schleyer, of Constance.

FINE ART.

Histoire de l'Art dans la Flandre, l'Artois et le Hainaut avant le XV^e Siècle. Par M. le Chanoine Dehaisnes. (Lille: Quarré)

THIS work, in three large quarto volumes, is divided into two parts. The first, consisting of xxiv. and 1,065 pages, forming two volumes, closely printed in small type, contains all the documents and every mention relating to art in Flanders, Artois, and Hainaut prior to the fifteenth century met with by the compiler during twenty-five years of work in the archives and public libraries of France and Belgium. M. Deshaisnes has examined 24,150 deeds, 454 accounts, 14 registers, and 4 cartularies in the archives of the department of the North at Lille, and an almost equal number in the archives and libraries of other towns enumerated in the Preface. He has also extracted from the *Acta Sanctorum*, the *Opera diplomatica* of Le Mire, the *Historiens de Gaule et de France*, the *Monumenta Germaniae historica*, many printed cartularies and the memoirs of learned societies, a considerable number of notes relating to art in the above-named provinces, all arranged in chronological order. These fill 920 pages, followed by a most useful glossary of words not explained in Ducange, Roquefort, de Laborde, or Gay. Two very complete indexes, the first of subjects, the second of artists, terminate this part, which will henceforth be a standard book of reference for all students of the history of any branch of art during the Middle Ages.

The third volume contains a history of the rise and progress of art in the district corresponding with the present Belgian provinces of East and West Flanders and Hainaut and the French departments of the Nord and the Pas de Calais, based on the documents brought together in the other two volumes, and on an examination of the works of art that have escaped destruction. This volume, which may be purchased separately, naturally appeals to a larger number of readers, and will be heartily welcomed by all who interest themselves in mediæval art. It opens with a brief sketch of early Gaulish and Gallo-Roman monuments and art-remains, and of the diverse influences which contributed to civilise and form the mixed race that inhabited this, in itself, rather uninteresting country prior to the invasion of the Normans and Huns, who spread devastation throughout the land. Indeed, the only construction dating from an earlier period now remaining is a portion of the ruins of the abbey of Saint Bavo at Ghent, of the seventh century. In chaps. iii to vi. the reader will find a brief account of the chief works in the different branches of art prior to the twelfth century of which we have any record, and a description of the few examples which have been happily preserved until now. A certain number of these, especially of the more portable class, and most of the precious stuffs,

were imported from the East; but there is no doubt that Labarte, in assigning a Byzantine origin to every work of art of any merit, was quite in the wrong. A passage in the chronicle of the abbey of Lobbes, cited by me in the *Beffroi*, vol. 3, and reproduced here, proves that, contrary to Labarte's opinion, the art of casting large works in metal was practised in Hainaut in the second half of the tenth century. The fact is, all the old foundations did not perish in the barbarian invasions. Several of the Lotharingian monasteries escaped altogether, and of many others in the provinces with which the present work deals the pious inmates sought refuge in flight; when the storm had passed they returned to their ruined homes, restored them, and resumed their life of prayer and work. We know that in the abbey of Solignac, in Saint Eligius's time, every monk practised some art, and that in the eighth century the nuns of the abbey of Valenciennes had a regular school for teaching embroidery and illumination. Harlindis and Reinildis, daughters of a wealthy lord named Adelhard, were brought up there. They founded a nunnery at Aldeneyck, where are still preserved a Book of Gospels, adorned with miniatures, and also some embroidery, the work of their hands. The larger monasteries were art centres ever ready to impart their knowledge not only to members of the same order, but to all who were willing to learn.

It is interesting to know that in the beginning of the ninth century the cathedral of Cambrai had a painter who, in the contemporary annals, is styled an excellent artist. His reputation spread beyond the province, and even into Normandy, whither he was invited by Saint Ansegisus to adorn the walls of the abbey of Fontenelle. In the second half of the tenth century the abbey church of Lobbes was decorated with wall paintings; and a coloured statue of our Lord, described as life-like, was set up at great cost before the ambo. It is said to have been incomparably finer than any other in that part of the country. The description of these works, and many passages in the chronicles of the abbeys of Liessies, Saint Bertin, &c., prove that not only the cathedral and abbey churches, but also their refectories and chapter-houses, were adorned with statuary and paintings.

Very little sculpture of this period has come down to us with the exception of a few fonts and tombstones. One example, the wooden staff of Saint Aldegundis, a little over four feet high, carved with nineteen subjects from the life of Christ, has escaped destruction owing to its being a relic. Although very rude, there is a good deal of expression in the figures. The number of ivory diptychs and plaques used for adorning Books of the Gospels, shrines and portable altars, must have been very great, not only in church treasuries, but even in private hands, as may be gathered from inventories, such as that of the objects bequeathed to his children by Everard, Count of Cisoing. Many of these were no doubt imported, but many more must have been carved by the monks. As to seals, to which sufficient attention has not as yet been given, there can be no doubt they were home productions.

Of the goldsmith's art of the Frankish and

Merovingian period many specimens have been dug up, the earliest and most interesting being the sword and decorative objects found in 1653 at Tournai, in the tomb of Childeric I. A gold cross in the treasury of the cathedral of that town, and a ring and jewel at Mons, may be cited as specimens of ecclesiastical work. The chronicles of religious houses abound with notices of them, and show that the production of works of art was constantly going on. But if for all these we have to rely chiefly on descriptions, there is one branch of art of which many specimens have come down to our time. The public libraries of Belgium and the North of France, notwithstanding the numerous and shameful acts of vandalism committed at the end of the last and commencement of this century, still preserve a sufficient number of specimens to enable us to follow and appreciate the influences at work, and the progress of the art of the illuminator. In the sixth chapter will be found descriptive notices of more than thirty illuminated MSS. In these early specimens we find examples of debased Roman art, imitations of Byzantine designs, as well as vigorous Scottish and Anglo-Saxon work. It was not however until the eleventh century that art in these countries ceased to be a mere servile imitation of antique or foreign work, and began to acquire a character of its own. A MS. in the town library of Valenciennes, the work of monks of the abbey of Saint Amand, contains several miniatures, evidently original compositions, representing the principal events in the life of the founder. These may be cited as early examples of the native school of art which, in the following centuries, produced so many exquisite works. Many writers, and among them Labarte, whom I am sorry to say, the author of this volume quotes without a word of protest, throw ridicule on what was a distinctive characteristic of the school—namely, the representation of events of earlier times as if contemporary. Now, this contention is most certainly incorrect. The principal persons, such as Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, have always a conventional costume; and if the minor figures were clothed in contemporary costume and the scene laid amid local surroundings, it was to make the people better realise the subject. The artist's aim was to tell a story in all its simplicity, and to convey a truth to the mind of the beholder; and he succeeded. And, after all, of the immense number of modern pictures the authors of which have aimed at archaeological correctness, there are very few which are free from gross anachronisms, and satisfy the antiquary, still fewer that interest the people.

In the twelfth century, here, as elsewhere, fresh life seems to have been infused into everything. Bishops set to rebuilding their cathedrals; abbeys and convents sprung up on all sides. The Cistercians in the country, the Dominicans and Franciscans in the towns, had all a great influence in the building up and development of the new feudal and Christian society, of which mediæval art was the outcome. From this period onward the progress of art in all its branches can be followed in each centre, thanks to the abundance both of monuments and of documents. In the earlier years the monasteries and cathedrals

drals were the chief seats of art; but their importance gradually diminished, and by the end of the fourteenth century the arts had acquired a settled home in most of the large towns. It must be borne in mind that during all this period there was a constant inter-communication between the different art centres which bore good fruit. Was any technical improvement discovered, or any remarkable work produced, the news was quickly bruited about; the former was learnt, the latter studied, copied, and imitated. In this manner the different local schools acted and re-acted on one another. Copyright, be it remembered, dates from the end of the fifteenth century, and for a long time after that was only applied to mechanical reproductions.

A separate chapter is devoted to the history of art from the twelfth to the fourteenth century in Tournai, Ghent, Bruges and Ipres, Lille, Douai, Valenciennes, Mons, Cambrai, Arras, and Saint Omer; these again being followed by notices of works executed for the Counts of Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, and lastly, for Philippe le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy. The amount of material brought together here ought to serve as a powerful stimulus to younger men to study the history of the different branches of art. Few people, I think, have any idea of its being possible to fix the authorship of any number of works, much less to classify in chronological order the productions of any one master. Thanks to Mr. Dehaisnes, we have now a fairly perfect acquaintance with Andrew Beauneveu of Valenciennes, the earliest mention of whom occurs in Froissart,* who, speaking of John, Duke of Berry, and his castle of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, says that in 1390

“ils’y tint plus de trois sepmaines et devoisoit au maistre de ses oeuvres de taille et de peinture, maistre Andrieu Beauneveu, à faire nouvelles ymages et peintures: car en telles choses avoit il grandement sa fantasia de tousjours faire ouvrer de taille et de peinture. Et,”

adds the chronicler,

“il estoit bien adressié: car, dessus ce maistre Andrieu, dont je parolle, n’avoit pour lors meilleur ne le pareil en nulles terres, ne de qui tant de bons ouvraiges feust demouré en France ou en Haynnau, dont il estoit de nacion, et ou royaume d’Angleterre.”

Of the many works executed by this distinguished sculptor and miniaturist for England none have as yet been recognised. The miniatures in the *Traité d’Amour*, offered by the chronicler to our Richard II., may perhaps have been his work. Twenty-four miniatures of a psalter executed before 1401, now in the National Library at Paris, and two others in a Book of Hours, now in the Royal Library at Brussels, are described at length, and the two last reproduced by the heliographic process of Dujardin. The remains of the royal tombs executed for Charles V. of France at Saint Denis, the exquisite statue of St. Katherine in the chapel of the Counts of Flanders at Courtrai, are all described; and documents as to other works destroyed during the Revolution of 1793 are reproduced. It may be well here to call attention to a recumbent effigy of an abess in the Premonstratensian Church at

* Ed. Buchon, Paris, 1825; tom. xii., p. 224. Jones’s translation, London, 1839; p. 460.

Laon, the execution of which bears considerable resemblance to the statue at Courtrai.

Of other artists of talent concerning whom much is here brought together are the sculptors John Pepin of Huy, Hennequin or John of Liège, the same perhaps as Hacokin de Liège, author of the exquisite tomb of Queen Philippa at Westminster Abbey, John de Marville, Nicolas Sluter and James de Baerse, and the painters John de Beaumetz and Melchior Broederlam, the works of the last of whom at Dijon are already well known. The archives of France and Belgium still contain many documents which have never been examined by the art historian. We may therefore hope that much may yet be discovered concerning these artists. In restoring them to history M. Dehaisnes has rendered real service. His work is also valuable as affording conclusive proof that during at least three centuries before the Van Eycks’ art flourished throughout these provinces, that their sculptors, painters, and miniaturists attained a high degree of perfection, and that the works of some among them were renowned throughout Central Europe.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

EXHIBITION OF MINOR ANTIQUITIES AT OXFORD MANSION.

THE small collection now on view at Oxford Mansion does not in any sense represent the result of the season’s excavations; neither is it to be regarded as an exhibition likely to interest the general public. It contains only the few small objects turned up in the course of the great operations at Bubastis, and such waifs and strays as were yielded by the excavations at Tell-el-Yahoodeh and Tukh-el-Karnus. At Bubastis, where large monuments were uncovered in such rapid succession that it taxed all the resources of the explorers to turn and move them in order to arrive at what lay beneath, there was literally no time to sift the soil for minor antiquities. The spoils of Bubastis are too large and too weighty to be shown in any private room, and will be exhibited later in the year, at some suitable place, when the colossal sculptures from Nebesheh shall also have arrived from Egypt. These last are already removed from Nebesheh to the banks of the Bahr Samana, ready to be embarked in canal-boats as soon as the Nile shall have risen sufficiently to carry those boats to Alexandria or Port Said. Subscribers to the fund may, therefore, expect the main exhibition to be opened about November. In the meanwhile, those who are interested in scarabs, flint implements, and pottery, will find something to reward them for a visit to Oxford Mansion.

The specimens of pottery, as arranged in dynastic series by Mr. Griffith, cannot fail to interest students of ceramic types. Here we see dated sets of food and water vessels of the XIIth, XXth, and XXVIth Dynasties, each series having its own strongly marked characteristics. A vase taken from one series cannot possibly be matched in any other series. Between vessels of the XXVIth Dynasty and those of Ptolemaic and Roman times there seems to be more continuity of style, although even in these the differences are sufficiently emphasised to enable an expert to decide between them. The subject of Egyptian pottery is still obscure, and as a science is yet in embryo; but of its importance as a chronological factor in determining the dates of objects discovered at

various levels in the course of excavations, there can be no question. Whether it may hereafter be possible to date mere fragments, such as are found by thousands in every mound, must depend on the results to be obtained from a closer and longer study of the subject. Painted ware carries its date upon the surface, and unpainted ware depends for date upon its form. When the form is gone, and only a potsherd of doubtful curve remains, will it yet be practicable to identify its place in history by the mere texture of the clay, and the way in which it is worked? If this question could be favourably answered, the gain to historical research would indeed be great.

Among the small antiquities in Mr. Griffith’s table-cases, I would direct special attention to the foundation deposits of Philip Aridaeus found at Tukh-el-Karnus, where M. Naville and Mr. Griffith, in the course of a few days’ excavation, brought to light the remains of a small temple; and also to the rectangular plaque of Rameses II. from Tell-el-Yahoodeh, which is inscribed on one side with the two cartouches of the Pharaoh, and on the other with that of his Khetan bride, Ra-ma-ur-neferu, of whom it is said in the celebrated Aboo-Simbel tablet that when the Khetan chiefs were taken prisoners, and waited upon the conqueror with gifts and tribute, the “royal daughter” came at the head of them. “She came to soften the heart of Rameses. Her beauties are marvellous.”

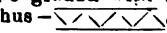
AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMAN (?) PAVEMENT RECENTLY FOUND IN LONDON.

Liverpool: Aug. 8, 1837.

In the *Building News* for June 17 (p. 938) there are two or three lines to the effect that a Roman tessellated pavement had been found in Monument Yard during excavations for the new approach to Billingsgate. I have been in correspondence with the contractors (Messrs. J. Mowlem & Co.) on the subject, and the result is that only the following information can be obtained, though the discovery appears to have been very interesting. Messrs. Mowlem & Co. state that the pavement

“was at a depth of about 12 ft. below the surface, and in the immediate vicinity of a disused burial ground. It measured about 4 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., and appeared to have formed a portion of a floor composed of a white ground with black letters. It had a border thus—, and letters somewhat as follows:

GO U MANI
NIINSTONATVS
IMNESSLSTRAT
SEMURFD

We were unable to get it out intact. It broke into very small pieces.”

The question arises, Is this a Roman pavement, or is it of a later date? Have we it entire, except the first line, or have there been previous lines, which were lost before it was discovered. In any event, some of the letters are wrongly given. Messrs. Mowlem & Co., indeed, only assert that the inscription was “somewhat like” the above. If it be Roman, and various things seem to suggest that it is (e.g., the depth at which it was found, the style of the border, and, so far as can be judged, its meaning), then there are various partial readings which have occurred to me. Is it possible that we have in the first and second lines DIS.MANIBVS EGNATIVS or . . . V . AN . I . M . III . S . EGNATIVS? The third line is curious. It almost suggests that the abbreviations TESSEL and STRAT. (for *stratum*) had been used; but why the last named word should occur instead of *pavimentum* is strange. But of course this may by no means be the

reading. Again the last four letters of the inscription seem very like a well-known Roman abbreviation generally found in the same position, i.e., D.S.P.D., or, expanded, *de sua pecunia dedit*.

In Messrs. Mowlem's copy of the inscription the letter before G in the second line is given as T, and that after A, in the same line, as a ligulate TI, the I being formed by the upward prolongation of the perpendicular stroke.

I am in hopes that by putting this inscription on record (for, apparently, if I had not done so, all trace of it would soon be lost) the attention of epigraphists may be drawn to it, and that other suggested readings may be given. If it be not Roman, it is difficult to say what it is. There appears to be nothing Christian about it.

But what are the "City Fathers" about, when so interesting an antique is allowed to be removed, and to perish in the removal?

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

A MIS-READ ROMAN INSCRIPTION FROM HUNGARY.

New College, Oxford: Aug. 4, 1887.

The *Journal* of the British Archaeological Association, xl., 193, contains an inscription from the Danube, near Orsova, which is given incorrectly. It is quoted from Paget's *Hungary* (ii., p. 117); but a reference to *C.I.L.*, iii., 1698, will show that Paget misread TI CAESARE AVG. F into TR. CAESARE AVS. The writer in the *Journal* attributes the inscription to Trajan (whose name, however, is not usually abbreviated into TR.), but the correct text shows that it is much earlier.

F. HAVERFIELD.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Clarendon Press will publish shortly a catalogue of the Mohammedan coins in the Bodleian library, compiled by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole.

THE "grand prix biennial" of 20,000 frs. (£800), which is allotted in turn to each of the five sections that together make up the Institut de France, has been awarded this year by the Académie des Beaux-Arts to M. Antonin Mercié, the sculptor, in recognition of his "Tomb of Louis Philippe," exhibited at last year's Salon. The previous awards in this section were to M. Félicien David and M. Chapu.

WE have received from the Autotype Company five autotypes after pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt, lent for the purpose of reproduction by the owners. They comprise the famous scene from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Christian Priest rescued by a British Family from the Druids," "The Awakened Conscience," "The Tuscan Girl with the Dove on her Shoulder," and "Rienzi vowing Vengeance for the Death of his Brother." We miss, indeed, the clear, gem-like colouring; but we have everything else—the resolute accuracy and thoroughness of drawing, the unflinching adherence to nature, the dramatic vigour of gesture and expression, the rejection of everything conventional in type and feeling, indeed all those qualities which distinguish the Pre-Raphaelites, and especially Mr. Holman Hunt. If they did not convert the world to their creed, moral or technical, they did much to regenerate art by inspiring artists with the spirit of sincerity, by provoking them to a more careful and humble study of nature, and by creating contempt for all that was mean, conventional, or false. As specimens of successful reproduction from the pictures themselves these autotypes can scarcely be excelled,

and as illustrating a noble and fruitful art-movement in England they are worthy of a place in the portfolios of all students of English art.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

J. G. Kastner. By Hermann Ludwig. (Breitkopf u. Härtel.) The three volumes—or to be quite correct, the first part and the two halves of the second part—of which this work consists, number over twelve hundred pages. True, the type is large and the margin wide, but there is nevertheless plenty to read. From the size and elegant manner in which the volumes are got up, and farther, from the portraits, the facsimile letters, the musical extracts, &c., one would expect to find that Kastner was no common hero. The life and art-work of this highly-esteemed musician could certainly be put into smaller compass; but Herr Ludwig either had not time, or, more probably, had no intention, to write a short book. An introduction of fifty-five pages on the *Nationalité morale* and *Nationalité politique* of Alsace; the home of Kastner; a "Glance at Paris" in the year 1835, filling sixty-nine pages; a mass of details, interesting, no doubt, to the composer's family and friends, but of little importance to the world at large—by such means is the work unduly prolonged. Not but that very often the subject-matter is in itself extremely attractive and well displayed by the writer, as for example in the above-mentioned "Glance at Paris"; but such digressions are only permissible in the case of stars of the first magnitude. Dr. Spitta, in his *Life of Bach*, Otto Jahn, in his *Life of Mozart*, each was more than justified in introducing matter not directly connected with the lives of those musicians. George Kastner was born of humble parents at Strassburg in 1810. At an early age he showed a love and talent for music. His parents wished him to devote himself to theology, but music gained the upper hand; and in 1835 a sum of money was given to him by the city of Strassburg, enabling him to study at Paris. There Reicha, the famous teacher and author of a treatise on composition, recognised his talent, and gave him considerable help. Kastner waited for some time for a letter of introduction to the great man. The promise, however, was not fulfilled. So Kastner, with a score of one of the operas which he had written at Strassburg under his arm, called on Reicha, who was in the act of being shaved. The interview is graphically described. By the advice of Reicha, Kastner wrote a work on instrumentation, which was accepted by Cherubini at the Conservatoire. It was also approved of by Meyerbeer, Paer, Cherubini and Berlioz. The young musician thus soon became a man of note. Cherubini, indeed, discovering a fault in one of his own early scores, is related to have said: "If at that time I had known the *Traité d'Instrumentation* of Kastner, I should not have made that mistake." In 1839 Kastner published a *Cours d'Instrumentation*, full of practical hints and of examples from the classic and modern composers. It is sufficient to say that it was praised by Berlioz. To this work, and to a "Supplément" published in 1844, Berlioz, indeed, is said to have been much indebted in preparing his treatise on orchestration. According to our author, when Kastner used to go and see him in his study, Berlioz would point to Kastner's books lying open on the table saying: "Vous voyez, mon cher Kastner, je vous ai là, et vous me servez beaucoup." If this be true, we fancy Berlioz in his preface would have acknowledged his obligation. The only time Kastner's treatise is noticed is in speaking of the Pavillon Chinois and other curious instruments. "We refer," says Berlioz,

"those of our readers curious to know more of them to M. Kastner's excellent treatise." The production of a comic opera by Kastner in 1841 was the cause of temporary estrangement between these two men. In a letter to Schilling the composer complains that Berlioz did everything to prevent the success of the work, and even spoke against the music before he had heard a note of it. It is difficult to know how far this was the case. Probably some expressions of Berlioz, not altogether favourable with regard to Kastner as a composer, got repeated, and of course exaggerated. It is now too late to discover the origin of the quarrel. Both the men concerned in it are dead; and it would have been better to have said nothing about it. It is not only the letter to Schilling, but also the statement of Herr Ludwig to which we refer. Our author writes about Berlioz's conduct; yet so far as we can make out he is not an independent witness, but merely echoes Kastner's words. In 1852 Kastner published the first of a series of works entitled *Liens Partitions*. It is entitled "Les Danses de Mort." The monuments of antiquity and of the middle ages; ancient music and musical instruments; dances—everything, in fact relating to the matter is treated in a manner which shows considerable research. Humboldt, in writing to the author, spoke of it as "un ouvrage savant et magnifique ouvrage." Victor Cousin also wrote about it in terms of the highest praise. The work, as the title suggests, is purely literary. At the end is the score of a tone-poem entitled "La danse macabre" for orchestra and choir. The orchestration is very elaborate; but of the music it appears, so far as we may judge of it from reading, to be skilfully constructed rather than imaginatively conceived. His next work was "La Harpe d'Bole et la Musique Cosmique." In a fanciful tone-poem the sounds of an Aeolian harp are imitated by means of harmonic notes from muted strings including the double-bass. In his "Voix de Paris" he gives musical examples of street cries from the time of the middle ages. The symphony into which these cries are introduced is a curious specimen of humouristic music. Kastner wrote besides treatises of various instruments, and contributed articles to the *Gazette Musicale*, and to Alsatian and other papers. In 1840 Schumann sent him a letter thanking him for the sketch of his (Schumann's) life, which Kastner had prepared for the *Gazette Musicale*. Kastner died in 1856. The history of his life teaches how much may be accomplished by industry and great patience.

Studies in Musical History. By Louis S. Davis. (Knickerbocker Press.) It would be absurd to ignore the services which the Christian Church has rendered to music; but our author surely goes beyond the mark in asserting that the "larger number of our greatest musicians have come to us through the doors of the sanctuary." One can scarcely say that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and only in a forced sense of Bach and Handel. Mr. Davis's tendency to exaggerate is, however, well shown in his statement that "the Christian Church has been the guide and schoolmaster of Europe for upwards [sic] of two thousand years." His chapter on "The First Christian Hymn" is not a study, but a rhapsody. In the chapter on the "Transition Period" our author ignores Coussemacher's discoveries. He mentions only one Franco, and has nothing to say about the early French school which paved the way for that of the Netherlands. Some of the "Studies" are agreeably written, though nowhere very deep. The one on the "Mass" is decidedly superficial. Two of the most attractive chapters are those on "Folklore" and "The Common and Commonplace"; but these are not in any way musical studies. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

"ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS."

Keats. By Sidney Colvin. (Macmillan.)

A CRITICAL monograph on Keats, in which should be distilled all the new material that, since the appearance of Lord Houghton's biography, has been furnished by the industry of poetical students, has long been a desideratum. Indeed I remember hearing Lord Houghton himself say so at the very last interview I had with that most genial of men and most charming of biographers; and I well remember, too, that among the names of the critics who on that occasion were mentioned as being peculiarly well equipped for the task of preparing such a monograph that of Mr. Colvin was one. For surely the very ideal of the literary monograph is (if not Prof. Jebb's *Bentley*) Mr. Colvin's *Landor*. And with regard to the book before me, on every page will be found evidence of that care and that scholarly conscience for which Mr. Colvin is distinguished even among English scholars. Every kind of information from every source has been examined with an honest sagacity which nothing can escape. With regard to the letters to Fanny Brawne, Mr. Colvin's remarks on their publication are severe; but he says, and says truly, that a biographer "cannot ignore these letters now that they are published." I think, however, that as a real and trustworthy exposition of the passionate heart of a poet too much has been made of these letters, both by those who have read them with sympathy, and by those who have read them with unsympathetic eyes. The love-passion when most intense is not so voluble as we find it here. Perhaps, indeed, the mere impulse towards articulate expression must always be taken into account when we set about to judge of the expressed emotions of a writing man, whether in prose or verse. That it is possible for a man to become what Shakspeare calls "passion's slave"—possible for a man to melt in the grip of passion like wax in fire—is, of course, true. In real life we see it in the case of Nelson; in drama we see it in the case of Othello; but then the man thus enslaved is not one who writes such letters as Keats's. I do not, therefore, mourn over Keats's passion, as Rossetti used to do, nor get angry with it, as Mr. Swinburne does. Deeper than his passion for any woman was Keats's passion for poetry. This would soon have conquered the transient flame for Fanny Brawne—that very type of the hard-mouthed female Philistine of England, who, with a wisdom beyond her years, preserved and carefully labelled the bard's love-letters, "because," as she said, "they might some day be of value." That

other passion, however, the passion for poetry, was a serious matter.

Like Lord Houghton, and like all the writers upon Keats who have succeeded Lord Houghton, Mr. Colvin is inclined to speak of this passion as though it were *not* serious—to speak of the attacks of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* as though they had no serious effect upon Keats's life and happiness. Pleasant, indeed, must it be to an admirer of Keats if he can take this view of the matter. That there was in Keats's constitution a tendency to phthisis is, of course, beyond question; but those who have watched the progress of this disease must have observed that in the life of a young person of consumptive tendency there is a period, ranging generally in the case of a young man between eighteen and twenty-five, and in the case of a young woman between sixteen and twenty-three, when the chief remedy against the further advance of the foe is entire peace of mind. If, during this period, the consumptive patient can (besides being fostered by all those conditions of a physical kind which are now at the command of medical science) be shielded from mental troubles—from all those disturbances of the emotions to which young people at this period of life are peculiarly liable—disturbances which exhaust that nervous current which is so sorely needed at the very fount of life itself—if this can be compassed, it is astonishing what nature will do in her struggle against the most deadly of all her foes. But let there come upon the patient during this period any great calamity, or even any vexation of a deep kind—especially if insomnia should set in—and results will follow exactly similar to those recorded in the case of Keats. I have myself seen cases where young people whose constitutions had been struggling bravely with the foe were struck down and hopelessly shattered by a very short period of mental trouble. If there has been among English poets a man so proud as Chatterton it was surely Keats. That so proud a man as he would try to conceal his wound was of course natural and, indeed, inevitable; but that he suffered deeply—that he "bled inwardly," as Chatterton bled—there is only too much evidence existing. The alarming symptoms set in immediately after he read the two venomous and contemptuous articles that live in connexion with his name as a shame and a disgrace to the profession of letters. It is true that although at first he declared that he would "write no more poetry, but try to do what good he could in some other way," he soon "pulled himself together" (as the saying is) and treated the annoyance "as one merely temporary, indifferent, and external." But in order to realise what he suffered Mr. Colvin must remember how extremely ambitious was Keats—how proud, how courageous against every shaft of the "coarse world" but ridicule—and also how powerful for good or ill was in those days an article upon a young poet in *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly Review*. He must remember that the two poetasters who edited those journals—though their very names are now but faint echoes in the literary arena, while the name of the apothecary's boy they assailed is a growing music in the world's ear for ever—were then men of very great consideration, and spoke

through organs of so great influence and authority that when Keats's tragedy, "*Otho the Great*," was afterwards offered to the theatre, Keats's friend Brown advised that the author's name should be suppressed on account of the ridicule surrounding it. Certainly it is not pleasant to think that the premature death of a poet whom both Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Colvin name in the same breath with Shakspeare should have been partly brought about by the low-bred insolence of a man like Gifford and the tippy vulgarities of a man like Wilson; but if it is true, we must accept the truth, however unpleasant, and hold it up as a warning to critics.

To Mr. Buxton Forman's exhaustive labours in Keatsian bibliography, and also to Mr. W. T. Arnold's admirable introduction to the one-volume edition of Keats, published in 1884, Mr. Colvin does full justice. It is a pity that Mr. W. T. Arnold's essay is not more widely known. Also, Mr. Colvin has had access to certain papers and correspondence left by the late Joseph Severn, which have been put into the hands of Mr. William Sharp, to be edited and published at his discretion. And it is interesting to know that these papers contain, in Mr. Colvin's judgment, "materials for what should be a valuable biography."

As to Mr. Colvin's remarks on Keats's poetry, the reader will, I think, find himself agreeing with most of them. Of the "*Ode on a Grecian Urn*," and the "*Ode to the Nightingale*," Mr. Colvin says that "both are among the veriest glories of our poetry." And few indeed are those who would gainsay him. In speaking, however, of the odes it should always be remembered that the difference between the elegiac odes of Keats and Wordsworth, and the impassioned odes of Shelley and Coleridge, is a difference not of degree but of kind. I have often thought, indeed, and have elsewhere suggested that a new name should be found for the elegiac ode, wherein the "fine frenzy" of the prophet is subdued by the pensive grace of the artist. To say which is the finer kind of ode, the ode of Shelley or the ode of Keats, might be difficult and even presumptuous. There will always be critics, I suppose, who, like Mr. Swinburne, set the "*Ode to France*" and the "*Ode to the West Wind*" above the "*Ode to a Nightingale*" and the ode on the "*Intimations of Immortality*"; and there will always be critics who, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, do the reverse of this. But here, as in all things, Mr. Colvin agrees with Mr. Matthew Arnold. To him, Keats's odes are evidently the very finest in the language; and I, for one, dare not with any great emphasis challenge his judgment.

Mr. Colvin does not, I think, over-estimate the damaging effect of Leigh Hunt's jaunty mannerisms upon Keats's earliest poems. Only upon the very lowest slopes of Parnassus, if at all, is jauntiness a poetic mood. Poetry is a sacred thing—as sacred to-day as it was when "*Job*" was written. Though science demonstrates ever so triumphantly the insignificance of the little human singer, the insignificance of the little planet from which he pipes to a universe where suns are thicker than the sands of Norfolk, poetry is still a sacred thing; and he who is not as

earnest as the martyr at the stake is but a sorry poet, though, very likely, a worthy man of prose. Hunt's pert familiarities are sufficiently irritating in his own work, where, at least, they are in a congenial jaunty setting: interspersed among Keats's verses—which, if not at any moment quite earnest enough, are at least rich and romantic and "beautiful exceedingly"—they become intolerable.

The rugged movements in which Keats so freely indulged are also commented upon by Mr. Colvin. These, however, were owing partly to the influence of Hunt's mistaken theory about the rhyme-pause, and partly to the fact that Keats's natural ear for rhythm was not, perhaps, so fine as to be entirely adequate to his other amazing poetical gifts. I have always thought that Mr. Swinburne's unrivalled rhythmic powers have made him less than just to "Endymion," where Keats, in his determined revolt against eighteenth-century canons and eighteenth-century movements, does certainly perpetrate some astonishingly inharmonious lines. In spite of this, however, not only in "Endymion," but also in such poems in Keats's first volume as "Sleep and Poetry," there are lines and even passages of some length which give full promise of all his future greatness as a poet. This, I am well aware, will be considered by many a rash saying, but I say it after much study of Keats and with a full recollection of all the puerilities in "Endymion."

I have touched already or shall touch upon so many points in this interesting volume that I have no space to discuss here so large a question as that of "Hyperion: a Vision" in its relation to the original "Hyperion"—a subject upon which Mr. Colvin has expended very great and very intelligent research and care. Yet I hope to say something about it on another occasion.

Upon the glorious fantasia "The Eve of St. Agnes" many good things have been written from the days of Leigh Hunt to the present time, but nothing better than the following:

"As this poem does not attempt the elemental grandeur of 'Hyperion,' so neither does it approach the human pathos and passion of 'Isabella.' Its personages appeal to us, not so much humanly and in themselves, as by the circumstances, scenery and atmosphere amidst which we see them move. Herein lies the strength, and also the weakness, of modern romance—its strength, inasmuch as the charm of the mediæval colour and mystery is un-failing for those who feel it at all—its weakness, inasmuch as under the influence of that charm both writer and reader are too apt to forget the need for human and moral truth; and without these no great literature can exist."

These last words are especially wise and true. Poetry must always, as I once said before, reflect the life of nature or the life of man, else it is "nothing worth"; and for this very reason I do not fully agree with the remarks that follow, where Mr. Colvin defends the astounding moonlight effects in "The Eve of St. Agnes":

"The painted panes in the chamber window, instead of trying to pick out their beauties in detail, he calls:

'Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd wings,'
a gorgeous phrase which leaves the widest range to the colour-imagination of the reader,

giving it at the same time a sufficient clue by the simile drawn from a particular specimen of nature's blazonry. In the last line of the same stanza:

'A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings,'

—the word 'blush' makes the colour seem to come and go, while the mind is at the same time travelling from the maiden's chamber on thoughts of her lineage and ancestral fame. Observation, I believe, shows that moonlight has not the power to transmit the hues of painted glass as Keats in this celebrated passage represents it. Let us be grateful for the error, if error it is, which has led him to heighten, by these saintly splendours of colour, the sentiment of a scene wherein a voluptuous glow is so exquisitely attemper'd with chivalrous chastity and awe."

Here again, however, the subject is much too large a one to be fully discussed in a brief review; and I will merely say that, beautiful as are Keats's moonlight effects in this poem, they would have had a beauty of a far higher kind had they "reflected the life of nature." In "the seven-fold heaven of poetry," both fancy and imagination have, no doubt, a seat, yet, perhaps, in the seventh heaven, fancy hardly holds a place at all. It is the eye of fancy that sees the "warm gules" shed by moonlight through a stained glass window. Imagination knows no such effects, for imagination has the certitude of logic: she can never go wrong: she reflects the life of nature as surely as she reflects the life of man. To us of this scientific generation, whose eyes have been trained to look upon nature with faithful and loving eyes, it is almost incredible that Keats, and not only Keats, but a man of the highest objective power like Scott, could ever have given to moonlight a power which everyone in our time knows moonlight never could and never did display—in the northern hemisphere, at least; how it may be in Australia, where the moon is said to be half as powerful as the sun, let the critics of Australia tell us. The artistic growth of a true imagination is an organism as vital as any of the natural growths of the woods and fields; and even if Nature's own "violets" happen to be not "radiant" as fancy would have them, but "dim," Shakspeare calls them so. All Mr. Colvin's remarks upon the "Eve of St. Agnes" are so striking, however, that I cannot refrain from giving a second quotation from them:

"If the unique charm of the "Eve of St. Agnes" lies thus in the richness and vitality of the accessory and decorative images, the actions and emotions of the personages are hardly less happily conceived as far as they go. What can be better touched than the figures of the beadsman and the nurse, who live just long enough to share in the wonders of the night, and die quietly of age when their parts are over; especially the debate of old Angela with Lorenzo, and her gentle treatment by her mistress on the stair? A critic, not often so in error, has contended that the deaths of the beadsman and Angela in the concluding stanza are due to the exigencies of rhyme. On the contrary, they are foreseen from the first: that of the beadsman in the lines:

"But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung";

that of Angela where she calls herself

"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing bell may ere the midnight toll."

Madeline is exquisite throughout, but, most of all, I think, at two moments: first, when she has just entered her chamber—

"No uttered syllable, or, woe betide:
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side":

and afterwards, when awakening, she finds her lover beside her, and contrasts his bodily presence with her dream:

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear
Made tunable with every sweetest vow:
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!"

The "critic" here criticised is myself. And if Mr. Colvin has misread my words, the fault, I can well believe, has been my own lack of perspicuity and not my critic's lack of perspicacity. Undoubtedly I did once quote the last stanza of the "Eve of St. Agnes" as an illustration of the very great pressure of rhyme-demands upon the wings of Keats's imagination:

"And they are gone; ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shawl and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela, the old,
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform.
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold."

And then I said what has aroused Mr. Colvin's displeasure:

"Now if we consider how fantastic (according to the law of association of ideas) are the conceptions of "coffin-worm" and "meagre face deform" in relation to the elopement of two lovers, and if we also recollect how few are the available rhymes to the initial rhyme-word "storm," we shall see that it was rhyme-necessity alone which caused the warriors to dream of 'coffin-worm'; and rhyme-necessity alone which caused poor Angela (who deserved 'to die on a feather-bed sipping a cup of spiced wine') to have such a miserable latter end, going off 'palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform.'"

Let me assure Keats's generous champion that I had in no way forgotten Angela's description of herself in the early part of the poem (indeed, who could forget a line of "The Eve of St. Agnes"?); and yet I feel that in this beautiful romance Angela would not—but for the tyrant, rhyme—have been allowed to leave behind her the uncomfortable memory of the "meagre face deform" of a disfigured corpse; and as to the jolly warriors, I feel sure they would have dreamt of hawk and hound, or else of the delight of battle, and not of the "coffin-worm," but for the same tyrant, who forced the hideous nightmare upon them. The beadsman, however, and his sleep among his ashes cold, I had, as my words show, accepted with as little demur as Mr. Colvin himself, whose "gentle wrath" on behalf of Keats I would fain appease.

On the whole, then, those who read this delightful little volume will admit that Mr. Colvin in his treatment of Keats is almost as happy as he was in his treatment of Landor. I say "almost" as happy, and yet not quite. Good as is the present monograph, it is not, perhaps, so vigorously written as the one on Landor, nor do the critical remarks seem to be quite so original or quite so ripe. If, however, in answer to these strictures it

should be argued that ripeness of poetical criticism is as rare as original poetry itself, I should hardly know how to find an answer to such an argument. Mr. Matthew Arnold has declared that this age of ours is the age of criticism, not the age of original artistic work. On such a subject he is naturally listened to with very special respect; for, not only is he himself illustrious both as poet and as critic, but he has been pointed at as "the most distinguished man of letters in England" by the finger of England's Lord Chief Justice—a finger that must be assumed to point with authority whenever it is so condescending as to point in the literary direction at all. Yet when one recalls Mr. M. Arnold's own splendid achievements in original poetry, when one recalls the splendid achievements of Lord Tennyson, of Mr. Browning, of Mr. Swinburne, of Mr. William Morris, one cannot but ask oneself, where is the contemporary criticism that can be set beside such a body of original work as these latter days have produced? I will not say that it is the thought of this—the thought that in no department of literature is there so little originality as in criticism—which makes the critics of our time so modest; for the acknowledged chief of contemporary poets has failed to discover any modesty at all in the judgment of critics and in the "chorus of indolent reviewers." But surely if ever there was a time when man's gregarious instinct for "following a leader" was seen in the critic rather than in the poet, it is seen in the present age of monographs and popular biographies. Only let one powerful or brilliant writer of recognised authority say a thing with brilliance or with power, and howsoever fantastic the thing said may be, it is taken up by hundreds of writers of whose brilliance and power the well-bred reader says as little as possible, until, at last, by mere force of reiteration it becomes an axiom. For instance, when Mr. Ruskin discoursed in his usual eloquent fashion of the "pathetic fallacy," if he had declared that to inform the unconscious universe with our own consciousness—our own passions and our own emotions, as the poets are wont to inform her—is to violate the laws of logic and common-sense, he might have been right; but when he tells us that the poet in so doing violates the sanctions of art and the laws of true imagination, he forgets that what logic and common-sense call the "pathetic fallacy" is part and parcel of the illogical soul of man—that without it there could have been no poetry at all, no language at all, no intelligence at all save that which belongs to the "pensive somnambulism of the lower animals." He forgets that every word in every tongue is charged with this "pathetic fallacy"—nay, is the outcome of this "pathetic fallacy." Nevertheless, Mr. Ruskin's phrase has been the central thought of how many critical utterances!

By these remarks I do not in the least mean to say a word against the brilliant genius of Mr. Ruskin, nor do I mean to insinuate that Mr. Colvin has been taken captive by it. Indeed, the reader of this monograph, for having been spared the usual talk about the "pathetic fallacy," will be delighted to give the writer of it all the gratitude that such self-abnegation deserves.

Yet there is another writer of genius whose every will-o'-the-wisp Mr. Colvin is ready to follow whithersoever it may lead. I allude, of course, to the discoverer, fosterer, and patron of the famous "Celtic element." Many a reader must, I fear, have fled from Mr. Colvin's book in alarm on coming upon these ominous paragraphs.

"In the gifts and temperament of Keats we shall find much that seems characteristic of the Celtic rather than the English nature. Whether he really had any of that blood in his veins we cannot tell. His father was a native either of Devon or of Cornwall; and his mother's name, Jennings, is common in, but not peculiar to, Wales.

"Was it that, along with what seems his Celtic intensity of feeling and imagination, he had inherited a special share of that inward gloom which the reverses of their history have stamped, according to some, on the mind of the Celtic race?

"The Celtic instability,' a reader may perhaps surmise who adopts that hypothesis as to the poet's descent. Whether the quality was one of race or not, it was proverbially inseparable from the peculiar complexion of Keats's genius."

For my own part, when I came upon "Celtic gloom" I really did flee from the book in terror, and that day I read no more. For, if Mr. Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy" has been a blessing to the word-joiner and a torture to the real student, what shall be said about Mr. Matthew Arnold's dreadful "Celtic element." I once knew a poet, and a great one, who for years dared not open a book of contemporary criticism, so great was his fear lest he should come upon the "dreaded name" of the "Celtic Titan" and his element. And this gives me an opportunity of once more imploring the critics to have mercy upon us, and to leave that discontented and sublime Titan alone for the next quarter of a century at least.

Everyone who has thought upon nature, the great dumb mother who bore us, knows that, although she usually gazes out upon man with frank and open eyes, she sometimes will fall into another mood, and seem to be a beautiful spirit, dreaming of man's destiny—seem, in short, to be gazing at him with eyes of wonder, or else of mysterious joy, or else of a prophetic sorrow whose very greatness has made her dumb. And the recognition of this aspect of nature is, we may be sure, as old as the human race; the expression of it is, we know, as old as the very earliest poetry that has come down to us; for the expression of the "witchery and fairy charm" of nature, is the expression of the great religious heart of man. And because this quality of nature was to be found everywhere, and was essentially no more Celtic than it was Scandivanian or Finnish or Polynesian, Mr. Arnold called it the "Celtic element." In that delightful spirit of poetic whim which is one of his most charming characteristics he chose to call it so, and made us all—"Celts" as well as "English"—happy, especially the "English." That there was any reason for calling this quality the "Celtic element" or that Mr. Arnold had any special knowledge of matters Celtic entitling him to talk as sweetly and glibly

about the "Celtic element" as Mr. Ruskin talked about the "pathetic fallacy," there was no need to enquire, any more than there was need to enquire what was Mr. Arnold's special knowledge of Shelley's poetry that enabled him to declare that the author of "Prometheus Unbound" would go down to posterity not as a poet, but as the most elegant and accomplished polite letter writer of his time. So fascinating a writer is Mr. Matthew Arnold, so all conquering is his own wizardry and fairy charm, that had he chosen to call it the Maori element, the Timbuctoo element, or the element of the Cloud-cuckoo Townians, he would still have delighted us English Philistines, who are, it seems, the only people without the "fairy charm," and love to be told so. No one in this Philistine island would have had the courage or the hardness of heart to ask Mr. Arnold how the Celts first obtained their "element," and how, after so many changes, they managed to keep it, and transmit it through English poets to us. For, true as well as charming as Mr. Arnold's utterances mostly are, it is his privilege to hold a place in English criticism like that of the reigning beauty in English society, the lady who knows that the value of her words depends not so much upon the things said as upon the rosy curve of the lips that say them. But, just as the reigning beauty has thousands of imitators, who, in order to be reigning beauties themselves, vex their fallow skins with pigments, or dye their swart locks with "liquid gold," so Mr. Arnold has imitators who wax eloquent about the "Celtic element," about the Titanic temper of the Welshman, the lofty Hibernian's "gloom" and sublime discontent, and the porcine element of the pure, thick-fingered John Bull—wax more eloquent, indeed, than Mr. Arnold himself had waxed, who, when he mounts a hobby horse, generally lets us know by a wink or a gesture that the creature he rides is not really a flesh and blood steed, or at least is only equine in the Arnoldian sense.

The best examples of the "Celtic element" in poetry were, of course, from Shakspeare and Keats. Obviously, therefore, Shakspeare and Keats ought to have been Celtic Titans; and if the discoverer of the Celtic Titan did not attempt to base his "racial theory" upon "racial facts," and find a line of ancestral Celtic Titans for each English poet, it was, we may be sure, because Shakspeare's father being a sturdy Warwickshire yeoman, and Keats's father a sturdy London ostler, it was well to leave the "racial facts" alone. Mr. Arnold's followers, however, knowing that it is the privilege of genius alone to make bricks without straw, are more modest, and look around them for the "racial facts" which the discoverer of the "Celtic element" despised. While taking for granted the assumption of their master about the "Celtic element" in Shakspeare and Keats, and while accepting the undoubted Stratford yeoman and the undoubted ostler of the Swan-and-Hoop, they account for the "Celtic element" in these thoroughly English poets by Mr. Colvin's theory of the "alternation of generations" in the Titanic variety of man—a theory akin, it seems, to that which the students of the entozoa have formulated in regard to the tape-worm. Between tapeworm and tapeworm there is a

series of what the Danish biologist calls the "nursing generations," who, though not tapeworms themselves, hold the tapeworm "element" in suspense. Even so it is between Celtic Titan and Celtic Titan. This being established, why should not these nursing generations of the Titans be Warwickshire woolstaplers or London ostlers? Now the paternal ostler who begat and "nursed" Keats, though he groomed in Finsbury, was born in Devon. What are the counties adjoining Devon? Are they not Somerset and Cornwall? Somerset may be English, un-Titanic, and without the "fairy charm"; but is not Cornwall—the land of Cornish giants and the killers of Cornish giants—Celtic and Titanic to the core? Who shall deny this? Far be it from me to deny it. Yet I would remind Mr. Colvin and the innumerable critics of the "Celtic element" school that, fine as is the element in question, thick-fingered John Bull is becoming weary of it, and is just now longing to hear the last of it, and also to see the back of the Celtic Titan—at least in the field of poetical criticism. I would remind them that there was a certain French Republican who, during the despotic reign of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," exclaimed, "Brother Citizens, for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, I am most willing to die, but I will not be bored by them."

THEODORE WATTS.

Manchester. By George Saintsbury. (Longmans.)

THE latest historian of Manchester differs from his predecessors in more than one respect. Hollinworth, Whitaker, Wheeler, Timperley, and Reilly, however much they vary in style and erudition, were all local men, and wrote chiefly for a local public. Thus when the present writer re-edited the *Annals of Manchester* he found it necessary to include a thousand details which were essential for local purposes, but could have little or no interest for the "general reader," whose very existence the sceptical are beginning to doubt. An exception ought, perhaps, to be made in the case of Whitaker's *History of Manchester*, which, in spite of its author's immense learning and imaginative power, contains little of history and less of Manchester, and was certainly addressed to a wider audience than Lancashire could then supply. Although but a fragment, it is a massive monument of perverse ingenuity and misapplied literary power. Mr. Saintsbury has an advantage in his detached position which prevents any suspicion of local prejudices or local bias, while his two residences in Manchester give him that amount of familiarity without which the satisfactory execution of his task would have been impossible.

The work was undertaken for Prof. Freeman's "Historic Towns"; but owing to differences of opinion between the author and the editor it has been withdrawn from the series, and is now issued independently. No hint is given as to the nature of these "differences," but they may probably be looked for in the treatment of the later history of Manchester, and the strictures upon *Manchesterism*—a body of doctrine which

Mr. Saintsbury surveys from a somewhat Conservative standpoint. The earlier annals are scanty and obscure, but Mr. Watkin's labours have enabled us to form an adequate idea of Roman Manchester. Between the foundation of the military station and the Norman Conquest the only certain fact is that the town was re-built by Edward the Elder after its destruction, more or less complete, by the Danes. From Doomsday we know that the hundred had received the name of Salford—a conclusive proof that Manchester was then of smaller importance than its twin-town. Mr. Saintsbury omits, in his quotation from the Conqueror's survey, to say that the men of Salford and the men of Leyland—both royal manors—"were not found by the custom to work at the King's hall or to work for him in August." Salford, in 1230, and Manchester, in 1301, received charters by which some municipal privileges were granted, although each town nominally remained a manor. Practically they were self-governed, but many inconveniences arose when these two towns, grown into great modern communities, were still enveloped in the mediaeval swaddling-clothes of their infancy.

Although a mass of additional local detail may be expected from the Public Records now gradually being made accessible, it is not at all likely that any evidence will be forthcoming to disturb the conviction of the unimportance of Manchester in relation to the national history in the middle ages. It was the growth of the woollen industry that brought wealth and increased population. It is not a little curious that long before that vegetable fibre was really used the products of the Lancashire looms were known as "Manchester cottons," by which, in the reign of Henry VIII., the town had already attained wealth and reputation. The early history of the textile manufactures in the north of England is very obscure. Of the supposed establishment of Flemish weavers in 1363, Mr. Saintsbury very well says: "But Queen Philippa did many things which we should all be sorry to give up as art and literature, and which yet are somewhat dubiously history." It is not until Tudor times that we reach historic certainty, and then we find the town a scene of struggle between the forces of the Reformation and of Rome. Mr. Saintsbury, by a slip, includes Manchester among the places visited by James I. in his Lancashire progress. None of the Stuart kings visited the town, which took an active share for the Parliament in the struggle with Charles I., but, curiously enough, was distinguished in a later generation by its Jacobite sympathies. When the Manchester rebels of 1745 had expiated their mistaken loyalty on the scaffold, Manchester entered upon that course of industrial development which has made it what it is to-day.

With the advance of wealth and the increase of population came discontent with its imperfect local government and the political impotence arising out of its exclusion from parliamentary representation. Commercial distress quickened this discontent, and the mass of the people were largely under the influence of the democratic feeling born of the success of the French Revolution. A

meeting called to petition for parliamentary reform in 1819 was dispersed by the yeomanry and military with a barbarity which Mr. Saintsbury appears disposed to minimise, if not to extenuate. "The local and contemporary accounts of the matter," he says, "are for the most part very highly coloured, and must be examined with caution." Having examined with caution practically all that has been written on the subject, and having heard the statements of some who were in the Peterloo massacre, it seems to me one of the most shameful pages in our history. Although the chief leader in the atrocity, the Rev. W. R. Hay, a man of tyrannical temper and grossly indecorous manners, was rewarded with the rich living of Rochdale, it may be doubted if it compensated him for the hate and detestation which followed him to the grave. The working classes looked to parliamentary representation as the instrument by which to obtain the changes they desired; and if they were disappointed with the results of the changes made in 1832 it was because they were not sufficiently far-reaching. The Chartists, although despised, feared, persecuted, and imprisoned, had no revolutionary programme. Charter are now law. They looked with disfavour upon the Anti-Corn Law agitation, not because they were opposed to Free Trade, but because they believed that the same strength necessary to carry that would secure a democratic system of government, which would involve, as a necessary consequence, that and other needed reforms. Their theory was of constitutional one of representative government; but in English politics the Anti-Corn Law League initiated a new departure, in which Parliament merely registers the result of discussions carried on outside its walls.

Mr. Saintsbury's account of the Manchester school, although written in no sympathetic spirit, is a brilliant specimen of criticism and exposition. It is sometimes supposed that the Factory Acts were opposed by the entire weight of *Manchesterism*, yet they had no warmer advocate than Mr. Joseph Brotherton, M.P. for Salford. With regard to the cotton famine, Mr. Saintsbury says: "The oft-repeated assertion that the operatives, despite suffering, were for the most part steady in favour of the North, whose action caused those sufferings, would probably be difficult to verify in detail." A Northerner would be difficult to convince that it was the action of the North that caused the Slaveholders' Rebellion; and a Lancashire man who has lived through the "hard times," when the machinery was silent and the mills were stopped, and when the fire was extinguished in many a cottage hearth, will have no doubt as to the sympathies of the factory folk. That the Southern sympathisers, for the most part, contented themselves with disturbing the Union and Emancipation meetings without venturing to hold public gatherings of their own, is a significant fact.

If I do not profess to look at Manchester history from Mr. Saintsbury's point of view, or to agree with all his verdicts, the circumstance will not lessen my gratitude for his vindication of the city from the gross caricature of Dickens's poorest work—*Hard Times*, nor will it prevent me from recognising the

judgment with which the salient points have been selected from the vast mass of detail, the skill with which they are described, and the brilliance of style which makes many pages equally valuable as literature and as history.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

The Poems of Giacomo Leopardi. Translated by F. Townsend. (Putnam's Sons.)

THE task of translating a classic is generally admitted to be desperate; yet the fascination of the task, the difficulties to be overcome, the semi-creative attitude which is required in the translator, will always insure recruits for the army of translation. Translation will continue to be a delightful exercise for the translator, but it will "come back more to him than to his readers." In the case of historians or philosophers, where the matter rather than the form is of paramount importance, translations have a better chance of succeeding; but in the case of poetry, where form is of equal value with matter, the task is well-nigh hopeless. It is as impossible to render in English

"Che fai tu, luna, in ciel? Dimmi, che fai,
Silenziosa luna?"

as it would be to render

"And the sun went down, and the stars came out
far over the summer sea,"

in Italian. The value of the lines, the emotion that created them, the image that they raise, the effect they are intended to produce, are all locked up in the very sound of the words themselves. At the outset the translator from Italian into English is met with a radical difficulty. How can our monosyllabic English compete with or adequately render the sonorous cadences of polysyllabic Italian?

Of Italian classics, Leopardi is certainly one of the most difficult to translate. The causes of this difficulty are various. In the first place, the very nature of his subject—cosmic misery—its vastness, its rigidity, its lack of detail, yields so little that is positive to the grasp of the translator. Leopardi is essentially a subjective poet. His theme is himself, his own individual unhappiness projected beyond himself until it fills the whole circumference of being. This is a magnificent subject for the poet; but in dealing with it Leopardi is cold, reserved, rejecting externals, concentrating his gaze upon his central emotion. Again, Leopardi is, as he himself said of Monti, essentially "un poeta dell'orrecchio." He is a rhetorical poet. His cadences, the structures of his sentences, are governed by the demands of the speaking voice and the ear that hears it; and this leads the poet to adopt his extremely intricate, and sometimes arbitrary, systems of rhymes, the only parallels to which in English are the choruses in Milton's "Samson Agonistes." In Leopardi's poetry, more than in that of almost any other poet, a union has taken place between the sound and the sense so intimate that to sever them means to destroy. Leopardi used words as an architect uses stones, or a sculptor his marble; and, as what Leo Battista Alberti called "la musica" of architecture vanishes if the stones are touched, so with Leopardi the passion of his thought

seems to disappear upon the alteration of his words.

In spite of these great difficulties in the way of a translation of Leopardi's poems, we must say at once that Mr. Townsend's renderings are very good. Of the two possible methods of translation—the close or literal and the free or "impressional"—Mr. Townsend has, in all cases but one, to which we shall presently refer, chosen the literal method. The very nature of his original compelled him to this choice. Free translations of Leopardi could not well be anything else than a new series of pessimistic poems. Mr. Townsend is faithful to the words, and also in a remarkable degree to the rythmical structure. The opening poem, "All' Italia," does not seem to us so successfully rendered as many of the others; but its patriotic compeers, "Sopra il Monumento di Dante" and "Nelle Nozze della Sorella," as well as the splendid "Consalvo," "Silvia," and the exquisite "Canto Notturmo" are as happily translated as we should suppose was possible in English. Space will not allow us to quote at any length; but as an admirable specimen of Mr. Townsend's powers we cannot resist giving this exquisite, free not literal, rendering of Leopardi's lyrical fancy called "Imitazione." It is the best translation in the volume, and has something of the feeling of Blake about it.

"Wandering from the parent bough,
Little trembling leaf,
Whither goest thou?
From the beech, where I was born,
By the north wind was I torn.
Him I follow in his flight,
Over mountain, over vale,
From the forest to the plain,
Up the hill, and down again.
With him ever on the way:
More than this I cannot say.
Where I go must all things go,
Gentle, simple, high and low:
Leaves of laurel, leaves of rose;
Whither, heaven only knows."

The translator has not attempted to preserve the *terza rima* of "Il Primo Amore," and his choice of a simple four-lined stanza for the rendering of "Il Risorgimento" is most unfortunate.

Leopardi is so great a master of language that a minute study of his works is as valuable an exercise as the study of an ancient classic. We will take a few of the difficult passages, and see how Mr. Townsend has dealt with them. In the "Ultimo Canto di Saffo" the passage

"Alle sembianze il Padre,
Alle amene sembianze eterno regno
Diè nelle genti,"

is translated thus:

"To idle shows Jove gives eternal sway."

We are inclined to think that *sembianze* here does not mean idle shows, but outward beauty. It is quite true that, as Mr. Townsend translates the passage, the meaning is Leopardesque; and, further, that in the "Tramonto della Luna" Leopardi talks of "le sembianze Dei dilettoni inganni," where *sembianze* means idle shows. But in the passage under discussion we cannot help feeling that *sembianze* is in antithesis to *disadorno ammanto*; and the whole point of the passage is that valour, learning, song are valueless in an ugly body.

Again, in the same poem, the passage
"Morremo! Il velo indegno a terra sparto,
Rifugirà l'ignudo animo a Dite."

is translated

"I die! This wretched veil to earth I cast."

It seems clear from the future "rifugirà" that *sparto* is the past participle of *spargere*, used absolutely, not the present indicative of *spartire*. In the poem "A se Stesso," "or poserai" means "Now shalt thou rest," not "Nor wilt thou." This must surely have been a slip. In the following lines,

"Peri l'inganno estremo
Ohe eterno io mi credei,"

is rightly taken as "perished is the last illusion that I thought eternal in me." The three ultimate lines of the same poem, however,

"Omai disprezza
Te, la natura, il brutto
Poter," &c.

translated by Mr. Townsend

"Still, Nature, art thou doomed to fall," &c.

seem to us in his rendering not only to be a violation of the actual meaning of Leopardi, but to show a neglect of the very essence of Leopardi's philosophy. With Leopardi nature is the ultimate fact. He never presses beyond nature. In the parable of the Icelander, Nature, the Sphinx of Sahara, is left alone upon the scene. It is man who is destroyed. It seems to us impossible that Leopardi should ever have said that Nature herself was "doomed to fall, the victim scorned of that blind, brutal power that rules and ruins all." Again, the phrase, "father's balcony," as a translation of "i verroni del paterno ostello," gives, in its colloquialness, a shock to the reader, and is a violation of Leopardi's rigid purity and correctness of style.

But, in spite of these and other points of disagreement, which it would have been pleasant to discuss with Mr. Townsend, we repeat again that these translations are very good, and in proof thereof we recommend to our readers the "Night Song of a Wandering Shepherd in Asia." H. F. BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Government Official. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Weeping Ferry. By George Halse. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Gascoigne. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Ward & Downey.)

Cradled in a Storm. By Theodore A. Tharp. (Maxwell.)

In his Grasp. By Esmé Stuart. (W. H. Allen.)

99, Dark Street. By T. W. Robinson. (Maxwell.)

A Twice-Seen Face. By F. Stewart Isham. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Hatred is Akin to Love. By Ptolemy Houghton. (Sonnenschein.)

THERE are obvious reasons for the anonymity of the clever, though by no means faultless, novel which is entitled, *The Government Official*. Guessing, like prophecy, is hardly safe unless one knows. But it is really impossible to avoid guessing that one, at least, of the portraits of Her Majesty's civil servants

in the Inland Revenue Office at Liverpool is drawn from the life; and if so, the original is hardly likely to feel amiably disposed towards the wielder of a very realistic and eminently unflattering brush. There may be more than one, but one there must be. For it is clear that the author, unlike his character, the luckless Trosdale, is not an inventor but an observer; and the scene in which we make the acquaintance of the official, Mr. Cramsey, who is engaged in acting as an amateur laundress, could hardly have been invented by anyone. Those who know Liverpool at all will be impressed by the vivid accuracy and realisableness of the topographical sketches; and these will tend to inspire belief in the human portraiture, some of which would be otherwise a little incredible. If such persons as Trosdale, Thistlewaite, Holt, and Kerry are fair specimens of the representatives of Somersset House in provincial cities, the fact that the business of the country continues to be carried on rises almost to the dimensions of a miracle. Of course, there must be a strong dash of caricature in the sketch of the way in which things are managed at "third Liverpool," but one feels that there is some body of truth behind it; and had the author possessed not merely quick observation but some of Dickens's power of incisive humorous delineation, he might have given a companion to the memorable picture of the Circumlocution Office. Not that the author is deficient in humour, but he demands for its exercise a theme which brings its fun with it. The impudent, feather-brained, but loyal-hearted Irishman, Daniel Kerry, is really amusing, and is a success from first to last; while his office companions, whom Dickens would have made equally amusing, though in a different way, are here simply disagreeable. There is not much story in the book, but the characters and scenes are so tellingly realised that we do not feel the lack of it. The author can write well; whether he can invent well it is impossible to say, for in *The Government Official* he is obviously drawing upon his personal experience. I, for one, shall look out with some curiosity for his second book.

Weeping Ferry begins well, and a good beginning is a good thing. It is also, however, a very exasperating thing when, as in this story, it is a solitary goodness—a disappointing prelude to a great deal that is anything but good. Perhaps this is to speak a little too strongly, for the greatest faults of *Weeping Ferry* are the absurdity of its story and the utter unreality of two or three of its characters; but the worst of these disappointments is that they make one give way to bad tempers and extravagant language. The atmosphere and general tone and treatment of the opening chapters reminded me very strongly of some of the novels in the *Caxton* series, and I quite thought that in the mysterious "moth-hunter" Mr. Halse was going to provide one of those intinerant combinations of the philosopher and the guardian angel for whom Lord Lytton had such a kindness. Unfortunately the *Caxton* note is not heard for long, or, at any rate, is only heard intermittently; and the promising "moth-hunter" vexes the soul of the judicious reader by developing into an amateur detective of such preternatural penetration that we soon

cease to be surprised at any discovery, and only wonder that so remarkably endowed a being should allow himself to be half killed by one of the villains of the plot. These villains are the flies in the ointment. Were they removed, *Weeping Ferry* would not be a bad novel; but then it would be a novel from which the story had escaped through the gaps. There are some charming descriptions; and all that portion of the tale which relates to Peter Ray, the ferryman, and his adopted daughter Effie, is a delightful idyll. If Mr. Halse will stick to pastorals and abstain from plots he may yet do well.

Mrs. Riddell is still improving, and to say this of a writer who has been so many years before the public is to pronounce a distinctly favourable verdict. She has certainly never written anything more artistic than *Miss Gascoigne*, though the book is simply a sketch, or at most the story of an episode, rather than a novel of the ordinary kind. That it is wholly a cheerful book cannot be said. Mrs. Riddell seems to have made a vow never to let herself go in the direction of unadulterated cheerfulness, and we bid farewell to our latest hero and heroine in a rather uncomfortable frame of mind; but, apart from this, the volume is simply admirable both in conception and execution. One thing Mrs. Riddell has done which I am inclined to think has never been done before by any English novelist: she has told the story of the mutual passion of a young man of one-and-twenty and a woman more than ten years his senior, without any deviation from perfect imaginative truthfulness, and has yet managed to prevent either from being for a moment ridiculous. Both the beginning and the ending of this love-story are treated with real freshness; but no details shall be given here. Readers will enjoy the book all the more for not knowing too much about it beforehand.

The next two novels on this week's list are obviously intended for people who like strong stimulants. Mattie Freith, the heroine of *Cradled in a Storm*, never really escapes from her cradle, for her whole life—at any rate the whole of Mr. Tharp's record—is one long tempest. Indeed the storm, which frequently rises into a hurricane, begins before she is born, as a few hours previous to that event Mattie's mother, who has been driven mad by the belief that she has murdered her husband, is all but worried to death by a young mastiff, who tears her throat open, and leaves her in a most undesirable plight. As soon as she has recovered, the unfortunate woman, impelled by remorse for her supposed crime, commits suicide by drowning herself in a neighbouring river; and Mattie is adopted by her grandfather, General Crutwell, who has been alienated from his daughter by her marriage to the scoundrel, Walter Freith, and who is the possessor of the dog which for once has guarded his house not wisely, but too well. Unfortunately, Mrs. Freith's attempt at murder, though well intended, has been unsuccessful. Walter Freith turns up again in the flesh, and, failing in his endeavour to obtain pecuniary help from the general, leaves the house vowing vengeance. To the story of this vengeance Mr. Tharp devotes a volume which is a simple treasure-house of absurdities. Improbabilities need not be too harshly treated

when they are made to hang together in a workmanlike manner; but Mr. Tharp's manner is certainly not workmanlike. Incidents and characters are alike incredible; and it is not the kind of incredibility which inspires interest.

Miss Esmé Stuart, who has done some good, honest, solid work, has taken a new departure; and it is not one on which she is to be congratulated. From *Muriel's Marriage* to *In his Grasp* is a great descent; and the pitiful consideration is that the author has probably been induced to take it by a suspicion—which, it may be feared, is only too well founded—that the shoddy "psychology" of the latter work may prove more widely attractive than the careful character-painting of the former. *In his Grasp* is "respectfully dedicated to the Society for Psychological Research"; but, though the members of that society have been a good deal laughed at, it is impossible to believe that the weakest of them could possibly be taken in by the sham mesmerism which provides the subject-matter of the tale. If people will write stories dealing with themes of this kind, the least that can be expected is that they should, at any rate, familiarise themselves with the facts; but this preliminary seems to have been omitted by Miss Esmé Stuart. Her villainous mesmerist meets the heroine at an evening party, and by making a few passes over her brings her so completely under his power that for years afterwards she is at his beck and call. The young doctor, Leo Winterton, who falls in love with Aletta Templeton and marries her, is determined to discover the mesmerist and compel him to release his victim, and of course he is finally successful; but the *dénouement* is brought about by a chain of incidents which are just as extravagant as the primary conception. Miss Esmé Stuart always writes well, because she cannot write otherwise; but even her style suffers from being dragged into the service of a form of art—if art it can be called—which is altogether beneath her.

Mr. F. W. Robinson is another victim of the popular craving for strong stimulants. He has done such creditable and careful work that it is little less than painful to see his name on the title-page of a book like *99, Dark Street*, which is a mere pot-boiler, and, as the Yankees say, "poor at that." In a "shilling shocker" one does not expect lifelikeness, but one may fairly expect workmanlike construction; and this reasonable expectation Mr. Robinson disappoints. The story is of meaningless mysteries all compact. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has remarked of a famous poem that it lacks "a core of common-sense," and this lack is the one link between *99, Dark Street* and *The Ancient Mariner*.

A Twice-seen Face deals with artist life in Munich, and is rather a sentimental and unreal piece of work; but it has something of picturesqueness and something of pathos. Here, however, as in the book last noticed, there is a total deficiency of solid construction, of coherence, of inevitableness; while the meaning of the title is an insoluble mystery, as the face referred to is seen not twice only, but many times.

Authors, I believe, are wont to accuse reviewers of not reading their books. So far as my knowledge goes the accusation is, as a rule, unfounded and cruel; but it must be admitted that there are books which are unread for the simple reason that they are unreadable. Such a book is the story entitled, *Hatred is Akin to Love*. The perusal of one chapter suffices to prove it fearfully and wonderfully ungrammatical, but even absence of grammar may be atoned for by presence of interest. Having waded half way through the book, I can testify to the absence of both; and for this double lack no atonement is possible.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Chrysostom. A Study in the History of Biblical Interpretation. By Frederick Henry Chase. (Cambridge: Deighton & Bell.) This is a scholarly little treatise, being a revised and enlarged edition of an essay which gained the Kaye Prize some few years ago. It treats of Chrysostom not as the eminent statesman-prelate, nor yet as the brilliant preacher, the aspects under which he is usually regarded, but as an interpreter of Scripture, and a representative of the School of Antioch at a certain point in its development. Those who are familiar with Chrysostom's homilies are aware that amid all their ornate imagery and rhetorical flights, there is a clear and sane exegesis, which Theodoret almost alone rivals in patristic literature as a commentator on Scripture, and which the greater genius of Augustine does not always observe. The first chapter briefly sketches the position and character of the Antiochene School, and outlines Chrysostom's life, showing how he was not influenced merely by its general atmosphere, but specifically by two of his teachers, the pagan sophist Libanius, and one of the earliest of Rationalists, Theodore of Mopsuestia. We are also reminded that it was John Cassian, the chief founder of Western monachism prior to Benedict of Nursia, who did most to make Chrysostom's teaching, imbibed by himself from personal intercourse, familiar in the West, and (what Mr. Chase does not add) the much-needed counterpoise to Augustinianism. The next chapter deals with Chrysostom as an interpreter of the Old Testament, by which Mr. Chase explains that the LXX. is to be understood. It is concerned less with noting textual exegesis than with defining Chrysostom's attitude towards the Old Testament as a whole—his general principles of interpretation—rather than the special application of those principles to individual cases, though examples are given of some of these too. It is in the third chapter that his claims as critic and scholar are considered; and the point chiefly urged throughout is that while Chrysostom—as preaching to the general public, and dealing with books written in a still living language, that of his own land and race—naturally had little call to deal with textual questions, yet he is a careful discriminator of grammatical niceties when attention to them is important for bringing out the truest meaning of a passage. Chap. iv. discusses his interpretation of the Gospels and the Acts, rather accumulating a number of typical examples than endeavouring to press any specific view concerning their character upon the reader; for in truth there is no very definite picture afforded by them, since they rather exhibit the faculty of historical common-sense than any more subtle quality. More is said, however, in the closing chapter, dealing with Chrysostom's own favourite study and subject, the Pauline Epistles; and it is here that Mr.

Chase indicates his own estimate of the excellencies and defects of Chrysostom's exegesis as a whole, the verdict being generally favourable, though admitting certain drawbacks. A useful bibliographical appendix and an index of Scripture texts close the volume.

Saint Augustin, Melancthon, Neander. Three Biographies. By Philip Schaff. (Nisbet.) In his dedication of this little volume to the theological students under his care in New York, Prof. Schaff characterises the divines about whom he writes as "Three of the best among the great, and of the greatest among the good." But his admiration of their many excellent gifts and graces has not made him a mere panegyrist, and, especially as regards St. Augustin, he seems to be at once warmly appreciative and strictly impartial. Where Dr. Schaff fails is in his attempt (if it be his) to render into English the quotations which he makes from the great father's *Confessions*. We admit the difficulty. The point of an epigram is not likely to be preserved in its perfection after passing through what is, in effect, a double translation. Dr. Schaff, however, is to be commended for making St. Augustin, so far as possible, his own biographer, and quoting, largely and boldly, from that record of a soul's conflict which makes the *Confessions* a work of priceless value. The biography of Melancthon is a brief sketch of the reformer's life and opinions. Dr. Schaff regards him as a connecting link between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, and finds, in the honour conceded to him by both, a realisation of that desire for unity and peace by which he was distinguished. To the reminiscences of Neander a larger space is allotted. Dr. Schaff was his pupil and friend, and it was at his recommendation that he accepted the chair of Church History and Exegesis which he now occupies in America. Among his last letters was one addressed to Dr. Schaff, and dated October 28, 1849. In it occurs the following passage:

"We stand on the brink of an abyss, the downfall of the old European culture, or else on the confines of a new creative area, to be ushered in through manifold storms—another grand act in the world-transforming process of Christianity. From the mercy of a long-suffering God we will hope for the last."

These words of the modern father of Church history have not yet lost their significance.

Three Anti-Pelagian Treatises of St. Augustine, translated with Analyses by F. H. Woods and J. O. Johnston (Nutt), is meant to help candidates for honours in the Theological School at Oxford, where the writings chosen—viz., "De Spiritu et Littera," "De Natura et Gratia," and "De Gestis Pelagii" are set as part of the doctrinal subject-matter. The version is fluent, and commendably close, without committing the faults of baldness and Latinised English which make the translations from St. Augustine in the "Oxford Library of the Fathers" actually repellent to a scholar; and the analyses usefully point out the train of Augustine's reasoning, not always easy for a young student to follow unassisted. But the volume lacks an index.

The Elements of Canon Law. By Oswald J. Reichel. (Bosworth.) That the study of the Canon Law, purposely discouraged by Henry VIII., and much neglected in England ever since, is likely to be revived may fairly be augured from the appearance of no fewer than four works upon the subject within the last four years. And Mr. Reichel's, the latest of them, is also the best. It is orderly and methodical in arrangement, lucid in diction, and contains the results of considerable reading within a moderate compass. No student who reads it attentively can fail to learn a great deal from it. But for all that, it is not the

manual that has been waited for so long. A really satisfactory book must be more severely historical and scientific in treatment, and must bring into far more prominence than does Mr. Reichel the Eastern Canon Law, and distinguish carefully in the West between Conciliar and Pontifical Law. It is enough to say upon the former head that he does not so much as mention the *Pedalion*, or text-book of Eastern Canon Law, nor the *Nomocanon* of Photius, nor the names of such eminent Oriental canonists as Balsamon, Zonaras, and Alexius Aristenus; and upon the latter, that he makes himself in some degree the apologist of the False Decretals, accepting without qualification the specious and illusory defence set up for them by Walter in his *Lehrbuch des Kirchenrechts* and by Möhler in his *Symbolik*. Nor does he appear to have consulted the more temperate and trustworthy Latin writers of later times. We have Reiffenstuel, but not Rauttenstrauch; and, though the great Van Espen is named, it is only to cast a theological slur upon him, while there is not a word of Justellus, of Zypaeus, of Richer, of Tostatus, of Hermant, of Almain, or of Hericourt. Nor is he always accurate in matters of legal fact. Thus, he lays down that in England a Canon is repealed by any contravening statute, not recognising that this applies only to statutes down to the year 1533, not to any and every statute which Parliament may please to enact. Again, he loosely applies the term "Roman Patriarchate" to the whole of Western Christendom, whereas very important issues of Canon Law turn on the fact that the Roman Patriarchate was limited to the ten suburbicarian provinces of Italy, with the adjacent islands. And he is also inexact in more recent matters of law, being, for instance, in conflict with a late decision of the courts in part of his section on the resignation of benefices. The book requires entire recasting in all that relates to the confusion between Pontifical and other Canon Law, which is its principal defect; but the general framework and much of the actual matter are sound and commendable, deserving to keep a place in a revised edition.

The Church of the Early Fathers, by Alfred Plummer (Longmans), is a volume in the series of "Epochs of Church History" which is under the general editorship of Prof. Creighton. It deals exclusively with the external history, being distinguished in this wise from treatises such as those of Neander and Cardinal Newman, which are more concerned with questions of internal Church life and habit. In a brief preface, explaining that no more than a mere sketch of part of the Ante-Nicene period is attempted, Dr. Plummer supplies a list of the original sources to be consulted, and of larger works than his own, wherein the student can pursue more fully the subject upon which he has been once fairly started. Ten chapters survey successively the general situation at the entrance of Christianity into the world, its rapid spread, the fortunes of the Syrian, Asiatic, Greek, Egyptian, Italian, North African, Gaelic, and British Churches, the literary contests of Christians with Jews and heathens, and the persecutions, in which last chapter a longer period is treated than elsewhere, as it brings the narrative down to the final victory of the Church under Constantine. The book is executed with competent knowledge; and while the brief compass does not allow of much digression for picturesque purposes, the style is clear and straightforward, so that Dr. Plummer has given us a useful handbook.

The Church and the Roman Empire, by the Rev. Arthur Carr (Longmans), is another volume of the same series, dealing with one aspect only of the complicated narra-

tive to which it belongs: namely, the relations between Christianity and the Empire during the period lying between the death of the Emperor Carus and the Pontificate of Leo I., together with the gradual spread of the Church in this same time, while little is said concerning its internal annals, and the secular side of the whole matter receives the chief attention. The story is told in clear and readable fashion, so as to be genuinely helpful to the student, though, of course, there are many problems which cannot be so much as glanced at in the brief space available, and which he must search out in the larger works recommended by Mr. Carr.

Saint Teresa's Pater Noster, a Treatise on Prayer, by Joseph Frassinetti, translated from the Italian by William Hutch (Burns & Oates), is a religious manual based on the writings of the celebrated Teresa de Cepeda, and often expressed in her very words. It is doing the Italian author only justice to say that he has used his materials skilfully, producing a book which is free from the literary and practical defects of too many volumes of the kind, especially those of recent French origin; while the translation is English, and not that peculiar dialect which might be called Alban-Butlerese. But what does Dr. Hutch mean by styling the late F. Faber "a matter-of-fact Englishman"? Of all the epithets he could possibly have employed, none is so grotesquely inapposite.

The Lesser Imitation. Being a Sequel to the "Following of Christ." By Thomas à Kempis. (Burns & Oates.) This is a translation of one of the minor religious treatises of the famous author of the *Imitation*, smoothly rendered, and containing many pious thoughts in few words. But the reader must not look for the level of the *Imitation*. Therein Thomas à Kempis culminated, and none of his other writings comes even second or third after it. From any other pen they would have won more esteem; but his own fame has been their literary foe, and few have cared to print or study them in the four centuries since they were penned. Yet anyone desiring to form a collection of pregnant aphorisms could cull many from this single booklet.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Mr. H. F. Pelham, the newly appointed Reader in Roman History at Oxford, is well advanced with a history of the Roman empire, which will probably fill some three volumes.

THE Hon. Roden Noel has written an article for the *Contemporary Review* upon "Mrs. Browning," in which he takes occasion to animadvert upon Mr. Swinburne's recent criticisms on Byron and Walt Whitman.

PROF. SKEAT has just finished his edition of the Anglo-Saxon Gospel of St. Matthew in parallel texts, like his edition of the three other Gospels. The work has taken him five years. The prospectus for doing these Anglo-Saxon Gospels was issued in 1837. The late J. M. Kemble produced his first edition of the St. Matthew in 1837. After his death, Prof. Skeat edited successfully Mark, Luke and John, and now finishes his work with St. Matthew in 1887.

THE article on "Tibet" in the forthcoming number of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has been written by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie for the history, ethnology, and languages; and by General J. T. Walker, late surveyor-general of India, for the physical geography.

MESSRS. DULAU & Co. will shortly publish a volume of *Travels in Tunisia*, the joint production of Mr. Alexander Graham and Mr. H. S. Ashbee, who have more than once visited

that country. In addition to numerous illustrations, the volume will be furnished with a map, a glossary, and a comprehensive bibliography.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a volume entitled *Ballads of a Century*, illustrating the life of this country in its various aspects during the seventeenth century. It will be illustrated throughout by facsimile woodcuts, by Mr. John Ashton, and will have a short introduction to each section.

MR. F. S. ELLIS is still hard at work at his Shelley Concordance for the Shelley Society. All the poems are done, and the 120,000 slips sorted into forty boxes of 3,000 each, and thirty-five of the boxes have their slips sorted alphabetically, each box having taken, on an average, five days to sort. Then will come the amalgamation and resorting of the forty boxes of the alphabetically sorted slips, the classification of the quotations for every word under each of its meanings, and the final preparation for the press. If all this leaves Mr. Ellis able to work, when the Shelley Concordance is completed, he looks forward to making a Shakspeare Concordance and Lexicon combined, Schmidt's Shakspeare Lexicon with full concordance quotations—a book which Miss Teena Rochfort Smith meant to compile had her life been spared.

PROF. NAPIER, of Oxford, is preparing for the Early English Text Society an edition of all the hitherto unprinted Anglo-Saxon Homilies. He is determined to make the whole of our Anglo-Saxon documents accessible to students in fairly cheap editions.

PROF. SKEAT has in the press for the Early English Text Society the third part of his edition of Aelfric's Metrical Homilies.

MR. W. H. S. UTLEY, of Owens College, has sent to the printers, also for the Early English Text Society, the prose romance of *Melusine*, from the unique MS. in the British Museum, and the sixth and last part of the works of Sir David Lyndesay, which the late Mr. Small's mortal illness obliged him to resign before completion.

MR. F. HORSLEY of Owens College, Manchester, has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the series of Anglo-Saxon and early English Psalters, which the many Shakspeare and other calls on Dr. Aldis Wright's time have compelled him to give up. Mr. Horsley will also re-edit for the Early English Text Society the collection of Anglo-Saxon poetry known as the "Exeter Book," the MS. being in the Exeter Cathedral Library. The first edition was by the late Benjamin Thorpe.

MR. HORSLEY is, moreover, engaged on a new edition of the Homilies of Aelfric, for which he will collate all the known MSS. He has been for some time at Cambridge working at the Corpus and other MSS.

MR. A. W. POLLARD has undertaken to edit for the Wyclif Society the Reformer's treatise, *De Officio Regis*, which is Book viii. of his *Summa Theologiae*. It will be issued this year, with part ii. of Wyclif's Latin Sermons, edited by Prof. Loserth.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY have in preparation a revised edition of *Old and New London*, by Walter Thornbury and Edward Walford. A large map of London, brought down to the present date, will accompany Part I., to be published next month.

NEXT week, Mr. Quaritch promises to issue the last fasciculus of his continuous catalogues. It will close the wonderful series of "Monumenta Typographica," and complete his catalogue of MSS. in a final supplement, containing some articles of extraordinary

English interest, such as the Mendham and Clare Psalters, and a *Missale plenarium* of Sarum use and great age. Persons who have been in the habit of looking forward to the arrival of Mr. Quaritch's successively numbered catalogues must in future learn the record of his acquisitions from his "Rough Lists" only.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. PERCY ROSS, author of "A Comedy without Laughter," has written another work, which will be shortly issued by Mr. Redway. It is a curious study of character, the type chosen being an alchemist of the sixteenth century. *A Professor of Alchemy (Denis Zachaire)* is the title of the book.

Theosophists have hitherto been obliged to satisfy their cravings for periodical literature at some disadvantage, the *Theosophist* being issued in India. In the course of a few weeks, however, the first number of *Lucifer: a Theosophical Monthly*, edited by Mdme. Blavatsky, and Miss Mabel Collins, will be published by Mr. Redway.

Yet another branch of "the occult" has been opened up to the English reader. Mr. S. L. Mathers has translated the *Kabbala Denudata* of Baron Knorr von Rosenroth. The work will be published in the autumn by Mr. Redway, under the title of *The Kabbalah Unveiled*.

The two stout volumes of the Psychical Research Society, called *Phantasms of the Living*, will soon be supplemented by a work on the phantasms of the dead. Mr. Redway has in the press a translation of M. Adolphe d'Assier's *Posthumous Humanity: a Study of Phantasms*, the translator being Colonel Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society.

Mr. Hargrave Jennings is well known as an authority on the Rosicrucians; his work, of which the third edition was issued by Messrs. Nimmo & Bain last spring, being the only one on the subject. A new writer, however, has arisen in Mr. Waite, the translator of and commentator on Eliphas Levi. His book, *The Real History of the Rosicrucians*, will be published by Mr. Redway at the beginning of the autumn season.

ORIGINAL VERSION.

A CLOUD-INVOCATION (AUGUST, 1887).

Come, prythee, cloud with thy dark
Once more our heavens o'erhang
shroud.
Sun-stricken, we are languid, limp, and cow'd,
To earth quite bowed.

Day after day,
The sun hath flashed on us with steel, white ray,
And men, birds, flowers, for thy scorn, are grey
Devoutly pray.

Of cloudless shine
Like that which scorches dwellers 'neath the line,
Wearied we are, and for thy rainfall sigh
Panting we pine.

Fierce torrid heat,
For England's clime and people all unmeet,
Too long upon our drooping heads both beat
—Thy shade were sweet

Spring's vesture new
On woods and fields hath lost its lustre due,
Ravished and merged in the unvarying hue
Of heaven's bright blue.

The shrunken brook
That creeps, faint whispering by each quiet nook,
Doth toward thee—as child by nurse forsook—
Wistfully look.

Sadly and lean,
Browsing the arid pasture—no more green—
The kine gaze heavenward plaintively: they mean
To implore thy sreen.

We are not made
For ceaseless brightness unrelieved by shade.
We parch and shrink, as flowers left of thy aid
Droop down and fade.

So, prythee, cloud!
With moisture and with coolness sweet endowed
Encompass us: so lifting heads now bowed
We'll laud thee loud.

JOHN OWEN.

OBITUARY.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Mr. Richard Jefferies, which took place at Goring on the Thames, on Sunday last, August 14.

Mr. Jefferies was the son of a Wiltshire farmer, in which county his most successful studies of rural scenery may be localised. About 1870 he came up to London, to devote himself to literary and journalistic work. The first book, we believe, that bore his name was *Practical hints for Reporting, Editing, and Authorship* (1873). In the following year he published his first novel, *The Scarlet Shawl*. But it was not until 1878—when that remarkable series of sketches of natural history and country life, afterwards collected under the title of *The Gamekeeper at Home*, appeared in the old *Pall Mall Gazette*—that his writing attracted attention. This success was followed up within a year or two by *Round about a Great Estate and Hodge and his Masters*; and henceforth articles by Mr. Jefferies were in great demand with editors both of newspapers and of magazines.

If he cannot be ranked as a naturalist with Gilbert White, nor as a man of science with Mr. Grant Allen, nor as a novelist with Mr. Thomas Hardy, it was his peculiar merit to seize and reproduce with photographic minuteness the physical aspects of the country and the characters of country people just at the time when the towns seem to be concentrating upon themselves all the life of the nation. In insight into the obscurer sights and sounds of the forest and the field, and in analysing their mysterious influence upon mankind, Mr. Jefferies stands without a rival. Beasts and birds revealed to him their inner secrets; even the vegetable world became inspired with a conscious life; while the sky and the winds and the waters played upon his responsive imagination as upon an aeolian harp. As is often the case with self-educated men, his style of writing—when at its best—was a vivid transcript of what his mental eye conceived. But he seems not to have been aware of his own limitations. Undoubtedly he wrote too much—even on his own special subject; and it is particularly to be regretted that he should have wasted his energy upon so many novels. But every one must be pained to hear, not only that he suffered from wasting illness for several years past, but that he has been unable to leave behind him any adequate provision for his wife and children. We feel assured that his many admirers will gladly contribute to a subscription for that object.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In No. 3, tomo v., of the *Revista de Ciencias Históricas* Fernandez y Gonzalez tells the story of the first appearance of the small-pox in Arabia at the siege of Mecca, obscurely alluded to in the Koran. Father Juan Segura commences a series of notes and extracts from his common-place book on the customs of the mediæval ages in Cataluña. The Conde de la Viñaza continues his additions to the Dictionary of Ceán Bermudez, covering the whole of letter B. Fr. Manuel Cundaro gives a spirited account of the second siege of Gerona, doing full honour to the assistance received from the

English frigates, and especially from Lord Cochrane. The works of Mr. Percy Gardner, and of other English numismatists, form the chief material of an article on the antiquity of coins by José Brunet. There is also a description, with photographs, of the tomb of an Angur lately found at Cadiz.

The *Revista Contemporánea*, for July, has a notice of a young Valencian painter, J. Sorolla Bastida, whose chief picture—"The Burial of the Saviour"—is highly praised. D. Domingo Gascón defends Mariano Nifo, a publicist of the last century, from the strictures of Menéndez y Pelayo in his *Historia de las ideas estéticas en España*. Sanchez Toca considers the position of Spain as exceptionally favourable in the present crisis; her poverty, and not having exhausted her agricultural resources, will save her. Perez y Oliva prints his thesis for the degree of Doctor in Law at Bologna, arguing against the capture of private property at sea. The continuations are those of Sanroma's "Memoirs," of Jiménez de la Espada's "Notes on Juan de Castellanos," and of Lorenzo D'Ayot's "New Ideals in Art," exemplified by a fragment of his tragedy "Dánoscar."

DOMESDAY COMMEMORATION.

UNDER the collective title of "Domesday Studies," a record will shortly be published of the Domesday commemoration held in London last year. There will be two volumes, each consisting of upwards of 550 pages quarto; and the first volume will be ready for issue in October. The contents are as follow:

The Book.—"The Official Custody of Domesday Book," by Hubert Hall; "Materials for re-editing Domesday Book," by W. de Gray Birch; "An Early Reference to Domesday Book," by J. Horace Round.

The Land.—"The Study of Domesday Book," by Stuart Moore; "The Turkish Survey of Hungary, and its Relation to Domesday Book," a Study in Comparative History, by Hyde Clarke; "Domesday Survivals," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "A New View of the Galdable Unit of Assessment of Domesday"—embracing the divisions of the *Libra* or Pound of Silver and the Weights and Measures of Uncoined Metal, Flour, Cloth, &c., as made by the Angli, Mercians, Danes, Normans, and Celts, and their connexion with the true understanding of the words *Hida*, *Carucata*, *Virgata*, *Villanus*, *Anglicus numerus*, &c., by O. E. Pell; "Domesday Measures of Land," by J. Horace Round; "Domesday Land Measures"—the Plough and the Ploughland, by Canon Isaac Taylor; "Wapentakes and Hundreds," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "Danegeld and the Finance of Domesday," by J. Horace Round; "The Order of Domesday Book," by Hyde Clarke; "The Scope of Local Elucidation of the Domesday Survey," by Frederick E. Sawyer; "The Domesday Survey of Surrey," by H. E. Malden; An Alleged Error in Domesday Book with regard to Ancient Domesne, by Sir Henry Barkly.

The Church.—"The Church in Domesday Book," with Especial Reference to the Endowments of the Dioceses, by James Parker; "Parish Churches omitted in the Survey," by Herbert J. Reid.

Bibliography of Domesday Book; Notes on the MSS. exhibited at the Public Record Office; Notes on the MSS. exhibited at the British Museum; Notes on the Printed Books exhibited at the British Museum.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ARMAND, A. Les Médailleurs italiens des 15^e et 16^e siècles. T. 2. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
BORDEAUX, E. Traité de la réparation des églises: principes d'archéologie pratique. Paris: Baudry. 7 fr. 50 c.

COUDREAU, H. La France équinoxiale: Etudes et Voyages en Guyane et en Amazonie. Paris: Challamel. 20 fr.
GOLTER, W. Die Sage v. Tristan u. Isolde. München: Kaiser. 3 M. 20 Pf.
LUDWIG SALVATOR, Erzhzog. Hobarstown. od. Sommerfrische in den Antipoden. Wien: Hölzel. 18 M.
LUTZ, V. F. R. L. v. Canitz, sein Verhältnis zu dem französischen Klassicismus u. zu den lat. Satirikern. München: Kaiser. 1 M. 60 Pf.
REINHARDSTORFFNER, K. v. A historia dos cavalheiros da mesa redonda e da demanda do Santo Graal. Handschrift Nr. 2594 der k. k. Hofbibliothek zu Wien, zum ersten Male veröffentlicht. Berlin: Haack. 7 M.
SCHMARSOW, A. Giovanni Santi, der Vater Raphaels. Berlin: Haack. 8 M.

HISTORY.

GROSTJEAN, G. La Révolution française, 1789-1799. Paris: Plcard & Kean. 10 fr.
HOCK, W. Zur Geschichte Heinrichs d. Löwen u. d. Schutzherrn seines Domes St. Thomas. Braunschweig: Wollermann. 1 M. 50 Pf.
JORDAN, H. Die Könige im alten Italien. Ein Fragment. Berlin: Weidmann. 2 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADOLPH, E. Kants Systematik als systembildender Factor. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 4 M.
DECKER, F. Zur Physiologie d. Fischdarmes. Leipzig: Engelmann. 2 M.
EBERTH, O. J. Zur Kenntniss der Blutplättchen bei den niederen Wirbelthieren. Leipzig: Engelmann. 4 M.
GEGENBAUR, C. Ueb. die Occipitalregion u. die ihr benachbarten Wirbel der Fische. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.
SCHULTZ, O. Zur ersten Entwicklung d. braunen Graufrosches. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.
STÖHR, Ph. Ueb. Schilmdrüsen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.
WIEDERSHEIM, R. Das Geruchsorgan der Tetrodonten. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BORRIES, E. v. Das erste Stadium d. i-Umlauts im Germanischen. Strassburg: Heitz. 1 M. 50 Pf.
BUCHENAU, H. Ueb. den Gebrauch u. die Stellung d. Adjectivs in Wolframs Parzival. Götting: Schönböcher. 1 M.
GROLIUS, M. De M. Tullio Cicerone poeta. Particula. I. Königsberg: Koch. 1 M. 50 Pf.
KREBS, K. Zur Reaction der Oeasus in der späteren historischen Gräcität. 1. Hft. München: Lindauer. 1 M.
NOEL, H. Die Sprache d. Nicolaus v. Wyle. Laut u. Flexion. Heidelberg: Burow. 1 M. 80 Pf.
PÄNINI'S Grammatik. Hrgg., übers. erläutert etc. v. O. Böhtlingk. 9. Lfg. Leipzig: Hessel. 6 M.
SCHLEIER, G. Ywain und Gawain. Mit Einleitg. u. Anmerkgn. hrgg. Oppeln: Franck. 6 M.
SCHNEPP, M. De imitationis ratione, quae intercedit inter Heliodorum et Xenophontem Ephesium, commentatio. Kempten: Kösel. 1 M.
TÖPFL, C. Syntaktische Untersuchungen zu Rabalais. Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOLD IN WESTERN ARABIA.

Rohitsch-Bauerbrunn: Aug. 5, 1887.

After an unconceivable delay, the following letter was received by me dated Jeddah (Red Sea), from Mr. A. Levick, son of my old friend, the ex-postmaster of Suez, whose name is known to a host of travellers. It will show that even without action on the part of Europeans the cause of discovery is thriving; and the public will presently ask why, in our present condition, when there is almost a famine of gold, England pays no attention to these new fields. "From enquiries I have made at Jeddah, I learn on good authority that gold quartz has been found in great quantities at Tâir [the famous summering-place among the highlands to the east of Meccah], or rather on the mountain-range between that place and Meccah. The person who gave me this information added that specimens of this quartz were forwarded at the time of the discovery to Constantinople and sundry other capitals, but that the results obtained were not very encouraging. I was also told that Mr. Noel Betts (of the defunct company, Betts, Wylde & Co.) has at Suez specimens of this quartz which he took away with him from Jeddah when he went North. All this information is trustworthy, and you may thoroughly rely on its being correct, as I got it from a man in whom I can confide. An old oriental traveller like yourself can understand how hard it always is to arrive at the truth in a place like this. However, I am assured that the government engineer of this

district (Jeddah), a certain Sâdik Bey, can also give me valuable details regarding the specimens found and the results obtained. Meanwhile you can confidently rely on the details which I have so far managed to obtain. I should also add that the person who so kindly gave me the news has further promised that he will do his utmost to provide me with specimens when he goes to Meccah. I have seen Mr. Consul Jago, and asked him if he could help me with anything he may have learnt on the subject; but he said that beyond hearing of a find of gold quartz he knows nothing. Mr. Consul Zohrab had left Jeddah before the discovery, and he never used to hear of anything. I shall be very glad to learn from you that the gold mines of Midian are likely to be coming on again, and I should think this a most favourable time to bring forward your most wonderful discoveries near Al-Muwaylah."

So far Mr. Levick. I am not astonished to hear that the results of the gold quartz were "unsatisfactory." These specimens were probably picked up from the surface, or broken off from some outcrop. But the fact of their being found is all important. And the outcome of the work would be very different were it carried out by a scientific engineer, or, better still, by a practical miner from the gold diggings. I have heard now of auriferous discoveries extending from between the mountains of Northern Midian, along the line of the West Arabian Ghâts, until they meet the volcanic region about Aden. They have been reported to me from behind Yambu, and Meccah, Mocha, and Hodaydah; and I have a thorough conviction that some day they will be found exceedingly valuable.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE EVANGELISTARIUM OF ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

Walton Manor, Oxford: Aug. 13, 1887.

The account given by Mr. F. Madan of the valuable recent addition to the treasures of the Bodleian Library in the little gospel-book of Queen Margaret, sister of Eadgar Aetheling, and its identification with the volume described by Theoderic of Durham or Bishop Turgot of St. Andrews, is so full and satisfactory as to leave but little to be said by either palaeographer or artist.

Small copies of the gospels, or such portions of them as were generally used in the service of the church, were evidently not uncommon in the latter part of the Anglo-Saxon period: such, for instance, are the gospels of Wadhams College, Oxford, ascribed by Dr. Waagen (*Treasures of Art in England*, vol. iii.) to between 1020 and 1030, and the very beautiful little gospel-book of Bishop Ethelstan of Hereford, 1012-1056, preserved in Pembroke College, Cambridge (both described in my book on *The Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.*). From these and other contemporary MSS., written, probably at Winchester, in the style which has been ascribed to the time of King Canute (to the development of which St. Dunstan most probably greatly contributed), our little MS. differs in the almost entire absence of ornamental details, while it agrees with them in the peculiar granulated appearance of the gold, applied liberally in the headings of each gospel, and in the redder tint of the gold, so entirely unlike the burnished gold of the MS. illuminations of the twelfth century, especially to be observed in the entire backgrounds of the latter drawings.

The text of the MS. is written in a beautiful minuscule hand, divided into the different lections, each commencing with the usual "In illo tempore." The "Passio Domini" of each gospel is written entire. It will be very interesting to compare the passages given in this MS. as cited by Mr. Madan (*ante*, p. 88) with the lectionaries given in various copies of the

gospels from the eighth to the eleventh century—a subject which has not hitherto received the attention it deserves. There are no marginal references to the Eusebian canons, capitula, prefaces, or other introductory matter to each gospel; and it is to be observed that the introduction to the historical part of St. Matthew's gospel, "xpi. autem generatio," is written in the small text of the remainder of the gospels.

Each of the four evangelists and the commencement of each gospel is represented within an oblong golden framework, entirely destitute of ornament, except a small plain golden trefoil leaf at each of the outer angles of each of the frames, which are of gold, about a quarter of an inch wide, having a narrower strip of orange red, pale green, or light blue attached to it, generally on its outer edge. In the miniature of St. John there is a second narrow strip of pale blue attached to the inner side of the gold one.

These borders are quite destitute of foliage or other marginal ornament, thus differing from all the "Canute" MSS. The only ornamental design occurring in the initial "L" of St. Matthew's gospel, "Liber generationis," which is 2½ in. high and 1½ in. broad, shaped like the lower half of a reversed s, the lower angle of the L being rounded off, and each end terminating in a dilated knotwork of gold of commonplace design; the outer angles of each are covered with flesh-coloured dog's heads, with open mouths (no eyes being visible). Down the middle of the body of the letter runs a bar of red lead a quarter of an inch wide, edged with lake colour, and having eighteen lake-coloured round dots down the middle, each surrounded with a slender white circular line.

The commencement of the text of each gospel is written in golden letters of various shapes, each preceded by the "Incipit euangelium secundum Mattheum," and written in small pink uncials in two or three lines. Here the A has the first and the cross strokes forming a large oval loop, attached to the middle of the second oblique stroke, ending below the line in a fine curved line, and finishing in a little knob; the D is circular, with a thin line extending from the top to the left above the line horizontally; the E is rounded or rustic-shaped; the G is nearly circular, with a slender tail extending below the line; the M has the first part nearly circular, the middle stroke curved below to the right, and the second portion rounded and carried rather below the line; the N has the first stroke carried below the line and turned upwards ending in a little knob, the cross bar (slightly oblique) joining the first below the top and the third before the bottom, where it is extended a little below the line; the U has the right-hand stroke carried below the line like a cursive x.

The commencement of St. Matthew occupies more than half the fourth page.

L IBER (1).
Gene- (2).
ratio- (3).
nts ihu xpi filii david filii (4).
Abraham A[braham] (5).

The first line is in fine Roman capitals, the second in round uncials (the E being both of the angular and rounded form), the third line is in finely formed rustic letters, the fourth and first half of the fifth in minuscule letters, the s of the f form carried below the line, and the A of good rustic form.

The commencement of St. Mark occupies half the page in 4 lines:

INTIVM
euangelium (sic) ihu
xpi filii di sicyt
scriptum est en isaia ppheta.

The commencement of St. Luke

Q UVIDEM
multi conati
sunt

occupies two lines of rustic capitals, and that of St. John

"In Prin
cipio erat
uerbum et uerbum erat apud
dm̄ et d̄f erat uerbum

occupies four lines.

The evangelists are drawn with much spirit. They are engaged in writing or holding their individual Gospels, and are seated on stools and cushions (*more Byzantino*). Each has a plain circular golden nimbus. Their Gospels are either book-shaped or in the form of a long scroll or roll, their feet rest on footstools most inconveniently placed in slanting positions, and their dresses (each consisting of an inner robe visible on the breast and over the feet) and body-covering of various colours, each being strongly relieved with dark shades of the local tints, and with the sides of the garments much angulated, the edge of each being relieved by bright lines of white or of the local tints, agreeing in this respect entirely with the treatment of the dresses in such of the Canute-period MSS. as have come down to us.

Sts. Matthew and Mark have curtains suspended from the top of the golden frame work. Sts. Luke and John are seated under rounded arches, with buildings in the upper angles of each picture. St. John is seated in a large square-backed chair, and Sts. Matthew and Mark's Gospel books, which are of gold, rest on the top of tall slender tripods. St. Luke holds a long golden scroll, and St. John's Gospel book rests on his left knee.

I. O. WESTWOOD.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORD "GHERKIN."

Oxford: July 14, 1887.

In the *Glossarium mediae Graecitatis* of Ducange, and in the *Dictionary of Byzantine Greek* compiled by Sophocles, we find recorded a word of mysterious origin—*ἀγγούριον*, also spelt *ἀγγούριον*. It seems to have been used in place of the old Greek *κίβανος*, and to have meant the common cucumber or gourd. The word occurs in various glossaries, and is found in the writings of Greek authors of the tenth century, such as Constantinus Porphyrogenitus and Leo Grammaticus. No doubt this new name for the cucumber came from the East; but, so far as I know, it has not been hitherto discovered from what language it was imported into the Greek of Byzantium. It is quite uncertain whether *ἀγγούριον* is of Indo-European or of Semitic origin. Hehn, in his work on *The Wanderings of Plants and Animals*, p. 239 (ed. 1885), calls it a Persic-Aramaic word—a description which leaves the question of ultimate origin undecided. Hehn says that the word seems to have been applied to those sorts of cucumber that we now use for salads and pickling. In course of time this mysterious Byzantine word, with its derivatives, spread from nation to nation through Europe. The modern Greek word for cucumber is *ἀγγούρι*, the name of the plant being *ἀγγούριδι* (see Byzantium). The Latin Ducange (see ed. Favre, 1883) cites *angurium* "melon," as occurring in a small Latin-Saracenic vocabulary found at the end of the *Opusculum sanctarum peregrinationum*, published, 1486, by Bernard de Breydenbach, the well-known German traveller to the Holy Land. In this glossary the Saracenic (*i.e.*, Arabic) *Bathich* (whence Portuguese *pateca*, French *pastèque*) is rendered by *Anguria*. The word was introduced into the Romanic languages—*cf.* Italian *anguria*, a kind of cucumber good to eat raw (Florio, ed. 1611); Spanish

angúrrias, a kind of pompion (Minsheu, ed. 1623), also, *angúrria*, a water-melon, a word not in use (Stevens, 1706); French *angourie*, a kind of cowcumber, somewhat longer than the ordinary one, also *angurie*, the great long pompion (Cotgrave, ed. 1673). In the New English Dictionary *anguria* occurs with a citation from Coryat: "Anguria the coldest fruite in taste that ever I did eate." In Basque *angurria* is the word used for a water-melon, see Fabre (s.v. *melon*) and de Aizquibel.

Hehn says:

"From Byzantium the cucumber reached the Slavs, and became a favourite and common food of all the nations of that race, as well as of the neighbouring Tartars and Mongols. The Great and Little Russian cannot live without cucumbers. He eats them salted through the winter, and with their help endures the long and strict fasts of the Eastern Church."

That the cucumber was introduced into Slavonic countries through the influence of Byzantine civilisation is clearly proved by the evidence of the common name for this vegetable among Slavonic peoples—a name representing the Byzantine *αγγούριον* with some diminutive suffix.

In the Russian Bible the word *сиквос* in Numbers xi. 5 is rendered *ogurét*, the Church Slavonic form of which was *ogourets*, so with another suffix Polish *ogórek* and Bohemian *okurka*, hence no doubt the Hungarian *ugorka*. From the Western Slavs the word (with the Slavonic diminutive suffix *k*) came to Scandinavian countries, and appeared under the form *agurke* in Denmark, whence Swedish *gurke*. Compare, also, Dutch *agurk* (later *augurk*), and German *gurke*, in older times also *gurchen* (see Weigand). This *gurchen* (probably a diminutive of *gurke*) seems to be the continental form corresponding to our "gherkin." Another account of "gherkin" is given in Skeat's Dictionary and in Palmer's *Folk Etymology*, p. 576.

A. L. MAYHEW.

APOLLO.

Settrington: Aug. 16, 1887.

Prof. Max Müller puts his finger on the greatest existing blot in the science of mythology when he states that "comparative philologists have not yet succeeded in finding the true etymology of Apollo." Till this is done, the meaning and origin of the cult of the great Hellenic Sun-god must remain obscure.

So large a portion of the Greek mythology has now been traced to Babylonia that it may be worth while to examine whether Apollo, like Artemis, Aphrodite, Ares, Dionysos, Semele, and Adonis, may not also prove to be ultimately of Babylonian origin. If so, we should seek for his probable prototype in Tammuz, the chief Syrian and Babylonian Sun-god. Now, in the Assyrian records, Tammuz, the eldest son of the Sky-god, bears the title of Ablu, "the son." The oldest form of the name of Apollo is Aplu, which occurs on six Italic or Etruscan mirrors. (Fabretti, *Corp. Ins. Ital.*, Nos. 478, 2054, 2474, 2480, 2481, 2499.) This would seem to identify Apollo with Tammuz, and to yield the long-sought etymology.

Tammuz was the "the son" of Ea, the heaven, and of Allat, the goddess of the unseen world; and, in like manner, Apollo is the son of Zeus, the Sky-god, and of Leto, the dark underworld. That Leto was also the mother of Artemis connects her distinctly with the Babylonian mythology, and it is not impossible that Leto may be an echo of the name of Allat.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE MYTH OF ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

London: Aug. 15, 1887.

Without starting on a critical examination of Canon Taylor's theory of the Andromeda story, it may be enough to say that the facts do not

confirm it. Canon Taylor thinks that the story of Andromeda, the sea monster, and the rescue of Perseus, is a Babylonian nature-myth. Andromeda (the moon) is fastened to a rock (I don't know what the rock is) to be devoured by the dragon (of darkness), but is rescued by Perseus (a solar hero). But nature-myths give a superficially correct account of the phenomena for which they supply an unscientific explanation. The Andromeda myth, if it be a lunar myth, does not give a correct account of the phenomena. The dragon, in the story, never gets at the girl. In an eclipse the moon is actually swallowed. In the story, Perseus rescues the girl. Who ever saw a lunar eclipse in which the sun appeared to help the moon? As to the rock, there is no phenomenon in an eclipse at all resembling it. When Canon Taylor observes that Andromeda is tied to a rock, that Psyche "wanders to a lofty rock," and that Psyche is the moon, the argument reminds one of the analogies between Monmouth and Macedon. The reason given for thinking that Perseus = Bel Merodach would make any son of Zeus who used a scimitar identical with Bel Merodach. Perseus, again, must be a solar hero because he has "winged shoes." Like the young prophet, Perseus may say, "Alas, for they were borrowed!" Besides, Hermes has winged shoes of his own; and yet he is as often taken by mythologists for the twilight, or the wind, as for a solar hero. Many critical objections might be urged. In fact, an examination of the sources and dates of evidence for the Perseus saga (a complex saga) would be valuable. But, to be brief, if the Andromeda incident is derived from a nature-myth, that nature-myth gave an unusually inaccurate account of phenomena. When does "the God of Light" descend from the sky "to take the moon goddess for his bride" in a lunar eclipse? That phenomenon would hardly be introduced even into a boy's book of adventures in Kukuanaaland, where very odd eclipses notoriously occur.

A. LANG.

"COLLATION OF FOUR IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS."

Lowestoft: Aug. 13, 1887.

I enclose a letter which Dr. Ceriani has kindly written and given me permission to publish, in correction and explanation of the Abbé Martin's statement quoted in my note in the ACADEMY of July 16.

T. K. ABBOTT.

Mediolani: 9 Augusti, 1887.

"Dilecte mi Domine

"Ab urbe Brighton accipi his diebus the ACADEMY, July 16, 1887, in qua (p. 41) lapide scriptorio notata erant tum 'Collation of Four Important Manuscripts,' tum 'The Stowe Missal.' Primus locus te et me respicit, et libenter rescribo.

"Apprime sentio quanta te molestia et dolore verba Domini Martin afficere debuerunt; sed spero me posse aliquantulum dolorem tuum lenire, et indicare unde error Domini Martin ortus sit.

"(1) Quod de collatione integra Evangelii S. Matthaei cod. minus. 346, et de exemplari trium aliorum Evangeliorum integre ab eodem descripto, et de mea posteriore collatione pro locis de quibus eram interrogatus, asserit tum in libro *A Collation of Four Important Manuscripts &c.* (p. xv.) tum in the ACADEMY (July 16, 1887, p. 41), est omnino verum in omnibus et singulis. Adhuc vivunt et sunt professores publici Mediolani et qui contulit Evangelium S. Matthaei et qui tria reliqua descriptit.

"(2) Verba Domini Martin, quae referuntur libro *A Collection of Four Important Manuscripts &c.*, allata in the ACADEMY:

'Quant au Manuscrit de Milan, au cursif 346, il

est certain qu'il a été examiné seulement dans quelques passages: nous tenons le fait de la bouche même de celui qui aurait dû faire la collation, au dire des éditeurs Anglais."

non sunt vera ut patet ex jam dictis, quoad primam partem. In secunda parte ipse certe indicor; sed quantum quisque potest de se testari, nihil omnino hujusmodi dixi unquam Domino Martin.

"(3) Sed nec Dominus Martin malae fidei insimulandus est. Lapsu memoriae erravit, quantum ipse video; quod iis qui abundantissime scribunt accidere solet. Quando Dominus Martin ante libri sui scriptionem venit in Ambrosianam Bibliothecam, ut codices N. Testamenti inspiceret, et codicem 346 pertractavit; tunc, ut in lapsu temporis subobscure memini, librum Domini Scrivener *A Plain Introduction &c.* (3rd ed.) ei obtuli, in quo correctiones ipse et additiones opposueram locis de codd. Ambrosianis. Jam vero pag. 215 Scrivener habet '*346 . . . collated by Ceriani for Prof. Ferrar.' His ego adscripseram: 'Partly collated, partly copied by others, not by Ceriani, who collated only select passages after.' Ut res ferebat, debuimus de iis quae erronee scripserat Scrivener colloqui; sed quae ego de Scrivener vere dicebam, Dominus Martin ad ipsum librum *A Collation of Four Important Manuscripts &c.* lapsu memoriae transtulit calamo currenti, cum librum suum scripsit. Ista videtur mihi simplicissima et verax rei explanatio.

"ANTONIO CERIANI.

"Prof. T. K. Abbott."

SCIENCE.

GEIGER'S HOME AND AGE OF THE AVESTA.

Civilisation of the Eastern Iranians in Ancient Times. Vol. II. "The Old Iranian Polity and the Age of the Avesta." Translated from the German of W. Geiger by Darab Dastur Peshotan Sanjana. (H. Frowde.)

THIS concluding volume of an English translation from the German by a Parsi priest is likely to be as useful as its predecessor (noticed in the ACADEMY of June 19, 1886) to the well-educated Parsis and to any English reader who may feel an interest in the subject. The translator's English is good, and rarely differs in meaning from the original text. The two volumes contain the whole of Geiger's work, except its earlier chapters on the geography and natural history of the country of the Avesta people, and a few passages in other places. The second volume also contains a translation of a later essay by Geiger on the "Home and Age of the Avesta," extracted from the *Proceedings of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences*; as well as translations of long passages from Spiegel's *Iranian Antiquities* regarding Gushasp and Zoroaster, Iranian art, and Iranian alphabets.

Geiger's essay on the "Home and Age of the Avesta" is a timely protest against the modern attempts to underestimate the age of the Avesta and to trace its origin to a Western source. The conclusions he comes to, after carefully eliminating all the more modern statements which are inconsistent with those of the ancient documents, are that the original home of the Avesta civilisation was Eastern Iran, and that this civilisation flourished before the period of Medo-Persian history. M. de Harlez has attempted (in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xvii., pp. 339-350) to disprove these conclusions; but, with due respect for his

extensive knowledge of the subject, it may be hinted that he is likely to require much stronger arguments, and rather less reliance upon dogmatic assertions, before he can shake their foundations. If Zarathushtra was a Mede who lived between 600 and 700 B.C., if he obtained his religious views from still more Western sources, and if the Avesta was written during the first seven centuries B.C., let these conjectures be clearly established by all means. But, until this is done in a really satisfactory manner, we ought to recollect that Avesta scholars of the present generation have practically the same documentary evidence to rely upon as their predecessors who arrived at very different conclusions. These original documents contain no chronological history; but, where the names they mention can be identified, they present points of contact only with the prehistoric times of the Veda. Their language is also closely related to the Vedic Sanskrit, which has not yet been traced to Media. The use of the title *Ahura* for the sacred being in the Avesta points to early Vedic times, before the Sanskrit *asura* had become a term for an evil spirit; and the contrast between the meanings of the Avesta *daéva*, "a demon," and the Sanskrit *deva*, "a god," has to be properly accounted for. In the older parts of the Avesta we find *Ahura* and *Masda* used as two distinct titles of the sacred being, generally occurring separately or in reverse order, and always separately declined. Even in the latest Avesta, where *Ahura* always precedes *Masda*, they are still declined as independent words. But when we turn to the Persian cuneiform inscriptions of Darius we find that *Atramasda* has become a compound name, declined as a single word—an alteration that seems to indicate a considerable lapse of time, as well as a change of language. As for Zarathushtra, we must still consider him a prehistoric personage. All that we know about him is derived, directly or indirectly, from his own writings and those of his disciples and early followers, but these writings seem to have no point of contact with any historical fact known to Western nations. That Darius did not mention him in his inscriptions need not surprise us, when we consider that the Sasanian inscriptions are equally silent; the word *sardasht*, on a detached stone at Pâi Kûli, being too corrupt and doubtful to be relied upon.

These are merely a few of the facts we ought to remember. What we ought to avoid is any temptation to accept the statements of the later Pahlavi literature as equal in authority to those of the Avesta itself. The Pahlavi books give much invaluable information, far more than has yet been extracted from them; but they always present a Sasanian, or post-Sasanian, view of Avesta facts, and every statement they contain requires Avesta confirmation before it can be accepted as an Avesta fact. The Avesta mentions all the personages who were afterwards converted into the Peshdadian and Kayanian dynasties of the Persians, but it knows nothing of the Achaemenian kings. Even after the Nasks had been revised by the Sasanians we find no mention of the Achaemenians in the summary of the Chidrashtô (Chitra-dâto?) Nask, as given in the Dinkard, although it contains an allusion to the Sasanians. It seems as though

the Persians, long after accepting the Avesta religion from some more primitive race to the eastward, prefixed the Avesta history to the little they knew of their own, thus producing that perplexing patchwork known to us as the historical basis of the Shâhnâmah.

On the supposition of a prehistoric connexion of the people of the Avesta with those of the Veda we can readily explain the statements of the Avesta, but whether we can do so on the modern supposition of a Medic origin for the Avesta remains to be proved. At present I am not aware of the existence of any satisfactory evidence on the subject. It is, perhaps, needless to add that these remarks have no pretension to be considered as arguments. They merely indicate a portion of the basis for argument; but this is not the place, nor do I feel myself qualified, to argue the question. E. W. WEST.

SOME BOOKS ON BIRDS.

Bird Life in England. By Edwin L. Arnold. (Chatto & Windus.) Little actual observation, but a good deal of literary and anecdotic information from various sources, is here supplied. Ten chapters of a peculiarly "scrappy" style are devoted to as many families of birds; but foreign birds and bird-life are quite as largely discussed as English birds, so that the name of the book is misleading. Its scientific value may be estimated from Mr. Morris's *History of British Birds* being styled "a charming and invaluable work," which "could hardly be better." By the way, it is more than thirty years since this work appeared, instead of "only some fifteen years ago," as Mr. Arnold says. These essays are full of irritating misprints, too, of proper names. Thus Yarrell and Gray, *nomina veneranda*, become "Yarrel" and "Grey"; and "Sylvidae," "Tetras" and "Perciceidae" are not likely to appease bird-lovers. In the list of useful books on British birds we should like to see Johns's excellent little history (S.P.C.K.) named as invaluable for beginners. A sensible essay on "Grouse Moors and Deer Forests," by Mr. J. W. Brodie Innes, is added, and an Appendix of fifty pages gives the Game Laws of the different European kingdoms. This cannot fail to be useful to travellers. Mr. Arnold's chapters have appeared in different periodicals from time to time, consequently the book possesses a miscellaneous and popular flavour. His articles on shooting game and wild duck are such as sportsmen never tire of.

Our Bird Allies. By Theodore Wood. (S. P. C. K.) Mr. Wood holds a brief for the birds, and, like many other special pleaders, occasionally injures his clients by indiscriminate advocacy. Even the jay becomes in his pages a respectable member of bird society. The injuries it commits are "chiefly theoretical, brought about by its destruction of young game." These apparent contradictions to most men are easily reconciled by Mr. Wood, who holds the view that game is of small or no account, and any destruction of it is amply recompensed if the destroyer at other seasons lives on cockchafers and grubs. In fact he is an ornithological radical, and speaks of the "slaughter of a small number" of pheasants and other game birds as inflicting no injury whatever upon the majority of mankind. If we turn to his account of the sparrow, however—one of the most mischievous and destructive of British birds—Mr. Wood says "that even its partial extermination would be little short of a national calamity." He has a good word, too, for the hooded crow—a bird which in Scotland destroys annually many thousands

of eggs and young grouse. Because Bird Acts have been passed, and a sentimental reaction in favour of birds has set in, there is no reason to deem bird-life sacred. Birds become vermin at times, and must be shot as such. Sparrows, rooks, hooded crows, jackdaws, even wild ducks we have known to be dreadful plagues to farmers and preservers. Nothing is gained by overstating a case. If Mr. Wood wished to benefit his favourites we should heartily agree with him did he attempt to point out to ladies the cruelty and shocking taste involved in wearing stuffed birds and plumes in their hats. And he will still more merit our suffrages if he could procure a short act declaring illegal the abominable pole-trap, which kills everything that lights upon it—the most beautiful and innocent of birds, as well as the marauder. Some of the cuts in this little book are old friends.

Eighth Report on the Migration of Birds, 1886. (Edinburgh: M'Farlane & Erskine.) The compilers of this interesting report are still feeling their way to lay down laws on the migration of birds. A large mass of information, moreover, on the movements of British birds during 1886 is here systematised from the notes of the different lighthouse keepers round the coasts. Every bird-lover should consult the lists of arrival and departure of the birds from the coast nearest to him, and in this way he might be considerably aided in his studies on the migration of the species common in his neighbourhood. Mr. Cordeaux points out that the line of passage which birds coming from the East to Ireland take is from the Wash and the river systems of the Nene and Welland into the centre of England, and thence, probably, by the Severn and Bristol Channel, so as to enter Ireland by the Tuskar Rock to the Wexford Coast. There was a great immigration of chaffinches along the east coast of England in the early part of October, and also of thrushes. At the Pentland Skerries a large body of robins appeared on April 19 with a south-east wind, but Mr. Harvie-Brown confesses that the "migration record for 1886 is a very poor one." At the Rhinns of Islay, however, at Lamlash, and other stations on the west of Scotland, a great rush of small birds to the South occurred on the 5th and 6th of October. Among the curiosities noted by the lighthouse men was a large arrival of moths at Fidra in September, while at Unst in November, sixty bottle-nosed whales were captured. Many great spotted woodpeckers appeared along the east coast of Scotland during the autumn. This report increases in attractiveness year by year, as the observers become more enthusiastic and intelligent. It may be hoped that an early future report will contain a succinct account of the information and laws already obtained by the exertions of the committee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS FROM NAUKRATIS.

Koenigsberg: July 30, 1887.

I have read with the greatest interest the statements of Messrs. E. A. Gardner and W. M. Flinders Petrie in the ACADEMY of July 16; and I am anxious to assure the latter, first of all, how thoroughly I am satisfied, and indeed impressed, with the exactness of his observations upon matters of fact. As an excavator also myself, I can the better appreciate the vast care and pains required in preparing so detailed and reliable an account as that of Mr. Petrie. I am pleased, however, that, as regards epigraphic evidence, Mr. Petrie leaves the case entirely in Mr. Gardner's hands; for I am glad to find that, after all, the views of this scholar are nearer to my own than I had ventured to suppose. My present object is to endeavour to make this approximation somewhat closer still.

Mr. Gardner will perceive that, by mistrusting the evidence of No. 305 of the Naukratis inscriptions, he damages the evidence not for two but for three forms of letters which he regards as important—viz., the twined ε, the μ resembling an old π *prorum*, and the six-stroked σ *pronum*. In this case Mr. Gardner seems inclined, if I do not mistake him, to impute these forms to the unskilfulness or negligence of the writer. But as of these forms the σ, and still more the ε, bear a striking resemblance to the other forms, which we are asked to regard as really authentic, Mr. Gardner is bound—at least *a priori*—to admit the possibility of all those forms being due to the fault of the scribe, as had been supposed by Kirchhoff, Bechtel, myself, and many other scholars in Germany whom I know of. Mr. Gardner now quotes the case of that curious vase found in Attica with “geometric” patterns, on which is incised a very archaic inscription. I think Mr. Gardner will agree with me that the importance of that inscription would be considerably diminished, if there had been found a fragment of later make inscribed with the same characters. Besides, Mr. Gardner will see as well as I do that the two cases are not quite identical. As for the rest, Mr. Gardner has stated the point at issue pretty clearly. The kernel of the discussion is, in fact, whether the inscriptions do, or do not, witness to the existence of a Greek city of Naukratis before Amasis, and, therefore, to the most important remains of all kinds being more ancient than that king. In deciding this question, very much depends on what idea we form as to the early state of the Ionic alphabet. And here I may be allowed to give our discussion a new turn.

Mr. Gardner, in his first letter to the ACADEMY, very truly said that his view of the Abu-Simbel inscriptions stands or falls with his view of the Naukratis inscriptions. I think he will not object to my inverting this thesis, and saying that, if it can be proved that the Abu-Simbel inscriptions, or part of them, are really specimens of the early Ionic alphabet, let us say of the seventh century B.C., Mr. Gardner's theory about Naukratis must be abandoned.

I regret that I published my first paper on Naukratis in Germany, for my task would be easier if I could assume English readers to be as familiar with my views as they are with Messrs. Gardner's and Petrie's. However, I must do the best I can, and will give an extract or two from my paper in the *Rhein. Mus.*, 1887, p. 221 foll. I think we are entitled, nay obliged, to divide the Abu-Simbel inscriptions into two different groups. In both groups the closed form of η is used (which letter in this discussion remains by far the most important); but one group employs that sign both for the aspirate and also for eta, while the other group employs it only for eta. The first group can be proved to be Rhodian; not only No. 482 c (Röhl, *Inscript. Antiq.*), but No. 482 i also, is of undoubtedly Rhodian origin, the writing of an Ialysian (cp. my paper *l.c.*). On the other hand, the two inscriptions which profess expressly to be written by Ionians—viz., a Teian and a Colophonian (Röhl, *Inscr. Ant.*, No. 482 b and e), give to the same sign only the signification of long ε. I consider this fact as established beyond doubt, and, at the same time, as decisive evidence of the early state of the Ionic alphabet. There is not the least reason to suppose that Teos and Colophon employed in the seventh century B.C.* an alphabet es-

* As to the date of the Abu-Simbel inscriptions, the only discrepancy between Kirchhoff and myself is that he assigns them to the latter half of the reign of Psammetichos I.; whereas I see no difficulty in supposing a Greek to have assumed the name of the king long before, as soon as ever friendly relations had been established between the Greeks and that monarch.

entially different from that of Miletus. A Naukratis inscription (I., pl. xxxv., No. 700) is enough to prove that in the sixth century Teos shared in the general development of the Ionic—i.e., the Milesian—alphabet. Accordingly, I hold that these two Abu-Simbel inscriptions establish the three-stroked ε, and the use of ο for ω, as elements of the early Ionic alphabet. This fact is one with which Mr. Gardner's theory of the earliest form of the Ionic alphabet cannot possibly be reconciled.

I cannot conclude without assuring Mr. Petrie that I too am open to archaeological evidence, in this case as well as in others (cp. my paper, p. 214); accordingly, it will, perhaps, be of some use to renew the discussion after the results from Daphnae have been published. I am glad to learn that this will be accomplished with the same promptitude which has already, in the case of Naukratis, won for Mr. Petrie the heartiest thanks of every scholar.

GUSTAV HIRSCHFELD.

THE ETRUSCAN NUMERALS—“SEVEN” AND “NINE.”

Barton-on-Humber: Aug. 13, 1887.

The Toscanella-dice supplied the Etruscan numerals 1-6, and investigation confirms me in the opinion that the order in which they are given by Canon Taylor, in his *Etruscan Researches*, is correct. I have, however, carefully considered the views of other Etruscologists, and any suggestions here made are tentative and undogmatic. The general result gives max, “1”; maxs, “1st”; ci, “2”; cis, “2nd”; cizi, “twice” (e.g., cizi zilaxnce, “was twice magistrate”; cf. Ak. silik, “strong protector”; Lapp silok, “unwearing”); esal, zal (abraded form, zl), “3”; esals, “3rd”; eslz, “thrice”; sa, “4” (so za-thrum, 4 x 10 = 40); sas, “4th”; θu (abraded form of θun, cf. the Tungusian tun-ya, “5,” and the Samoied much-tun = 1 + 5 = 6, = Et. max-θu, as pointed out by Canon Taylor), “5”; θunz (variant θun-est), “5 times” (e.g., purtsvana, Lat. Porrena, θunz, “Lord-protector 5 times”); hut, huth, “6”; huds, “6th.” Hence, and from what has been previously said (ACADEMY, May 21, 1887), we can resolve the form cealxls (abraded celxls, for cealxals) which = “20th,” i.e., ce (= ci)-a(= enclitic conjunction)-lx(10)-l(for al = “of,” = belonging to)—vide Sayce, in *Altital. Studien* ii. 127; a gen. form, joined with avils, = anni-s (= ordinal suffix, abraded form of ac, e.g. Et. mealxsc. But sc is itself an abraded form; cf. the Karagass Tatar ord. suf. eske; Buriat a-eki, abraded thi; Ak. ka-m). With ci is connected ciem, “8,” of which, and of ciemzabrms, “80th,” I have spoken. The variant forms—zabrms, zabrmisc, and [z]aθrumis, “40th,” require no further notice (vide ACADEMY, November 27, 1886).

We next seek the Etruscan words for “7” and “9,” and find three groups of undoubted numerals to choose from—(1) muvalxl, muvalxls, mealxsc; (2) cezpa, cezpz, cezpalxals, “70th”; and (3) semφs, semφalxls. Pauli (*Altital. St.* ii. 14) gives the numbers thus—“7. meu, 8. cezp, 9. semφ.” We may be sure, therefore, there is no internal evidence against the meaning of “9” for semφ, or rather sem-φa (by analogy with cez-pa); and Canon Taylor also concluded that semφalxl would = “90.” But Pauli's word meu, “7,” I regard as imaginary; and “8” we have already found in ciem. We are, therefore, left with cez or cez-pa for “7,” in which case we may render cezpz “7 times” (e.g., zilxnu cezpz, “was magistrate 7 times”); cezpalx, “70” (e.g., max cezpalx avil svalce, “he lived 71 years”); and cezpalxals, “70th” (e.g., lupu avils esals cezpalxals, “died of year third seventieth,” i.e., “aged 73”).

There is nothing arbitrary in science, and internal evidence must be checked by external, to which I now turn; and in word-comparison

we may remember (despite the “Yoho-theory”) that man can have as many different names for anything as he has distinct ideas about it (vide my *Language and Theories of its Origin*, sec. x.), and that words alter almost infinitely beneath the force of letter-change and abradation. The validity of any comparison is, of course, simply a question of evidence.

Prof. Sayce and Mr. Pinches have recently kindly furnished me with the latest readings of the Akkadian numerals. These, from 1 to 7, are:

1. As (abraded form a, cf. Ostiak i, ei), older form gais (cf. Arintzi kuisa, “1,” vide ACADEMY, November 27, 1886), whence gis, dis, das, gi, ge. And ikd, id (Lenormant);
2. Kas, gas, min, mina, minna, mimma.
3. Vis, bis, uvus, umus, is, esse.
4. Sav, siv, san, sana, saba, simu, nin, ninga. And limmu (Pinches).
5. Vas (abraded forms ia, a), var, bar, para.
6. As, assa (= a + as, = 5 + 1).
7. Imina, iminna (= ia + min, = 5 + 2), sisinna.

A general concept-basis of many Turanian number-words 1-5 appears to be:

1. = Finger, hand.
2. = The two hands.
3. = (Hand + hand) + foot.
4. = (Hand + hand + eye) + eye. Lim, liminu, = As. enu, “eye.”
5. = The hand as having five fingers.

The Ak. 7-form si (= ia, “5”)—sinna (= mina, “2”) may be fairly compared with the Finnic zei-tzeme, the (older) form given by Strahlenberg (see *cecemîn*, Lenormant), who gives Esthonian zsesem, Mordvin zsisim, to which we may add with Lenormant (*Chaldean Magic*, 300), the Lapp c'ec (otherwise kietja, tjetje), Zyrianian sizim, and Tcheremiss (further abraded) sim. Still clearly connected are the Vogul siv, the Samoied siv, sea, sei-ba, the Kanskoï seig-be, and the Mantchu szy-gae, whence the Chinese ts'heth. A variant form appears in the Yakut satta, the Magyar set, het.

The Etruscan, with its love of a z-sound has preserved the sis in sisinna as CEZ (cf., particularly the Lapp and Zyrianian forms), and added the suffix pa (cf. sup, sei-ba, szy-gae; Et. sem-φa, “9”; Basque zaz-pi, “7”). With reference to this suffix, it is interesting to find that in Ostiak pa = “Endung zur Bildung der Iterativzahlen” (cf. Et. Cezpz).

In Ak. “8” is ussa (= ia + vis, vus, esse, = 5 + 3), and “9” isimmu (= ia + simu, = 5 + 4), these numbers not being formed by subtraction. But, if 10 - 2 = an Etruscan form of 8, we may expect to find 10 - 1 as an Etruscan form of 9. As noticed, the Etruscan 9-word is sem, with the suffix sem-φa, semφs, “9th”; semφalxls, “90th.” Prof. Lacouperie has remarked to me that in the Arintzi 1-word kuisa (cf. Ak. gais) the ku is a prefix, and isa (Ak. as) = 1. This 1-word appears in very numerous variants—e.g., Finnic yksi, Lapp akt, Esthonian uks, &c., &c. As we have seen, 9 in Arintzi is kuisa-minschau (10 - 1), and the decade min is at times abraded to m (vide ACADEMY, May 21, 1887, p. 365). Hence, we might expect to meet with such an abraded form as (ku-i)-SA-M(minschau, sa for isa, as Et. zal for esal) = Et. SE-M-φa = 1 from 10 = 9. Similarly, in Yemisei-Samoied δ (cf. Ak. a) = 1, and esd, probably originally a 1-form, and the remains of an e-sa-m, &c. (1 from 10), = 9.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE “Treatise on the Animal Alkaloids, Cadaveric and Vital,” on which Dr. A. M. Brown has been so long engaged, is now through the press, and will be issued by Messrs. Baillière in the course of the present month. This work, which is prefaced by an introduction by Prof. Armand Gautier of Paris, discusses the

ptomaines and leucomaines as the cause of disease, and opens up to the English student a branch of pathology which, through the fashion for Pasteurism, has been almost entirely neglected.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.—(Anniversary Meeting, Wednesday, August 10.)

J. P. Gassiot, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—The annual reports from the council and auditors congratulated the fellows on the satisfactory condition of the society, the elections of new fellows being 36 above the number joining last year, and also in excess of those for 1884 and 1885. The total receipts, £6,581. 11s. 8d., also exceeded those of last year. The visitors, not only on ordinary days, but at the fetes, &c., were also much in excess; this might be due to the number of foreigners and strangers in London during this special year. One of the acts of the council to mark the year was the offer of a prize of a gold medal for the best essay treating of plants and vegetable products introduced into economic use during the reign of the Queen. In the more purely scientific work of the society the same progress is noticeable. The collections of trees, shrubs, exotic and other plants have been maintained in perfect health and vigour, while many new and rare plants, fruits, seeds, &c., from various parts of the world, have been added thereto, the whole forming a series of immense value and interest to the botanist and lover of plants. Belonging naturally to this part of the society's work are the facilities it offers to students and others engaged in botany, medicine and the arts. 684 free orders of admission to the gardens for terms of from three to six months have been given (51 of which have been given to artists), and 40,362 cut specimens of plants and flowers have been distributed for outside study and research. The quarterly journal of the society, now in its seventh year, contains many valuable notes and papers on plants and subjects connected with botany and floriculture, besides serving as a means of communication between the society and its fellows and correspondents in all parts of the world, eliciting thereby many new facts and discoveries of interest. In the meteorological department, the favourable situation of the station and the general reliability of the instruments are making the readings of greater value and more sought after each year. More particularly is this the case with the figures given by the very complete series of earth thermometers, ranging from three inches to 20 feet in depth, in solving the question of soil temperature and its effects upon the roots of plants.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REEB, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

Abraham, Joseph, and Moses in Egypt. By the Rev. A. H. Kellogg. (New York: Randolph; London: Trübner.)

If Dr. Kellogg has attempted the impossible, he has at all events gone nearer to success than any of his predecessors. The identification of the Pharaoh of the Exodus is one of the most fascinating of Egyptological problems; and, although Dr. Kellogg's researches extend over a wider area and include an elaborate scheme for the reconstruction of the chronology of the earlier dynasties, the Exodus problem is the central feature of his book. The solution which he proposes is so ingenious, so plausible, and so original, that it at all events deserves to be carefully stated and considered.

Without discussing Dr. Kellogg's chronological hypothesis (which no Egyptologist, I imagine, will accept), it must first be noted that he starts from a solid historical standpoint with the identification of Rameses II.

as the Pharaoh of the oppression. The monumental evidence of Pithom having, as he justly observes, "settled that point beyond dispute," he goes on to assign the birth of Moses to a date coinciding with the thirty-eighth year of the life of Rameses II. If this synchronism is accepted—and there is no reason against it—the king would be seventy-eight years of age when Moses, at forty, fled into Midian; and the flight into Midian would occur just six years before Rameses associated Menephtah with himself upon the throne. Allowing eighteen more years for the reign of Rameses II. (including twelve for the joint reigns of father and son), and eight for the sole reign of Menephtah, thus making up the twenty traditional years assigned to the successor of Rameses, we arrive at a date which falls many years short of the time when Moses, at eighty, returned to Egypt to work out the deliverance of his people. Menephtah is thus excluded from identification with the Pharaoh of the Exodus; and so, according to Dr. Kellogg, are his immediate successors, Seti II. and Amenmeses, and perhaps even Siphthah, to whose reigns, in whatsoever order we place them, he assigns an aggregate of fourteen years. By this calculation the close of the career of the last of these three would correspond with the eightieth year of Moses; that is to say, with the return of the law-giver to the land of Egypt. Thus, either Siphthah or his successor would be the Pharaoh for whose intimidation marvellous things were done "in the field of Zoan." But that successor is the missing link in Dr. Kellogg's chain of evidence. After Seti II., Amenmeses, and Siphthah, there ensued a period of anarchy, during which the country was at the mercy of local chiefs, the one warring against the other. It is of this period that we read in the Great Harris Papyrus how "for many years there was no ruler"; and, in point of fact, the monuments yield not a single royal cartouche till the advent of Setnekht, the founder of the XXth Dynasty. Dr. Kellogg meets this difficulty with great ingenuity. He first discusses that perplexing historical puzzle—the succession of Seti II. and Siphthah, or of Siphthah and Seti II.—which has so keenly exercised the wits of Champollion, Chabas, Eisenlohr, and Lefébure; and he does so fairly and lucidly. Upon this controversy I have no space to enter; but it may be said that the evidence of Manetho's lists, and of various extant monuments, would undoubtedly show Seti II. to have preceded Siphthah, were it not for certain usurpations and obliterations of cartouches in the tomb of Siphthah, which seem to prove that Seti II. was its latest occupant. Hereupon Dr. Kellogg asks if there may not be some possible hypothesis whereby we might be justified in accepting the monumental evidence, while, at the same time, accounting for the superimposed cartouches of the tomb. If the name of Siphthah was actually plastered over, and the name of Seti substituted (a fact now obscured by the almost total disappearance of the fragments of stucco in question), may it not, after all, be possible that the usurping Seti was not Seti II? With this, Dr. Kellogg points out that

"there was at this time another Seti, who was a prince of Cush, and who bore numerous other

titles, proving that he was at least a scion of the royal house. He was, moreover, not only contemporary with Siphthah, but acted as a courtier under him. It is neither said nor intimated that he was Siphthah's son. In fact, nothing further is known of him. He simply appears on two monuments—one found at the island of Sekel and the other at Assouan; and in the pictures he is represented as a youth rendering homage to Siphthah, who is crowned. As he bore the titles referred to, and occupied the usual position of a prince of the blood, it may be inferred that he had some claim to the succession. Who was he? Now, curiously enough, there is a Manetho tradition that one of the Menephtahs of this dynasty, on occasion arising, sent his son Sethos, but a child of five years, into Ethiopia for safety, and himself fled thither subsequently. This Menephtah could not very well have been the Menephtah who was father to Seti II., for, as Chabas has shown, he died in peace, and was peacefully succeeded by his son; nay, the son had been already associated with the father before he died. Also, the very young age of the child Sethos of the tradition could scarcely be harmonised with the relative ages of Menephtah and Seti II., as they are ordinarily conceived. But Seti II. himself was also a "Menephtah," and could easily enough have had a son Seti, who, as hereditary prince, would be prince of Cush. Further, while there is monumental evidence that the reign of Seti II. began peacefully, there is evidence that would point to its having been suddenly cut short, so that it is altogether probable that his reign ended disastrously. . . . It follows that the Seti who was a prince of the blood, and afterwards Siphthah's courtier, may well enough have been a son of Seti II., Menephtah, the child Sethos of the tradition, sent to Ethiopia for safety amid the troubles that harassed the close of his father's reign (pp. 137 et seq.)."

Having thus stated the claims of his candidate, Dr. Kellogg suggests that Queen Tauser, the wife of Siphthah, was possibly the mother of this third Seti, married to Siphthah, who is generally regarded as in some sense a usurper. The whole situation, in fact, as Dr. Kellogg arranges it, may be described as an Egyptian edition of "Hamlet"; and of this edition, whatever objections may be made to it on other grounds, it must at all events be said that it reconciles the hitherto conflicting evidence of the monuments and the tomb.

If Dr. Kellogg has supplied us with a successor to Siphthah, he nevertheless hesitates to identify him with the Pharaoh of the Exodus. He inclines to make Siphthah the last Pharaoh of the XIXth Dynasty, whose reign ended disastrously, and was followed by anarchy; and he conceives that the third Seti may have attempted "to stem the tide of confusion that ensued," and that he may have had time to dishonour the empty tomb of Siphthah before he was himself swept out of sight by the convulsions that rent the fabric of the state. In other words, he is evidently disposed to conclude that Siphthah was drowned with all his host. It is, however, not said in the Bible that Pharaoh was himself overwhelmed by the returning waters, and that inference is now generally rejected.

Finally, Dr. Kellogg not only believes, with Prof. Maspero, that the Hebrew Exodus took place during the anarchical period, of which we possess a contemporary record in the Great Harris Papyrus; but, taking the translations of Chabas and Brugsch for the basis of his argument, he holds that the

anarchy was caused by that great migration, and that the papyrus makes express mention of the event. The passage in question occurs near the beginning of the historical section, at the end of the second column. The people of Egypt, it says, "had fled out beyond," and those who were left in the interior were for many years without a ruler. Meanwhile, the cities were governed by overlords, who fought and slew one another. At last one Arisu, a Syrian, rose to supreme power, and exacted tribute from the whole country. His followers plundered the Egyptians of all their goods. "The gods, meanwhile, were treated as the people, and offerings were no longer made in the temples." This reign of terror lasted till Setnekht expelled the Syrian hordes and founded the XXth Dynasty. It is in the above narrative that Dr. Kellogg recognises a distinct reference to the Exodus. The crucial sentence upon which his argument hinges is the first. According to Chabas, it reads thus: "Egypt had fled out beyond. For all who stayed in the interior there was no ruler." The same sentence, according to Brugsch, runs as follows: "The people of Egypt lived in banishment abroad. Of those who lived in the interior of the land, none had any to care for him." Or, in French, "Il est arrivé que l'Égypte s'était jetée au dehors;" and in German, "Das Volk von Aegypten lebte in der Verbannung im Auslande." Of the two, Chabas has rendered the sense with greater literalness, and with most scrupulous care. The expression "s'était jetée" (in Egyptian, "Khaa") is remarkable. It implies a headlong flight; such a flight as we might imagine would be prompted by the terror of a great multitude seeking to escape, not only from plague and pestilence, but from a land which the gods might seem to have doomed to destruction. When it is remembered that not only the Hebrew population went out, but that a great "mixed multitude" went with them, the movement may fairly be described in the words of the papyrus as "Egypt had fled (or 'flung itself') out beyond;" and such an exodus would, as Dr. Kellogg argues, "leave the north-east part of the Delta comparatively empty." To this he adds that

"the destruction of Pharaoh and of his chosen captains and horsemen would sufficiently account for the land of Egypt being left without a head; rendering it needful, in the first instance, that each nome should look out for itself—a condition of things that would inevitably lead to the jealousies and ambitions of which the papyrus also speaks (p. 111)."

I have endeavoured to state Dr. Kellogg's contention as fully as space will permit, and so far as possible in his own words. Students of Egyptian history will judge his theory for themselves. Few, perhaps, will accept it unreservedly; yet none, I think, will deny that it is well conceived and closely reasoned, and that, given the thirty-eighth year of Rameses II. as the date of the birth of Moses, it very skilfully synchronises the Exodus of the Hebrews with the Egyptian Exodus of the Great Harris Papyrus.

Of Dr. Kellogg's reconstruction of Manetho's data for the XIIth and five following dynasties, and of the Procrustean process by which he cuts down the four Hyksôs dynasties to

six reigns (making Salatis the leader of the invasion!) the less said the better. The whole scheme is purely fanciful, and can only be classed as another honest and futile attempt to square the vague chronology of the Bible with the still more vague chronology of the early ages of Egyptian history. To the same hopeless endeavour must be attributed the unquestioning faith with which he accepts the famous "Tablet of 400 years" as "a monumental time-period of the Shepherd Era," maintaining that "the Set-neb-pehti from whose reign the era dates can be none other than a Shepherd king." And this, he says, "is conceded by all Egyptologists" (p. 24). But Dr. Kellogg should surely know that the late Dr. Birch, who translated the tablet for *Records of the Past*, was always doubtful of this inscription, which he characterised as "in some respects peculiar, if not suspicious"; and that Maspero, comparing the tablet-date with a purely mythological date at Edfoo, recording the "363rd year of Horemkhu" (Horus on the horizon), is of opinion that the 400th year on which Dr. Kellogg erects his elaborate superstructure of chronological synchronisms refer to the 400th year of the mythical reign of the god Set, and not to any human ruler. Dr. Kellogg, by the way, writes of the tablet as being at the Boolak Museum, whereas it still lies in the sands of Tanis, where Mariette reburied it; and so well is it hidden that Mr. Petrie failed to find it during his extensive excavations in 1884. Dr. Kellogg follows Mr. Lund's lead in identifying Khoo-en-Aten with the Pharaoh of Joseph. Not having Mr. Lund's paper at hand, I do not feel sure whether he does, or does not, go farther than that gentleman when he hints that the Ka-em-ha of the Tell-el-Amarna basrelief might possibly be identified with Joseph himself; but this really is to consider the question too curiously.

I must add, and with regret, that Dr. Kellogg has not invariably verified his quotations from original sources. This laxity has led him into some minor errors, and has caused him to commit one act of serious injustice. In a footnote to p. 54, he cites a passage from Brugsch's history, which represents Prof. Maspero as having stated that Rameses II. was but ten years of age at the time of the battle of Kadesh. If Dr. Kellogg had referred to the passage in question, he would have found that M. Maspero has never said anything of the kind. What M. Maspero actually did write is this:—"Dès l'âge de dix ans, Ramsès fit la guerre en Syrie, et, s'il faut en croire les historiens grecs, en Arabie" (*Hist. Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient*, p. 218, 4^{me} ed.). But this is simply a reference to the campaign of Seti I., in which Rameses, as crown prince, received his "baptism of fire." If Dr. Kellogg had turned to the original work, he would not only have found no mention of Kadesh at p. 18 (which he gives, also, it is to be presumed, from Brugsch); but on p. 220, *sqq.*, he would have seen how Rameses II. is described as being in the prime of life and surrounded by a numerous family, at the time of his father's death; and how, *four years later still*, there broke out in Syria that very revolt of the petty princes which was crushed, though but for a short time, by the battle of Kadesh. Dr. Kellogg

cites Brugsch's misquotation "as an instance of the mistakes that may sometimes be made by the most exact of men"; but as Rameses is depicted in the basreliefs accompanied by several grown-up sons at the battle of Kadesh, not even the most inexact of men could have been guilty of so gross an error. It is to be hoped that the author of *Abraham, Joseph, and Moses in Egypt* will henceforth be less ready to accept adverse criticisms at second-hand, and so cultivate that exactness which he very properly regards as a *sine quâ non*.

It should in justice be added that Dr. Kellogg's book is throughout distinguished by a spirit of wide toleration, and a strict fairness of argument which orthodox controversialists in general would do well to imitate.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

IT does not surprise us to find the articles in the *Magazine of Art* on "Current Art" and "The Salon" vigorously written and admirably illustrated, but it is disappointing to learn that the editor allows the exploded fiction of Palma's daughter to be perpetuated in his pages. It has long been known that Palma had no daughter, whether called Violante or by any other name. But the most remarkable thing in the number for August is an article by Mr. Richard Jefferies called "Nature in the Louvre." The well-known lover and admirable describer of nature has found her for once in art, in the mutilated statue known as the Venus Accroupie. He found in this figure the human impersonation of that secret influence which in old days beckoned him on in the forest and by running streams. "She expressed in loveliness of form the colour and light of sunny days; she expressed the deep aspiring desire of the soul for the perfection of the frame in which it is encased, for the perfection of its own existence." He draws from it the hope of some moral good greater than the best now known to man. As we read this astonishing outburst of enthusiasm engendered by the contemplation of a mutilated statue, we wonder whether any work of art has ever stirred the depths of any man's nature like this, and whether this particular work from the day when new and perfect it left the master's hand has ever roused the like emotion in Pagan or Christian, and whether it will ever do so again.

THE *Portfolio* has an unpretending but excellent etching by Mr. Colin Hunter of "A Banffshire Harbour," full of light and colour; and, besides a continuation of Mr. Walter Armstrong's "Scottish Painters," an appreciative article by Miss Julia Cartwright on Signor Costa and one on Boucher by Mr. Selwyn Brinton.

IN the *Art Journal* Mrs. Meynell employs her pleasant pen in writing of Heidelberg, and Mr. U. Forbes tell us much that is interesting about Old Cromer. MM. Villars and Myrbach continue their clever partnership of pen and pencil. They have reached Betws y Coed, and have much to say and to draw about that shrine of English artists and tourists. The accounts of the exhibitions, the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, &c., are done in a somewhat summary manner; and, besides a number of other illustrations, the number contains a bright and dexterous etching by Henri Lepnd after "The Grape Harvest" by E. Debat-Ponsan;

Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst, and its accompanying *Kunstgewerbeblatt*, for July contain their usual variety of interesting matter. A powerful etching by F. Krostewitz, after a picture by Wilhelm Diez ("Im Hinterhalt"), is one of several illustrations of an article on that

artist by H. E. von Verlepsch. The gabled houses at Rostock furnish Th. Royce with a subject for one of those interesting articles on old domestic architecture which are a constant feature in this periodical. An autotype of an unfinished engraving by the late French engraver Gaillard (portrait of Pope Leo XIII.) also deserves notice.

The new volume of *L'Art* has at present dealt only with the Salon, the account of which is profusely illustrated with sketches by the artists themselves, and written by M. Paul Leroi with his usual frankness and force; but each part has contained an etching, including an admirable one by M. Ramus after a picture of a girl by Rembrandt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXCAVATIONS AT CHESTER.

Liverpool: August 15, 1887.

In 1886 the Royal Archaeological Institute, at their meeting at Chester, made a minute inspection of the walls of that city, with a view of determining whether any Roman work remained in them *in situ*. A sub-committee of experts was formed to analyse each point adduced, and the result was announced, by the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce (historian of the *Roman Wall*), that nothing Roman remained visible *in situ*. This confirmed the view (first suggested by Mr. G. W. Shrubsole) which I expounded at great length in my *Roman Cheshire*; and it was endorsed by such antiquaries as Rev. H. M. Scarth, Prof. E. C. Clark, Mr. R. S. Ferguson, Mr. Walford, Sir Charles Newton, of the British Museum, Sir James Picton, &c.

It, however, proved unacceptable to the veteran antiquary Mr. C. Roach Smith, who in 1849, during the meeting of the British Archaeological Association in the city, had pronounced three different portions of the wall to be of Roman construction. Excavations made two or three years since, had, however, shown that one of these was the base of a mediæval ruined wall; another (that on the Roodeye) was no wall whatever, but a mass of large stones erected in front of the bank of the former estuary, with the view of keeping it from sliding forwards and thus ruining the wall on its summit; and the third, though faced with undoubted Roman stones, taken from some large buildings, was found to be a poor and late wall, much decayed.

In order to still further test the question, the British Archaeological Association arranged when holding its annual Congress (now proceeding) at Liverpool, to devote a day (Monday next, August 22) to Chester; and in the meantime, taking advantage of a slight settlement in the wall, the Corporation of Chester caused a portion of it, previously indicated by Mr. Roach Smith, to be taken down and rebuilt. This operation, now in progress, has revealed the fact that the wall at this point is composed of a mass of huge stones without mortar (and nearly all Roman) bedded simply in earth at their base and resting on the natural rock. Among these stones are large fragments of cornices, friezes, columns, capitals, tombstones, stones with sculptured figures, the upper half of a small altar, and what is probably a mediæval tablet with the figures of an ecclesiastic and a female sculptured upon it. The exact age of this last-named stone, will, however, I think, be difficult to determine. The whole of these (some twenty-five in number) were obtained from a length of about ten feet of the wall, which is seen to be composed similarly on either side of the excavation. The writer having descended a shaft some seventeen feet deep, and gone beneath the wall, can verify this.

With the exception of its having no mortar, the wall seems to be very similar to the

mediæval bastion of the wall of London, laid bare in Camomile Street in 1876, which was also composed of a mass of Roman sculptured stones; and another portion of the same wall laid bare on Tower Hill in 1852 still further resembles it. There is not a trace of the usual concrete foundation of a Roman wall; but on the south side of the city in Bridge Street, a part of the foundation of the destroyed south wall was found in March last, remaining eight feet wide, and standing two feet high, composed of boulders set in concrete, which was, with the greatest difficulty, cut through for the purpose of laying a gas main.

The new excavation, which is a little to the west of the Phoenix tower, and in the north wall, seems to point to the fact that the existing wall was built at the time the breach made by Sir W. Brereton's guns during the siege was repaired. It is impossible that it can be of any great age. Had it even been of the Edwardian period strong mortar would have been used.

The refutation of the idea that the wall close to the Northgate is Roman by no means affects Mr. Roach Smith's reputation as an antiquary. He judged by the stones on the outside, which are of Roman origin. He knew nothing of what was behind.

Among the new discoveries are five inscriptions, but so fragmentary that it is useless to reproduce them here. All have been sepulchral. W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

PREHISTORIC TOMBS IN SILESIA.

New College, Oxford: Aug. 15, 1887.

Readers of the ACADEMY may care to hear of an interesting discovery recently made at a village called Sacrau, a little east of Breslau. Three graves of stone have been found, with remains of weapons, wooden and earthenware jars, ornaments in bronze and silver, &c., especially some curious fibulae. In the grave last opened were a golden necklace, some small rings, a gold fibula, and a gold coin IMP CLAUDIVS AVG. The graves have been ascribed to "the Romans." A trade route of imperial times certainly ran across Silesia connecting the Baltic and the Mediterranean, and Roman coins, &c., mark it all the way. F. H.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. PERCY GARDNER has been elected to the chair of archaeology at Oxford, vacant by the transfer of Prof. Ramsay to Aberdeen. We understand that Mr. Gardner will resign not only his post in the medal room at the British Museum, but also the Disney professorship at Cambridge, which he has held since the resignation of Prof. Babington. The department of coins in the British Museum has recently suffered another loss in the withdrawal of Mr. C. F. Keary.

MR. W. DIERKEN, following the example of last year, has now on view in the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, a selection from the pictures exhibited at the Salon of 1887.

A CORRESPONDENT begs leave to notice one or two inaccuracies of statement that have crept into Sir Henry Layard's *Handbook of Painting*—a work described on the title-page as "based on the Handbook of Kugler." In the Introduction to the present edition it is stated that in 1851 an English translation of that part of it which relates to the Italian schools was edited by Sir Charles Eastlake; and this is followed up by the statement in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* that the translation referred to was the work of Sir Charles Eastlake. The facts are that the first and only translation into English of Kugler's work appeared in 1842; and this, though edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, was

made by the late Mrs. Hutton, of Dublin—lady of singular gifts, whose accurate knowledge of German was only equalled by her command of the English language. Readers of the work in its present form—while acknowledging the boon conferred on students of art by the labours of Sir Henry Layard in his reconstruction of, and additions to, the original—will not fail to regret the inequalities that have crept into a work which when it left Mrs. Hutton's accomplished hands was as perfect in the harmonious elegance of its style as it was remarkable for the faithful rendering of the original.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE are requested to state that Miss Calhoun may be expected to arrive in London during the course of next month.

MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD is engaged, in collaboration with Mr. William Poel, in dramatising his novel, *The World we Live In*.

MUSIC.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE prospectus of the approaching Festival at Worcester (September 4 to 9) contains a goodly array of works. With "Elijah" on the first, and "Messiah" on the last day, the festival may be said to open and to end well. Schubert's fine Mass in E flat, and Spohr's "Last Judgment," if not novelties, are not heard too frequently. "The Redemption" is of course, thoroughly suited to a festival in a cathedral city. At the miscellaneous concerts in the College Hall, Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Stanford's "Revenge," and other pieces, will be given. The novelty of the week—for such things are now the rule, and not the exception—will be an oratorio by Mr. F. H. Cowen, entitled "Ruth." The words have been selected from the Bible by Mr. J. Bennett; and, as in "The Rose of Sharon," so here, he has provided the composer with a book in which a simple Eastern tale is skilfully turned into a drama for music. The reapers and gleaners in the harvest field at Bethlehem naturally suggest singing and dancing; and Mr. Bennett, in filling up his outline, and arranging his figures, evidently remembered Mr. Cowen's strong points. The "Harvest" scene, with its quaint themes, its charm and fancy, and—as we expect to be able to add after hearing it—graceful orchestration, appears to be one of the composer's happiest efforts. There is some solid writing in the oratorio: for if at times Mr. Cowen shows his fancy at other and appropriate times he shows his scientific knowledge, as in the closing chorus of the second scene, and in the "Praise Him" of Part 2. The *Leit-Motif* is introduced, but not on an extensive scale; and for this Wagnerites and non-Wagnerites may be both thankful. The composer will conduct his own work. Mr. Carrodus will, as usual, be leader of the orchestra during the festival, and Mr. Done and Mr. Williams conductors. The principal vocalists will be Mme. Albani, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Barton McGuckin.

THE twenty-second Norfolk and Norwich Festival will be held at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, on October 11, 12, 13, 14. Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, are the principal vocalists announced. Mr. A. Randegger will be conductor. The novelties of the festival will be two oratorios—both expressly composed for the occasion: the one is entitled "The Garden of Olivet," written by the renowned double-bass player, Bottesini; the other, "Isaiah," by Signor Luigi Mancinelli.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.

No. 799, *New Series*.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1641-43. Preserved in H.M. Public Record Office. Edited by W. W. Hamilton. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

THE present volume has been long delayed—as it is understood through no fault of the editor—and will be all the more welcome to those who study the national history. Mr. Hamilton's regret at the sudden falling-off of his documents at the opening of the Civil War will be shared by many, especially as the kind of information which was to be found in earlier volumes of the series cannot easily be replaced. The more official documents of 1640-41 may, no doubt, pair off with the Letter-books of the Committee of both Kingdoms, which will be noticed in the next volume of the Calendar; but where are we to supply the lively personal correspondence of persons of lesser note whose letters, addressed to a secretary of state, were swept into the State Paper Office on the death or resignation of that high official? Yet, even the scantiness of the collection for 1643 is in some degree instructive. It is only one more evidence of that which is always before the investigator of MS. sources for the Civil War history—namely, of the fear which those who took part in the struggle always had before them lest they might furnish matter of accusation against themselves. How little of personal record do we possess of Pym, of Hampden, or of Fiennes? A few letters written by Vane to his father in September, 1645, will, no doubt, be calendared by Mr. Hamilton before long. Unfortunately, young Vane, even in his domestic correspondence, took care not to be too effusive, and these letters tell us little which might not be discovered in the newspapers. This significant reticence appears even in the letters of the lesser members of the party. Sir Ralph Verney went into exile at the close of 1643; and, while he remained abroad, received almost weekly communications from his attached friend, Sir Roger Burgoyne, a member of Parliament. Yet, though Burgoyne made use of cipher, he rarely, if ever, has anything of the slightest interest to tell. It was evidently well understood that, even between friends, matters of state were not to be committed to paper.

For easy communications we must turn to the Royalists; but their letters, except when they were intercepted, did not find their way among the state papers. Unfortunately for themselves, and fortunately for us, their letters were intercepted pretty frequently; and towards the end of the war Hyde carefully preserved this correspondence. Neither of these sources, however, is of much avail during the first sixteen months of the war,

which alone are covered by the present volume.

Mr. Hamilton has given in his preface a sketch of the events to which his papers refer. Though he has tried to keep the balance even, he is somewhat hampered by a natural tendency to magnify his office, and to pass over documents not in the custody of the Master of the Rolls, because his official engagements prevent him from making himself familiar with those which are preserved elsewhere. His description of D'Ewes's diary as contained "in five separate volumes of rough notes" would never have been given by anyone in the habit of consulting those volumes; and it obscures the fact that D'Ewes's rather malevolent attacks on the character of Hampden and other leaders of the Parliamentary party were not jotted down at the time, but were added several months afterwards, in the clear hand of a third person.

The omission, in so full an account of the affair of the five members, of any reference to the remarkable document recently published in the Nicholas papers is certainly to be regretted, while the argument against the supposition that Lady Carlisle warned the five members is far from conclusive. It may be quite true that "the information which the Commons acted on . . . was obtained through the French ambassador and the Earl of Essex"; but why may not the French ambassador have learnt the secret from Lady Carlisle? Her relations with the French Embassy are notorious; and even as late as 1646 she was actively engaged in promoting the understanding between the French agent Montreuil and the English and the Scottish Presbyterians, which ended in the fatal surrender of Charles to the Scottish army.

After all, however, it is not from his preface but from the Calendar itself that Mr. Hamilton must be judged; and, unless his work in this volume is inferior to that which he has hitherto produced, he has done that which well entitle him to the gratitude of many generations of students.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

"Great Writers."—*Life of Thomas Carlyle.*
By Richard Garnett. (Walter Scott.)

DR. GARNETT's contribution to the series of "Great Writers" is an interesting volume on Carlyle. No doubt the contents of it are for the most part tolerably familiar to readers of the work which Mr. Froude has edited and written, and of the numerous other works, good and bad, that have appeared since Carlyle died. But the object of the series, as I understand it, is, while not excluding criticism, to give facts rather than critical estimates, and to bring these facts before a public whom the larger volumes might not reach. If so, Dr. Garnett has performed his task well. Even the student of the more elaborate books has reason to thank him for gathering the pith of them into so convenient a compass. His work throughout is clear and concise, and shows him to be a master of such good English that, in a book written for English readers, it was not necessary for him to resort to three or four other languages in order to express his meaning.

Dr. Garnett lays stress, but not too much stress, on the tenderness in Carlyle's nature: "Thomas Carlyle had an immense fund of spiritual tenderness, but it was so far passive that it did not go forth freely of itself; it needed to be evoked, and then the fountains streamed. Towards the weak and helpless it flowed freely, but the strong could only elicit it by themselves displaying the like."

Carlyle was certainly a man of affectionate nature and deep, though not over keen, sympathies. When aroused he could appreciate others' needs and minister to them perfectly. If few men could strike harder, few were ever able to touch more gently. But his sympathies needed, as his biographer says, "to be evoked." When they were evoked Carlyle was seen at his best. Read the letter he wrote to Emerson on the death of John Sterling, or that other when Emerson's little son had died. Witness his treatment of his wife, not as he described it in his *Reminiscences*, nor as she too often represented it to her friends, but as it really was. That he frequently failed to penetrate her outer reserve is not to be denied, and a more keenly sensitive man would have appreciated her needs more swiftly than Carlyle did. But when, occasionally, she threw off her reserve, or when she broke down in health, or when some great trouble, such as the death of her mother, came upon her, and it thus became manifest to him that sympathy was needed, assuredly he gave it abundantly. The depth and richness of his nature in this particular places him in striking contrast with his wife. Dr. Garnett refers rightly to Mrs. Carlyle's "sympathising helpfulness in misfortune," and distinguishes it from the "tenderness of spirit" which he says was "potential; circumstances might have aroused it, but the circumstances never arrived, and the tenderness never awoke." What she might have been, who can tell? Carlyle's exaggerated estimate of her virtues—revealing as in a mirror the depth of his own tenderness—seems so far to have prevented a just estimate of her character. Dr. Garnett perceives that the pair were, "in a sense" (whatever that may mean), ill-suited to one another; but he is kind enough to think that this sharp-tongued, coarse, and spiteful woman would have made a good helpmeet for Edward Irving—a man whose spirit was far more finely strung than Carlyle's. "Had I married Irving," Mrs. Carlyle once said, "the tongues would never have been heard." No! but there were once worse possibilities in store for Irving than "the tongues." "When poor Irving," says Dr. Garnett, "oblivious of his Kirkcaldy vows, sought Miss Welsh's hand, he was probably guided by a sound instinct of his real needs." That there was a small flirtation between these two need not be questioned. It does not seem to have been Irving's only flirtation after his engagement to Miss Martin. In the *Reminiscences* Carlyle notes respecting Miss Margaret Gordon: "Irving, too, it was sometimes thought, found her interesting, could the Miss Martin bonds have allowed, which they never would." Mrs. Carlyle's vanity would, in later years, easily make a mountain out of such a mole-hill. Carlyle took her word for it, as might be expected, so did Mr. Froude, and so, apparently, does Dr. Garnett. The Carlyles said

ill-natured things about Mrs. Irving. Her "ill-qualities," as a girl, "came out in her afterwards as a bride [an engaged young lady] and still more strongly as a wife." So wrote Carlyle; but contrast the opinion of Mrs. Oliphant, who knew Mrs. Irving personally, not merely from the report of a self-constituted rival:

"She stood by her husband bravely through every after vicissitude of his life; was so thorough a companion to him that he confided to her in detail all the thoughts which occupied him . . . received his entire trust and confidence, piously laid him in his grave, brought up his children, and lived for half of her life a widow indeed in the exercise of all womanly and Christian virtues."

Let us also read the opinion of the victim himself of Miss Martin's resolute determination to marry him, despite his opportunity of an alliance with that superior person, Jane Welsh. Irving's letters to his wife abound in such affectionate praise as this, written when she had gone to visit her parents:

"I suppose, by the time this arrives in Kirkcaldy you will have arrived . . . and because I cannot be there to welcome you in person to your father's house, I send this, my representative, to take you by the hand, to embrace you by the heart, and say welcome, thrice welcome, to your home and your country, which you have honoured by fulfilling the duties of a wife and mother, well and faithfully—the noblest duties of womanhood. And while I say this to yourself, I take you to your father and mother and say unto them: 'Receive, honoured parents, your daughter—your eldest-born child—and give her double honour as one who hath been faithful and dutiful to her husband, and brings with her a child to bear down your piety, faith, and blessedness to other generations, if it please the Lord.' Thus I fulfil the duty of restoring, with honour and credit—well due, and well won—one whom I received from their house as its best gift to me."

Who can suppose that if Jane Welsh had become Mrs. Irving and had succeeded in stopping "the tongues" she would have received or deserved such a tribute as that? Probably Irving and Miss Martin knew their business best, as people who marry often do, despite the opinions of kind relatives and friends. At any rate, if Irving ever felt any disappointment about Jane Welsh, the time must have come when he could say with Carlyle, "'Ill luck,' take it quietly, you never are sure but it may be good and the best."

That Mrs. Carlyle was bitter against Mrs. Irving is not strange when we remember she had not the tenderness, not even the grace, to avoid giving vent among her friends to her complaints and sarcasms about her own husband. Calling one day on a friend, an eminent physician, and being asked, "How is Mr. Carlyle?" she answered, "Oh, its weary work living with a man who always has hell-fire in his stomach." No doubt it was weary work; but how much more weary for the man afflicted thus, and afflicted also with this unsympathetic wife. Carlyle must have been "gae ill to deal wi'." Wisely at the outset of his career did Miss Margaret Gordon advise him to

"cultivate the milder dispositions of the heart. Subdue the mere extravagant visions of the brain. G-ness will render you great. May

virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced that they will respect you as much and like you more. Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart?"

Assuredly Carlyle was "guided by a sound instinct of his real needs" when he desired the woman who wrote that for his wife. But men too often maintain their amiability and secure goodwill by weak compliances. Their good temper costs them their integrity. If Carlyle was not good tempered let us not forget what a sea of sham and pretence he had to face; and that neither fortune nor flattery, nor any other bribe could induce him to say "yes" when he meant "no," or even to leave the "no" unsaid.

Mr. Froude has made many blunders in his time, and his action in the matter of Carlyle may have been his latest and greatest. A difference of opinion remains after a good deal of discussion. Has not enough, and more than enough, been said on the subject already, and may not those who differ still, agree to differ? Dr. Garnett seems to think not. He takes up more space in scolding Mr. Froude than can well be spared. On other points he is so instructive and interesting that we grudge the waste. He is not content with one rebuke, but returns to the attack again and again. "If indignation must have course," writes Dr. Garnett, "it will not die away for want of an object." That object is the unhappy Froude! Dr. Garnett's indignation must "have course." He demands to know how "Carlyle's trusted friend and literary executor" came to publish the *Reminiscences* "with hardly any retrenchment or alteration, in defiance of Carlyle's most positive injunctions." The riddle has been asked before and not solved, and Dr. Garnett does not solve it now. His remarks would have been in place in a newspaper controversy, but they could have been dispensed with here. After all, Mr. Froude has done his worst or his best, and it cannot be undone. Even Mr. Eliot Norton's brilliant re-editing cannot undo it. And what is the result? Simply that we must thank either Mr. Froude or his blunder for enabling us to understand how great Carlyle really was. "Most autobiographies," as Dr. Garnett remarks, "have been written or coloured for effect. Carlyle's is the most artless of all his writings." To be given possession of it, in the case of such a man as this, may well cover a multitude of literary sins on the part of the man who gave it. Carlyle, as we know him now, is more real, and immeasurably more impressive than the Carlyle we knew before. The literary small-talkers may say the idol is shattered; but those to whom Carlyle was never an idol, but an instructor and inspirer, must be glad and not sorry that he has become so real to them.

This book will add to Dr. Garnett's reputation as a clear and careful writer and critic. His statement of facts is accurate, and his estimate of Carlyle shows insight and understanding. His conclusion is that

"it is not as a man of letters that we would chiefly think of Carlyle, nor is it in his study that we would part with him. Great and deathless writer as he was, he will be honoured

by posterity for his influence on human life rather than for his supremacy as a literary artist."

That is true.

WALTER LEWIS.

Greeko-Slavonic. Hohester Lectures on Greeko-Slavonic Literature and its Relation to the Folklore of Europe during the Middle Ages. By M. Gaster. (Trübner.

Dr. GASTER has done good service by calling the attention of scholars to an interesting but long neglected branch of literature—the numerous works which were, during a considerable period of time, translated from the Greek into Slavic languages, and which have to a marked degree affected, not only the folklore of the Slaves, but also that of the whole of Europe. The romances which formed a considerable portion of that literature are in themselves by no means devoid of merit, although some of them were merely adaptations of Oriental fictions; and the account of them which Dr. Gaster has given will be found of great use and value. But what renders his work of special service to folklorists is the description it contains of the remarkable "heretical movement known under the name of Bogomilism, which ruled Bulgaria for not less than five centuries, and left indelible traces in the spiritual life of the Slavonic nations." For it was to the fondness of these ill-starred heretics and their religious teachers for tales and fables, and to their zeal in circulating the fictions in which their doctrines were presented under an universally attractive form, that the diffusion was due of many a story which might otherwise never have reached the ears of the unlettered peasants, in many lands, among whose descendants it is now current.

At the time of the conversion of the Bulgarians to Christianity, says Dr. Gaster, there were to be found at the Bulgarian court envoys from the Paulicians or Manichaeans of Asia Minor. These Paulicians had settled in Thrace before that time, a number of them having been transported from Asia Minor in the eighth century; and in their new home they flourished, gaining over many adherents to the doctrines of Manichaeism in the modified form introduced by Constantine of Samosata. One of their priests, Jeremiah, having taken, about the middle of the tenth century, the name of Bogo-mil, answering to Theo-philus, his followers were styled *Bogomili*, and during many centuries Bogomilism "kept a foremost place in the history of the Balkan Peninsula." These sectaries called themselves "Good People," "Good Christians" and "Christian Poor"; but various other names were bestowed upon them by their opponents, who were ultimately able to crush their religious movement. They underwent the hard fate which befell others who, like them, "threw over the doctrines of the dominant Church, based their faith more upon Holy Writ, excluded the cross from their religious symbols to advocate freedom from the domination of the Catholic Church and of the nobility." But although they were reduced to silence, so far as any public utterance of their doctrines was concerned, yet they retained to a great degree their hold upon the minds of the common people.

The Bogomils trusted to a large extent to oral teaching, their missionaries wandering about from hamlet to hamlet, talking with the peasants in simple style, and engaging their attention by means of tales and parables. But their doctrines were also embodied in a written literature, which, as Dr. Gaster says, "travelled through Europe and left permanent traces of its influence on literature, poetry, painting, and sculpture." Of this literature the main sources were Greek texts, founded on works which travelled to Constantinople from the East, and were thence transferred to the Bogomils. Much recourse was had also to Jewish legends found "in the Haggadical writings, and in particular in a book called *Sephor Hayashar*"—a kind of Biblical history, in which the books of Genesis and Exodus are supplemented by a number of ancient legends. The Bogomils, it may be remarked, prided themselves upon their intimate acquaintance with the Bible, "and at one time their bishop in Bulgaria boasted that there was not a *single one* among his 4,000 disciples who did not know the Scriptures by heart." Implicit belief need not be given to this statement; but there is no doubt that the fantastic supplements to the Old and New Testaments, contained in the great mass of Apocryphal writings to which the perverted ingenuity of Christianity gave rise, were carefully studied by those fanatical ascetics. Of one of their favourite works Dr. Gaster gives, in an Appendix, a detailed account. It is the Old Slavonian Bible-story "called *Palaea* (i.e., Παλαιά Διαθήκη), which "may have been originally copied from a Greek model, but in its existing and perhaps extended form contains several legends which are almost literally translated from the *Sephor Hayashar*." It probably belongs to the tenth century, and is, therefore, much older than the corresponding works in Germany and France. It may be described as "an embellished Bible," which has a definite tendency, being apologetic and polemic, as well as exegetic and homiletic, its fundamental idea being that "there is no event mentioned in the New Testament which has not been adumbrated and typified in the Old Testament." The New is but the fulfilment of the Old, "hence the truth of the former; and hence, on this theory, also the unavoidable acceptance of the New Testament by the followers of the Old."

It is to be hoped that Dr. Gaster may meet with the early opportunity to which he looks forward of publishing a complete translation of the legends and apocryphal tales contained in this extensive but little known work.

W. R. S. BALSTON.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

On Teaching English. By Alexander Bain. (Longmans).

English Composition and Rhetoric. By Alexander Bain. Enlarged edition. Part I. (Longmans.)

ANYTHING that comes from Dr. Bain's pen calls for respectful attention. He speaks with the authority rightly attaching to one of the ablest of English psychologists, and a teacher of long standing; and we may well hesitate before we differ from him wherever

his ripe and acute learning is placed at our service. In this spirit we approached the two books before us, and with all diffidence we toiled through them; but we never knew before how mighty a chasm separates anatomising power from insight and sympathy.

We should say at once that the chief object that seems likely to be served by Dr. Bain's two books is that they should be examples to the end of time of how "English" never should be "taught," and never could be "taught." We are altogether unable to follow our author in what seems to be his view of the purpose of English teaching as practised in our schools. It is *not* merely or chiefly "to assist the pupil in mastering the English tongue." That is only a part, and not the larger part of the teacher's duty. His first business is to see that his pupil understands and knows well at least one great work of literary art; for the intelligent knowledge of one is the best guarantee of the power to rightly understand another. We are heartily in accord with our author in deprecating such criticism as begins and ends with "discussions of antiquarian grammar, idiom, and vocabulary; changes in the use of particular words; explanation of figurative allusions; interpretations of doubtful passages," and so forth. But all these things are necessary in their degree, before we can get to the heart of the writer's mystery, and see the things he makes somewhat as he saw them. Shakspeare and Milton—"we cannot work them," says Dr. Bain, "into the tissue of our familiar discourse. What, then, is to be gained by dwelling on them, say, in an English lesson?" And Bacon—his "essays do not interest this generation, because, apparently, 'his maxims on the conduct of business are completely superseded by Sir Arthur Helps's essay on the subject.'" Accordingly, in chap. iv., Dr. Bain tells us, as he says, "How not to do it" with Bacon's essays; and his method is very instructive. It is Dr. Bain's psychological "bias," perhaps, that makes him see all knowledge lying in strips. He, therefore, condemns the essays as subjects of teaching for their incoherence, desultoriness, and the like. We follow him into the lecture-room, and see how he would himself use the essays. They are to be, in fact, shocking examples. As an instance of Dr. Bain's insight, what shall we say of the following inspiring extract from the first book before us? (*O. T. E.*, p. 42):

"Take first the Essay on 'Truth.' The first sentence—'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer"—might be cited as an interesting way of announcing the topic of an essay, while the phraseology would be open to improvement. For 'said' he ought to have used the word 'asked'; but the remark is superfluous, because no one would now commit the impropriety. The 'and' should clearly be 'but.' 'What is truth?' asked jesting Pilate, but would not stay for an answer."

Now what are we to think of this for criticism? As for us, we sincerely believe that Bacon did not write the famous sentence as his critic has written it, simply because he did not mean what Dr. Bain apparently means. Bacon meant *said*, and he meant *and*. On the face of it, Pilate, so far from asking any question, is actually uttering a jest; and his waiting for no answer is in no sense an anti-

thesis to his jest, but merely a further indication of the indifference which the story illustrates. We get this meaning out of Bacon, not by anatomising him and saying that here we should find this and there that, but by taking his words as they stand, and asking What *do* they mean?

In fact, Dr. Bain's books would not seem to us so little worthy of him if it were not that he passes beyond his own scheme for "teaching English" to pronounce literary judgments, where his authority is no more and no less than that of other intelligent persons, and where most people will hold themselves free to differ from him. It may be safely said that most people *will* differ from him.

His examination of Shelley's Skylark ode tallies exactly with his general remarks on Milton and Shakspeare as materials for teaching English. He begins "reluctantly" with this *caveat* (*O. T. E.*, 117):

"There can be no doubt of the eminent value of a composition that adorns within the limits of truth, or with a very slight departure from those limits. But when a poet accustoms his muse to exaggeration in small matters, there come occasions when the effect is seriously perverting."

We seem to have heard in the dim and distant past of some famous hard knocks delivered over the ever glorious third stanza. And this is Dr. Bain thereon (*O. T. E.* 119):

"The golden lightning' seems a doubtful conjunction. The epithet is not applicable to lightning. The meaning is made more consistent, if we read 'lightening,' an emendation actually adopted by Chambers. 'The sunken sun' scarcely contributes to a picture of glorification; the word 'sink' is associated with depression and pathos. . . . The concluding line is one of Shelley's gorgeous similes from the feelings. An effort is required to realise the meaning; and, when we do realise it, we must acknowledge that there is some straining. We understand a 'joy' by itself; but the embodying of it rather puzzles us; and we are not accustomed to materialise our feelings by first putting them into a body, and then making them run a race, all which has to be done before we apply the combination to illustrate the flight of the lark."

The further criticisms are equally unhappy. To cap all, commend us to the judgment passed on the stanza, "What thou art, we know not" (*O. T. E.* 121):

"The poet now invests his subject with the charm of mystery. This attribute, however, applies to so many things, and is so well worn that it scarcely stirs our feelings. The question, 'What is most like thee?' might have been earlier, there being already a whole string of comparisons provided. The start is not new, and the images are from sources already drawn upon. The drops from rainbow clouds have the brightness due to sunshine; and the poet thus adds something to the ordinary image of a rain-shower. Still, we may hesitate about the intrinsic force of the comparison of the lark's song to a *rain* of melody."

It is quite true that English scholarship may be taken to mean "the power of expressing ourselves adequately on every occasion requiring us to employ our native tongue." But, if Dr. Bain will pardon us, we think it means that only in a secondary sense. To us it primarily means the knowledge and understanding of the great Englishmen *who have*

recorded in our tongue the impressions made on themselves by the universe, that is, feels, knows. To this end Dr. Bain's book will in no way help us. Every lesson that he would teach can be best learned from the daily newspapers, which are at least quite as rich in shocking examples as Milton, Shakspeare, Bacon, Shelley, or Keats; and they have the additional advantage that we can "weave them into our familiar discourse." Nearly as useful for this purpose are Macaulay's essays and speeches, which "should be in the hands of every student in the higher composition classes." Macaulay's great reproach is that he is what has been called a "stylist"; at any rate, we have often been told that he is admirably suited to the purpose of a model in essay-writing. But Macaulay himself was made by such a knowledge of, and memory for, a large range of English classics as few men can hope to have; and no men may hope for it if they are to be "taught English" on Dr. Bain's method. He was not starved on a diet of elegant extracts. Teachers are sadly aware of the uninspiring character of most of the editing of the English classics from which they themselves were taught, but there are abundant signs of improvement. We might commend to Dr. Bain's notice, as an example of what editing should be, Mr. Beeching's "Julius Caesar," for instance; the introduction to which is a model of enlightening criticism, and inspiring too.

We cannot praise Dr. Bain's books for anything beyond their complacency and honesty. He is, without doubt, quite in earnest; but if some Martinus Scriblerus of a hundred years hence takes his book up, not knowing him for a famous logician and psychologist, he will regard him probably as the Mr. Labouchere of literary criticism, and decline to take him seriously at all.

P. A. BARNETT.

Records of Service and Campaigning in many Lands. By Surgeon-General Munro. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

DR. MUNRO has much to tell, and very well he tells it. He joined the 91st Regiment at the Cape in 1845, served afterwards in Nova Scotia, and on the breaking out of the Crimean War was transferred to the 93rd Highlanders. He joined the army just as it was embarking at Baltaik Bay for the Crimea, was present at the battle of the Alma, and continued with his regiment till the following March, when he succumbed to an attack of fever; and for five weeks was disabled, the only time during the thirteen years he served with the 93rd in which he was unfit for duty.

His account of the Crimean War is full of life, and the more interesting as coming from one in the double capacity of soldier and doctor. The description of the sufferings of our troops and the heroism with which they were borne is exceedingly good. The 93rd had suffered more than any other regiment during the previous summer in Bulgaria; but as soon as it was believed that they were going to attack the enemy the health of the men improved. Dr. Munro found from experience that

"the excitement caused by the presence of an

enemy, by a successful attack, or spirited pursuit—in fact, by the presence of any danger which required the exercise of moral or physical courage, are preservatives against disease."

That the sufferings of our soldiers was caused by the most disgraceful incapacity is now an established fact. Dr. Munro adds that they were aggravated by the prevailing ignorance in sanitary matters. He writes:

"In January the climate was very variable; at times we had rain, sleet, and heavy drizzling fogs, at other times the cold was intense, with high piercing wind. Sickness and mortality were on the increase. Deaths occurred every day from scurvy and from typhoid fever, the latter caused by the filthy state of the ground in and around our camps, and by the number of dead men and animals that were lying on and close under the surface; and so ignorant were we at that time of the science of sanitation that few medical officers knew anything about it, and those who proposed anything in that way met with no support.

"Towards the end of February there was a decided improvement in the health of the 93rd. The hospital was, indeed, full during the month of cases of scurvy and fever, but the number reported sick were fewer every day, and there were fewer deaths, and occasionally a jest and laugh might be heard in camp. But though throughout the whole of that terrible winter (till the end of February) mirth and laughter were never heard, still complaints or grumbling were never heard, and the men not only bore their miseries patiently and silently, but never by word or sign allowed it to be thought that they were not determined to carry the siege and the war to a successful end. Never before or since have I seen men reduced to such straits as the British soldiers were in the Crimea; but in spite of their rags and their gaunt and wretched appearance, there was a majesty in their bearing which inspired respect, and a display of lofty courage and endurance which drew forth the admiration of all who witnessed it. It was wonderful; and if the people of England could only have seen their soldiers battling against the elements, against starvation, against the extreme of bodily discomfort and misery, and holding their ground, as if they were masters, against enormous odds, their compassion for them, great as it was, would have been a thousand times greater, and their pride in their heroism and their gratitude for their noble devotion would have known no limit."

Dr. Munro was invalided to England, but returned after the fall of Sebastopol. So great were the changes and improvements that he could hardly believe he was again in the Crimea. It was like a wonderful transformation scene. What guarantee have we now that if we were again embarked in a war on the same scale and of the same duration as the Crimean war we should not again witness the same mismanagement, folly, and indifference to suffering on the part of officials at home? At least in the Crimea there were no complaints of cartridges that jammed and bayonets that bent like hoop-iron. One instance of brutal red-tapism in the Crimea must be quoted.

"The day before the Alma a circular was issued by the principal medical officer of the army cautioning regimental surgeons against the use of chloroform, the caution almost amounting to a prohibition of its use—at least, no surgeon could have been blamed if, with that circular before him, he had declined to use chloroform."

To this caution Dr. Munro paid no attention,

but administered chloroform in each operation after the battle, and in every one he has since performed; and he never had a case in which chloroform proved in any way injurious; on the contrary, he always found a blessing both to the patient and the operator.

The Indian Mutiny followed on the heels of the Crimean War. The 93rd embarked for India early in 1857, and first heard of the mutiny at the Cape; but it was not until they reached Cawnpore and entered the building in which Nana Sahib murdered the women and children, with its walls and floor still stained with blood, and saw the well into which the bodies were thrown that the men really understood what the mutiny meant, and then they determined on revenge. The 93rd formed part of the little army with which Lord Clyde relieved the residency at Lucknow. That splendid achievement has been often told before. It bears telling again; and the present narrative, by one who took part in it, is in a high degree heart-stirring. We repeat that the author's being a doctor adds to the interest of his story. He adds, besides, a number of thrilling and touching anecdotes. We are almost tempted to quote one relating to Lord Clyde's coolness under fire; but we leave it to the reader to find for himself. For that great general Dr. Munro has a profound veneration, and justly so. The next commander he served under was of a different stamp, and his inefficiency caused unnecessary suffering and loss of life. He was, however, a rare exception; for one of the most striking things in the history of the Mutiny is the way in which almost everyone who was placed in a position of any responsibility, however unused to it, rose to the occasion.

Dr. Munro remained in India for nearly fifteen years. He has some useful observations on the climate and physical conditions of that country. Among other things, he remarks on the little inconvenience suffered from reptiles, especially snakes, by the Europeans. Though he spent so many years in India he never knew of a case of snake-bite among the soldiers.

The doctor has a tender affection for his old regiment. Certainly the 93rd was one of the grandest in the service. Its history has been written elsewhere; but the account of it in the present work is by no means superfluous. Dr. Munro is very far from being either bigoted or prejudiced, but he knew the soldiers of the old long-service system too well not to see the weakness of the system which succeeded it. He writes:

"In those far-off days the ranks of all regiments were filled with men, big, strong, well-set-up fellows, whom it was a pleasure to a military eye to look at. These were the sort of soldiers that fought at the battle of the Alma. What splendid men they were! not a weed among them. We have not had anything like them in a body since, and have nothing nowadays to be compared with them. I do not mean to say that our young soldiers of the present day are not brave, noble fellows; but they want the bone and muscle and the splendid carriage of the grand old soldier of the long-service army, who was a soldier for life—that is, for all the period of his vigorous manhood—and thought of nothing during all his service but his regiment and his duty."

We feel confident that Dr. Munro's work, especially the second volume, will give much pleasure to many of our readers.

WM. WICKHAM.

NEW NOVELS.

A Modern Circe. By the author of "Molly Bawn." In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Ring of Gyges: some Passages in the Life of Francis Neville. Edited by Charles Wentworth Lisle. (Bentley.)

Storm-beaten and Weary: a Novel. By Evelyn Burne. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Boys and Masters: a Story of School Life. By A. H. Gilkes. (Longmans.)

Harlette. By the Countess of * * *. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

Digia, her Love and Troubles: a Story of Venice. (Glasgow: Wilson.)

Love and Pride on an Iceberg, and other Tales. By the Earl of Desart. (Sonnenschein.)

We have become so accustomed to expecting work of the highest class from the lady who veils her identity under the style of the author of "Molly Bawn" that there is some little difficulty in opening our remarks upon a new work of fiction from her pen—the commonplaces of criticism, to which the best of us must be reduced at times, are exhausted, and we scarcely know how to begin. The task is made a little easier by the fact that the author has, to some extent, made a new departure in the present instance. While still dwelling upon those phases of Irish domestic life among the cultivated classes which no living writer portrays more truthfully, the author—who might just as well give us some name that would obviate periphrasis and tautology—has introduced a novel feature in the person of her evil heroine, Donna Dundas. Here is a beautiful woman of good family, who has deliberately married a rich elderly suitor, while loving another with all the passion of which her selfish nature was capable. The rejected lover, the Lord Varley of the story, has also married a woman a great deal too good for him. When these two *ci-devant* lovers are brought together in a slightly dull Irish country neighbourhood, what could be expected except that they should renew their old relations, seeing that both were utterly without principle, neither cared a jot for the legal partner, and that the woman was as physically fascinating as the man was morally weak? And so the tragedy goes on until Yolande's heart is nearly broken—we think it would have been quite so in real life—and Varley dies the death in a chivalrous way which makes one almost forgive him, and old Dundas goes to meet his judgment all too hurriedly, and the beautiful siren is left to her horror of misery and confinement. It is a ghastly plot, but a powerful one. That last scene in the lamp-lit library reminds us in the opening of nothing so much as Rawdon Crawley's intrusion upon Becky's interview with Lord Steyne—the key-note is the same, only that Donna, with all her sin and frailty, was the truer woman of the two. It is terribly pitiful when she tries to shield her lover with her own body. That is the main plot. There

is an underplot of comedy, sometimes of farce, which is charmingly tender in the episodes of Constantia's love-story, and wildly funny when her awful old aunt and the household generally come in question. Constantia is a sweet and pure Irish maiden as could be wished, and we all feel glad when she chooses the right lover; never mind which of them it was—that is for each reader to find out! On the whole, we think we like handsome, bluff Garrett best, but Andrew Strange was a fine fellow too. The scene of the masked ball is well-imagined and well-worked out; but not the least dramatic, or the least humorous, of the various episodes is the terrific appearance of old Miss MacGillicuddy in the midst of the surreptitious tea (and champagne) party. Really Constantia ought to have pensioned old Mrs. Mulcahy for getting so opportunely tipsy on that occasion. Perhaps she did! Without more words, this is a good novel, and everybody ought to read it.

It is not a new expedient on the part of a novelist, when introducing a tale in which the mystical element preponderates, to attribute his narrative to the discovery of some secret MS.; and, naturally, the success or failure of the result depends in a great measure upon the amount of ingenuity with which this device is employed. In the case of the author of *The Ring of Gyges* we may at once say that he has used it to good purpose, and the story may be frankly recommended to all who can enjoy a thrilling romance with a spice of *diablerie* and rather more than a spice of horror. The plot turns upon the doings of a young Englishman, well-born and wealthy, who becomes possessed of the traditional talisman, which bestows upon him that power which our forefathers attributed to the possession of fern-seed—a most objectionable neighbour this, as, indeed, Mr. Francis Neville proved himself to most people with whom he came in contact. We will not enter into the tissue of horrors attendant on his career, as this would be to forestal the reader's curiosity; but will briefly say that it surpasses anything which one would have thought that the most vivid imagination could conceive, culminating in a *finale* which is, perhaps, the most horrible thing in the book. One thing has struck us specially—viz., the clever way in which Mr. Lisle has traced the gradual deterioration, in the case of his hero, of a naturally fine and trusting nature. We are not many of us likely to possess the fatal ring, otherwise this would be an awful warning not to make use of it. At least two of the subordinate characters are well drawn—the unhappy Lady Charlotte and Villiers's treacherous friend, Gaston Ferrers. One would have liked to know that such a fiend as the last named met with his deserts at last; and it strikes one, as regards the lady, that Mr. Neville was rather addicted to jumping to hasty conclusions. But the romance is a good one of its kind.

From internal evidence we should suppose Miss Burne to be a rather young lady, holding strong religious views, who has read *Jane Eyre* too much for the benefit of her literary style. *Storm-beaten and Weary* is the history of a young girl from the time she left her convent until she went back to die a broken-down woman—whether a nun or not seems

doubtful. Miss Duval's life was not without its vicissitudes, as before her end she was, alternately, a companion, a milliner, and a governess; but it can excite only a feeble amount of interest. It strikes one that, if D'Eynecourt and Captain Cunninghame had no matrimonial intentions, neither acted in the most gentlemanly manner in pursuing a course of conduct which must almost certainly have compromised any girl in Marie's position. And on future occasions it might be well to pay more attention to the proofs.

It is not given to every man to enter keenly into the life of boys; but we should have thought, notwithstanding, that everybody who had ever been to school at all would have known more about them than Mr. Gilkes seems to do. His story is written in what we should call a grandmotherly spirit: e.g., in speaking of two boys who had an honest, stand-up fight, Mr. Gilkes remarks:

"Upon the floor of the shop for two minutes there was an improper sight to be seen—these two boys standing up to each other, while the others stood round!" Did he never have a fight himself at school? As for the episode of Appleton and his friends, it is mawkish, and does not strike one as particularly original.

A very pretty story, whether original or translated does not appear, is that of Mdlle. Harlette de Noirmont, the impoverished Breton heiress, who had the courage and good sense to take the only apparent means of restoring her shattered fortunes by adopting the rôle of a public singer. Her life, with its brave struggle against obloquy and misconception, is well described, and all must rejoice in her ultimate triumphs and return to her ancestral chateau. The sketches of French provincial life, with its petty jealousies and prejudices, are particularly good. But surely it was unnecessary to make the heroine so unforgiving at the last. We think, after all, the novelette must be a translation—some of the sentences are worthy of De Florac!

Digia also is written in rather Frenchified English, and is not a particularly engrossing account of the quarrels and reconciliations between a gondolier and his mistress, which ended in wedlock. The stingy patrician family strikes us as distinctly unpleasant in conception.

Lord Desart's little collection of stories is unequal in merit. Some of them are amusing, notably the first one, and "A Lady and the Lords"; "Why Harry cuts Tom" is painful and ghastly, while there are several others that may serve to pass an idle hour. But through some there runs an element of vulgarity—we had almost said of coarseness.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

The Legend of Saint Vitalis, and other Poems. By Alfred J. Church. (Oxford: Blackwell; London: Seeley.) It is given but to few to find the dream of early life fulfilled in after years. Mr. Church is happy in that the desire of winning a place among the English poets has been gratified. No one can read the little book before us without feeling that it is a true poet that is speaking to us, not one who merely possesses the common, but by no means enviable,

faculty of imitation. Mr. Church is in no sense an imitator. We hardly ever come across a passage which calls to mind the verses of his contemporaries or predecessors. The style, indeed, calm and reserved as it is, has little in common with the more popular works of our own time. Every sentence is clear and lucid. The faculties are never strained in trying to comprehend, and there is none of the alliteration which is so attractive to many. The tone is deeply religious throughout, but there is hardly anything of a partisan character to be discovered. One passage alone shows that Mr. Church is not a member of the Roman communion; or all else might have been written by any one who receives the traditional interpretations of that life which are common among Christians. "The Sea of Galilee" is the most attractive piece in the collection. It must take an assured place among modern devotional poems. To quote any of the separate verses would be something akin to sacrilege. In their union, they approach near perfection; separated, their charm is lost. "Saint Vitalis," the poem from which the little book takes its name, is a legend how a certain hermit devoted himself to the holy work of endeavouring to rescue unhappy women from the terrible lot which has been theirs wherever civilisation, old or new, has had unrestrained growth. At first the hermit struggles against his mission, but

"He read the Gospel—how the woman stood
Behind the Christ, and washed His feet with
tears,
And wiped them with her hair; and all the
night
Christ seemed to walk beside him in his dreams
Through the great sinful city."

Long he struggled against the "call"; but it was at length obeyed, and he reaped calumny and death for his devotion. We should be sorry for anyone who can read this sadly beautiful tale without deep emotion.

Bruce: a Drama. By John Davidson. (Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick.) There is much immature power in this work. It is an endeavour to return to the Shaksperian method of interweaving history and romance in what is both the skilful and the strong treatment of a great historical subject. There is much clever invention in the plot and in the author's manipulation of history, e.g., in his bold stroke of making the trial of Wallace form the third act and the climax of the drama, or again in Edward's letter to Bruce—a liberty with history which recalls the tragic use made by Swinburne of Mary's letter to Elizabeth—or, again, in the parts assigned to James Crombe and the Countess of Buchan. The *dénouement* of Bannockburn is worked out with an impetuous rush that betokens more than mere skill. There is this weakness in the character-drawing, viz., that except in the really powerful third act, we find too little differentiation. The author's women are all one and the same, and even his men are pretty much alike. All are men and women in misfortune, strength supported by tenderness; but in life misfortune develops latent differences of character instead of toning them away. Yet the Scottish band is strongly drawn—Bruce and the rest; and above all, the indomitable Lamber-ton, with his "scornful death-defiance." The subject itself contains the inspiring *motif* of "Goetz von Berlichingen" and "Die Räuber"—a strong fight against misfortune and a final victory; and in those characters the high *motif* is vigorously sustained. This imparts to the present work an ethical quality which we are glad to welcome in a young author—ethical in the broadly artistic sense that the work is more than a mere effort at dramatising, and in its portraiture of brave superiority to the numbing influence of destiny is a study of life of no mean scope. The romantic element, repre-

sented chiefly by the women, reveals in the author a poetic power of a really rich, if sometimes extravagant, order. The woman is always a source of poetry as well as purity, and once she sings a song which is well worth quoting:

"Love, though tempests be unruly,
Blooms as when the weather's fair;
If she love me truly, truly,
She will love me in despair.

"Is there aught endures here longer?
Can true love end ever wrongly!
Death will make her love grow stronger
If she love me strongly, strongly.

"Can scorn conquer love? Can shame?
Though the meanest tower above me,
She will share my evil fame,
If she love me, if she love me.

The style of the drama is very unequal. The language, which at times rises to a fiery strength, and is always vigorous and full of poetic nerve, sometimes betrays mere waste in a hurricane of words. Young men too often mistake violence for strength; but here even the occasional fits of violence indicate a capacity for something better if Mr. Davidson will consent to break himself in. The weakest point of the work is its blank verse. This is the most difficult form of verse to write well, and requires a training which the present author has not yet completed. It is hard and in-harmonious, and affords only in an unsustained flash at a time a specimen of that strong full form which, if sustained throughout, would have entitled the drama to higher praise than most now produced. Let the author read his Shakspeare and see.

The Purpose of the Ages. By Jeanie Morison. With Preface by Prof. Sayce. (Macmillan.) Miss Morison has attempted the impossible, and it is no reproach to her to say that she has failed in the execution of a scheme which no amount of genius could render tolerable. "The Purpose of the Ages" is an archaeological, theosophic, dramatic poem, delineating, as Prof. Sayce says in his preface, "the divine education of the human race, and the unity of God's dealings with man." It is in three books, dealing respectively with the childhood, the youth, and the manhood of the world; an outline, derived from the Hebrew records, being filled in with local colouring supplied by the results of Babylonian and Egyptian decipherment. Inevitably, it reads like the *Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology done into blank verse. The attempt to introduce correct archaeological detail, even under the skilled guidance of Prof. Sayce, does not always result in metrical success. Miss Morrison has failed to see that cuneiform texts do not supply fit material for the resonant names which are introduced, with such magnificent effect, into "Paradise Lost." The Babylonian names themselves are harsh; while it is fatal to the enjoyment of poetry if the reader has constantly to turn to a voluminous appendix in order to understand the allusions in the text. Thus the introduction of such a name as Rag-mu-serina-namari savours of pedantry rather than of poetry, and requires the explanation that she was the "female Being" by whom the windows of Heaven were opened, when Noah, who figures as "Ubaratutu's son, Surippakite," had entered the ark. Nor does the Book of the Dead supply fitter materials than the Descent of Istar for harmonious verse.

"Back, Crocodile of the West!
Living off those never at rest!
What thou hatest is in my belly,
I have eaten the limbs of Osiris,
I am Set.
Back, Crocodile of the West!
There is an asp in my belly,
I am not given to thee. Do not burn me,
Back, Eastern Crocodile.
I am the Soul in his two halves,
Let him explain it!"

This translation might satisfy M. Naville, but it cannot be called a melodious or pleasing lyric. Nor is the archaeological detail always so correct as in the foregoing instance. Kitto's *Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature* is not a very modern or high authority; and in face of recent discoveries, Prof. Sayce, who has acted as Miss Morison's archaeological mentor, should not have allowed her to adopt Brugsch's exploded theory that the route of the Exodus was by the Serbonian bog. The religious purpose of the book is so excellent, the pains lavished upon it have evidently been so great, and the poetic merits of isolated passages are so considerable that it is a matter for sincere regret that the author should have abandoned the homely lyrics, in which she has already achieved no small success, for a theme more hopeless than that which Southey vainly essayed in "Thalaba," and with which even the mighty genius of Milton must inevitably have failed.

A Trilogy of the Life-to-Come, and other Poems. By Robert Brown, jun. (Nutt.) Mr. Robert Brown is well known to many readers of the *ACADEMY* as a learned and ingenious investigator of ancient mythologies, but probably most of those who are familiar with his former writings will be surprised to hear of him as a poet. We do not think that the present volume is likely to achieve any great degree of renown. Mr. Brown is often extremely felicitous in single lines, and is seldom chargeable with falling into absolute bathos; but there are few of his pages that do not contain two or three examples of feeble or inappropriate expression, resulting from inability to cope with the difficulties of rhyme and metre. The rhymes, too, are often audaciously loose. Even Mrs. Browning would hardly have ventured to make "more" answer to "awe." Perhaps the best thing in the book is the translation of a chorus from the "Antigone" (1115-1154), which is flowing and spirited, while keeping very close to the original. But the headings "strophe" and "antistrophe" might as well have been omitted, as the sections so headed are not made to correspond in metre, or even in number of lines. The first chorus from the "Clouds" is also cleverly rendered. A translation from Homer (*Iliad*, xii. 1-252) is novel in style, the metre being varied according to the character of the passage. Perhaps this may turn out to be the true solution of the problem of metre in Homeric translation. But Mr. Brown carries a good idea too far when he uses half-a-dozen widely different metres in the course of 250 lines; and certainly it would be impossible to imagine anything less like Homer than the following Macaulayish jingle:

"Thus spake he, and Patroklos
In glittering armour dressed;
He clasped the greaves upon his legs,
The corslet on his breast—
The corslet of Aiakides,
Star-studded in the field—
And from his shoulder hung his sword,
And next the mighty shield."

The translation, as a whole, is not very satisfactory, but it contains several good passages, and is interesting as a metrical experiment. The original poems please us less than the translations; the first piece of the "Trilogy," however, is graceful. "A Balaide of Treasures Wyfe" is written in a pseudo-archaic spelling which does not in the least resemble the real spelling of any period of the English language. In this respect it is like Miss Ingelow's ballad, "The High Tide on the Lincolnshire Coast"; but the latter will stand the test of being transcribed into plain English, which Mr. Brown's "balaide" will not. The longest poem in the book, "The County Member," is better in conception than in workmanship. The shorter pieces read smoothly enough, but

the sound too often gives the law to the sense. On the whole there is enough of interest in the volume to justify its publication, but the author's true vocation is certainly not that of a poet.

The Castle of Knaresburgh, a Tale in Verse of the Civil War in Yorkshire in 1644; and *The White Mare of Whitestonecliff*, a Yorkshire Legend of the Fifteenth Century. By Richard Abbay. (Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.) This book is not poetry, whatever be the meaning which we give to that much overtasked word. The author has, however, read Sir Walter Scott, and caught something of his manner. He imitates the great Scottish balladist about as successfully as the "poets" of local newspapers do the verses of Mr. Swinburne and Lord Tennyson. Scott was not over careful of his rhymes, but he would never have made terrible rhyme with *swell*, *sky* with *joy*, *rode* with *God*, or *views* with *Ouse*. Mr. Abbay seems to have great local knowledge. He uses place-names with as unsparring a hand as the author of *Marmion*, though not with the same dexterity. We do not think Sir Walter would ever have told us, unless writing a parody, that anything whatever

"Broke many a wearied sleeper's dream,
"Twixt Hessay waste and Bilton Bream."

We suppose books of this sort have a certain kind of interest for people who live in the villages whose names occur in their pages. We should not, therefore, be surprised should the less instructed people of the neighbourhood of Bilton Bream, How Stean, Swardcliffe, and Oulston Pool, find beauties in it which we have been unable to discover.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Catechisms of the Second Reformation. Part I. The Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly and its Puritan Precursors. Part II. Rutherford's and other Scottish Catechisms of the same Epoch. With Historical Introduction and Biographical Notices. By Alexander F. Mitchell. (Nisbet.) It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that few, if any, men living are better acquainted with the ecclesiastical antiquities of Scottish Presbyterianism than Prof. Mitchell, of St. Andrews. Questions connected with the history and results of the Westminster Assembly of Divines (for it was this gathering of English Puritans that has dominated Scottish theology for the last two hundred years) Prof. Mitchell has made peculiarly his own. We may not be able to enter into Prof. Mitchell's ardent enthusiasm at the thought of even Druse and Maronite children in recent years learning in Arabic the answers to "What is effectual calling?" "What are the decrees of God?" and such like abstruse points of divinity; but we are sure that if he were not very enthusiastic the minute labour bestowed upon tracing the genesis of this antiquated Calvinistic formulary could never have been undertaken or endured. In the volume before us, Prof. Mitchell exhibits in a very convenient form under each question of the Shorter Catechism the parallel passages from earlier or contemporary documents which afford illustrations or supply clues to the sources of the answers. Then follow careful reprints of Gouge's *Short Catechism* (1635), Rogers's *Chief Grounds of the Christian Religion set down by way of Catechising* (1642), Herbert Palmer's *Endeavour of making the Principle of Christian Religion plain and easie* (1644), Archbishop Ussher's *Principles of the Christian Religion* (1645), and other similar works. Part II. contains the *Catechism* of Samuel Rutherford, printed for the first time in this collection, from a MS. in the library of the University of Edinburgh. An examination of this document

entirely justifies Dr. Mitchell in asserting (contrary to what has been sometimes supposed) that the influence of the three Englishmen—Palmer, Tuckney, and Wallis—is far more apparent upon the Westminster Catechism than is Rutherford's. Indeed, we doubt whether any single point can be traced to the work of Rutherford. Students of the history of religion in Scotland will thank Dr. Mitchell for the loving labour he has bestowed upon this unattractive, but not unimportant, branch of the subject.

The Divine and Sacred Liturgies of our Fathers among the Saints—John Chrysostom and Basil the Great. Edited, with an English Translation, by J. N. W. Robertson. (David Nutt.) This pretty little book is well fitted to make better known to English readers the beauty and glory of the Eucharistic services at present in use in the holy Eastern Church. The Greek text is clearly printed; and the translation aims, as it should, rather at faithfulness than elegance.

The Liturgy of John Knox. Received by the Church of Scotland in 1564. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.) The only excuse for the issue of this reprint is that Dr. Sprott's masterly edition of the *Book of Common Order* has been for some years out of print. Few books of its kind need more comment and illustration than the *Book of Common Order*; and no one who has any hope of securing a copy of Dr. Sprott's edition need trouble himself to possess the volume before us, which is indeed without note, comment, or historical introduction. We may observe that the calendar is not reproduced.

Geschichte des Christlichen Gottesdienstes. Von H. A. Koestlin. (Freiburg: Mohr.) This book contains a course of lectures which the author delivered at the theological seminary of Friedberg. It is a most useful compendium for students. The author gives at the beginning, in full, all the passages which illustrate the Christian worship of the post-apostolical age, Clem. Rom. I. cap. 59-61; Ignatius, *Ad Smyrn.*, cap. 8; *Didache*, cap. 7-12; Justin M. *Apol.*, cap. 65-67. For the services of the early Catholic Church he quotes in a very convenient manner the classical portions of the *Apostol. Constitut.*, lib. ii., the Aethiopic Liturgy ed. Ludolf (1691) and the *V. mystagog. Catech.* of Cyril. He proceeds then in due order to the Greek, the Roman, and the various Protestant liturgies. The advantage of Prof. Koestlin's historical method is that he does not weary us with a dry collection of liturgical forms. He is at great pains to show throughout the development of the different parts of the church services. He defines most accurately the *Lehrbegriff* of each church, and shows that its liturgy is the outcome and reflection of that doctrine. Especially good is the chapter on the Greek Church (p. 63-90). Prof. Koestlin is a stout Lutheran Protestant; but he is at the same time a good historian. It is only occasionally, in the more distant portions of his subject, that his native Protestantism asserts itself vigorously. He endeavours, e.g., to show that in the apostolical age there existed no regular order of teachers. He asserts that the *ἐπισκοποι* and *διδασκοι* in Epp. Rom. Corinth. and Philip. were "not in any sense preachers and clerics" (p. 14). He cites, among other passages, 1 Thess. v. 12. This verse, however, states expressly that one of their functions—in fact, their main function—was *σοφειν*, that is to "admonish" the church. He says, "only at the close of the apostolical age (Ephes. iv. 11) were the *σοφειν*, that is the bishops and the *διδασκαλοι*, placed in the same rubric." But what authority has he for drawing, in an age of which so little is known, a hard and fast line; and for saying that the bishops became the teachers only towards the close of that age? Again, it seems strange to hear the Prayer

Book spoken of as a "liturgia lutheranizans" (p. 213), on account "of the piety with which it has maintained the ancient forms of Divine Service." The author's remarks on the English Communion Service (p. 217) overlook the significance of the "prayer for the Church militant," which closes the *missa communis*. They could have been only written by one who has never taken part in an English service. They are, moreover, disfigured by the unpardonable misprint in *hearth* (p. 216) for *in thy heart* by faith.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish early in the autumn a *Life of William Barnes*, the Dorsetshire poet, written by his daughter Mrs. Baxter.

It is now quite certain that Baron Nordenskjöld will, owing to the work he has at present in hand, be unable to undertake any exploration for the next two years.

THE Rev. Dr. Edwin Hatch's "Essays on Biblical Greek," recently delivered by him at Oxford as Grinfield Lecturer, will shortly be published by the Clarendon Press.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Ballades and Rondeaux*, selected from English and American writers by Mr. J. Gleeson White. Among those who have permitted their verses to be here reprinted are Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. John Payne. This is, we believe, the first collection of the English ventures in these Old-French metrical forms.

M. CALMANN LÉVY will publish in Paris, on September 7, a new book by Max O'Rell, entitled *L'Ami Mac Donald: Souvenirs anecdotiques de l'Ecosse*.

The History of Famous Books and Poems will be the next volume issued in Mr. Elliot Stook's "Book Lover's Library." It is written by Mr. Saunders, the librarian of the Astor Library, New York.

FOR more than three hundred years the writings of Giordano Bruno have been caviar, not only to "the general," but to a good many students as well. Recently, however, a good deal of interest has been taken in this strange personality and stranger philosophy; and, in a few weeks, *Gli Eroi Furori*, the most characteristic of Bruno's works, will appear for the first time in an English version, translated by Mrs. Louisa Williams. It will be issued by Mr. George Redway.

THE text of the Greek New Testament, based on ancient authorities, as given by the late Dr. Tregelles in his quarto edition, will be issued immediately, in a manual form, by Messrs. Bagster & Sons. The text and alternative marginal readings only are given, the list of authorities and MS. variations being omitted.

MESSRS. BICKERS & SON will publish in October a book entitled, *Elocution and the Dramatic Art*, by Mr. David J. Smithson.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS have arranged to take over the publication of the *Cambridge Examiner*, which they will issue from September next. The character of the magazine and the staff of examiners will remain unaltered.

WE are requested to state that the *British Mercantile Gazette* has been purchased by Messrs. Smith, Greenwood, & Co., of Ludgate Hill.

FOLLOWING the example of their Edinburgh brethren's *New Amphion*, the St. Andrews students have issued a little volume, white-clad and stamped in gold with effigies of their

patron saint and his cross saltire, in aid of their "Students' Union." This *Alma Mater's Mirror*, which has been edited by Prof. Lewis Campbell and the late Prof. Spencer Baynes, opens with a charming poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, "The House Beautiful"—the "naked house," on "a naked moor," which is made lovely by the changeful seasons, by

"The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn."

Andrew Lang follows with his "Old St. Leonard's Days," a paper of college memories; and Sheriff Campbell Smith gives reminiscences of Profs. Duncan, Ferrier, and Spalding; while the quotation of a page or two from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Isles*, and from the Rev. D. McNicol's caustic "Remarks" on the same, furnishes an occasion for Prof. Campbell's records of the professors of an earlier generation who entertained the lexicographer; and such more recent worthies as Principal Tulloch, Prof. Shairp, Prof. Baynes, and Patrick Proctor Alexander find fitting eulogy. The book, which is issued from the Edinburgh University Press, is illustrated by Mrs. Lemon, J. F. Paton, H. Riviere, and T. Hodge.

LADY BURTON writes to us as follows:

"In 'Mr. E. Gerard,' author of *Reata*, and other novels (ACADEMY, August 13), few except ourselves will recognise M^{me}. de Lazonska, née Gerard, of a Scotch family, the wife of an Austrian general, now domiciled at Vienna. *Reata* was, I believe, her first work, before her pen was in thorough training; but now she has written a tale full of local colour and clever description, called *The Baths of Heroules*. Let me express my astonishment that the omnivorous Tauchnitz has not long ago annexed all 'Mr. Gerard's' works."

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"Were there two spinsters named Ann, both after 'William Shaxpere' in November, 1582? The entry of the marriage license (November 27, 1582), lately found by Mr. Wadley in the Worcester Register, is of 'William Shaxpere' to 'Ann Whateley,' whereas the long-known bond about Shaxpere's marriage, dated November 28, 1582, is of 'William Shagpere' to 'Ann Hathway.' Is it possible that the young William in his wild-oat days had got into a scrape with two women named Ann, each of whom procured the issue of an ecclesiastical document about herself? A young widow of twenty-six might well take in a younger poet of eighteen and a half, or fall in love and lose her way with him, as the case may have been."

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

The venerable Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, will contribute to the *Expositor* for September and October "Personal Reminiscences of Edward Irving." Principal Brown was Edward Irving's assistant in Regent Square at the most critical period of the great preacher's life; and these reminiscences will contain much of interest, especially in regard to Irving's prophetic views, which has never before been published.

The following are some of the novelties announced for the fifth year of Messrs. Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine*, which will commence with the October number:—A monthly article of criticism on matters literary, social, and artistic, from the pen of Mr. H. D. Traill; a historical novel by Prof. Minto, entitled "The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot"; "The Story of Jael," by the author of *Mehalah*; besides works of fiction by Mrs. Molesworth, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, and J. S. Winter; a number of letters by Charles Dickens, with personal reminiscences of the novelist by Mr. J. L. Toole; poems by Mr. Swinburne and Mr. George Meredith; a series of papers on "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," by Mr. W. Outram Tristram, with illustrations by Mr.

Hugh Thomson and Mr. Herbert Railton; and illustrated papers on "The Sea of Galilee," by Mr. Laurence Oliphant; "Antwerp," by Mr. Thomas Macquoid; "Heligoland," by Mr. Hamilton Macallum; "La Morte d'Arthur," by Mr. H. Ryland; and "The Youth of Goethe," by Mr. James Sime. Arrangements have also been made for the reproduction in wood-engraving—the special feature of this magazine—of designs by Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, J. Sant, E. Burne Jones, C. Napier Hemy, E. F. Brawnall, &c.

WITH the October number *Every Girl's Magazine* will appear in a greatly enlarged form, with L. T. Meade joined as editor with Alicia A. Leith, and under the new title of *Atalanta*, the emblematic meaning of which will be embodied in a cover designed by Mr. Walter Crane. The following serial stories are promised: "Neighbours," by Mrs. Molesworth; "A Tale of Three Lions," by Mr. H. Rider Haggard, illustrated by Mr. Heywood Hardy; and "The White Man's Foot," by Mr. Grant Allen. A special feature of the magazine will be the "Atalanta Scholarship and Reading Union," the object of which is to encourage a systematic habit of reading in English literature, by means of a plan which seeks to combine guidance, criticism, and reward. Each number of the magazine will contain a short article on some great English author, accompanied by questions; and the answers to these questions will be examined, classified, and rewarded with prizes. For example, Mr. Andrew Lang will lead off in the October number with a paper on "Scott."

THE September number of *Chambers's Journal* will contain a poem called the "Great North Sea," by Miss Florence Peacock.

CASSELL'S *Saturday Journal* is about to be enlarged to twenty-four pages weekly, and illustrated. The first number of the new series will be published on September 28.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE ALDEBARAN SPIRIT.

To Prof. Minohin (after reading his "Naturas Veritas.")

"ALL ye who seek the golden clime,
Go, mount with Death his caravan!"
So sang of old the rhythmic clan,
The bards whose numbers rang sublime—
Ah, now, methinks, some truer chime
Must charm us through life's little span;
Once more we'll read thy lofty rhyme,
O wise, O true, Aldebaran!

Full well we learn'd, and long ago,
Thy truth that from eternity
What hath endured that still shall be,
And that alone—'tis even so!
Eternal forces deathless reign;
We work with them, or work in vain.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Antiquary* for August opens with an article by Mr. James Hilton, the great authority on chronograms. This strange fancy of indicating dates by letters occurring in sentences long or short is of much older date than many of us suppose. It flourished most luxuriantly in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Hilton's paper is a useful introduction to the subject, though it by no means supplies the place of his great book, which is a mine of learning on everything relating to chronograms. The second part of Mr. Frederick Hodgetts's "The Smith and the Wright" is as interesting as the previous one. The subject cannot, however, be adequately treated in magazine articles. Mr. A. Stapleton's "Crosses of Nottinghamshire" pro-

misses to be a valuable series. We trust that no desire for economy of space will hinder him from giving a complete catalogue of all the crosses of the county which time has spared. Mr. Brailsford's paper on the "Statue of Lord Bacon" is interesting. The opening paragraph especially so, as it treats of a point where most of our contemporaries go blundering or in the most serene contentment. It can never be too often impressed on the minds of those who write that to speak of Viscount St. Alban as Lord Bacon is as stupid a blunder as it would be to call the Duke of Norfolk Duke Howard.

THE *saison des eaux* makes even more impression on French than on English periodicals; and its influence is manifest in the *August Livre*, if only in the fact that the "current" portion contains a lengthy review of minor poetry. Now, they are not very tolerant of minor poetry in France. M. Uzanne, however, has got a very decent number together. The chief original articles are one on some unpublished writings (decent apparently) of that cleverest of scamps, Casanova; and another about Jules Noriac, the still not quite forgotten author of *Le 101^{me} régiment*. Also there is, in the editor's monthly article, a good deal about Balzac, with two full-page portraits to illustrate it. This is not bad for August.

THE INTERNATIONAL SHORTHAND CONGRESS.

THE programme of the International Shorthand Congress, which will occupy the last week in September, is now nearly settled.

The Earl of Rosebery will deliver an inaugural address on the first day's meeting at the Geological Museum, Jermyn-street, and will call attention to the origination of the Congress by Dr. Westby-Gibson, whose paper on the subject will be the first read on the second day. The Wednesday's proceedings will be entirely devoted to phonography, and in the evening there will be a presentation of the bust of Mr. Isaac Pitman to his family. The remainder of the week will be taken up with conferences on Parliamentary reporting, the history and literature of shorthand, legal and official shorthand writing, &c. The dinner of the Congress, in conjunction with the Shorthand Society, will be held on Tuesday. There will be a *conversazione* on Thursday, and a luncheon on Friday at the Mansion House by invitation of the Lord Mayor.

Books and objects of interest will be exhibited daily at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and there will be a special exhibition of books and MSS. at the British Museum library.

Dr. Westby-Gibson has completed his elaborate Bibliography of Shorthand, which will be published in a few weeks, before the Congress.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CHOUZEL, A. *Etude historique, économique et juridique sur les coalitions et les grèves dans l'industrie*. Paris: Rousseau. 10 fr.
LIBRI quatuor de imitatione Christi ad litteram codicis Gæsdoncani an. 1477 manuscripti, adiectis locutionibus variantibus eoditum Roodii an. 1481 et Thomæ an. 1441 eoditum. Münster: Regensberg. 1 M. 30 Pf.
SCHAFHÜTTL, K. E. v. Abt Georg Joseph Vogler. *Sein Leben, Charakter u. musikalisches System*. Augsburg: Literar. Institut. 8 M.

THEOLOGY.

- BAMBERGER, S. *Lekach Tob (Pealkta Sutrata), Ein aggad. Kommentar zu Megilat Ruth v. Babbi Tobia ben Eliezer*. Einleitung. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Kaufmann. 1 M. 30 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- DONAN, C. *Cartulaire de l'abbaye de Saint-Sernin de Toulouse (844-1200)*. Paris: Picard. 40 fr.
GESCHICHTE QUILLLEN, hantsche. Hrsg. v. Verein f. hantsche Geschichte. G. u. 5. Bd. Halle: Walzenhaus. 10 M. 30 Pf.

MONUMENTA Germaniæ pædagogica. Hrsq. v. K. Kehrbaach. 3. Bd. Geschichte der mathematischen Unterrichts im deutschen Mittelalter bis zum J. 1525 v. S. Günther. Berlin: Hofmann. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

SONYAPARELLI, G. V. Osservazione astronomica e fisica sull' asse di rotazione e sulla topografia del pianeta Marte fatte nella R. Specola di Brera in Milano coll' equatore di Merz. Memoria terza. Milan: Hoepli. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

JEREMIAS, A. Die babylonisch-assyrischen Vorstellungen vom Leben nach dem Tode. Nach den Quellen m. Berücksicht. der alttestamentl. Parallelen dargestellt. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 6 M.
 JEZIRNICKI, M. Ub. die Abfassungzeit der Platonischen Dialoge Theaitet u. Sophistes. Lemberg: Milkowski. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 KÜRTING, G. Neuphilologische Essays. Heidelberg: Henninger. 4 M.
 KRAFFT, M. Zur Wortstellung Vergils. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 LAGARDE, P. de. Juden u. Indogermanen. 1 M. 50 Pf. Mittheilungen. 2. Bd. 12 M. Göttingen: Dieterich.
 STRASSMAYER, J. N. Babylonische Texte. Inschriften v. Nab nidus, König v. Babylon (656-538 v. Chr.) v. den Thontafeln d. Britischen Museums copirt u. autographirt. 1. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 12 M.
 WANDSCHNIDER, W. Zur Syntax d. Verbe in Langley's Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 WEISS, W. Untersuchungen zur Bestimmung d. Dialekte d. Codex Teplensis. Leipzig: Fock. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BOASE'S MONOGRAPH ON "OXFORD."
 Clevedon : July 22, 1887.

When I lately presumed to differ from the authorities by offering you my proposition that Oxford, like other places, had derived its name from its neighbour the river Ock, I was unwilling farther to hold myself in contact with the cloud of supercilious and irrelevant positivisms raised by my revolt against infallibility. I am now reminded, by the kind gift of a copy of the above mentioned book from the author, that desertion is not a generous treatment of a sound historical induction; especially seeing that it has been also neglected in a solid book in which it might have claimed a place—a book which may become the received manual of initial reference for its subject. I will, therefore, venture to restate it from a point of view in which it does not seem to have been noticed.

The names of our rivers, except the few that have been changed by some comparatively recent accident, are most remotely prehistoric, and are among the most ancient of all the parts of our speech that are still current in living mouths; and even the obvious reflections of their names, that are also preserved in the names of places on their banks, are among the most ancient among place-names. Written documents, whether charters, chronicles, municipal records, or even that sheet-anchor of "some people," Domesday itself, although, as we shall see, of some use as far as they go, only cover a short and late portion of the history of such names. The main stream of their tradition is prescript or prehistoric, and quite independent and antecedent to this later sort of evidence.

Those who have amused themselves by the habit of observing the evidence that really concerns this matter—the geographical distribution of the names of rivers, and the remarkable way in which they have survived the great ethnical changes that have surrounded them, not only in Britain, but all over Europe and beyond, of which changes only the later ones have found their way into documentary evidence—need only be reminded that, whatever may have been the prescript voice-names of the rivers now written "Ook," they might just as easily have passed into letters as "Ox," or "Ooh," or some other combination of letters by which their vocal sounds might be afterwards transferred to the writing of any of the ethnical occupants of their districts.

Again, such observers will have seen reason to believe that the several branches or confluences of rivers had originally one primeval name common to some of them, possibly to all. A river, to the first namers, approaching by the main trunk, like a tree, was one object, with one name, until social needs caused variations of the names of different branches or reaches of it. Of this many evidences might be found. I will be content with an indisputable and typical one which I have already (ACADEMY, August 28, 1886, p. 139) mentioned. Eurauch = York is situated on that part of the river Eure which had already, even in prehistoric times, become the "Ouse." I will not enter upon the question whether the change was merely dialectal. I only state the fact, which is decisive.

The Ock—Leland wrote it "Ooh"—joins the river on which Oxford stands, a few miles below that city. This last branch has been commonly called the "Isis," with a reputed *alias* "Ouse." By some of your correspondents this has been denied to be the real name, but said to have been an "artificial" name. They do not say what is the real name. Three hundred and fifty years ago Leland incidentally—i.e., without philological motive—called it "Isis." This would, as far as I know, cover the entire range of "documentary evidence." How long should the customary usage of a name for a river continue in order to qualify it as the real name? I believe some of us can remember when the clever discovery was first made that this name was "artificial." No doubt this discovery ranks among the "philological conquests of the last fifty years."

But we are told that "Ox," the root syllable of the name "Oxford," as found in "all early documents," has carried its inflection with it into the name. Various forms of this inflection are given, some of which seem to contradict each other, and so would defeat its testimony, decisive as it is claimed to be. However, it is "Oxenford" in Domesday, and the most constant form seems to be "Oxenford"; and being thus inflected, we are told, it must be named from oxen = cattle, and cannot be from the river.

Indeed! Then in that case "Cheltenham," in which the inflection is still alive and active, cannot have got its name from the river Chelt, which passes by it. "Leamington," on the Leam, is no doubt another such case, with the inflection slightly varied by caprice of tradition.

What again do objectors think of "Exeter"? Like Oxford this has now lost the inflection, but the "conspiracy" "of all the early documents" in the retention of it was of much longer continuance. Like "Oxenford" it was "Exancester" down into the seventeenth century; but if "Oxenford" begins with Domesday, the other began at least three centuries earlier than that "surely the first book a local etymologist should turn to." In a Life of St. Boniface, written by one of his personal disciples, in the eighth century, the name appears as "æt Escancastre"; and in the margin of Pertz are three other readings of the name, which, although some copies may have enjoyed the "valuable" privilege of "being a foreigner's representation of the sound of the name," all "conspire" in having already fossilised the inflection. Here is a persistence of the inflection in "documentary evidence" for a millennial succession. Will this show that Exeter was not the godchild of the river Exe? This early form, "Escancastre," is also an instructive example, which seems to have lately become a want to some others of your correspondents, of the commutation of *x* with *i* equivalents.

* Being separated from my books and maps, I write the name from memory, but am sure of it for the present questions.

In stating this matter, I have laboured to be concise and clear, not being any longer disposed to minute controversy, especially when it takes the form of contemptuous and irrelevant verbosity. The whole matter lies within the limits of our speech and the shores of our own land, and is not concerned with any importations of "O. H. G." ("A. H. D." would be still more scholarly). The facts themselves, in the native matrix of their own surroundings, need no far-fetched support from ultramarine lands, nor seek a treacherous footing in the shifting quicksands of misapplied phonology.

It is not here intended to undervalue written evidence, nor even what have assumed the name of "Laws." These would not be without their value if limited to their proper use. But "some people" seem to have met with new tools, and are so fond of handling them that they use them for wrong purposes. This use of the word "Laws" seems to have been adopted from Natural Science. But in Natural Science these Laws mean the regular recurrence of the results of a single or constant Agency. Whether or not this Agency is Intellectual has much divided the world of thought or controversy. It is, however, certain that we have always been calling the ripple images of it "intellects" and "geniuses"; and, when these reflecting ripples have approached the magnitude of waves, we have called them "great intellects." But whatever the influence of their Prototype may be, in the objects of Natural Science, its rule has there been undivided, and, therefore, uniform and constant; but whatever of its influence may have survived in the tradition to us of names and words, has been greatly disturbed by their transmission through many thousands of independent wills, some of which may be intellectual, but many of them no more than mere volitions. This does not seem to have been discounted by our philological conquerors of "the last fifty years." They have assumed these "Laws" to have been as constant in the one case as the other, and positively predict results which sometimes are in perverse conflict with facts that afterwards come into view. The frequent occurrences of occasional regularities in speech that have thus been called "Laws" have, however, no right on the bench, nor even in the jury box. Their proper place is the bar, and sometimes, being duly sworn, the witness box. They may be useful servants, but as masters are usurpers. They have been called "The philological conquests of the last fifty years" by those who chiefly use them to forbid the conquests of the next fifty, and would seal up the very sources of knowledge for the future. I have myself encountered several very imperative administrations of these philological certainties—including one in the phonetic system of Domesday—that were totally wrecked by collision with actual facts. But "it is as well not to argue" with those who assume that Englishmen have been tongue-tied for a thousand years by "Laws" which their dictators have enacted for them within the last fifty.

Indeed, since the above was written, Mr. Boase's book has, itself, already provoked an additional example, besides those just alluded to, of the disastrous conflicts of phonetic certainties with actual facts; and in this case the certainty, as usual, seems to have survived the contact with the fact. Although the place at Oxford, where the four main streets meet, is usually called "Carfax." Mr. Boase quotes four past examples—including Hollar's plan—of its being written "Quatervois." Upon this, Prof. Skeat (ACADEMY, July 2, 1887, p. 10) maintains "that the same place had two distinct names," for that it "is simply impossible" for "Carfax" to be another condition of "Quatervois." To this, however, I am able to add a third variety, which may serve for a stepping-stone between

the two. The corresponding spot in Exeter, down to a recent date, has always been called "Carfoix"; and a memory long enough to be "pre-scientific" attests that it was traditionally believed to mean "four ways." How many are there, besides the learned professor himself, who will be found to maintain that these three words, "Quatervoix," "Carfoix," and "Carfax," that have interchangeably come down to us from past generations as names for the same thing, and for no other thing, are not merely three variations of the same word? Really, it has become time that a little of the popular or jury principle should be infused into these matters, that our birthright in our own speech may not be adjudicated from us by the capricious despotism of judge-made "Laws."

If it should not be anti-proverbial to look too curiously into the mouth of a gift, I would say that the remark of Mr. Boase on the name "Oseney" from "Ouse" (p. 21)—that it is not "likely that one island out of many in the river" should be called from it, "as if it was the only one"—betrays an unexpected deficiency of comparative observation. Nothing is more common than this sparsity of the names derived from their river. But how much more strongly would this apply to the cattle origin of Oxford! There must be many hundreds of fords for oxen, yet we have only one Oxford.

Mr. Boase (p. 211) speaks of "the conical mound of earth raised by Alfred's dynasty." Is he not here putting his neck between the teeth of the chartists—stepping beyond "documentary evidence"? Besides, there are those who will not tolerate Alfred's name along with that of Oxford. The Mercian interpolations of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle give a catalogue of the castles of Alfred's daughter, but Oxford is not among them. Neither is Windsor, for that matter, though probably a part of the same chain. As to these conical mounds that have been ascribed to Æthelfleda, it is almost likely that they existed already, and that she adopted those that served her purpose. They are found in many other places, even extending into Cornwall. Sometimes her castles are strong; natural positions, increased by art, such as Chirk (Cyrlic-byrig) and Shrewsbury (Scergeat).

In another place also (pp. 5 and 6) Mr. Boase rather dangerously approaches, or indeed treads upon, forbidden ground. He actually dares to specify Celtic survivals not only near Oxford, but within the city itself. Two of the churches, he says, bear the names of Celtic saints—St. Aldate (= Eldad) and St. Budoc. He curiously omits St. Ebbe = Abban, although, also curiously, "St. Ebbe" appears in his index with a reference to p. 6. On that page appears his early traces of Abingdon, with its relics of Damnonian saints—Winwolaus, Judocus, Samson, and the Cornish St. Columba. No doubt he thought, but does not say, that, when the relics were enshrined there, their names must have been held in local veneration. So also, when certain prejudices, in which the learned and the vulgar or lay seem to be for the present allied, shall have exhausted themselves, it will no doubt be recognised that ancient racial dedications of churches could never have taken root otherwise than in such ages, and among such peoples, as were in sympathy with them. The author also quotes the Charter of Egbert (Cod. Dipl. No. 236) granting to Abingdon the lands of Welshmen and Britons and such as them. Strangely enough, however, the St. Ebbe of his index does not appear on the page referred to, which is where it belongs. Had it been deleted from a proof sheet? His manner of treating this part of his subject seems to betray a consciousness of passing near sleeping dogs.

I trust that nothing I have written above is inconsistent with my thanking Mr. Boase for his very pleasant and useful handy-book.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

THE MYTH OF ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

Scrayingham: Aug. 22, 1887.

Instead of "starting on a critical examination of Canon Taylor's theory of the Andromeda story," Mr. Lang lays down a universal proposition by which this explanation (and, therefore, also all other explanations) must stand or fall. "Nature-myths," he says, "give a superficially correct account of the phenomena for which they supply an unscientific explanation."

To be brief, this proposition is only a trap or snare. We have had one trap already, which we have been now many times invited to enter; and this is the proposition that no relations are predicated of mythical beings which have not previously existed among human beings. Thus, if Helios or Oedipus, or anyone else, is said to be married to his mother, this is because the people who framed the myth were familiar with the marriage of mothers and sons. Here we have another trap of the same sort. If we say that the people among whom myths grew up described or figured something which they thought that they saw, heard, or felt, we may, perhaps, be not far wrong. But if the account of the phenomenon is so far superficially correct, it is not superficially correct in the sense in which Mr. Lang would have us infer that it is—i.e., according to our conceptions, modified as these are by the experience of millenniums. Thus tested, Canon Taylor's explanation, in Mr. Lang's opinion, fails.

"The Andromeda myth, if it be a lunar myth, does not give a correct account of the phenomena. The dragon, in the story, never gets at the girl. In an eclipse the moon is actually swallowed. In the story, Perseus rescues the girl. Who ever saw a lunar eclipse in which the sun appeared to help the moon? As to the rock, there is no phenomenon in an eclipse at all resembling it."

None, it may be, according to our common way of looking at (some) eclipses; and yet the blackness against which sun or moon stands out may serve very well as a rock for those who do not look at eclipses quite as we do. This being so, Mr. Lang's work is done. The Andromeda story has nothing to do with lunar eclipses or anything else in the sky or anywhere else.

The truth is that mythical representations of phenomena are not superficially correct. Kalypso is the moon; so are Kirke, Artemis, Selene, and many more. The incidents related of them are happening constantly; in the myth they happen only once. The same people will tell the same story a thousand times, with changes of name and of local colouring; and yet in each tale the thing happened only "once upon a time." "Mythologists" (as, perhaps, they must be called) commonly take the Sisyphos story as describing the ascent of a ball to the zenith and its descent to the horizon—in other words, as relating to the sun. But "who ever saw a forenoon in which the sun appeared to be shoved upwards by a man pushing it from behind?" Therefore the Sisyphos story has nothing to do with the sun. "Mythologists" take the story of the marriage of Krishna to the multitude of maidens separately at the same moment as a picture of a fine dewy morning. But the sun is reflected in the dew-drops every day. In the myth it happens only once. Therefore the description of the myth is not "superficially" correct, and so it has nothing to do with the sun or the dew. "Mythologists" commonly see in the Tantalos myth a picture of drought. Tantalos is the sun, trying to wet himself in waters which

shrink away from him, or with fruits which are scorched at his touch; but who ever saw the sun chained to a rock? (Here is the rock itself which we know in the Andromeda story. Therefore the story of Tantalos has nothing to do with either sun or drought.)

But the incorrectness in explaining myths which Mr. Lang imputes to Canon Taylor sometimes lies, perhaps, rather with himself. He assures us that "in an eclipse the moon is actually swallowed." Not always, or even generally, but only when the eclipse is total.

I have, however, no intention of starting upon a critical examination of Mr. Lang's proposition; nor do I write with any notion of convincing him. My purpose is only to say that some of those who do not agree with his regard his proposition as a snare, and that they and others may resent it as a throwing of dust into their eyes.

GEORGE W. COX.

ARNAULT'S "PAUVRE FEUILLE."

Springwood Park, Kelso: Aug. 20, 1887.

In the review, in to-day's *ACADEMY*, of Mr. Townsend's translations from Leopardi, surely the phrase "Leopardi's lyrical fancy called 'Imitazione'" is rather an inexact designation for the translation by the above-named poet of the French original beginning:

"De ta tige détachée
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où vas-tu?"

This poem is to be found in the works of Antonie Vincent Arnault; but (as I learn from Mr. W. M. Rossetti) it has also been attributed to Millevoye.

I believe attention has already been called to the fact that the late Dante Rossetti would appear to have made his unequalled translation from the Italian version rather than from the original.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

[See a letter in the *ACADEMY* of March 19, 1887.]

SCIENCE.

SCHOPENHAUER.

The World as Will and Idea. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated from the German by R. B. Haldane and T. Kemp. Vols. II. and III. (Trübner.)

THESE two volumes of Schopenhauer's great work, rendered into excellent English, contain, besides a criticism on the Kantian philosophy, dissertations supplementary to the discussions in the first volume, reviewed by me in the *ACADEMY* (April 19, 1884). There are here, as there, weighty truths admirably and incisively expressed. Thus (vol. ii., p. 15): "It was reserved for Kant to enable the idealistic standpoint to obtain the ascendancy in Europe, at least in philosophy; the point of view which throughout all non-Mohammedan Asia, and indeed essentially, is that of religion. Before Kant we were in time; now time is in us." Yet I fear that the crude and chaotic philosophy, which prevalent science pitchforks at us rather than builds up, simply reverts to what Schopenhauer justly characterises as "realism undisturbed in its illusion by any reflection, the raising of the fleeting appearance to the position of the real being of the world, for Kant is ignored as though he had never existed." But it is curious to hear Schopenhauer, after he has clearly stated that the objective existence of things is conditioned through a subject whose ideas they are, then substitute *the brain* for this knowing subject! Though he himself sometimes bids us observe that the brain is as much an object as a table, and, therefore, as much

implies a prior thought of some subject. And then Schopenhauer, as well as Kant, believes in a "thing in itself." But what is true in and of the realm of conscious ideas cannot be proved true out and independently of that realm, which seems fatal to this doctrine of a "thing in itself"—i.e., apart from and removed from conscious ideas. Yet it is another matter to discredit the primary truths and first principles, which reason attests, on the ground that they are of subjective origin, *a priori*. This was formerly held to be their best guarantee! We may surely be satisfied that the principle of causality—by which I mean that no change can take place without an efficient power adequate to produce it—is valid for all rational beings; that is, given a rational creature *aware of a change at all*, we may safely assert that he seeks a cause for it in this sense. But, I believe, the only legitimate conclusion from idealism is that no other than a conscious sphere of existence is even conceivable, that no other is of any assistance in thought, either as deliberate induction or as working hypothesis. It is confessed that there is no bridge from "thing in itself" to percept or concept. Therefore, it remains an undigested foreign obstacle, to be eliminated as quickly as possible. What philosophy is wanted for is to explain experience, which consists of these very percepts and concepts. For only in consciousness can there be discrimination of qualities, and their identification through memory in a one implicitly self-identifying subject, who is able to compare and remember. Any *focus of unity must be conscious*. Hence an unconscious real being is inconceivable, a chimera, a mere word. And certainly it is no adequate efficient cause, or even concause, of consciousness in us. An impassable chasm yawns between. And yet Schopenhauer says, truly enough: "The being in and for itself of everything, must necessarily be *subjective*," and, again, "since even lifeless bodies have activity, they must have inscrutable qualities—a being in itself of some kind" (vol. ii., p. 403). But how can an existence be *subjective*, which is unconscious of itself? How can that be "in and for itself"? When, however, Schopenhauer follows Kant in excluding "things in themselves" or realities from knowledge, on the ground that phenomena (that is, things as we know them) are, *ipso facto*, unreal, unobjective, because conditioned by our faculties of knowledge, I must dissent from them both. That always seems to me to amount to this assertion—that *we cannot know anything, because we do know it*, which is, perhaps, rather perverse. Of course, if we know it, our faculties of knowledge condition what we know; but does that disagree so much with the poor thing in itself that it annihilates, or causes it to vanish? I do not see why philosophers insist on making our knowledge into a sort of *Boojum*. This is one of those things that almost excuse writers like Ruskin for gnashing their teeth at the "troublesomeness of metaphysicians." Thus Schopenhauer says, "becoming known is itself the contradictory of being in itself." And "things exhibit themselves in a manner which is quite different from their own inner nature" (vol. ii., chap. 18). Why ascribe this perversity, or *cussedness* to things in general? And why ascribe, as Hutchinson Stirling somewhere asks in a similar reference, this "Gorgonizing" effect to our poor understanding? One can well conceive that we know things *insufficiently*; but that we "put a mask" over them, and falsify them utterly by knowing them, is rather too much to ask a plain man to believe.

It is, indeed, quite true that we do not know their subjectivity, which, so far as I can see, must necessarily be conscious. But, on the other hand, though I do not know fully your subjectivity, or you mine, does anyone doubt

that practically we have a very fair idea of one another from analogy and sympathy? We have, indeed, a still less adequate knowledge of the subjectivity of animals, plants, and inorganic nature; but the thing in itself or reality, which Schopenhauer confesses we do know in our own case, may fairly be inferred to be conscious individualities also in these other instances, by us imperfectly comprehended. (After all, the higher animals have pretty evidently the same external world before them as ourselves.) That is to say, the material phenomena of our private subjectivity cannot be outside it also, except they be in some other subjectivity like ours; so far like that it shall be self-identifying, uniting, comparing, differentiating. And yet what common-sense demands is that these sensible phenomena which we name "things" shall be still outside when not perceived by us, and outside even when perceived. Common-sense, as Berkeley showed long ago, does not in the least want a quite imaginary unqualified "matter," or (as it was called later) "a thing in itself" outside us, which, if it could be conceived, would be of no possible use. But then common-sense does demand that there shall be time and space, as well as colour, form, resistance, and the causal law outside, in these other subjectivities; because these do not present themselves as private whimsies of our own at all, but as necessary, objective, and real, universally valid. And here is the justification of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. On the other hand, these thinkers are quite unwarranted in their bold and tremendous assumption that we are at the standpoint, not of the individual, but of the universal ego, and that human logic exhausts the universe. The antinomist paralogisms of human thought are quite enough to prove that there is something beyond and beneath it. And, moreover, any thought we know or can conceive is necessarily individual, idiosyncratic, personal. But what is beyond and beneath our actual present thought? Whence is it? Surely that can only be a more perfect thought. Shall we say, then, that the Harmony of all individualities in their perfection, including their past, present, and future, includes by transcending them? Here would be an adequate Thing in itself. For Thought has originating activity, emotion, and infinite potentiality of differentiation, therefore also will, affection, moral sense. And these could not be conjured into us from an origin, substance, or spring, where they are not. But they may be in that source and substance as the white light, which the prism of unfulfilled personality divides into its component colours. There must be moral elements, but our good and evil may be absorbed into a higher. Yet good, not evil, love, not hate, must be the keynote, the clue to Divine character.

Schopenhauer attributes all organic structure and contrivance, as well as all adaptations in the corresponding inorganic environment we behold and admire in external nature, to our private mode of apprehending things, to the constitution of our thinking faculty, which again depends on our brain! Yet we are also bidden to observe how infinitely the works of nature transcend the works of human art—e.g., in that preposterously long sentence on p. 70, vol. iii. Now, surely if these works themselves are the mere creation of human thought, that is rather strange! However, Schopenhauer ascribes a blind unconscious intelligence to the forces of nature, which he says the unqualified will assumes in these, its first manifestations. But in my review of Hartmann (ACADEMY, May 9, 1885) I remarked that this is only a verbal proposition without real content or meaning. Unconscious intelligence is indeed a self-contradictory notion. And, moreover, this conception of blind intelligent forces contradicts also his other view, that our brain, or thinking faculty,

gives all the structure and organised order which we suppose ourselves to behold in nature. The two views are inconsistent. In the chapter on "Teleology" he talks of the tendency of the will to produce this rather than that. What, then, is this *tendency in a blind will*? *Tendency to produce a rational order is only another way of saying reason!* Schopenhauer, however, is not so absurd as to pit efficient against final causes, as some philosophers of reputation insist on doing among ourselves, as if they were *alternative* explanations, and you could not adopt both. Yet, surely, if it is not anthropomorphic to see laws, an order of efficient *force*- or *will*-operations in nature, consonant to reason, it is not unduly anthropomorphic also to find design there. If certain means be uniformly adapted to certain ends, it cannot be accidental; some thought must have adapted them. Remember, Idealism insists that all is a process in thought. Now, in the case of instinct, perhaps the animal itself does not foresee the end to be fulfilled. Then here may be a superintending thought giving it the requisite impulse to act, as a mesmerist does to his entranced patient. But, again, in the Supreme Spirit, or Divine Harmony of individualities, if time and space intuitions be transcended, design would no longer be as ours, which implies a successive adaptation of means to ends; but the means and ends would stand before it in some transcendent—not to us fully intelligible—manner, all at once, mutually involved and transfigured; while to minds knowing under the category of time this would present itself as design. When I speak of thought, I include will, for thought always implies some attention, and is always active.

There is a striking chapter on "Death" (vol. iii.). What survives in death is said to be that abstraction which has arbitrarily been christened *will* (or unqualified force), while the individual perishes. But one cannot, as I have said, acquiesce in the divorce of will from its individual character, acquired habits, and intellectual quality, so airily proposed by Schopenhauer. If it were proposed to consider north immortal and leave south to perish, or elect west and reprobate east, what should we think? If anything survives, it must be something a little more concrete and distinctive, some elements essential to, therefore characteristic of, that individual who has already been identified and distinguished by himself and by others, say for seventy years. Philosophy will not understand that the real is not abstract, but concrete. What the will seeks, however, says our author, is the *Species*, the *Idea*, caring nothing for the individual. In his cynical, yet pregnant chapter on "The Metaphysics of the Love of the Sexes" (vol. iii.), he enforces this thesis. But he has no right to identify the Platonic Idea with the *Species*; for the first is timeless and spaceless, while the latter is in time and space, and its permanence is only a little more than that of the individual, one made up of the durations of successive individuals. The Will, if it seeks the permanence of the species, must be singularly disappointed! What "the will" really seeks is the Ideal of the individual and species both, which involves each other; but that implies other lives besides this present one of sense. How could Solomon have appeared, asks Paracelsus, without the sin of Bathshebah and David? When two young people are in love, according to Schopenhauer, the will deludes them into supposing that their own happiness is the goal to be attained; yet the procreation of offspring best fitted to make the species strong, healthy, and beautiful is the real end. Hence, I suppose, Trojan wars, and the slaughter of many heroes for the sake of some desired Helen; hence murders through jealousy of Othello, or Medea—with disenchantment, misery, tragedy without end! These give little

pause to the great-ended, fanatical will. There is farseeing truth in this view, though the quiet love of friendship, comradeship, and pederasty are left out of account. But however a philosopher may wish to show his contempt for individuals, he ought really to reflect that the type, the race, must necessarily be made up of these very same pariahs of philosophy, and contain nothing else! So that a strong and beautiful race (goodness and happiness are also, to some degree at least, herein involved), with contempt poured physically and spiritually on all the constituent members of it, is a conception difficult for the "plain man" to entertain, however anxious for philosophic emancipation from theological prejudice and selfish or provincial views. Why will people always assume that the truth must lie only at one corner of an alternative? Why may not the real ultimate good of the individual be bound up with the well-being of the race to which he belongs? One would suppose, if one were not assured otherwise, that it must be so. His apparent and immediate advantage may seem to consist in such or such a gratification or course of conduct, whereas his substantial and ultimate advantage may consist in the opposite. Is not that a commonplace of the moralist and preacher, who bids us lose the world and save our souls? Schopenhauer himself has a very fine passage in the chapter on "Death," which, indeed, implies this. "Death is the great reprimand which the will to live, or more especially the egoism which is essential to this, receives through the course of nature, and it may be conceived as a punishment for our existence. We are at bottom something that ought not to be; therefore we cease to be. Egoism consists really in the fact that man limits all reality to his own person, in that he imagines that he lives in this alone, and not in others." "Death teaches him better." Quite true. We are here isolated and selfish; our very conditions of existence imply it. Hence I can assent when the author says "death is a punishment for our existence." But our true life is in others, in our harmony with the whole. To that true life or harmony, the Ideal of Humanity (which must be identical with the ideal of all the men constituting humanity) impels us, and must impel through all experiences, painful or pleasant, until we have attained it. And then, shall we be—nowhere? while only a scholastic negation in a philosophical exhausted receiver remains—Will=Force=Being=Nothing? Our ideal cannot consist in the elimination of ourselves, and yet, if humanity consists of selves, the two ideals must coincide. Though, indeed, Nature—or rather God—may see that ideal, and the necessary steps to it, involving error and imperfection, otherwise than we do, with our limited knowledge. What we are being taught is renunciation of our exclusive self-assertion, and difficult is the lesson. We are not being taught the negation of Nature, annihilation. The fulness of our being in harmony with other intelligences of the Kosmos is not an end always incompatible with the gratification of private affections, or the consummation of private aims, intellectual, aesthetic, sympathetic, even sensual, though in any particular case it may be so; and, if it is, Nature will refuse without scruple, we not being in her secrets. But Asceticism, and especially Buddhism, exaggerates. The welfare of the whole is also the true welfare of the parts—though not always their apparent welfare. But it is quite true, as our author says, that, if we are immortal, it is because we are above and beyond the category of time; time is our idea; it is in us, not we in it. Why do we not then remember our state before birth? That is impossible to answer; but one may remark that illnesses often cause oblivion of certain periods of our present life,

the remembrance of which, however, is, on fitting occasion, restored. And, if it were true that we have come upward from the lower animal stage, the conditions might not be favourable to remembrance. But the great point is that our true individuality is in a fuller and higher intuition transcending the time-consciousness, though necessarily involving it as a condition of perfection, therefore, above and beyond all particular and successive spheres of life, while entering or falling into these.

It is difficult to conceive how this unconscious unqualified abstract Will of Schopenhauer "allures us into life," as he says p. 294 (vol. iii.), "by the wholly illusory inclination to sensual pleasure, and retains us here by the fear of death." How should it have any such "inclination" at all? And, again, how should the conscious repudiation of existence on account of suffering and failure influence the Will, in its unconscious state, not to repeat the same mistake, since consciousness is a mere accidental effect of the brain, and does not belong to the essence of will at all? Of course, pessimism is the most mischievous and paralyzing of all philosophies—that of chronic weakness, decadence, and failure. But I need say no more on this subject. In the West, hitherto, it has been but a fad of disappointed and dyspeptic persons, or else an affectation. How morbid and invincibly ignorant must a man be who can affirm "the evil can never be annulled, and consequently can never be balanced by the good which may exist along with it, or after it," quoting the sentimentalist, Petrarch, "Mille piacer non vagliono un tormento"! For the rest, the chapter on "The Vanity and Suffering of Life" (vol. iii.) is written with that sombre and eloquent power, which often characterises this saturnine, long-unappreciated, acid, Mephistophelic writer, who sometimes resembles Heine.

The essay on "Genius" is very remarkable. How far is it true that "if the normal man consists of two-thirds will, and one-third intellect, the genius has two-thirds intellect and one-third will"? By "will" our author here means personal interests, as distinct from impersonal absorption in the life of disinterested contemplation, or artistic creation for its own sake—that is, not for private ends of greed or ambition. In that sense, according to him, genius is always objective, impersonal; and in that sense doubtless even lyrical, very personal poetry may be so designated. For the admirable things here said Schopenhauer's pessimism may almost be forgiven.

"Only the exceedingly rare and abnormal men, whose true seriousness does not lie in the personal and practical, but in the objective and theoretical, are in a position to apprehend what is essential, and reproduce it in any way. Such a seriousness of the individual falling outside himself in the objective is correctly foreign to the nature of man, correctly supernatural; yet on account of this alone is the man great, and therefore what he achieves is then ascribed to agencies different from himself, which take possession of him. To such a man his painting, poetry, or thinking is an end; to others it is a means. The latter thereby seek their own things; and, as a rule, they know how to further them, for they flatter their contemporaries, ready to serve their wants and humours. They are small, but he is great. His work is for all time, but the recognition of it generally only begins with posterity; they live and die with their time." "These men of talent come always at the right time; for as they are roused by the spirit of their age, and called forth by its needs, they are also capable only of satisfying these. The genius flings his works far out on the way in front (as the dying emperor flung his spear among the enemy)."

In the man of talent the intellect is far more effective for immediate success. It is the docile yoke-fellow of self-interest. But the hypersensibility and passionate vehemence of tempera-

ment associated with genius are ill-controlled by the virtuous prudence of respectability. Hence the extravagance, waywardness of mood, absence of mind, isolation, and unworshipable inability so often associated with rare faculty. "The man of talent can achieve what is beyond the power of achievement of other men, but not what is beyond their power of apprehension; therefore he at once finds those who prize him." "Really every child is to a certain extent a genius, and every genius a big child," as Herder said Goethe was. There is a certain *naïveté* and sublime simplicity about both. The world to both is as a wonderful play. But then how paradoxical is it to make intellect a mere passing accident easily extinguishable, and will essential?

Yet, of course, his glorification of the more and affectionate qualities at the expense of the intellectual, which occurs elsewhere, proves nothing in favour of his thesis about the essentiality of the bare "Will," for these imply the intellectual element, though not its predominance; besides, as much harm has been wrought by well-intentioned folly as by clever wickedness, if not more. Finally, I may quote his beautiful comparison of the lofty soul to Mont Blanc, the summit of which is usually lost in clouds; but sometimes in the early morning the veil of clouds is rent, and the mountain looks down from its height in the heaven, a sight at which the heart of each swells from its profoundest depths. So the brighter intellect more distinctly perceives our misery. But at times this melancholy gives place to a peculiar serenity, which is possible only for genius, and springs from the most perfect universality and disinterestedness. "*Tristitia hilaris, in hilaritate tristis.*" I can only mention the very pregnant chapter on "The Inner Nature of Art." RODEN NOEL.

SANSKRIT AND COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

The advanced instruction in Vedic Sanskrit during the session of 1887-88 at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, will be given under seminary organisation. The subject of the year's work will be the literature of the Atharva-Veda. The order of subjects will be somewhat as follows: (1) The position of the Atharva in Vedic literature. (2) Survey of the contents of the published form of the Veda. (3) The *śākhās* or schools of the Atharva-Veda. (4) The ritual of the Atharvan.

Prof. Bloomfield has at present in his possession, as loans from the British Government in India and from native scholars, about twenty MSS. bearing upon the ritual practices of the Atharvan. These are open to inspection and study, and afford a somewhat unusual opportunity for handling native materials, before they have passed through scholarly criticism. Some of these texts are to be edited by members of the seminary.

The less advanced work in Sanskrit will embrace an introduction to the Rig-Veda; interpretation of the *Hitopadeśa*; interpretation of a Sanskrit drama, including an introduction into Prakrit; a beginner's class (grammar, reading of easy texts).

A class in Greek grammar will be introduced into the comparative and historical treatment of selected chapters of Greek morphology. The material treated will probably comprise the subjects of noun-formation and noun-accent.

A course in general comparative philology will be carried on throughout the year. It will embrace on the one hand an encyclopaedic introduction into the entire domain of linguistic science, on the other a special discussion of the leading principles and theories

involved in the pursuit of modern comparative grammar. Prominent among these will be the doctrine of phonetic law; the character and scope of analogy; the attitude to be taken towards the theory of agglutination; questions attaching themselves to the relationships of languages, &c. This course furthermore includes a discussion of the relation between ethnology and language, and the ethnological grouping of nations, so far as discernible by the light of language.

In general there are offered in this department courses of instruction in Sanskrit, in the comparative grammar of the Indo-European languages, and in general linguistic science. These courses aim at meeting the wants of two classes of students: (1) Those who wish to devote themselves to the study of these branches exclusively and for their own sake, i.e., those who wish to become Indian philologists, or comparative grammarians; (2) Students of philology in general, who wish to obtain a broader linguistic basis for special studies in other departments of philology.

A prolonged course in Sanskrit, involving two lectures a week during two years, is planned so as to furnish a good knowledge of classical Sanskrit, and to include an introduction into the dialect of the Vedas. This should be supplemented by the course in general linguistic science (one lecture a week during one year; cf. above), and these two courses represent an amount of material sufficient for a subsidiary subject for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The advanced work aims especially at meeting the wants of those who wish to make Indian philology or comparative philology their special study. Instruction is given by practical exercises, lectures, seminary work, and where possible the use of native Indian manuscripts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS FROM NAUKRATIS.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge:
Aug. 20, 1887.

I fear that the approximation between Prof. Hirschfeld's views and my own is hardly at present likely to become much closer, though I am as anxious as Prof. Hirschfeld that an agreement could be reached. But in any case our discussion will have made clear the grounds upon which we rest our opinions, and will enable me to give his arguments their due weight. In *Naukratis*, Part ii., I shall have to consider the whole question; but, meanwhile, I may give a brief answer to Prof. Hirschfeld's last letter.

Prof. Hirschfeld does not impugn the evidence of the facts adduced both by Mr. Petrie and myself, which prove beyond a doubt that there were Greeks at Naukratis before the time of Amasis. Prof. Hirschfeld's theory, that the series of Greek antiquities from Naukratis begins only with the reign of that king, cannot, therefore, be maintained by anyone who is "satisfied, and indeed impressed, with the exactness of" Mr. Petrie's "observations." But it is with the inscriptions that I am now concerned; for, of course, it may be argued that they are not as early as the foundation of the colony in which they are found.

In the first place, I do not quite agree with Prof. Hirschfeld as to the extent to which the existence of No. 305 of the Naukratis inscriptions damages the evidence of the really authentic examples. To return to our analogy of the inscribed "geometric" vase from Athens. I agree that "the importance of that inscription would be considerably diminished, if there had been found a fragment of later make inscribed with the same characters." But even in such a case its importance would not be entirely destroyed; much less, if, as at Naukratis, there were several such inscriptions on early

ware, consistent in the forms of their letters, and one only on later ware, which bore not "the same characters," but one letter closely, another distantly, resembling the earlier forms. The third form on the later vase, that of μ , has no resemblance to the form found on the early vases. I am ready to acknowledge that I should perhaps have done better to omit 305 as evidence of early forms; but I do not think it can be used as evidence against me. I may add that it is one among many; while no other forms, except those which I regard as really early, occur upon the early pottery on which they are found.

I have no wish to attack Prof. Hirschfeld's ingenious distinction between the Rhodian and Ionic inscriptions at Abu-Simbel. At the same time, I must observe that the customary use of the term "Ionic" alphabet assumes its identity in the various cities that used it; an identity which cannot be proved, and is very improbable. A closed H need not necessarily be earlier than 590 B.C.—much less a three stroke Σ ; both forms are found occasionally, even in the East, till the fifth century—at Naukratis, for instance. The closed form of H does not affect my arguments, as I do not claim for any inscription containing an open H an earlier date than 590, the date I still assign to the Abu-Simbel inscriptions. As to four stroke Σ , if it is not primitive Ionic, how can Prof. Hirschfeld explain its origin? There was no similar form of another letter to necessitate the addition of a fourth stroke to avoid confusion, if the three-stroke form was original. A character is often curtailed; but that it should be arbitrarily amplified is incredible, and contrary to all laws of development.

I hope that the publication of Mr. Petrie's *Daphnia* and of my *Naukratis II.* may supply material for a final decision of these problems. Meanwhile, I thank Prof. Hirschfeld for the help his suggestions and arguments have afforded us. ERNEST A. GARDNER.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE AVESTA.

Louvain: Aug. 22, 1887.

I was not a little surprised to read in the last number of the ACADEMY that, in Dr. E. W. West's opinion, I have only "attempted" to disprove the conclusions of Dr. Geiger's interesting essay on *The Home and Age of the Avesta*, and relied upon "dogmatic assertions." Till now I had supposed the contrary. Dr. West seems to have read but a short *résumé* of the debate in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

The age of the Avesta is too vast a question to be discussed on this occasion. May I, however, be allowed to bring forward a specimen of my argumentation?

To demonstrate the high antiquity of the Avesta, Dr. Geiger says that the Avestic folk knew neither salt nor iron, nor money; that their civilisation was that of the most remote times. I show that the learned scholar himself finds vast plains of salt in the Avestic country, and in the Avesta itself a huge mountain which contains iron; that money was not used in North-Iran before Darius I.; that the Avestic civilisation was altogether similar to that of many Asiatic tribes in the Middle Ages and in more recent times. These arguments are, I hope, neither worthless nor dogmatic.

Dr. West compels me to say that he, like Dr. Geiger, has totally misunderstood my assumptions and my position. He fails to distinguish between the origin and the propagation of the Avesta, between the Avesta and Zoroastrianism, although many parts of the former may be very much older than the latter. He forgets (1) that the Asura, devils, are a very late deformation of the

primitive idea; (2) that there is no opposition between the Avestic *daeva* and the Vedic *deva*. Some contrast is to be found only in two lines of the Vendidad, the sense of which is very obscure, and which, moreover, betray a recent date. Compare the unique *nâsatya* of the Harivaṅṣa (the possible *nâsonhâitya* of the Vendidad) with the two *nâsatya*, the twin-brethren of the Veda. Many of the Hindu *devas* are still good spirits in the Avesta—viz., Mitra, Aryaman, &c.; (3) that between the customs, creeds, &c., of the Avestic and Vedic peoples there is more contrast than similitude (see my *De l'Exégèse et de la Correction des Textes avestiques*. Leipzig: Gerhard); that the relations which unquestionably exist between the two sacred books are sufficient to prove probably the antiquity or the East-Iranian origin of the Avesta—that is a mere dogmatic assertion, as well as the assumption that the Avestan language has been found in East Iran.

Dr. West seems to know nothing of the numerous pages written by several scholars to establish clearly what he calls mere conjectures. I can hardly believe that so distinguished a scholar can be ignorant of these many works; nor can I repeat here all what has been written upon this subject. I will only add that nobody is tempted to accept the statements of the later Pahlavi literature as equal in authority to those of the Avesta itself. For myself, I have always fought a battle to defend the pre-eminent authority of the Avesta. C. DE HARLEZ.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. MEROIER is about to publish, as an introduction to the scientific study of insanity, a work on the nervous system and the mind. It will contain an exposition of the new neurology as founded by Herbert Spencer and developed by Hughlings Jackson; an account of the constitution of mind from the evolutionary standpoint, showing the ways in which it is liable to be disordered; and a statement of the connexion between nervous functions and mental processes as thus regarded. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will be the publishers.

THE *Journal of the Geological Society* for August is specially notable for Prof. Prestwich's paper on "The Date, Duration and Conditions of the Glacial Period." His conclusions are of much interest in their bearing on the antiquity of man. Supposing palaeolithic man to be of so-called pre-glacial age—a supposition which the author is disposed to entertain—we need not assign to him an antiquity of more than 20,000 or 30,000 years; but if, as some authorities argue, palaeolithic man did not appear in this part of the world until post-glacial times, his antiquity becomes reduced to about 15,000 or even 10,000 years. In either case the estimate is much less than that usually accepted by geological anthropologists.

FINE ART.

A Catalogue of the English Coins in the British Museum—Anglo-Saxon Series. Vol. I. By Charles Francis Keary. Edited by Reginald Stuart Poole. With thirty plates. (Longmans.)

THE scope of this first volume of the Museum catalogue of Anglo-Saxon coins may be most concisely described by saying that it includes the coins of all the kingdoms of the so-called "Heptarchy" with the exception of Wessex. The number of pieces described is 1,166, and the specimens represented in the beautiful

autotype plates are between four and five hundred. The Northumbrian coins catalogued, including those of the Danish kings and of the Archbishops of York, come down to the middle of the tenth century; the remaining series end from fifty to a hundred years earlier. With regard to the method of classification, the coinage of each of the kingdoms is treated separately, the pieces being arranged in the chronological order of the reigns; while those of the same reign, where they are not classified according to the type of design, are enumerated in the alphabetical order of the names of the moneyers. Besides the coinages bearing royal names, there are the anonymous silver coins of early date conventionally known as *scattas*, the two important series bearing the names of archbishops of Canterbury and of York respectively, the East-Anglian coinage bearing the name of St. Eadmund, and the Danish Northumbrian coins marked with the name of St. Peter. In the catalogue a transcription of the legend of each coin is given, with a brief description of its design, and figures indicating its size and weight. The introduction, occupying 94 pages, deals not only with the history of the monetary system of early England, but also, in outline, with the political history of the kingdoms whose coinage is included in this portion of the catalogue.

The study of early English coins presents some peculiar difficulties, one of which arises from the extraordinary prevalence of blundered legends. Even the names of the moneyers themselves are given with a variety of spelling which can hardly be accounted for otherwise than by supposing either that the "moneyer" whose name was inscribed on the coin was not in all cases the actual artificer who engraved the die, or that many of the extant coins are counterfeits. Mr. Keary, indeed, does not look with favour on either of these hypotheses. He remarks that "we know the extraordinary ways in which uneducated people of the present day spell their names, and, therefore, this argument is not of great weight." The theory of forgery he considers to be disproved by the fact that "the coins of fullest weight and purest metal are often most distinguished by these eccentricities of spelling." It appears to me, however, that the probabilities are decidedly against the view that these extraordinary varieties of spelling can have proceeded from the persons to whom the names belonged. So long as it is a question only of such insignificant variations as Degemund, Dagemond, Daiemond for the name which, in classical West Saxon, would be written Dægmond, or as the alternation of Aæðlred and Aeilred, there is no difficulty at all. These differences are perfectly accounted for by what we know of Old-English pronunciation; and there is no reason for doubting that the same man may have written his name sometimes in one of the forms and sometimes in another. But it is utterly impossible that such combinations of letters as OTIBVINRO ME, OTIBVINIO ME (and still more diverse forms, which I do not quote because they are not represented in the autotypes), can be variant modes adopted by the same person in writing his name. They must be blundered repetitions of some widely different original: in this case possibly of the legend OIBERT MO,

which appears in the same series of coins.* The hypothesis of forgery need not be pressed; but Mr. Keary's argument does not seem quite decisive against its being in some instances the true one. There is every probability that in the early Old-English period there was a good deal of private coining, not for the sake of fraud, but as a regular branch of trade, which the kings ineffectually attempted to suppress. The customers of the private moneyers would take care that they received coin of good intrinsic value, but they would be by no means averse to its having the additional attraction of a well-known stamp, even if counterfeit. It is quite conceivable that the imitation of the designs, and even the inscriptions, of official coins may have sometimes been adopted rather from a desire to give a workmanlike appearance to the issues of private mints than from any intention to deceive. However this may be, it is evident that the names of moneyers are quite as often blundered on the Old-English coins as are the names of the kings, and that it is needful to exercise caution in using Mr. Keary's list of those functionaries as a means of adding to our vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon personal names. In one or two instances Mr. Keary has inserted impossible forms when the true reading of the coin-legends would have yielded names that are already well-known. He names "Wintred," for instance, as the moneyer of several Northumbrian and one or two Mercian coins. The name is really the familiar Wihtrud. On one of the coins the name appears, as Mr. Keary says, "partly in runes." In fact it is wholly in runes, the character π being a not uncommon form of the runic λ . A still more common form of the λ rune is the π with the oblique stroke doubled; and on one of the Wihtrud coins the name is written with this character, while on three others it is actually found with the Roman π . It is difficult to guess why Mr. Keary has chosen to print the unmeaning form "Wintred" when the evidence so decidedly pointed the other way. Even if all the examples had had the Roman π , it would still have been justifiable to read it as λ , as Mr. Keary himself has in other instances very frequently done. The name which Mr. Keary catalogues as Wertnið I should read, somewhat doubtfully, in *boustrophedon* fashion as Bertwih. On the whole, it must be said that the author's remarks on personal nomenclature do not show adequate knowledge of the subject. It is suggested that Wineberht and Wendelberht may have been the same person. The names are as distinct, and both as genuine, as Jeroboam and Jeremiah. Another suggestion is that Guðhere (for which an alternative reading "Guðner" is proposed, without sufficient reason) may stand for Gunther. No doubt Gunther is the Frankish form corresponding to the English Gú here; but why should a correctly-spelt native name be treated as a mis-spelling for a foreign name? Two names of Northumbrian moneyers, Alfheard and Adulfere, are printed in italics in the catalogue, as not occurring in the coins of the Museum.

* Mr. Keary does not seem to have noticed that the inscriptions which he assigns to "Otibuinro" are identical, except for the initial letter, with the legends TIBVINIO ME R, TIBVINIO ME, &c., which he has headed as corruptions of "Tedwinus me fo."

Mr. Keary thinks that these two forms are variants of the same name. Strange to say this is actually the case, though in a different manner from that which he imagines. They are misreadings of the name Heardwulf or Heardulf, which occurs written in a circle, on several Northumbrian coins autotyped in this volume. Some persons unknown seems to have evolved both the possible Alfheard and the impossible Adulfere out of Heardulf by beginning to read at the wrong point in the circle. To show how it was done, I will copy the legends of two of the coins, premising that on the second of them the μ is represented by an inverted V (Δ):

Plate XXI., No. 10, EDVVLPHEA
Misread as *Adulfere*
Plate XX., No. 13, ALPHHEARD
Misread as *Alfheard*

A glance at the plates will show how easily the misreadings might happen in the case of a slightly defaced specimen. What renders the matter still more curious is that the Heardwulf who becomes "Alfheard" seems to have been king of Northumbria, while his namesake was simply a moneyer. It is a pity that the proofs of the volume were not submitted to some competent Anglo-Saxon scholar. If this had been done, the list of moneyers would have been purged of a good many impossible forms of names. Such a revision would have been useful with regard to some other points—*e.g.*, the notion that the two spellings *scat* and *scat* correspond to different meanings is philologically untenable.

Mr. Keary is puzzled by the character resembling sometimes a three-branched V and sometimes a three-branched Y, and seeks to obtain light by comparing it with the runic character of similar form. He finds, however, such an uncertainty about the value of this rune that he says "We cannot determine whether the name [in which the letter in question occurs] was Canwulf, Cunwulf, or Cynwulf, or even Coenwulf." It seems to me clear that this letter is not a rune, but simply the Roman V, modified by inserting an additional stroke, in the same manner and for the same purpose as the Anglian rune for μ was modified into that for the umlaut y . Afterwards this character was identified with the Roman y . It seems possible that the dot over the Anglo-Saxon cursive y may be a survival from the middle stroke of the character which the y replaced. The moneyer's name will, therefore, be Cynwulf. It is hardly necessary to say that "Canwulf" is an impossible form.

In the remarks on the palaeography of the coins there are a few points which strike me as open to strong objection. Mr. Keary sees "Greek influence" in the form of the letter g resembling Γ , and in the use of Σ (turned sideways) as equivalent to S . Both cases are at first sight so startling as to excite a suspicion that there must be some mistake about the facts. On examination it proves that the Γ occurs only on a single Danish Northumbrian coin, in a name which Mr. Keary reads Baciager, but for which he himself offers the alternatives of Bactaler and Baciasser. None of these forms can stand for any possible Danish name without assuming some blundering; but, at any rate, there is no ground for thinking that the Γ is a Greek

gamma. The allegation that μ is used for σ turns out to be equally unfounded. The only ground produced is that "the same moneyer's name is spelt $\beta\omega\mu\epsilon\iota\kappa$ and $\beta\omega\sigma\epsilon\iota\kappa$." So it is; but this phenomenon occurs in the frightfully-blundered "St. Eadmund" series of coins, in which (according to Mr. Keary—who may be right or wrong) $\beta\tau\upsilon\iota\eta\eta\sigma$ MEID is equivalent to *Tedwinus me fo*, and the legend $\epsilon\lambda\omicron\phi\omicron\epsilon\delta$ RN is a variant of ERATINOFINO. There is, therefore, no real foundation for the intrinsically improbable conclusion that the Anglo-Saxons were in the habit of using Greek letters on their coins. While speaking of the alphabet I may mention that the name which Mr. Keary reads Risleca or Sisleca should certainly be Gisleca, and the peculiar character with which it begins in Plate xviii., No. 1, should be added to the list of forms of *g*.

The first coin in the present catalogue has the interest of an unsolved enigma. It is a gold piece, bearing an unskilful imitation of the design and the legends of a solidus of Honorius, and, in addition, a runic inscription which seems to read *Scanômodu*. There is some doubt even about the transcription, for the forms of *s* and *k* are not exactly paralleled, and in all other English runic texts the omega-rune (if it may be so designated) has the power, not of δ as in continental examples, but of the umlaut \ddot{a} . The final letter, moreover, is (in the autotype at least) not distinctly legible. Prof. Wimmer, however, says with confidence that the transcription is correct, that the language is English, that the date is about A.D. 600, and that *Scanômodu* is a man's name in the nominative case. With all respect for such high authority, I must confess that I retain some doubts on every one of the points. Before yielding my full assent I should like to know what evidence there is for saying that the substantive *môd* was a -*u* stem; how it happens that the long δ comes to appear as a thematic vowel in the middle of a compound; and what is the etymology of the first element in the supposed proper name. Somebody (I think the late Dr. Haigh) has made a wild guess that *Scanomodu* might be the name of the person commemorated in the place named Scammonden, near Halifax. The true interpretation of the inscription remains to be given, or at any rate to be philologically justified. It is at least quite certain that the meaning is not, as has been suggested, "Scan owns this coin."

Of the value of this catalogue for purposes of historical illustration many examples might be given. The coins struck at Canterbury with the names of Mercian kings are especially noteworthy as throwing light on the somewhat obscure relations between Kent and Mercia in the eighth and ninth centuries. One of the coins of Ceolwulf, by the way, is inscribed *Dorobrebis civ*. Mr. Keary may be right in considering this a mere mistake for the usual *Dorobernia civ*. (Canterbury); but it seems worth while to suggest that it may possibly stand for Rochester, the Roman *Durobrivæ*, and the *Hrofi Brevi* of early Anglo-Saxon documents.

On the more technical portions of Mr. Keary's work I am not competent to offer any criticism, but the evidences of the author's wide knowledge and careful research

are manifest. I can only regret that my own limited acquaintance with the subject has compelled me to confine my remarks almost entirely to what are obviously the weakest parts of the book.

HENRY BRADLEY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE are requested to state that the exhibition of minor antiquities from Tell-el-Yahodeh, &c., in connexion with the Egypt Exploration Fund (see ACADEMY, August 13) will remain open until September 9—a fortnight later than was first announced. Mr. Griffith will be present on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to explain the objects. The place is Oxford Mansion, Oxford Circus; the time, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

THERE is now on view, at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street, a collection of drawings of Mr. Hugh Thomson. The most important are his original illustrations to "Sir Roger de Coverley," which appeared last year in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and subsequently in book-form. The exhibition will remain open until October 8.

THE Society of British Artists has received authority to prefix to its title the epithet of "royal."

THE two well-known painters, MM. Alfred Stevens and H. Gervex, are preparing a colossal panorama to commemorate the centenary of the French Revolution. It will deal with the whole century which has elapsed since 1789, and will contain portraits of no less than eighteen hundred persons celebrated in politics, arts, war, science, &c.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Dictionary of Music and Musicians. (Part xxii.) Edited by Sir G. Grove. (Macmillan.) This long-expected part brings us to the letter Z, and consequently to the end of the dictionary proper. But, as was fully expected, an appendix is announced; and, if due account be taken of all omissions, this extra volume will prove of considerable size. Further, we are promised a full index to the whole work, and for this students will be extremely grateful. The most interesting article in part xxii. is "Weber," from the pen of Dr. Philipp Spitta, of Berlin. It is but a few years ago that Sir J. Benedict wrote the life of his master and friend in the series of biographies entitled "Lives of the Great Musicians." Dr. Spitta touches only lightly on those parts of the composer's life, such as the production of "Der Freischütz" at Berlin, and of "Euryanthe" at Vienna; for it was hopeless to enter into rivalry with Sir Julius, who was an eye-witness of both events, and who has given graphic descriptions of them in his little volume. Dr. Spitta deals with his subject quite in his own manner; and, whether in relating the romantic life of the composer or in discussing his works, he is equally attractive. He mentions Heuschel, the famous oboist, who taught Weber at the age of nine. Sir Julius said nothing about him; yet Weber, in his autobiographical sketch written in 1818, declares that from him he had received the best possible foundation for a style of pianoforte playing. We quite agree with Dr. Spitta as to the great influence exercised by Weber over his own generation and the one succeeding it, but we do not feel able to accept the doctor's assertion that Weber's influence was greater than that of Beethoven. Again, when in speaking of "Der Freischütz" he tells us the strongly-marked religious character of the opera is the secret of the success, he scarcely gives Zamiel, the Demon Hunter, his

due. His remarks, however, about the more important part played by the Hermit in the opera as first planned are full of interest. He certainly does justice to Weber's power of characterisation, but surely goes to extremes in saying that in the power of using the orchestra dramatically Weber surpasses any composer in the world. What about "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Lohengrin"? We merely notice these few points to show how full of thought are all Dr. Spitta's remarks. We are glad to find that he is enthusiastic about Weber's songs, which are certainly unduly neglected at the present day. In speaking of the Concertstück for piano and orchestra, he gives the programme as "told by Benedict." True, it is given by Benedict in his book, but that writer carefully tells us that Weber himself was the author of the programme. From Dr. Spitta's account one might imagine that it was invented by Benedict. The article "Working-out," bearing the familiar signature, C. H. H. P., is excellent, and one would willingly have had it twice as long. The notice of "Wolff"—a rival of Beethoven in pianoforte playing and improvisation, by J. H. M., is exceedingly interesting. The writer plods patiently through the many uncertainties and few certainties of the composer's career. It is difficult to ascertain how his name should be spelt, the date of his first visit to London is doubtful, a visit to Brussels is surrounded with mystery, and there are almost as many dates given for his death as there are notices of him in various dictionaries. In the article "Wohltemperirte Klavier," it is stated that Mr. Cummings showed in the *Musical Times* of March, 1885, that Kollmann never published an edition of Bach's forty-eight Preludes and Fugues. There is, however, a note in the *Musical Times* of November, 1883, showing, from information supplied by Dr. Westbrook, why Kollmann abandoned his intention.

Common Praise. By F. G. Edwards. (Curwen.) This is a practical handbook of Nonconformist Church Music. The author, having addressed a schedule of about forty questions to various organists and choirmasters, received about 223 replies; and a large portion of the book is filled with quotations from them. Mr. Edwards himself has had fifteen years' experience, so that his book naturally contains much to attract all interested in matters appertaining to the Service of Song. To the question, "Is the singing of your congregation satisfactory?" one reply says, "The singing is pretty general, but it is too loud, rough, and uncultured." And so, probably, would say nearly all intelligent organists of congregational churches. The difficulties of getting singing practice are well exemplified in the following reply:—"Out of a congregation of 1,200 about 30 came to the first practice, about 20 to the next, and 9 to the third and last." Mr. Edwards's advice to organists to go to the Popular Concerts, to take music and pencil and to mark down phrasing as the player proceeds, is, to say the least, doubtful. He might get the letter; but, with the distraction of writing, he would lose the spirit. The works of the great masters are edited by competent men, with every help in the matter of phrasing, and at reasonable prices.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

"THE DRUIDS' CHORUS," a new work for male voices, by Dr. Joseph Parry, will shortly be produced in Wales. Mr. Kinnersley Lewis, who has already published several poems on Welsh national subjects, has written the libretto. The theme is Suetonius Paulinus's attack on Mona. The Druids are represented as surprised at night at their devotions in the temple of Ceridwen.

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LITERATURE.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES FOR 1887.

The Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Babylonians. By A. H. Sayce. (Williams & Norgate.)

It is difficult to review this book in ordinary fashion, or within reasonable limits. It contains a vast amount of material hitherto practically inaccessible to students of mythology, it abounds with novel and valuable conclusions, while many important side issues are raised in the notes. Since all who are interested in the subject will study it for themselves, I will confine my comments to a few definite points which seem to invite further investigation.

Babylonian religion has no connexion with that of Egypt. For us its interest lies in its connexion with the theology of the Western Semites; on the one hand, with that of the Hebrews, and, on the other, with that of the Phoenicians by whom the mythological conceptions of the Greeks were so profoundly influenced. Hence this book opens out fresh possibilities of profitable research to students of the Hebrew literature, as well as to those who are attempting a scientific explanation of the origin and nature of the Greek mythology. The attempt of the Sanskritists in the last generation to derive Greek myths from India, and to discover in the Vedas an explanation of the Greek theology, finds fewer adherents than heretofore—if for no other reason, because it is seen that the separation of the Aryan races must have taken place at a date so remote that only the very rudiments of religion can then have been in existence; while, even if elaborate mythological legends, such as those of the Greeks, had at that time been current, they could hardly have been transmitted orally in any recognisable form through so many millenniums. It is not, however, needful to deny that there may be a holo-ethnic residuum, that the names of Dyaus, Zeus, and Tiu, or even the germs of a solar epic, may not be common to the Vedas, the Iliad, and the Nibelungen Lay. But, while the theories of the extreme Sanskritists are losing ground, there is an increasing disposition to acknowledge that a large proportion of the Greek mythological tales, especially those of a more elaborate character, were ultimately derived from Babylonia, through either an Aramean or a Phoenician channel. Thus, it has long been recognised that the Greek myth of Aphrodite and Adonis, and the corresponding Phrygian myth of Cybele and Attys, are mere Western versions of the Phoenician myth of Tammuz and Astarte—the story being that of the grief of the moon mourning over the

death of her lost spouse the sun. It was also seen that the Ephesian Artemis must be identified with Astarte, the Semitic moon-goddess; and that the legend of Semiramis was a euhemerised version of the story of Istar, the dove into which Semiramis was changed being the dove of Istar and of Venus. Smyrna was also identified with Semiramis. The Greek Amazons were seen to be the priestesses of the Asiatic goddess, and the conception of the Centaurs was traced to Babylonian sculptures. The Eastern origin of the Dionysiac cult was manifest; but its suggested derivation from India was disposed of by the identification of Dionysus with the Assyrian sun-god, who, according to Lenormant, bore the title of *dianisu*. The mother of Dionysus was Semele, daughter of Cadmus the Phoenician; and Semele has been identified by Dr. Neubauer with the Phoenician goddess Samlath, and the Edomite "Samlah of the Vineland."

These connexions, which may be considered as established, prepare us for further researches in the same direction. Of these, perhaps, the most important is Prof. Sayce's comparison of Ares with the Babylonian deity who provisionally bears the name of Adar, but whose real name is believed to have been Uras. Uras is identified with Ares, not only because he was the warrior god of the Babylonians, as Ares was of the Greeks, but because in the Greek myth Ares is said to have slain Adonis by taking the form of a wild boar. Now, Adar or Uras is called "the Lord of the pig," a title originating, in Prof. Sayce's opinion, out of a totemistic worship of that animal. Moreover, the Romans identified their war god Mars with the Greek Ares; and it would appear that Rimmon, the Syrian sun-god, was worshipped under the Accadian title of Mātu (Martu) and was also called "the pig." The prototype of Ares may thus be connected with the probable prototype of Mars, whose cult may have reached Italy through Cumae, which, according to Strabo, was a colony of the Aeolian Cyme, whose alleged foundation by the Amazons connects it with Eastern mythologies.

I have endeavoured to show, in a recent number of the ACADEMY, that Aplu, the old form of the name of Apollo, may be identified with Ablu, "the son" of heaven, which was one of the appellations of the sun-god Tammuz; and also that the story of Perseus and Andromeda, a lunar eclipse myth, is a Greek version of the combat between Bel-Merodach and the dragon Tiamat.

Some of the most obvious correspondences, which, however, are not free from difficulty, present themselves when we attempt to trace the Western extensions of the worship of the great Babylonian goddess, Istar, who seems to have absorbed the functions of several local deities. She is clearly the Athtor who was worshipped on the southern coast of Arabia; and it is commonly asserted that she became the Phoenician Ashtoreth, called Astarte by the Greeks, who was the prototype both of Artemis and of Aphrodite. Prof. Sayce takes this view. He considers that the Ephesian Artemis and the Cyprian Aphrodite are both lineal descendants of the same deity, the Babylonian Istar, who bore two characters—that of the warrior maiden,

and of the deity of love. These two conceptions, he thinks, became divorced, and arrived on the shores of Greece by separate routes. The gentler Babylonians seized rather on the softer side of the nature of Istar, while the fiercer Assyrians naturally laid hold of her warlike aspect. It may be admitted that the name of Istar, originally an Accadian word whose meaning is unknown, took the feminine suffix in Phoenician, and became Ashtoreth; but we have no evidence which will explain how the worship of Istar, the evening star, could have been transformed into the worship of Ashtoreth, who was undoubtedly the moon. And it is difficult to understand how the functions of Sin, the male Accadian moon-god, were transferred, among the western Semites, to a female deity who was originally only the planet Venus. Possibly the connexion between Istar, the evening star, and Ashtoreth, the moon, may be rather nominal than real, some such title as the "Lady of the Heavens" or the "Queen of the Night," or whatever the name may have meant, being applied in one region to the moon and in another to the planet Venus. This seems less difficult than to suppose a confusion between two planetary bodies so widely different. The Accadians conceived the moon as a male deity, which effectually prevented her from being regarded as the spouse of the sun—a function assigned to the planet Venus; whereas in Syria, where the moon was thought to be a female, she would become the Queen of Night, and the sun-god would naturally be regarded as her spouse. A further difficulty is introduced by the fact that the planet Venus was called by the Greeks Ἀφροδίτης ἑσπέρη, and that the Romans identified the Greek Aphrodite with their Venus, who is also the evening star, like the Babylonian Istar. Aphrodite, however, seems, like Artemis, to be the moon rather than the evening star, though the Babylonian and Assyrian conquests of Cyprus may have commingled some elements of the worship of Istar with the worship of the Phoenician Astarte. Artemis and Aphrodite are not, however, the only descendants of the Asiatic goddess. Thus, Greek legend described the wandering Astarte, under the name of Europa, the "broad-faced" moon, crossing the seas seated on the Bull of Anu.

It may be objected that it is improbable that so many distinct Western deities—Apollo, Ares, Mars, Dionysus, Perseus, Adonis, and Attys—should have been obtained from the Babylonian sun-god; and that it is equally unreasonable to refer Artemis, Aphrodite, Semele, Semiramis, Smyrna, Cybele, and Europa to Istar or Astarte. This objection is answered by anticipation in Prof. Sayce's volume. He shows that nearly every Babylonian city had its independent sun-god, known by different names or rather epithets, such as the son of heaven, the mighty, the exalted, the lord, the very glorious, or the beloved. These local sun-gods, who were ultimately identified by the Babylonians as forms of the same god, had their local names and their local legends, which passed independently to the Greeks, who attributed them to different deities. Thus, the same sun-god, born of Ea, who was worshipped as Merodach at Babylon, was revered by the people of Eridu under the name of Tammuz, the Acca-

dian Du-muzi, the "son of life"; and at Nipur as Uras (Ares), the "lord of light." Meri, the sun-god of Muru, became at Damascus Ramanu or Rimmon, "the exalted one"; in Assyria he was called Ablu (Apollo), the "son" of heaven; one of his Accadian names was Matu or Martu (Mars); in Tyre he was Melcarth, the "king of the city" (Melicertes); and at Gebal he was Adoni, "my lord" (Adonis).

We may, I think, divide the Hellenic deities into two classes: those who seem to be purely Aryan, and those whose names, connexions, and myths point to a Semitic or Accadian source. Now it is curious to observe that the purely Hellenic deities are ranged by Homer on the side of the Greeks, while those which seem to be of Asiatic origin espouse the cause of Troy. Thus Athena and Hera, the most purely Hellenic deities, are represented as the protagonists on the Hellenic side; while Apollo, Ares, and Aphrodite, who were ultimately of Phoenician or Babylonian origin, all fight in the Trojan camp. In the case of Zeus and Poseidon, Semitic conceptions seem to have been engrafted on Aryan names and cults; and we find they are mainly neutral, though inclining somewhat to the Trojan cause.

Many of those elements in the Greek mythology which Mr. Lang considers to be mere survivals of primitive savagery may be more reasonably explained by reference to their Babylonian or Phoenician sources. A translated mythology must inevitably have been more or less mistranslated. Thus the so-called incestuous legends of the Greek pantheon, at which prudery is shocked, are no proof that the primitive Greeks lived in habitual incest, which would be contrary to the whole spirit of Aryan civilisation. These legends can be more rationally explained by an evolution which took place in Babylonian theology. Owing to the different position occupied by women among the Accadians and the Semites, Babylonian goddesses, who in the Accadian period were revered as the mothers of certain gods, came to be regarded under Semitic influences as their wives. Hence the family relationships of the celestial bodies and the powers of nature were represented in turn as either conjugal, fraternal, or parental. When the nature-myths current in different cities came to be harmonised into a coherent system, it is obvious that some of these traditional relationships would become apparently incestuous. It is easy to see, for instance, how the moon might thus come to be regarded as at once the parent, the wife, and the sister of the sun.

The Babylonian gods resembled the local Madonnas of Italian cities rather than the organised hierarchy of Olympus. The Canaanite and Phoenician cities retained to the last their local Baalim. At some early period this was the case also in Babylonia; but when any city rose to supreme power, its local protector tended to become a national god. Thus it was that Merodach, the local sun-god of Babylon, became the national god of Nebuchadnezzar's empire, and Assur became a supreme god when Assyria rose to power. The older gods were either degraded into demons or became the ancestors of the later gods.

Another instance which seems to Mr. Lang to afford clear evidence of primitive Greek savagery—the mutilation of Uranus by his son Cronus—receives a satisfactory explanation from a cosmological legend of the Babylonians which represented Bel, originally a sky-god, as cutting asunder Tiamat, the watery abyss, whose blood fell on the earth as rain, filling the springs and rivers. Tiamat, the primordial Chaos, was afterwards represented as the parent of the cosmic sky; and we see how a revolting story is resolved into a speculation of early cosmical philosophy. This explanation of the myth is at any rate more satisfactory and more probable than to suppose that at some early period Greek sons indulged in the practice of mutilating their parents or of cutting them asunder. Not only the Greek mythology, but the philosophical systems of the early Greek thinkers of Asia Minor, such as Anaximander, were clearly derived through the Phoenicians from Babylonia—the source of the science, the cosmogony, and of much of the religion of the Western world. Our weights and measures, the sexagesimal numeration which we employ for the division of the hour, and, above all, the signs of the Zodiac, are of Babylonian origin. If Greek science and astronomy were ultimately Babylonian, it would be strange, indeed, if the teachers of Greek science had not been also teachers of Greek religion.

Prof. Sayce devotes much attention to the relation between the religion of the western Semites and that of the Babylonians. The problem as to the channel by which the communication took place cannot as yet be considered as definitely solved. The Hebrews, the Phoenicians, and the other Semitic races of Syria and Canaan may have brought with them the common elements of their belief at the time of their migration from the shores of the Persian Gulf; or, on the other hand, these beliefs may have been introduced at the time of the Western conquests of Sargon of Accad and his son Naram-Sin, which must now be placed as early as the fourth millennium B.C. As regards the Hebrews, the traditional view is that they brought back from Babylon nothing but an intense hatred of Babylonian idolatry, and an intensified Jehovistic monotheism. But we now know that they brought back a new script, the parent of the square Hebrew, as well as new names of the months; and they can hardly, as Prof. Sayce maintains, have sojourned for seventy years on the banks of the Euphrates without profound modifications and developments of their religious and philosophical ideas. In the libraries of Babylon they found the ancient literature of Chaldea open to them, and they can scarcely have failed to profit by the opportunity. Prof. Sayce is evidently inclined to regard the Babylonian captivity as the explanation of many of the common elements in the Hebrew and Babylonian literatures.

But this theory will not explain the early spread of Babylonian beliefs among the other western Semites. Probably no one solution will suffice. The worship of Athor in Arabia Felix must be due to early Babylonian commerce, while the cult of Sin, the Accadian moon-god, on Mount Sinai must be referred to the conquest of the Sinaitic peninsula by Naram-Sin, the son of Sargon. But how

shall we explain the early extension of the worship of Nebo, the local god of Borsippa, to Mount Nebo, where Moses died, or the prevalence of Babylonian beliefs in Edom, as evidenced by the names of the Dukes of Edom recorded in Genesis xxxvi.; or in Canaan as witnessed by ancient place-names? Thus, long before the Hebrew Exodus, we find, among the Palestinian conquests of Thothmes III., the name of a town called Beth-Anath, "the temple of Anath"; and another Beth-Anath is mentioned in the book of Joshua. Anathoth was the birthplace of Jeremiah, and Anat was the Hivite mother-in-law of Esau. These names show that the worship of the feminine correlative of Anu, the Accadian heaven-god, must have been transmitted to the West at some period later than the Semitic conquest of Babylonia, and cannot have been brought with them by the Semites at the time of their pristine migration from the East, unless, indeed, we assume that the earliest Semitic migration was effected by Semites who had already come in contact with the pre-Semitic civilisation of Babylonia.

The foregoing are not isolated facts. The worship of the sun-god Tammuz, who is the Accadian Du-muzi, prevailed not only in Phoenicia, but also in Jerusalem at the time of Jeremiah. The name of Savul, the Babylonian fire-god, is found in the names of the Edomite King Samlah, and of the Israelite King Saul. In the female form it is found in a Phoenician inscription, passing from the Phoenicians to the Greeks as Semele. Associated with the worship of Anu is that of Dagon, the "exalted one," a title of Mul-Ash, the lord of the Accadian ghost-world. His name is met with in Assyrian inscriptions. He became the supreme deity of the Philistines, and had temples at Gaza and Ashdod; while Beth-Dagon appears in the book of Joshua as a city of Asher. Then, again, the very ancient institutions of the Sabbath, of the rite of circumcision, of tithes, and of certain special sacrifices, are common to the Hebrews and the Babylonians; while the curious analogies between the structure and appliances of the Babylonian temples and the temple of Solomon have to be accounted for. Were these things obtained by the Hebrews from the Canaanites or the Phoenicians, and if so, how and at what time were they derived from Babylonia? Perhaps the most probable, but, at the same time, a somewhat startling solution, is the supposition that the Semitisation of Syria, Palestine, and Edom, was only effected after the Semites had come in contact with the civilisation of Babylonia. This would explain the fact that northern and central Arabia, where the Semitic race doubtless originated, is the only Semitic land unaffected by Babylonian beliefs.

Prof. Sayce's explanations, from Babylonian sources, of the names of some of the antediluvian patriarchs are interesting but not convincing. Very curious is the account of the "lady of Eden," the goddess of the tree of life; while the Babylonian narrative of the building of the Tower of Babel, and of the overthrow and confusion of the builders by the god Anu, is, in its way, as suggestive as the better-known tablets relating to the creation and the deluge. Prof. Sayce believes, though the evidence is not absolutely conclusive, that the tower was in ruins at the

time when the Accadian calendar was drawn up, which would carry us back to a period between the thirty-seventh and forty-seventh centuries B.C.

Prof. Sayce is, perhaps, too ready to see survivals of heathenism in the Hebrew Scriptures. In some cases, doubtless, he is right. Ezekiel mentions the women waiting for Tammuz at the gate of the Lord's house, and the prevalence of the same widespread Tammuz worship is probably referred to by Zachariah, Amos, and Jeremiah. It is not improbable that the name of Ammi, the national god of the Ammonites, may be discovered in such names as Bala-am, Jerobo-am and Rehobo-am. But it is not necessary to seek in the names of David and Solomon for the vestiges of a surviving heathenism, as an easier explanation presents itself. The name of David, like that of Dido, may mean "the beloved," which was also a title of the sun-god; but David, even if his original name was El-Hanan, as Prof. Sayce contends, may have received a throne-name expressing the attachment of his subjects, or the name might belong to the same class as those of St. Didier (Desiderius) or Erasmus. The names of Phoebe, Helen, Dennis, and Diana, prove the survival in the nineteenth century of Greek and Latin paganism among ourselves just as much or as little as the names of Saul and David connect them with the Babylonian sun-gods Savul and Dard.

Prof. Sayce frankly acknowledges the difficulties with which he has had to contend in reconstructing a theory of the development of Babylonian religion from the tablets stored in the library of Assurbanipal. Not the least of these difficulties lies in the fragmentary condition of the texts—the fragile clay tablets are often broken off or defective just where the interest of the documents begins, or where the solution of some difficult problem seems to be impending; but the greatest difficulty of all is that the Assyrian tablets are only copies, made mostly in the seventh century B.C., of older documents from the libraries of Babylonian temples. In tracing the evolution of Babylonian religion much depends on the dates of our materials; and, as we have no help from palaeography, the dates of the original documents have to be inferred from internal considerations.

Prof. Sayce shows that the great criterion on which Lenormant depended is fallacious, since it cannot now be maintained that texts written in Accadian are invariably older than those composed in Semitic Babylonian. Prof. Sayce shows conclusively that the Accadian was used by the priests as a literary or sacred language, long after it had ceased to be a spoken speech. The case is somewhat similar to that of the use of monkish Latin. Latin is an older language than English; and yet the writings of Erasmus are later than those of Wycliffe, and Geoffrey of Monmouth is later than the Saxon Chronicle.

The provisional method employed by Prof. Sayce is, probably, the best that could be adopted. He has formed a coherent theory as to the probable course of evolution of Babylonian religion, and arranges his documents in accordance with his theory. These documents are printed in the appendices, which are not the least valuable portion of the work. They contain translations of (1) the magical texts,

(2) the hymns, (3) the penitential psalms, (4) the litanies to the gods; an arrangement which undoubtedly conforms roughly to the course of evolution followed by Babylonian religion. He is probably right in assigning a late date to the creation tablets in their present form. They bear internal evidence that older beliefs were harmonised and combined; and, as we have them, they may not be much older than the time of Assurbanipal. The deluge tablets he considers are much earlier, dating probably from about 2,000 B.C.

Prof. Sayce would be the first to acknowledge that much of his work is tentative, and may be overthrown by the discovery of fresh texts, or modified by improved readings of those we possess. But an unusual openness to the arguments of his opponents, and a readiness to acknowledge that some of his earlier views were erroneous, inspires the reader with confidence in his final conclusions. But though his work is necessarily the work of a pioneer exploring in a new region, it must be acknowledged that in novelty, interest, and permanent value this book ranks as high as any of the volumes which the Hibbert Trust has hitherto called forth.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

Selections from the Poetical Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.)

THESE selections have been made, it is understood, by Mr. Swinburne himself. They represent, therefore the deliberate preferences of one who has made poetry the study of a lifetime, and stand altogether apart from that rather irritating class of excerpts which seems to represent the whims of a little casual poetical reading at odd times. I by no means imply that a poet is an infallible judge of his own best work—literary history perhaps rebels against such a view; but he knows at any rate with what ardour of imagination his poems were respectively conceived, and with what greater or less satisfaction they took their final shape. He knows, in a word, what no one else can know about them; and if, in the long run, the judgment of the world supersede that of the poet, we shall not be the less grateful to him for giving us both the poetry and the estimate or criticism implied in the selection.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Swinburne cannot really be adequately represented in some two hundred short pages, comprising some forty poems or extracts from poems. I do not care to conceal my opinion that his most evident fault is an excess of verbiage. None the less, I think he is unfairly judged, if judged from his shorter poems; and I would fain have seen more of his sustained flights of song, even if the Guernsey poems (pp. 53-7) and the rather faintly beautiful "Ballad of Dreamland" (pp. 113-4) had been displaced for them. If I may venture into a concrete criticism, I miss profoundly "The Triumph of Time" and "Siena," and the prelude poem of *Songs before Sunrise* and "Tiresias" (both parts); and, of the shorter poems, the "Lines on the Death of Edward John Trelawny," and the exquisite poem—I am ashamed to have forgotten its title, and am writing without opportunity of reference—on the dead flowers, plucked, these in Cornwall, those in Italy, and cast

away, when withered, with words that should last as long as the language. But these, perhaps, are mere personal whims. I hasten to say that the very best, if not the most peculiar and distinctive, of Mr. Swinburne's work is to be found in this little volume. It begins with "On the Verge," a poem about which I have already spoken in the ACADEMY; of which, therefore, I will only repeat my conviction that it is the author's finest work of the shorter kind. This and the following poems, down to p. 57, represent Mr. Swinburne in his favourite character of "Thalassius." There is a tone of glad self-surrender to the sea passion, which gives this part of his work a special radiance. Perhaps the North Sea poems will hardly touch the reader as deeply as they stirred the poet. "Hertha," the powerful piece of mysticism that follows, will never, probably, be a popular favourite, though it is specially characteristic of the poet. But who, whether he love Michael Angelo or not, will not be grateful that the noble sonnet "In San Lorenzo" finds a place here, and is worthily followed by "Mazzini," the grandest passage by far of the "Song of Italy"? Columbus has often been attempted in poetry; where has he been so well attempted as this (p. 81)?—

"O mother Genoa, through all years that run,
More than that other son,
Who first beyond the seals of sunset prest
Even to the unfooted West;
Whose back-blown flag scared from their
sheltering seas
The unknown Atlantides,
And as flame climbs through cloud and vapour
clomb
Through streams of storm and foam,
Till half in sight they saw land heave and
swim."

Next to "Mazzini" come naturally the verses to Aurelio Saffi, his co-triumvir. To how many Oxonians must these lines come like a voice out of the past?—

"Year after year has fallen on sleep, till change
Hath seen the fourth part of a century fade
Since you, a guest to whom the vales were
strange
Where Isis whispers to the murmuring shade
Above her face by winds and willows made,
And I, elate at heart with reverence, met,
Change must give place to death ere I forget
The pride that change of years has quenched
not yet."

No selection from Mr. Swinburne would be adequate without a specimen of his poems to Victor Hugo. The verses called "A Sunset" seem to him most worthy of insertion; and, indeed, they are stately and splendid as the sunset they commemorate. But those earlier verses to Victor Hugo, in the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, have, perhaps, a greater charm for the ordinary reader; they fall

"More soft than dew or snow by night,
Or wail, as in some flooded cave
Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave."
Of the poems to childhood that follow, that called "Herse" is, we think, altogether the best; then "Itylus," with a music all its own, recalls the best manner of the early poems, as do the two extracts, "Anadyomene" and "The Death of Meleager," from "Atalanta in Calydon." "A Fosterling," from "Thalassius," is, perhaps, most notable for its apparently autobiographical character; but it cannot compare, for power or interest, with "Iseult at Tintagel," or "The Wife's

Vigil." Indeed, the former of these two may rank as one of the writer's most sustained efforts. It scarcely needs the recurring couplets of the crying wind and answering sea, for their sound is in the whole poem :

" Christ, if Thou hear yet or have eyes to see,
Thou that hadst pity, and hast no pity on me,
Knowest Thou no more, as in this life's sharp
span,
What pain Thou hadst on earth, what pain hath
man?
Hast Thou no care, that all we suffer yet?
What help is ours of Thee if Thou forget?
What profit have we though Thy blood were
given,
If we that sin bleed and be not forgiven?
Not love, but hate, Thou bitter God, and strange,
Whose heart as man's heart hath grown cold with
change;
Not love, but hate, Thou showest us that have
sinned?"

And like a world's cry shuddering was the wind,
And like a God's voice threatening was the sea."

This is, indeed a cry *de profundis*.

Finer work has hardly been done on the Greek model than "Oreithya." "Storm and Battle" is less Hellenic, but more resistless and, to the non-classical reader, perhaps, more attractive. The long extract that follows (pp. 191-210), from "Marino Faliero," seems to me to suffer, like the rest of that play, from a certain protraction of language that dulls the thought and weakens the dramatic force. No such criticism applies to the next dramatic excerpt, "Mary Stuart at Solway Firth." Here all is pure poetic gold, from Herries' earnest appeal to the queen not to go into banishment, down to Mary Beaton's last warning resolve. One cannot wonder that the poet wrote his "Adieux à Marie Stuart" so wistfully when he had had such a vision of her as this beside the Solway :

"Come, friends,
I think the fisher's boat hath hoised up sail
That is to bear none but one friend and me :
Here must my true men and their queen take
leave,
And each keep thought of other. My fair page,
Before the man's change darken on your chin
I may come back to ride with you at rein
To a more fortunate field : how'er that be,
Ride you right on with better hap, and live
As true to one of merrier days than mine
As on that night to Mary, once your queen.
Douglas, I have not won a word of you ;
What would you do to have me tarry?
"George Douglas. Die."

Nothing in the scene at Chartley, fine as it is, quite reaches the level of that by the Solway.

Let me end with one question, which I would sooner ask than answer. "Hesperia," doubtless, could not be properly removed from its trilogy. Is anything in this volume quite so fine or so characteristic as "Hesperia"?

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

Athos; or, The Mountain of the Monks. By Athelstan Riley. (Longmans.)

"THE Mountain of the Monks" is a subject which deserves a volume to itself, and this handsome book is likely to render it popular. Mr. Riley studied the life of the monks of Mount Athos under favourable circumstances. He spent six weeks among them, and brought with him an introduction from the Patriarch of Constantinople, which ensured him a favourable reception; and, besides this, he was accompanied by the Greek archbishop of

Cavalla, in Macedonia, whom, on arriving at that port, he found preparing to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Mountain. This prelate, whose well-marked personality forms the most amusing feature in the narrative, is described as a pattern Oriental—"genial, kind, and full of good nature towards his equals, while haughty and unbending towards his inferiors, indolent beyond belief, absolute idleness being his chief delight." Being possessed of a slight knowledge of French, he was of service to the author by acting as interpreter between him and the monks.

As ecclesiastical questions are brought prominently forward in this volume, it may be well to state that Mr. Riley's views are those of a strong Anglican High-Churchman. This, however, does not induce him to idealise the life of those among whom he was thrown; if he had had any disposition that way, he would have been saved from it by his strong sense of humour. The following sketch, taken during a long monastic service, may illustrate this.

"One old monk, who stood in a stall opposite to us, had a wonderfully piercing voice, and sang nearly the whole time, gazing vacantly with a stupid, fishy eye at the face of the prompter. In the short intervals of repose, he would sink down in his stall and apparently fall fast asleep, waking up again with wonderful precision when his turn came round."

This description forcibly recalls some of the figures in Doré's well-known picture of the neophyte in the convent.

The twenty monasteries, which, together with smaller associations of monks, and hermitages, constitute this remarkable community, occupy a region which is graphically called by Mr. Riley "a mountain and a garden in the sea." The following is his more detailed description of it :

"The promontory, or, rather, the peninsula, of Athos (for not far from its base, at the spot where Xerxes cut his canal, it measures but a mile and a half across) is long and narrow, having an average breadth of about four miles, while its length is forty. A ridge of hills runs down the centre of the peninsula, beginning from the narrowest part near its base, and reaching some height where the monastic establishments commence, at a distance of fifteen to twenty miles from its extremity. From this point the ridge rises gradually from 1,000 to between 3,000 and 4,000 feet, when it suddenly shoots up into a mountain nearly 7,000 feet high, and falls into the sea. There is but little level land on Athos; the sides of the central ridge slope as a rule down to the very shore, while round the end of the peninsula, especially on the western side, the mountain drops by rapid descent or breaks away in steep and rocky cliffs. Every part of the promontory is covered with vegetation, the east side being more conspicuous for luxuriance of growth; and its position in the waters keeps the forests of Mount Athos fresh and green when all the neighbouring country on the mainland is burnt up by the summer and autumnal heats. The mountain is one vast mass of white or whitish-grey marble, clothed with trees to within a thousand feet of its summit, and then rising in a bare and conical peak."

For a description of the monastic buildings we must refer the reader to Mr. Riley's volume. He will there find a full account of the numerous churches and secular edifices, together with notices of the books in the libraries, and of the relics and works of art.

The proper understanding of these is greatly facilitated by the illustrations, which are taken from the author's own photographs. These include not only general views of the monasteries, but representations of separate buildings and even interiors; and there is an excellent delineation of the silver-gilt binding and chain-work back of one of the ancient MSS. which Curzon has described. A plan of one of the churches, and numerous measurements, are a further aid towards realising the appearance of those edifices. There is also no lack of information as to the life of the monks, the legends and superstitions that exist among them, and the nature and duration of the services.

The principal subject of conversation between Mr. Riley and the monks was the possibility of the restoration of communion between the Greek and Anglican Churches. This was discussed in an amicable spirit, and the debates usually ended in expressions of a mutual desire for such a consummation. Of course, theological differences could not be ignored; but discussions of such questions when carried on through the medium of an interpreter, are usually very harmless; those who engage in them are like singlestick-players, who are separated from one another by a couple of yards—they cannot get near enough to deal very severe blows. Mr. Riley is much too straightforward to ignore the difficulties that stand in the way of reunion. He is aware that in order to become a member of the church of Constantinople he would have to be rebaptised. But in controversy much depends upon the temper with which the two parties approach one another, and nothing but goodwill could result from his visit. One ground that he mentions for anticipating a favourable issue will strike our readers as novel. On one occasion he had been illustrating the benefits of unity by the parable of the sticks—singly weak, but strong when united—and had used his own bundle of sticks and umbrellas for the purpose; when replacing the sticks he came in contact, unawares, with a servant who was bearing coffee on a tray and overturned its contents. He began to stammer out his apologies, but his entertainers hailed the catastrophe with delight. "God has sent an omen!" they said. "Spilt coffee is the luckiest thing in the world. God will give us unity."

Mr. Riley has a good deal to say about the Russian monks on Athos, and the great increase in their numbers which has occurred of late years. This nationality has never been popular on the Holy Mountain, partly because the inhabitants of the South regard them as barbarians, and partly, if we are to believe the Greek monks, because they are a difficult people to deal with. But their numbers until lately were not considerable. Five-and-twenty years ago the Russian monastery contained three hundred monks, and the majority of these were Greeks; now there are eight hundred attached to it, and with very few exceptions these are Russians. Gradually, also, other foundations for Russian monks have been established; and attempts have been made by them (it is said) to appropriate some of the other monasteries, until the Greek monks have become thoroughly frightened, and are persuaded that a political agency is at work in the background. The

state of feeling now existing is described by Mr. Riley in the following manner :

"The original inhabitants of the Holy Mountain, being fully roused, have entered into a solemn compact never again to sell a foot of ground to the intruders; and to this resolution they have adhered, so that for the last three years the Russians have not been able to buy any land whatever, although they have offered enormous prices for it—as much as 30,000 liras for a kelli worth 2,000. Thus they are obliged to make the most of what they have already, and consequently at their two great stations, Russico and St. Andrew's, they are hard at work with stones and mortar. Many are the tales told of lights seen at night on the mountain moving between these two communities, the evidence of secret communications carried on under the cover of darkness. The bitterness of feeling between the two parties may be imagined from the fact that the Greeks attribute the frequent fires which have taken place in their monasteries during the last fifty years to Russian incendiaries."

The weak point of Mr. Riley's volume is its prolixity. His enumerations of the numerous chapels in each monastery, with the names of the saints to whom they are dedicated, and his catalogues of relics, are beyond what the most ardent archaeologist could desire. These, it is true, can be skipped; but it is less easy to escape from his oft-repeated, however good-humoured, complaints of the discomforts of the journey, especially in respect of food and vermin. The latter of these evils are less numerous on Athos than in most parts of the interior of Turkey; and as to the use of rancid oil and butter for cooking in the monastic kitchens, a little tact and attention on the part of Mr. Riley's travelling servant could easily have prevented that. Anyhow, it is better that such details should not be too constantly brought under the reader's notice. It is impossible, also, not to feel that the romantic interest which attaches to these monasteries, as a unique specimen of the life of the middle ages—an interest which is found so conspicuously in the description of them in Curzon's *Monasteries in the Levant*—is here completely wanting. But, notwithstanding this, we can recommend this book as giving at once a truthful and an amusing account of a very remarkable community.

H. F. TOZER.

Memorials of the Church of SS. Peter and Wilfred, Ripon. Vols. I. and II. Edited by the Rev. J. T. Fowler for the Surtees Society. (Bernard Quaritch.)

MR. FOWLER is a most careful and accurate editor. We may safely affirm that in the long series of the publications of the Surtees Society there are no volumes on which more minute care has been bestowed. The task of editing these Ripon memorials must have been a most arduous one. In preparing a chronicle or a series of account-rolls for the press little is required beyond minute attention to one original, with collations of other ancient copies, should such be in existence. This is by no means a light labour. The case is, however, far different when the editor has to group together documents gathered from many various depositories. Neither the editor nor his readers can ever feel quite satisfied that all the wheat has been garnered. In the

present case, though we feel sure that all reasonable care has been taken, we should not be surprised if some of the lost Ripon charters were to turn up in unlikely places. It was only in the early part of last year that a charter of a Scottish abbey, hitherto quite unknown, was discovered in the evidence room of a great historic family in the west of England. The most imaginative of antiquaries would never have thought of searching in such a place for the charter of a Scottish king, though when the find was made it was not difficult to trace the line by which the document had strayed so far away from its Northern home. Should any such happy discoveries be made relating to Ripon, we may feel well assured that Mr. Fowler will incorporate them in the third volume which he has promised us.

If ever the history of the Church of England in the Middle Ages is to be written with that fullness and accuracy which so great a subject demands, it can only be done after the records of the various episcopal sees and great religious houses are open to historical enquirers. Some day or other we may hope that all the bishops' registers will be printed. We are many stages from this point yet, and are, therefore, particularly grateful to Mr. Fowler for having given us copious extracts from the York registers so far as they relate to Ripon. Some of the documents he has produced are of a high degree of interest. A controversy, sometimes attended with much bitterness, has raged for the last three centuries as to the state of the morals of the clergy before England broke away from Rome. The allegations of extreme corruption that have from time to time been made, mainly as missiles in fierce theological warfare, have been as often refuted; but we fear that little impression has been made. Those who build up that which passes with them for historical knowledge on the sandy foundations furnished to them by the fierce word-war of the sixteenth century are not to be shaken by any contemporary evidence. We know that in the Middle Ages there was an amount of coarseness of language which is rarely found, though it is not extinct, among the refined classes at present; but we really have no evidence which proves that the parish priests or the regular clergy were, as a class, men of degraded lives. Much of what we read that seems to tell so severely against the mediæval ecclesiastical system arose from the abuse of admitting men to minor orders who, as it would seem, gained thereby the protection of the ecclesiastical courts, and had never any intention of proceeding further. The liberties of the Church which Saint Thomas of Canterbury struggled for, and gained in part, were perverted in a way he could never have dreamed of, and would have been the first to denounce could he have witnessed how they were used to protect persons leading a shameless life. In 1302 we find Walter of Kirkeby Malsard "primam habens tonsuram" proceeded against for having slain one of his neighbours; another person, who seems to have been an Irishman, for robbery committed in the forest of Galtrees; and after these follows a list of persons of the same class who, it is alleged, had been guilty of murder, robbery, burglary, and horse-stealing. A few pages further on we

find five more of these clerics degraded for similar crimes. These degradations took place at the west door of the minster, we suppose in public. A list of ecclesiastics, knights, and others who were present at the ceremony is given.

The practise of burying the bodies of the dead within the interior of churches seems to have been common in England in very early days. This abuse, which has not even in these days come to an end, was very prevalent in the latter middle ages. At Ripon it is pleasant to find that the authorities tried to put some limits to it, whether their reasons were theological or whether they had some imperfect ideas on the subject which some persons call sanitary science, it is impossible to tell. The order was that no one was to be buried within the minster "nisi magnæ et honestæ personæ et quæ bene meritæ fuerint erga ecclesiam memoratam." These Ripon memorials are about the last place in which it would have occurred to us to look for anything relating to sports and pastimes, yet here we find the name of a game which is new to us. The editor states in a note that he knows nothing about it beyond what the text discloses. In 1312 a certain chaplain of Ripon, who seems not to have been leading a regular life, was charged with having invented a pestiferous game called *Dyngethryftes*, which had become very seductive to his neighbours. To "ding" in the Northern dialects means to drive down or to throw with violence. So this new game, so long forgotten, probably had some relation to quoits or pitching the bar.

Very few of the documents of which these volumes are composed are in English. There is, however, a curious petition, dated 1519, of a certain Robert Tennant who claimed sanctuary. He seems to have been some sort of under-steward to the Earl of Northumberland, and was, or professed to be, in fear of his life, or of imprisonment, by reason of alleged errors in his accounts. Mr. Fowler has printed all the known versions of the rhymed charter of Athelstan to the Church of Ripon. So much nonsense has been written about these verses that it is well to have them together in all their forms. So far from being of the time of Athelstan, every one who knows the earlier forms of English will be certain that they are, in their present forms, not earlier than the very end of the thirteenth century. We ourselves believe them to be somewhat later.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

NEW NOVELS.

- The Treasure of Thorburns.* By Frederick Boyle. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)
- The Troubles of an Heiress.* By Cecil Lucas. In 3 vols. (White.)
- The Story of a Kiss.* By the author of "My Insect Queen." In 3 vols. (Bentley.)
- His Own Enemy.* By J. Bloundelle-Burton. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)
- The Danvers Jewels.* (Bentley.)
- Sealed Lips.* By F. du Boisgobey. (Vizetelly.)

Ben D'Ymion, Muddlemarsh, and other Novelettes. By H. F. Lester. (Sonnen-schein.)

INSPIRITY is not a characteristic of Mr. Boyle's style, and *The Treasure of Thorburns* forms no exception to his now rather lengthy list of spirited and entertaining novels. There may be some who will confess to a feeling of disappointment at the nature of the treasure, after being kept on the tip-toe of expectation through three whole volumes; but this is a matter of detail not affecting the merit of the story as a whole. A few of the scenes are cast in the Diamond Fields—a region well-known to the author, and one in which he is perfectly at home. No one can delineate the adventurous life of the miners better than Mr. Boyle, and his pages reciting gallant deeds are always thoroughly enjoyable. These are not the staple of the present work, however, which is chiefly noticeable for its sketches of character. The heroine, Hilda Esking, is a bright, beautiful, and brave English girl, who finds a worthy mate in the stalwart and courageous Eldred Thorburn, whose soul had never known the shadow of fear. Hilda's father is a very rich man, and a perfect type of the fusty old antiquary. The description of his various storehouses of ancient relics and parchments, &c., is very racy. He has long had his eye upon the treasure of Thorburns, the exact whereabouts being only known to himself. Embarrassments had overtaken the proprietor of Thorburns, and Esking had advanced him so much money that he was completely in his power. When the former died, the place was to pass into Esking's possession if he were not paid off within a certain number of days. The old antiquary was terribly chagrined when, just before the expiration of the allotted time, the money mysteriously arrived from South Africa, and was speedily followed by the heir, Eldred Thorburn. By strange means, however, Esking—who is a perfect fanatic on the subject of the treasure—seizes upon it in the dead of night. The reader will follow with interest the various stages of the narrative in which all this is unfolded, until he comes to the adjustment of every difficulty by the marriage of Hilda and Eldred. The visitor at the seaside would do well to send to Mudie's for Mr. Boyle's last novel, for it is capital reading.

The first volume of *The Troubles of an Heiress* is, in one respect, at least, like Pharaoh's chariot wheels, which we are told "drove heavily." After the opening pages, we feel something like the unimpressionable traveller in Scotland, who wanted to know "when the scenery was going to begin." We are looking for the troubles, but they do not seriously commence until midway into the second volume. However, Frances Kenyon is tolerably well persecuted—when the troubles do begin—by two wretched old maids, her guardians, who are both cruel and hypocritical, while their brother, a very vulgar baronet, and one of the trustees of Frances's large fortune, makes ducks and drakes of her money. In the end, having the prison cell in view, Sir Alexander Fraser endeavours to shoot himself; but he is saved by the girl he has injured, and she and her lover, George Carmichael, consent not to put the law in

operation against him. In one portion of the work we are introduced to a bevy of clever girls, who are Admirable Crichtons in the number of subjects they essay; and there are some amusing sketches of scientific characters. The scientists, of course, are very severe upon each other's shortcomings, and it is really painful to read of one *savant* who has

"never heard of Owjammikow's paper on the limits of the vaso-motor centre in the rabbit, and does not seem to know of Lister's work on all parts of the spinal cord of the frog having a vaso-motor influence. What is even more extraordinary, he never mentions any of the newer researches tending to show that strychnia acts as a depressor."

Our author skips lightly from science to music, from music to social movements, and from social movements to theology. The name of "Cecil Lucas" is new to us; from internal evidence it apparently belongs to one of the fair sex. If this novel be her first, it evinces considerable promise; for, notwithstanding its defects, there are many excellent points about it, and sufficient ability to warrant the author's being heard from again.

The heroine of *The Story of a Kiss* reminds us somewhat of Miss Rhoda Broughton's naughty young ladies. Without being quite so naughty, perhaps, she has the same partiality for climbing trees, and for behaving generally in a very unconventional manner. Genevra Farquhar is kissed under very extraordinary circumstances by a young gentleman she has met for the first time. It is true that she has been the victim of an accident, and Keith Moray, the osculatory offender, believes she is dying; but when she recovers, unconventional as she is, she waxes very wrath. Nevertheless, a good deal follows from that first kiss; and it is the purpose of the novel to trace the relations of the two persons thus curiously thrown together, until the acquaintance culminates in marriage. As in the case of the story last noticed, there is a vulgar baronet to persecute the heroine with his attentions; but all ends happily at last, though Miss Farquhar nearly kills her true lover accidentally with a revolver. Our chief complaint is that it takes 930 pages to work out the results of a kiss. Half that number would have been ample for what story there is to tell. But, in saying this, we would also candidly acknowledge that the author's style is pleasant enough. In presenting us with "more cloth than dinner"—to use a well-known Northern phrase—she errs most against herself.

Our judges and magistrates affirm that the passion for betting on horses is sapping the foundations of commercial morality; but, before the mania reached these classes, it had wrought sad havoc among the "upper ten." The curse of betting, with all its attendant miseries, is once more ruthlessly exposed in *His Own Enemy*, which is professedly the story of a man of the world. Frank Carless, of Carless Manor, is the last survivor of an old county family. He leads a fast life in London; and his figure is a very familiar one at the Royal Comet Theatre, the home of burlesque, and a place calculated to shock the sensibilities of the Bishop of London. The Levity Bar, another London institution which will easily be recognised, is also one of Carless's haunts. He is a very handsome

fellow, with a face more common among Italians and Spaniards than Englishmen, and "eyes of a deep liquid brilliancy that equalled the eyes seen in portraits painted by Da Vinci and Murillo." He bears away from the Comet Theatre and a host of admirers Miss Montadore, a fascinating dancer, and privately marries her. The marriage is kept secret, however, for various reasons, one being that Carless is supposed to be betrothed to the rector's daughter in Southshire. He goes upon the turf, and plunges heavily, ultimately wrecking the paternal estate; and he finally sells the family portraits and paintings by the Joshua Reynolds, Rubens, Gerard Douw, Van Eyck, Wouvermans, &c. With the proceeds he loses all. The end—a sadly too frequent one—comes at last: driven to despair, and having no hope of life, he commits suicide under extraordinary circumstances. The literary merit of this work is only moderate; but the story of folly and infatuation is well told, and it will not have been written in vain if it serve to point a very old moral.

One of the most ingenious of crimes is detailed in *The Danvers Jewels*, and the secret is well kept until the end; then it is brought home in a manner that will much surprise the reader. The anonymous writer goes to the Scriptures for his motto—"As the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him." The chase is from India to England, and the prize is such diamonds and jewels as are unparalleled probably by any English collection. Who it is that is run after, together with the identity of the runner, is a study of really considerable interest.

Messrs. Vizetelly have added to their series of "Boulevard Novels" Du Boisgobey's *Sealed Lips*. It is not quite so thrilling as some of this writer's stories, but it affords a vivid picture of French morals and manners, and the interest never flags from the opening to the close.

Mr. Lester's parodies of contemporary novelists are clever in their way; but the thought arises, was it worth all the trouble to elaborate them? They are carefully done, even to very slight terms of expression, but we doubt whether the public much cares for these laboriously evolved *joux d'esprit*. They like something sharp, short, and decisive, which gives a plainly recognisable tincture or burlesque of a subject or writer. The best of Mr. Lester's parodies are those on the styles of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Henry James; but all are amusing, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by readers familiar with the works of the several authors parodied.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Ireland in the Days of Dean Swift. By J. Bowles Daly. (Chapman & Hall.) This is seasonable reprint of the Irish tracts written by Swift between the years 1720 and 1734. *Drapier's Letters* have enjoyed so much celebrity that they have cast into the shade other writings by the same author which are less disfigured by exaggeration and even more witty. *A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures* (1720) is especially worth

reading. In this pamphlet the Dean would "expostulate a little with our country landlords; who by immeasurable screwing and racking their tenants all over the kingdom have already reduced the miserable people to a worse condition than the peasants in France, or the vassals in Germany and Poland" (p. 237). In his *Two Letters relative to Ireland*, he speaks of "the exactions of landlords" as "a grievance of above twenty years' standing." (p. 202). In *A Modest Proposal*, in which he proposes that infants in Ireland should be used for food, he sets down the number of those who are able to maintain their own children at thirty thousand couples—"although I apprehend there cannot be so many under the present distresses of the kingdom." This was in 1729. Swift has often been reproached for not writing a line against the grievous disabilities under which the Roman Catholics then suffered, and Dr. Daly entirely fails to meet this charge. The fact is, as all the world knows (except, apparently, his present commentator) the Dean of St. Patrick was a zealous Churchman. He was a man of genius, endowed with many noble qualities, and a genuine patriot; but tolerant he was not. There is, however, one passage at least in his writings which shows that he could conceive of the Catholic Church being the established Church of Ireland, but no passage that shows the most glimmering conception of the modern idea of a Free Church in a Free State. The passage referred to occurs in *Two Letters, &c.*, where he speaks of "the national religion, whatever kind may then happen to be established" (p. 213). In the same pamphlet there is one of Swift's many diatribes against wives.

"Is it not the highest indignity to human nature that men should be such poltroons as to suffer the kingdom to be undone by the vanity, &c., of their wives, who seem to be a kind of animal suffered for our sins to be sent into the world for the destruction of families, &c., who, by long practice can reconcile the most pernicious foreign drugs [the Dean refers to tea] to their health and pleasure, provided they are but expensive, as starlings grow fat with henbane" (p. 205).

But we must refrain from further quotations. We regret we cannot praise the manner in which Dr. Daly has done his work. The introduction (saving its very lame conclusion) is pertinent and sensible, but the short notes which precede some of the pamphlets are very inadequate. *The Legion Club* is greatly in need of notes. The reader, not specially conversant with Irish history, requires to be told who was Waller and who was Morgan. A great deal of information could be given about the Act of William III. prohibiting the exportation of woollens manufactured in Ireland (p. 217), but Dr. Daly says nothing. It was mainly to please the members for Bristol and Tiverton that this Act was passed; and the Dean's prophecy of the fate that would overtake those envious of Ireland's prosperity has been to some extent realised. If we cannot praise Dr. Daly as a commentator, we can at least thank him for placing before us, in a handy volume, a few of the wittiest writings of Ireland's wittiest son.

Romance of the Wool-Trade. By James Bonwick. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Mr. Bonwick has written much and read more. His present volume contains a prodigious mass of information. There is hardly an author who alludes to sheep or the art of weaving—from Homer, Herodotus, Columella, and Varro to the most recent writers—who has not been brought into requisition and copiously quoted from. The *Wool-Trade* does not suggest romantic ideas. The poets, indeed, have striven to keep up the romance attending the care of *nibbling flocks*; but even in "As You Like It" the details of a shepherd's work are prosaic. Mr. Bonwick

has to travel back to Jason and the golden fleece to get a real romance. He admits that in Australia the death-blow has been dealt to the romance of a shepherd's life by the practice of wire-fencing the runs; and improved means of communication have destroyed what he terms "an interesting romance of the past" in Yorkshire—the transporting of woollen goods by means of pack-horses along narrow and uneven lanes. Romantic as he is, Mr. Bonwick is no opponent of improvements, although he is inclined to think that the manufacturing hands in Yorkshire are not entirely gainers by the changes which have led to better wages.

"Workers," he writes, "though so poorly paid, lived in comfortable homes, plainly, but thoroughly, well furnished, especially with a tall standing-up clock, and never suffered from lack of wholesome food, or of stout, though homely, garments. They had their festivals and amusements, enjoyed their cakes and ale, but were seldom absent from their church or chapel. In modern days, with wages so advanced, when food is both varied and dainty, when clothing is of expensive material and of fashion-make, with educational influences so convenient and abundant, mill-hands are scarcely richer, and not so independent as their ancestors, while they are the quicker thrown into the depths of poverty, and suffer more acutely by the fall when trade slackens."

Introduction to the Study of Dante. By Vincenzo Botta. (John Stark.) This is a republication of Signor Botta's contribution to the sixth centenary of Dante's birth (1865), and will be cordially welcomed by those who want a guide to the great poet's writings. We are told that the book is

"dedicated to those students who, without entering into any profound and extensive investigation of the various codices, commentaries, and writings on the subject, wish only to obtain a sufficient knowledge to appreciate in some degree the first and greatest literary monument of modern times."

This modest purpose the book seems well qualified to fulfil. We have tested it in various places; and, without binding ourselves absolutely to all the author's opinions and interpretations, we believe that this introduction will be of considerable service to the ever increasing number of Dante students.

Byron restudied in his Dramas. By William Gerard. (White.) The author of this work has the advantage of a new standpoint from which to contemplate a well-worn subject. The place of Byron among English or world-poets is a problem often discussed, but its solution will necessarily depend upon the idiosyncrasies or temperaments of those who pronounce judgment upon it. Mr. Gerard believes that a truer and higher view of the poet's work is to be obtained by a careful study of his dramas, and a comparison of those dramas with those of the greatest masters of dramatic poetry, whether ancient or modern. On this theme he expatiates with an immense amount of enthusiasm, as well as with a creditable display of poetical feeling and dramatic insight. His conclusions, on the whole, seem to us open to question; and his style, besides being naturally involved and over-laboured, is rendered needlessly obscure by redundancy of phrasing and an embarrassing profusion of rhetorical ornamentation. This, e.g., is Mr. Gerard's comparison of Byron with Victor Hugo (p. 208):

"For whereas the self-stricken Byron, continually drawn out of and beyond himself by the constraining conception of a wider human ideal, and advancing with ever clearer spiritual vision, touches and grounds ever and anon on Olympian facts, Victor Hugo, always with some beclouded intimation of those facts, and always shifting, like an *ignis fatuus*, about and athwart them with continual glare and titanic movement and reverberation of verse, never really grounds on them, but

dominating all to a colossal egotism scantily relieved by enfranchising humour, does but render us a blurred impression of the universe increasingly bewildered and brilliantly confused."

Pilocereus Senilis, and other Papers. By Walter Moxon. (Sampson Low.) This collection, which is "dedicated to the students of Guy's Hospital in memory of one of their most earnest and devoted teachers," merits the attention of the general reader. Though addressed, in the first instance, to hospital students, the papers possess a more than common share of philosophical and literary, as well as of medical, interest. The value of their matter is enhanced by their style, which is generally pithy and quaint, and occasionally irresistibly humorous.

Studies in Social Life. By George C. Lorimer. (Sampson Low.) This book professes to be a review of the principles, practices, and problems of society. No one can therefore reasonably object to its being discursive. A fairer objection is that its so-called author is not the author at all of a large proportion of its pages. Book writing is being reduced to an art by our American cousins. Scissors and paste are the symbols of this new literature. Take chapter v. for instance, and cut out of it all the extracts from newspapers, and how much is left? This chapter, which deals with "The Vices of Society," is a fair sample of the author's manner. It is stuffed with most interesting quotations, and breathes a healthy tone, but is marred by stilted language and want of continuity. This is the fault of books that are the mere nosegays of other writers' thoughts and sentiments. The quotations are pitchforked in regardless of argument and sequence. We lately noticed Dr. Knighton's *Struggles for Life*. After reading the present work we fear that we may have been too severe on Dr. Knighton, for all the faults of his book are exaggerated in the present. Still we can recommend Dr. Lorimer's "Studies" as an instructive and (with judicious skipping) an interesting book.

Social Arrows. By Lord Brabazon. Second Edition. (Longmans.) We are glad to welcome a second and enlarged edition of the Earl of Meath's well-known book. His arrows continue to possess the primary virtue of such weapons when well directed—i.e., they hit the mark. All his readers will wish him success in his arduous contest with the many inequalities and imperfections of our social system. Perhaps not the least phenomenal among those imperfections is the meagre support schemes of active philanthropy receive from members of his own order.

For Further Consideration. By Edward Butler. (Elliot Stock.) The author of *For Good Consideration* has in this volume presented us with another work, conceived and written on nearly similar lines. That many of his thoughts and fancies are worthy of further consideration we should be far from denying. But, as a whole, the book is so unequal both in style and matter that many of its readers would probably be inclined to take "further" in the sense of indefinite postponement.

Œuvres Diverses. Par Eugène Bodichon. (Paris: Leroux.) This interesting little volume will serve as a pleasant memorial of a veritable pioneer of civilisation. For nearly forty years "l'honnête Bodichon" devoted his indefatigable energies to the cause of humanity in Algeria. He gave his medical services gratuitously to all comers; and from the beginning of his residence in the colony he pressed upon the French Government various theories, all of which have since been acted upon. In particular he advocated the substitution of a civil for a military régime, tribal and not individual responsibility for insurrections, and, most strenuously of all, the "reboise-

ment" of the country. The part played by Bodichon in introducing the *Eucalyptus globulus* into Algeria would alone have entitled him to the gratitude not only of his own countrymen but also of all colonising peoples. The greater part of these *Ceuvres Diverses* consists of thoughts on morality, religions, aesthetics, and mythology—thoughts which although disconnected, and mostly of questionable originality, are yet on the whole instructive. An analysis of the character of Bonaparte "au point de vue de la physiologie et du positivisme" is really valuable. It appeared some years ago in *Temple Bar*, and is said to have caused a wholesome modification in Carlyle's opinion of the revolutionary hero. For the rest, some speculation of a general nature on the progress of the future leads Dr. Bodichon to indicate the special parts which, according to his views, England, Germany, and France respectively are called upon to play.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MRS. ROSS is about to publish the correspondence of her mother, grandmother, and great grandmother—Lady Duff Gordon, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and Mrs. John Taylor. Anyone in possession of letters from either of these ladies is requested to send them to the care of Mr. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

MR. ANDREW LANG has undertaken to edit for the Clarendon Press the *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* of Charles Perrault (1697), the literary source of nearly all the most familiar fairy tales of Europe.

MISS A. MARY F. ROBINSON, author of a "Life of Margaret of Navarre," has made a selection of the best tales in the "Heptameron" of that queen, which she is able to dedicate to ladies and antiquaries. It will be published by Mr. George Redway, under the title of *The Fortunate Lovers*.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have secured the right of translating Prince Napoleon's new work, entitled *Napoléon et ses Détracteurs*, which will be published in Paris in September.

The next volume in the series of "Great Writers," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Keats*, by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

MRS. BOGER'S *Myths, Scenes, and Worthies of Somerset* will be issued shortly by Mr. George Redway. The work, which extends to nearly 700 pages, treats of such diverse personalities as Bladud and Beau Nash, the Fair Rosamond, and Mrs. Hannah More.

MR. REDWAY will also publish in a few weeks *The Life, Times, and Writings of Thomas Cranmer*, the first Reforming Archbishop of Canterbury. The author is Mr. C. H. Collette.

The next volume of Mr. Elliot Stock's "Popular County Histories" will be the *History of Warwickshire*, by Mr. Samuel Timmins.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, announce for publication early this month a translation of Prof. Dorner's posthumous work, *A System of Christian Ethics*, edited by his son, Dr. A. Dorner. The translation has been executed by Prof. C. M. Mead (late of Andover) and the Rev. R. T. Cunningham.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & Co. will publish next week *John Bull's Army*, from a *French Point of View*, by Capt. H. France.

MR. F. A. BLAYDES, the editor of the *Visitations of Bedfordshire*, proposes to print by subscription several thousand extracts from the bishop's transcripts, and from parish registers of the archdeaconry of Bedford, relating to the principal families in the county. Mr. Blaydes' address is—Shenstone Lodge, Bedford.

MR. J. J. CARTWRIGHT has been appointed secretary of the Public Record Office, in the place of Mr. John Edwards, resigned.

THE Rev. Dr. Atkinson has nearly finished his edition of the Cartulary of Furness Abbey. The text and introduction are done, and the index nearly complete. He has also revised fifteen sheets out of seventeen of the new part of his "Borough Records of the North Riding of Yorkshire" from the archives at Northallerton. He will next take up his long-suspended "Charters of Rievaulx Abbey," and then probably get the second edition of his *Cleveland Glossary* to press for the English Dialect Society. His collection of North-Riding folklore will, it is hoped, be put into shape by his daughter, Miss Sybil Atkinson, and ultimately printed. Dr. Atkinson is still hale, and a hard worker, at seventy-four.

MR. R. SAVAGE, the librarian of the Shakspeare Museum, has made good way with his copy of the Stratford parish registers. He continues printing his extracts from the neighbouring parish registers in the *Stratford Herald*. The names of Sly, Hacket, &c., occur in them. Mr. Wadley has found "Walter, son of John Flewallin," baptized at Crowle in 1558; and at Great Hampton, near Evesham, John, son of Nicolas Furnyfall, born August 16, 1584, married Anne Thorn, June 24, 1613.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL, second-hand bookseller and agent for the sale of the Shelley Society's publications—who was himself the editor of the facsimile reprint of *Alastor*—has removed his shop from Haverstock Hill to one of the new buildings in Charing Cross Road.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have lately introduced what is, so far as we know, a novel method of indicating that certain books they publish are not new, but only new editions. The title-page is altogether silent on the matter, which is in itself rather an embarrassing circumstance, though, of course, the date is not missing. But on the verso of the title-page, where one would expect to find nothing but the imprint, the curious may discover a legend that is sometimes of no little bibliographical interest. For example, concerning Messrs. Butcher and Lang's prose translation of the *Odyssey*—concerning which we cannot refrain from remarking (from experience) that it forms an incomparable holiday present for either boy or girl—we learn that it first appeared in March, 1879; that a revised edition was called for in November of the same year; that it was reprinted four times more before 1886; and that the present issue costs only 4s. 6d. Nevertheless, we confess to a feeling of regret that the essential information should not be conveyed, in the old-fashioned manner, on the first page to which everybody turns.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

"QUEEN'S BOWER"—NEW FOREST.

Woods, ye are England's voices: Chaucer wove
A woodland measure, Spenser's heavenly maid
Moved thro' the forest, Shakspeare's sun and shade
Of soul was wood-born, Milton to the grove
Turned his deep diapason, Shelley's love
And Keats' impassioned utterance betrayed
The wood's mellifluous power, and down the
glade
The trees did Wordsworth's saddened song reprove.
But never till I saw these beach trees stand
In their bewildering leafiness, and heard
The laughing birds, and saw the startled fawn
Leap through the ferns head-high upon the
lawn,
Knew I what heart of song to bless the land
These deep suggestive wildernesses stirred.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

OBITUARY.

Two clergymen of repute in the literary world have been taken from us recently. The Rev. Alexander Napier, vicar of Holkham and rector of Egmore with Waterden, both in Norfolk, and both in the gift of the Earl of Leicester, died at Holkham Vicarage on August 24, aged 73. He took his degree of B.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1838, and had held the incumbency of the above-mentioned living since 1847. Mr. Napier edited the theological works of Barrow and translated Neander's explanation of St. Paul's epistle to the Philippians and the general epistle of St. James, and also the study of Michaelis on the Holkham text of Thucydides. But the work by which he was best known is his edition of Boswell's *Johnson*. It was an excellent piece of work, in which Boswell's immortal composition was not crushed by exclusive annotation; and, but for the still more admirable edition which has since been produced by the care of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, it would long have remained as the standard edition. The first impression appeared in costly form at the close of 1833; but the second edition, with some more letters from Boswell and an enlarged index, was published in six cheap volumes at the end of 1884. The concluding volume in both editions consisted of a collection of "Johnsoniana" selected with remarkable judgment by Robina Napier, his wife, and a lady previously and favourably known for other works in literature.

THE Rev. James Hildyard died at Ingoldsbay, near Grantham, on August 27, aged 78. He graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, going out as B.A. in 1833, and for several years was fellow and tutor of his college. His university career was very distinguished. He was Bate scholar in 1831, chancellor's medallist in 1833, members' prizeman in 1832 and 1833, and three times did he win Sir William Browne's gold medals. In 1846 he accepted the college living of Ingoldsbay, worth about £650 a year; and in that calm retirement he had remained ever since. He was the author of many single sermons and tracts, and of a volume of sermons preached at Whitehall in 1843-4. Many years after he had withdrawn into Lincolnshire his name became celebrated in clerical circles by his "Ingoldsbay Letters" in reply to the bishops on the vexed question of the desirability of revising the Book of Common Prayer. Several series of these letters were published between 1858 and 1863 under the pseudonym of "Ingoldsbay"; but his name was given as their author on the fourth and enlarged edition issued in 1879.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

WIECK, H. Die Teufel auf der mittelalterlichen Mysterienbühne Frankreichs. Leipzig: Pöck. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

BRIEFWISSEL der Königin Katharina u. d. Kaiser Jérôme v. Westphalen sowie d. Kaisers Napoleon I. in dem König Friedrich v. Württemberg. Hreg. v. A. v. Schlossberger. 2 Bd. Vom 20. März 1811 bis 27. Septbr. 1816. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 8 M.
KÖHLER, G. Die Entwicklung d. Kriegswesens u. der Kriegführung in der Ritterszeit von Mitte d. 11. Jahrh. bis zu den Hussitenkriegen. 2 Bd. 1. Abth. Breslau: Koebner. 15 M.

NAMORÉ, Mrr. Le Règne de Philippe II. et la lutte religieuse dans les Pays-Bas au XVII^e Siècle. Paris: Dentu. 4 fr.

LA TREMVILLE, L. de. Livre de comptes. Guy de la Tremville et Marie de Sully. Nantes. 50 fr.
LESPIGNER, René de. Cartulaire du prieuré de la Charité-sur-Loire (Ordre de Cluni). Paris: Champion, 10 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ETTINGHAUSEN, C. Frh. v. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der fossilen Flora Neuseelands 6 M. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der Tertiärfloora Australiens. 2 Folge. 6 M. 40 Pf. Wien: Gerold's Sohn.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BRUGSCH, H. *Entsifferung der merottischen Schrift-
denkmäler.* 1. Abth. *Die Priesterschrift v. Merod.*
Allgemeiner Thl. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 7 M.
KUHLMANN, L. *Quæstiones Sallustianæ criticæ.*
Oleoburg. 1 M. 50 Pf.
MOISY, H. *Dictionnaire du patois normand.* Paris:
Maisonneuve. 15 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EVANGELISTARIUM OF ST. MARGARET OF
SCOTLAND.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: Aug. 29, 1887.

There is little to add to the artistic and palæographical descriptions of this MS. given in the ACADEMY of August 6 and 20 by Mr. Madan and Prof. Westwood.

In the Passion lectures, and there only, small golden capitals commence each sentence, consisting of words spoken by our Lord himself. This may be an indication of the elaborate mode of the recitation of the Passion lectures usually marked by the three symbols † c. s. or a. m. b.

Names have been written, possibly by a later, but still by a very early hand, over the genealogy of St. Matthew, occupying the first two pages of text and nine lines of the third page.

The presence of a solitary Lombardic "a" in the centre of the word Abraham in golden letters, on the first page of the text, must imply that the scribe was familiar with that form of writing.

Allow me now to say something about the liturgical import of this MS. Its discovery adds one more to the very limited list of known extant pre-Reformation Scottish service-books, increasing their number, so far as my knowledge goes, from twelve to thirteen. None of these, except the Book of Deer, are connected with the ancient Celtic Church. None of them, except the Book of Deer and the Evangelistarium of St. Margaret, are earlier than the thirteenth century.

St. Margaret imported this MS. from England. It is Scottish as to its use, but it is not the work of a Scottish scribe or artist. The Anglo-Scottish queen was an enemy of the old Celtic Church, with its services, customs, and office-books. Her biographer, Aired, tells us how she abolished the older Liturgy, and introduced the Roman or Anglo-Roman missal in its place:

"Fuere præterea in quibusdam Scotiae locis qui contra totius Ecclesiae morem missas celebrare solerent. Quod regina zelo Dei accensa ita destruxit et profligare studuit, ut postea in toto Scotorum regno qui tale aliquid attentaret nemo repertus sit."—Surius. Edit. Tom. iii. p. 379.

Therefore this MS. throws light upon what Queen Margaret introduced into Scotland, not upon what she found there.

We append a detailed list of its contents, assigning each gospel to its own day, of which assignment there is no sort of indication in the MS.:

[Proprium de Tempore.]

*Fes. iv. Hebd. i. Adv.	Mar. i. 1-8.
Fes. iv. Quatuor Tem- porum.	Luc. i. 26-38.
Vigilia Nativ. Domini.	Mat. 18-21.
Die Nativ. Domini. Missa i.	Luc. ii. 1-14.
" "	Ioan. i. 1-14.
Die Circumcisionis. " iii.	Luc. ii. 21.
Epiphania Domini.	Mat. ii. 1-12.
Octavis Epiphaniae.	Mat. iii. 13-17.
Dom. i. Quadragesimæ.	Mat. iv. 1-11.
Dom. in ramis palmarum.	Mat. xxvi.-xxvii.
Fes. iii. Hebd. Sanctæ.	Mat. xiv.-xv. 46.
" iv. "	Luc. xxii.-xxiii. 53.
" vi. in Parasceue.	Ioan. xviii.-xix.
Sabbato Sancto.	Mat. xxviii. 1-7.
Die Paschæ.	Mar. xvi. 1-7.
Fes. vi. post Pascha.	Mat. xxviii. 16-20.
Sabbato "	Ioan. xx. 1-9.
*Fes. iv. Hebd. post Pascha	Luc. xxiv. 1-12.

Vigilia Ascensionis.	Ioan. xvii. 1-11.
Die Ascensionis.	Mar. xvi. 14-20.
Die Pentecostes.	Ioan. xiv. 23-31.

[Proprium Sanctorum.]

Die S. Andreae. [Nov. 30.]	Mat. iv. 18-22.
Purificatione B.M.V. [Feb. 2.]	Luc. ii. 22-32.
Assumptione B.M.V. [Aug. 15.]	Luc. x. 38-42.
Decollatione S. Joh. Bapt. [Aug. 29.]	Mar. vi. 17-29.
†Vigilia Nativ. S. Joh. Bapt. [June 23.]	Luc. i. 1-4.

* Mat. i. 1-16. Sung after Matins before the first Mass on Christmas Day.
† Mat. xx. 17-19. Missa Votiva de Sancta Cruce.

All the above Gospels are common to the Roman and Sarum Missals, except those marked * which are found only in the Sarum; and that marked † which is found in neither the Roman nor the Sarum use. The only Evangelistarium in which I have found it is the eleventh-century Anglo-Saxon MS. once belonging to Bishop Leofric of Exeter, now in the Cambridge University Library (MS. i. 1, ii. 11), where it forms the opening part of the Gospel for the Vigil of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, to which I have accordingly assigned it in the above list. Seven blank lines follow this Gospel in the Bodleian MS. which at first sight suggests that the scribe intended to continue the Gospel, but accidentally omitted to do so. Yet, as this phenomenon of unoccupied lines occurs at the bottom of each of the four pages facing the pictures of the evangelists some other explanation must be given of it.

From the smallness of the MS. it must be inferred that it was intended not for public church use, but for private devotion. Earlier and complete Evangelistaria are in existence. This is very incomplete. What principle guided the selection, especially the very limited selection of Saints Days? St. Andrew's Day always commences the Proprium Sanctorum, and that Apostle has also an early legendary connexion with Scotland. Festivals of the B.V.M. explain themselves. I can find nothing in the extant biographies of St. Margaret to account for the prominence given to St. John the Baptist.

I regret to have been unable to compare the contents of this MS. with the contents of the two small eleventh-century Evangelistaria mentioned by Prof. Westwood in the ACADEMY of August 20, belonging to Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Wadham College, Oxford. I visited both places last week for the purpose of doing so; but in neither case was the librarian in residence, or any other officer through whom access to the library could be obtained. It would be well if such colleges would follow the example of Jesus and University Colleges, Oxford, which have handed all their MSS. to the care of the Bodleian Library, where they can always be seen. F. E. WARREN.

THE NAME OF "OXFORD."

London: Aug. 27, 1887.

After I had read and laid aside Mr. Kerslake's letter in the ACADEMY of to-day, it suddenly occurred to me that certain words quoted and repeatedly alluded to by the writer were my own. Having made this discovery, I hasten to disclaim any intention of personal discourtesy to Mr. Kerslake, from whose ingenious writings on points of history and topography I have learned so many things that I should not think of treating their author otherwise than with respect. At the same time it is true that I would rather not argue with him on questions of philology, because when he writes on such questions he generally seems to me hopelessly to misunderstand the propositions

which he impugns, and most of his arguments appear to me not merely unsound but absolutely unmeaning, as, no doubt, mine do to him.

I had resolved not to write further on the question (which to me is no question) of the etymology of "Oxford." I will, however, refer to one or two points in Mr. Kerslake's letter—not with any hope of convincing Mr. Kerslake, but to satisfy any doubts that may be entertained by others with whom I have some common ground of agreement.

Mr. Kerslake seems to think that a reference to the names of Exeter (Exanocaster) and Cheltenham in some way supports his contention about "Oxford." Now, *Exan-* and *Celtan-* are the regular combining forms of the river names of which the nominative cases were *Exa* and *Celta*. If the name of Oxford had appeared in the earliest documents as *Oxanford*, it would have been clear that it either meant "ford of the ox" (a rather unlikely sense), or was derived from an otherwise unknown river-name *Oxa*, which must, in that case, have belonged either to the "Isis" or the Cherwell. But among the many instances in which Oxford is mentioned in the Chronicle the form *Oxanford* never occurs; it is always *Oxna-*, *Oxena-*, or some other recognised variant of the genitive plural. It is quite clear that the writers of all the earliest documents thought the name meant "ford of oxen." Is this such an unlikely origin for the name that we must needs affirm that these writers were mistaken? Will any one dispute the following propositions: (1) that there are such things as oxen-fords; (2) that there was a ford at Oxford, as is shown by the name itself; (3) that this ford may have been an oxen-ford; (4) that a hamlet that stood near to an oxen-ford would, according to many analogies, take its name from the ford, and that the name would be retained when the hamlet grew into a town? But it may be suggested that "possibly" the name in pre-historic English days may have been *Occanford* (ford of the Ock); and that when the "Isis" had ceased to be called *Occa*, the name of the town, being no longer intelligible, was corrupted into *Oxnaford* to give it a semblance of meaning. Granted the possibility; but, until some evidence is produced for them, possibilities of this sort are not worth entertaining. It is true that—not the "Isis," but one of its tributaries at a distance below Oxford—bears the name of Ock (*Occa*); and Mr. Kerslake asserts that tributary rivers often retain the names which once belonged to the main stream. It may be so; but what proof is there that it is so in this particular instance? None whatever. But what about *Oseney* and the name of *Ouse*? Well, the documentary form of *Ouse* is *Wusa* or *U'sa*; for *O'sa* as a variant there is, so far as I know, no authority. If *Oxnaford* is a corruption of *Wusanford* or *O'sanford* it cannot also be a corruption of *Occanford*; we must make our election. But those who assert that *Oxnaford* is a corruption at all are simply in the position of an advocate who should claim a verdict against the weight of the evidence, on the ground of the undeniable proposition that verdicts in accordance with the evidence are sometimes wrong after all.

Mr. Kerslake adduces the form "Escanocastre" as proving something which "some of your correspondents" have denied. He seems to mean the commonplace fact that *sc* and *x* sometimes interchange; but who are the deniers? I give them up to Mr. Kerslake, *pollice verso*.

In support of his contention that tributaries often retain the ancient name of the main stream, Mr. Kerslake refers to the case of the Yorkshire Ure. He says that it is "indisputable" that this was the ancient name of the river now called *Ouse*. Will he permit me, in my turn, to offer "a protest against infallibility"? From my point of view, it seems

indi-putable that the ancient Celtic name of York was Eburācon (Latinised as Eburacum), from which, according to the "laws" which Mr. Kerslake scorns, the later forms, Old Welsh *Ebrauc*, later Welsh *Evrauc* (sometimes written *Eurauc*), modern Welsh *Efrog*, regularly descend, and of which the Anglian *Eoferwic* is an easily explained corruption. It is likely, though not certain, that Eburacum is derived from a river-name Ebura, denoting either the Ouse or the Foss. The Gaulish Ebura has become Eure, and it is quite possible that Ure may be the modern English form of Ebura. But until documentary proof is found, this is only a plausible guess, not an "indisputable" fact.

Mr. Kerslake's argument for the antiquity of the name of Isis is that Leland uses it "without philological purpose." Now, anyone who is familiar with Leland knows that "philological purpose" is constantly present with him. Leland says explicitly that Isis is the Latin, Ise the British, and Ouse the English form of one and the same name. He is very fond of inventing Latin place-names out of his own head—his *Buccinum* for Buckingham is the first instance that occurs to me. Wherever he finds an "Ouse" he considers himself at liberty to give Ise and Isis as its equivalents. I think it could be shown how he arrived at this; but the matter is a little complicated, and I will not now enter into doubtful questions. As to the "Isis" of Oxford, Leland seems to have evolved an Ouse out of the names of Oxford and Osney, and then to have translated it according to his own rule into Isis, finding confirmation of the equivalence in the name of the Thames, which—presumably not "without philological purpose"—he spells as *Tamise*. I do not absolutely assert that "Isis" is an imaginary name, but it cannot be regarded as authentic until safer authority is found for it than Leland—whose "Itinerary" I heartily wish some competent scholar would re-edit. If the name of the Oxford river was ever really Isis, Wūsa, O'sa, or Occa, it is strange that no documentary record of any of these names exists. The early charters, so far as I have been able to discover, know the river only as "Temese."

Mr. Kerslake kindly says that he would admit the so-called phonological laws, "when duly sworn," to the witness-box. All right, if the tribunal be competent and impartial. But I fear that when Mr. Kerslake is on the bench there will be a committal for perjury whenever a witness throws doubt on the judge's foregone conclusion.

HENRY BRADLEY.

"INITIALS AND PSEUDONYMS."

Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.: Aug. 17, 1887.

Because my *Initials and Pseudonyms* has the same initials and pseudonyms, among a great many others, as Mr. Thomas's book, it does not follow by any means that I have taken them from that book. There is not one of them that cannot be found elsewhere. All the original sources of information open to him have been open to me, and then the British Museum Catalogue gives many of them.

I propose to point out in a few cases how my entries differ from Mr. Thomas's and agree with this latter catalogue. Your readers can verify my statements if they will take the trouble to compare my book with his, and then with the British Museum Catalogue.

His first entry is "A. Matthew Arnold"; compare my entry with his and then with the British Museum Catalogue, and it will be found unlike his, and like the latter.

"A. Arthur Cleveland Coxe" is found in the British Museum Catalogue as well as in his book; what proof is there, then, that I took it from him and not from the British Museum Catalogue?

Look at "A Barrister." He has four under this pseudonym. I have twenty-nine. Many of mine are found in the British Museum Catalogue, and arranged in the same order. Why need I take his, which are in a different order, and one, at least, different from mine, which is like the British Museum Catalogue? I refer to the work by Barron Field, where he gives the title as "Hints to witnesses in a court of justice. 1815." I have the title like the British Museum Catalogue, viz.: "Hints to witnesses in courts of justice. L. 1815."

Mr. Thomas will not find in my book his absurd mistake of making "Joshua Coffin" the pseudonym for H. W. Longfellow, nor "A Haole" for "A Liholiho."

Besides the ones found in the British Museum Catalogue, Mr. Thomas's book is full of the commonest initials and pseudonyms that are met with anywhere in American and English catalogues. I am not aware that anywhere he gives credit to the sources from which he takes them.

I have made free use of the splendid works of Halkett and Laing, Boase and Courtney, and Quérard. Halkett and Laing has had a large sale in this country. All the libraries that are able to buy it do buy it, and my book will not affect the demand for it in the slightest degree. But there was need of a less expensive work for the smaller libraries, that should also be fuller than that could possibly be of American names and pseudonyms. My book will supply that want. I have taken "every little pseudonym or article under initials" from Boase and Courtney, because my book has gone, and is to go, into the largest libraries in Europe, and because it is just those little things that are the most difficult to find.

Mr. Thomas says that "the English part [of my work] is so full of errors, &c." An English critic says of it: "So far as I can judge, it is singularly free from errors." And after two years' use and a careful revision less than one hundred errors have been found in the first part; one hundred in 12,000. Mr. Frey must have spent much time and labour in collecting Voltaire's pseudonyms, as Quérard gives no collected list of them.

WILLIAM CUSHING.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

Sheffield: August 29, 1887.

Happening to refer to the ACADEMY for 1884, I noticed a letter from Mr. W. Roberts in the issue for August 30, of that year (No. 643), in which he states that copies of the editions containing the "Continuation" of the *Sentimental Journey* are not often to be met with. I purchased recently (for the modest sum of 4d.) a copy of the MDCCLXIX Edition, which contains the *Sentimental Journey*, in four volumes, the latter two being devoted to the "Continuation" by Eugenius, and the tome being completed by "A Political Romance." I find that the British Museum copy, which ends at p. 276, not only does not contain "A Political Romance," but also wants eight pages of the completion of the *Sentimental Journey*. This edition seems to have been overlooked by Lowndes. I may add that the "Continuation" of the *Sentimental Journey* is worthy of the reputation of the author of *Crazy Tales* for coarseness.

LEONARD C. SMITHERS.

SCIENCE.

The Origin of Mountain Ranges: considered experimentally, structurally, dynamically, and in relation to their Geological History. By T. Mellard Reade. (Taylor & Francis.)

In speculating on the causes which have given birth to mountain ranges, it should be borne

in mind that the phenomena sought to be explained are of so complex a character as to leave room for the play of a plurality of agencies. So far from any single hypothesis being accepted as an adequate explanation of the entire mechanism, it is fortunate for a given hypothesis if it be admitted to express even a partial truth. Such an admission will be readily made by most readers in favour of the views enunciated by Mr. Mellard Reade in this treatise. Whatever opposition may be offered to these views, it can hardly be said that the author has been either rash or impractical. His speculations represent years of patient thought, while they possess the rare advantage of being put forth by one who commands a practical knowledge of mechanics acquired during a long professional career as an engineer and architect. Even those geologists who may differ from his conclusions will not withhold a respectful hearing to Mr. Reade's arguments.

At the present day, most geologists who seek to explain the origin of mountain-chains base their explanation on the shrinkage of the earth's nucleus due to secular cooling. The interior of the earth slowly cools, and its cooling contracts; while the crust in seeking to accommodate itself to the diminished interior becomes thrown into puckers, resembling—to use a hackneyed phrase—the wrinkled skin of a withered apple. It is these puckers and wrinkles, worn down by subsequent denudation, that form the bolder physical features of the earth's surface.

With this "contraction hypothesis" geologists generally have expressed themselves fairly satisfied. Unable in most cases to discuss for themselves the subtle problems of terrestrial dynamics, they have accepted with becoming gratitude what others, more familiar with physical investigations, have placed before them as possible and probable. But here and there a geologist, with some mastery of physics and mathematics, has ventured to raise a dissentient voice. Such a voice was heard when the Rev. Osmond Fisher, some years ago, published his *Physics of the Earth's Crust*; such a voice is again heard in the pages of Mr. Mellard Reade's treatise.

According to Mr. Reade, the favourite hypothesis of contraction by loss of heat is utterly incompetent to account for the phenomena of mountain-building; indeed, he believes that "the cooling of our earth has not extended to such a depth that we need consider the internal contraction as a geological cause." His own view—the view which it is the prime object of this treatise to expound—regards mountain-ranges as due to sedimentation, accompanied by local changes of temperature in the earth's crust. First and foremost he holds it necessary for mountain-architecture that extensive deposits be laid down, these deposits being usually sediments, but occasionally volcanic materials. After a survey of the chief mountain-districts of the world, Mr. Reade is led to the conclusion that "no great range of mountains was ever ridged up except in areas of great previous sedimentation." So great is the thickness of these deposits that in most mountain areas it is probably to be reckoned in miles. Now one of the effects of loading any part of the earth's crust with sediment is to produce a rise of temperature—a rise felt partly in the

new deposit itself, and partly in that portion of the old crust upon which the deposit reposes. The thermal effects of sedimentation were pointed out by Babbage more than half a century ago, and Mr. Reade now follows up the subject by studying with care the consequences of such an elevation of temperature.

It is evident that the rise of temperature tends to produce expansion equally in all directions; but this tendency is resisted by the masses of rock bounding the area which is locally heated. It has been assumed that, if the horizontal extension be checked, the increase in the bulk of the strata must needs take place upwards. Mr. Reade, however, points out that this is not necessarily the case; for, instead of a direct upheaval, pressures would be set up in the mass, producing folding, contortion, crushing, and other mechanical effects incidental to mountain-making.

Under enormous pressures, the most rigid rocks will probably assume a condition of ductility similar to that which Tresca detected in his experiments on metals, and boldly called the "flow of solids." When a deep-seated plastic rock is forced to move by a tendency to dilate, it will naturally flow in the direction of least resistance, squeezing itself, for instance, along the axis of an anticline and thus contributing to the up-rearing of a mountain chain.

At any one period it is probable that the expansion of a rock, or its ridging-up, will not be great; but every recurring elevation of temperature will produce a fresh increase of bulk, tending to renewed movement, and by these successive creeps the mountain-chain may ultimately be raised. It is known to engineers that when an expanded body of low tensile strength is cooled, it does not pull itself back absolutely to its old position; and hence if it be repeatedly heated and cooled a permanent extension is produced. It thus comes about that the rocks having been puckered by expansion will remain more or less puckered after cooling. Mr. Reade draws an excellent illustration of his views from the distortion which is presented by a sheet of lead after exposure to long-continued vicissitudes of temperature. Thus the lead-lining of a sink that has been subjected for years to the alternate effects of hot and cold water becomes irregularly bulged up in ridges, closely mimicking the general form of a mountain chain.

Mr. Mellard Reade, as becomes an engineer, deals with his subject quantitatively, and herein lies one of the valuable elements of his work. Others had seen that thermal expansion must, somehow or other, be recognised as a factor in mountain-making; but to Mr. Reade is due the credit of having investigated, in a systematic manner, the peculiar effects arising from a tendency to cubic dilatation in a mass of rock subjected to constraint in the earth's interior. If he has not laid bare the whole mystery of mountain-building, he has at least done good service by forcibly calling attention to certain natural operations which the geologist in his speculations cannot afford to ignore, since they are assuredly competent to play a part, great or small, in the upheaval of a mountain-chain.

F. W. RUDLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE AVESTA.

Stiegsdorf, Bavaria: Aug. 30, 1887.

I regret that I was unable to express a more favourable opinion of M. de Harlez's arguments than that stated in my notice of Geiger's *Home and Age of the Avesta*. After a careful perusal of the arguments on both sides in the essays mentioned, I was much impressed with the difference of tone adopted by the writers, and found the off-hand manner of M. de Harlez, in dealing with careful adverse arguments, anything but pleasing or convincing. Whether my impression was correct or not may now be left to the judgment of anyone who will take the trouble to read both essays attentively.

My own opinion regarding the age of the Avesta is that we have at present no certain data to go upon; but the probability is that Zarathushtra lived considerably before the time of Darius I. Of course, the greater part of the legendary history in the Avesta refers to earlier times, though handed down to us in comparatively later writings. What I protest against is the present tendency to slur over the facts formerly relied upon as indications of age. My statement of these facts had no special reference to M. de Harlez, but I wished to induce the rising generation of Avesta scholars to reconsider these indications of age carefully for themselves before finally rejecting them.

If M. de Harlez will refer to my former remarks, he will find that I have distinctly assumed the change in the meaning of *asura* not to have occurred in early times (the exact period seems to be a matter of opinion); also that I wrote of the contrast in the meanings of the words *daeva* and *deva*, which he must surely admit. No doubt some of the Vedic *devas* are still sacred beings in the Avesta; but, in that case, they are not called *daevas*, which might have been stated by him for the sake of clearness.

E. W. WEST.

THE PĀLI WORD "UBBILLĀVĪTA."*

Wood Green, N.; Aug. 11, 1887.

Under the article, "Ubbillāpita" (see *Jāt.* ii., p. 9), Childers, in his Pāli Dictionary, discusses very fully the exact meanings of *ubbillāvitatta*, *ubbillāvīta*, and *ubbillā*, without coming to any decision as to the etymology of these terms. Of these first he says, "I have little doubt that *ubbillāvitatta* is simply *ubbillāpita + tva*, 'state of being puffed up,' the *p* passing into *v*." He considers that the passive participle, *ubbillāpita*, pointed to a verb, *ubbillāpeti* or *ubbilleti*, representing an original *ud-velayati*, "to throw upwards," from a root *vil* or *pil*; and he quotes the adjective *ubbillāvī* from Buddhaghosa's commentary on the *Brahmajāla Sutta* (see *Sumangala*, p. 53, Pāli Text Society's edition, 1886), which presupposes a noun *ubbillā*, "elation," whence a denominative verb, *ubbilleti*, might be derived.

This *ubbillā*, according to Childers, would represent a possible (Sanskrit) *udvilya* or *udvella*. There is a Sanskrit *aubhilya*, "elation," in *Divyavadāna*, p. 82, l. 30, and a variant *audvilya* in *Saddharmapundarikā* (B. Lot. 308), which Childers rightly, we think, sets down as a coinage of the North Buddhists in their attempts to Sanskritise such Pāli words as they did not quite understand.

Dr. Ed. Mueller (*Pāli Gram.*, p. 12) derives *ubbillā* from "udvela in *ubbillābhāva* 'lengthiness,' *Saddhammopāyana*

* "Cetaso ubbillāvitattam" (*Milinda*, p. 183, l. 9-10), *Brahmajāla Sutta* (p. 9, ed. Grimblot), "Anandito sumano ubbillāvīto" (*Mil.*, p. 183, l. 11-12).

136." We doubt very much whether *ubbillā* has the sense of "long"; but, as the reference is wrong, we cannot verify the meaning assigned to *ubbillābhāva*. The form *ubbillā* seems to have led Childers off the track of the true source of the word *ubbillāpita*. Instead of starting with the noun *ubbillā*, I would begin with the verbal form *ubbillāvīta* and its variant *ubbillāpita*. Before going further, it must be noted that the Burmese texts occasionally furnish us with a reading less Prakritised than that of the Sinhalese versions, and, therefore, nearer to the Sanskrit than the Pāli corresponding term. The Burmese various reading in this case is *uppilāpita* for *uppilāvīta*, from *uppilāvīti*, the causal of *uppilāvati* (= *upplāvati*, "to float over or upon," "to bound," "to be buoyant," cf. Sanskrit *ut-plavate*).

Childers makes no mention of *plu* (sometimes *pilu* or *palu* in Pāli) with *ut*; but *uppilāvati* occurs with the sense of "to float" in *Milinda*, p. 80—"Khuddako pi pāsāno vinā nāvāya udake uppilaveyyāti"; "Kummo udake uppilavanto" (*ib.* p. 370). In *Jāt.* iii., p. 485, *upplavamāna* is employed in the commentary to explain *pariplavanta* (see *Sumangala*, p. 256, l. 8). We also find *uppilāvati* in the sense of "to be joyous, elated" (after drinking intoxicants).^{*} In an amusing story in the *Jātaka*, book ii., p. 97, we have an account of some asses that got intoxicated and elated through imbibing sour wine-lees, while the thorough-bred horses remained sober after drinking much stronger liquor:

"Sindhavakule jātasindhavā pana gandhapānam pītvā nissaddā sannisinnā na uppilavanti."

The Gāthā has

"Dhorayha-sīli ca kulamhi jāto na majjati aggarasam pītvāti."

Here *uppilavati* = *majjati*, "to be elated, buoyant"; the causal participle *uppilāvati* or *uppilāpita* would thus signify "elated," "buoyed up."

The form *uppilāpita* offers no difficulty, for *upplāpeti* (= *upplāvati*, *uppilāvati*) occurs in *Jāt.* iv., p. 162, in the sense of "to flow over, overwhelm":

"Uplāpayam [samuddam] dipam imam uāram" (cf. *upplāvita Mah.* 230).

We have, too, the form *opplāpeti* for *opplāvati* (= *ava + plu*), "to cause to sink," which is well established (see *Jāt.* i. pp. 212, 238; iii. 301; *Sutta Nipāta*, i. 4.7, p. 14; *Mahāv.* x. 4.5; *Sutta*, v. ii., p. 15). The passing of *v* into *p* is seen in Pāli *palāpa*, *lāpi* = Sanskrit *palāva*, *lāva*. The change from *uppilāvīta* to *ubbillāvīta* is probably due to the influence of the *v* (cf. *vanibbaka* = *vanipaka*). The doubling of the consonant *l*, though not common, receives support from such forms as *paribbasāna* = *pariva-sāna*, *um mā* = *umā*, *upakkilesa* = *upakkileṣa*.

In *Udāna* iv. 2, p. 37, we find the expression "manaso ubbillāpa" (*v.l.* *ubbillāva*, *uppilāva*), "elation of mind." Here we have a single *l* in all the MSS., which lends great support to the etymology, here proposed, of *ubbillāvīta*. On referring to the Com., consulted by the editor, a MS. of Burmese origin, though in Sinhalese writing, we find the following note:

"Manaso uppilāpā ti (sic) cetaso uppilāpā vitakkakāra cittassa uppilāpita-hetukāya manaso uppilāpetvā."

All this, however, leaves the noun *ubbillā* unexplained; but the form *ubbillāva* tends

* "Elevated" is a slang term applied to those persons whose depressed spirits are raised by the spirits they have imbibed.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

IN view of the recent controversy about the "Great Wall of China," Messrs. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall East, have arranged to have on view for a few days a very interesting drawing of the wall by Mr. William Simpson.

THE seventeenth autumn exhibition of pictures in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, under the management of the corporation, will open on Monday next, September 5.

There is now on view at Exeter, in the Albert Memorial Museum, a fine art exhibition which—as we judge from the catalogue—is worthy of a visit for the sake of the large collection of engravings, most of them lent by Mr. Sidney T. Whiteford. The total number of prints exhibited is nearly 1,500, including a valuable series of proof impressions of mezzotint plates by the late Samuel Cousins, himself a native of Exeter, which have recently been presented to the museum.

AN Exhibition of Paintings in Water-colours was opened by the King and Queen of Saxony last Sunday week in the Great Hall of the Royal Polytechnicum at Dresden. After a short address by Prof. Kiessling, the King and Queen went over the collection, which comprises more than 2,000 pictures by German, Austrian, Italian, Belgian, French, Swedish, and Norwegian artists. It is much to be regretted that England, whose work in water-colour has set the fashion on the continent, is not represented. The exhibition, which is the first of its kind in Germany, attracts great numbers of visitors. It will remain open till September 25.

WE quote the following from the *Times* :

"The excavations proceeding in Piccadilly on the site of the new premises of the Junior Travellers' Club have brought to light many interesting objects. The houses which are built on that portion of the thoroughfare have for their foundations a series of well-formed arches at a depth of about sixteen feet from the surface. In piercing some of these great difficulty was experienced on account of the toughness of the substance of which they are constructed. This having been overcome a series of subterranean passages apparently connected was discovered. These were full of foul gases, and contained a vast quantity of rubbish, among which have been found numerous articles of interest. Not the least interesting is a red granite tomb dated 1509, some bronze armour, several fowling pieces, a richly embossed lamp, and a large quantity of vellum manuscripts. The vaults have been only partly explored, and further discoveries are anticipated."

THE STAGE.

SIDDONS AND RACHEL.

Mrs. Siddons. By Mrs. A. Kennard. (W. H. Allen.)

Rachel. By Mrs. A. Kennard. (W. H. Allen.)

THESE two little books—both of them contributions to the "Eminent Women" series—give in the handiest form, and with much tact and grace of treatment, all that the ordinary reader, if not quite all that the special student, needs to know about the two leading tragic actresses of England and France. With regard to both actresses the special student, has, as we have implied, something more to ask. He may ask, perhaps, for more of absolute theatrical criticism, for an analysis more elaborate of that which was accomplished in sight of the public, by the two famous artists. Yet, as regards Sarah Siddons—a tragedian removed from us now by the space of three generations—there may well have been difficulties almost insuperable in

supplying the desired detail. Rachel, of course, lived in a period of criticism more diffuse and systematic, Jules Janin filling, in her day, to some extent, the place since filled by Vitu and Sarcey; and, indeed, the published records of her performances, though scattered, are elaborate and abundant. Turning from the public achievement to the private character, little else remains to be told of Mrs. Siddons; but of Rachel there might have been produced many a scandalous chronicle. Wrong from one point of view, Mrs. Kennard, in this matter, was certainly right from another. We may hold that it is well that the whole record of the artist shall be unfolded—not at all in submission to an exacting curiosity, but in furtherance of the completeness of our study and comprehension. But then, again, there is the reader of the commonplace novel to be considered; the listener to the conventional play; the now proverbial "young lady in the dress circle," who has to be dealt with most tenderly. Hence the line Mrs. Kennard has taken; nor do we, on the whole, blame her for it. Of the "Dichtung" and the "Wahrheit," which meet in the life of the artist, she has taken, in some respects, chiefly the "Dichtung." "We have tried," she says herself, in her preface, "to extract the poetry and romance there is to be found in this life, rejecting what is base and unworthy." Nor must it, after all, be supposed that in Rachel's life—outside her art—all was unworthy or base. Always she was a dutiful daughter; always a devoted mother; sometimes a generous, and once or twice a constant, friend. But her life was a fever. And, in her maddened demand for excitement, it ran its course rapidly.

How different all this matter was with Mrs. Siddons! Rachel was a Jewess, born in an inn in Switzerland, and bred in France; a Bohemian who, after twenty-four hours of enforced respectability at Windsor, "avait besoin de s'encanailler"—thirsted to be a cad again. Mrs. Siddons was an Englishwoman; even the Irish blood, not quite absent from her veins, was without influence on her personal life—we are far from saying it did not prompt her to be an artist. And not only was she an Englishwoman; she was a Kemble besides, and rigid self-control was the very watchword of the Kembles, in art and life. We are told she had "the gift of tears." It may be. Certainly she roused in others pity and passion. But when one recognises this, one may remember, too, how the methods acceptable to one age may be ineffective in another. Mrs. Siddons's epoch was the epoch of the acceptability of Claude's and Richard Wilson's, and David's and Ingres's art. It was the age of firm contour in draughtsmanship, of composition in painting, of adroitness in manners. In mankind the age admired as ideal what Mr. Turveydrop, some time afterwards, only exaggerated or unwittingly burlesqued. The fire, and genius, and spontaneity of Rachel would speak to us to-day. Rachel gave to the most artificial of tragedy—to the tragedy which was "so Greek" to its admirers, so full of Louis XIV. to herself—that truth which Desclée, after her, bestowed upon an incident in the Avenue du Roi de Rome, or in the Rue Balzac—upon a passion of this morning.

Should we be equally sensible to the favourable effects of Mrs. Siddons? Should we—~~we~~ have passed not only through Romanticism, but into Naturalism, since her day—be impressed, genuinely or profoundly, by her *Lair* Macbeth, by her Hermione? That is a question which Mrs. Kennard's delightful little narrative does not permit us quite conclusively to answer.

As regards the outer life of the two women—Sir Joshua's "Tragic Muse" and the Phèdre whom even Sarah Bernhardt, who has so much in common with her, has not been able to surpass—it was, as may be expected, essentially different; and Mrs. Kennard's account is as careful, as accurate, and as interesting as it was possible to make it. Mrs. Kennard owes something, but cannot owe very much, to the life of Mrs. Siddons by Campbell, the inefficient friend of her later years, to whom she bequeathed her memoranda, letters, and diary. Boaden's "Life," of which Mr. Crabb Robinson spoke as "one of the most worthless books of biography in existence," cannot have helped Mrs. Kennard much more; but she acknowledges very honestly her obligations to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, whose biography of the great actress, in his *Lives of the Kembles*, she considers to be the best yet done. About Rachel a whole literature has been written; yet much of it is hardly serviceable material. At least one biography is avowedly hostile. Arrière-Houssaye does not mean to be ill-natured, but will at all costs be amusing. Jules Janin—a man of words so much more than of thoughts—is hopelessly fluent. He betrays the essential worthlessness of the ready writer—the ready writer's superficial intelligence of the demands of his art. On the whole, perhaps, as Mrs. Kennard herself inclines to think, it is the letters of Rachel that are the truest guide. Letters to her parents, to her sister, to her friends—if not to her lovers—to her master, Samson, on the conditions and the problems of her work—letters of gratitude, letters of regret, letters making a small gift, though refusing a great loan—these things build up gradually, on a pretty sure foundation, the edifice of Rachel's character as it is fitting that we should see it. Rachel's life was in the Present. After excitement was to come, not rest, but *le néant*. She acted in bad health as in good, chiefly to satisfy one of the deepest needs of her nature, reckless what might follow. Mrs. Siddons, when youth and impulse had left her, dragged herself somewhat unwillingly from town to town, to repair the losses of her husband—the honest and somewhat incapable gentleman who sought a refuge for rheumatism at Bath—and she undertook yet another round of engagements in order that she might provide herself with a carriage on her retirement: "a carriage now become a necessity." As regards the society the two women cultivated and enjoyed, Mrs. Siddons liked the intellectual and "the great world," and liked to be of it, and visited, as the high artist is of course entitled to do, as the equal, and only as the equal, of the otherwise distinguished. But Rachel, in her loftiest social flights, was not so much an artist as a show. Exhibited to the mighty, and encouraged by them, and bound to behave herself in their presence—for the success of eccentricity had not then

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been established—she was really most at home with a few Bohemians, and with her kith and kin who lived on her. Mrs. Siddons cared for the stage much more than did Fanny Kemble. She had for it a respect which was wanting, it would seem, in Mr. Macready's feeling for it; yet, in a measure, she acted to live rather than lived to act. Rachel—with the capacity for unnamed odiousness, and supported in her private life by no fine example and no noble tradition—did yet, in the main, live for the practice of her art, though its practice can hardly have been furthered by her moral deterioration, and the disorder, the very chaos, of her later days.

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PROF. VEITCH leads us through a charming country in these two volumes, prepares us before we start with a lecture on what we are to look for, and entertains us with much excellent discourse by the way. The lecture deserves attention first. The form of it never allows us to forget that Dr. Veitch, besides being a Professor of Logic, is a poet and an ardent worshipper of nature, especially of the nature of his own Southern Scottish hills and vales. But logical habit is also apparent in the lecture. In substance, it is a deductive theory of the several stages that man's interest in nature should pass through as he advances in civilisation; and it invites us to look for the verification of this deductive theory in the study of the poetic facts afterwards advanced.

According to the theory, if we rightly understand it—and it is only fair to Prof. Veitch to say that he shows himself fully aware of the difficulty of drawing strict lines of demarcation, and admits that nature-feelings different in source may be intermixed—the lowest form of nature-feeling is mere organic exhilaration and comfort, delight in sunshine, bright skies, fresh breezes, soft warm air, as immediate ministers of physical happiness. This is a stage of nature-worship within the reach of every creature that has a nervous organisation, healthy or unhealthy; and it would hardly be a paradox to maintain that the feeling is more intense in the unhealthy and uncomfortable than in their more fortunate and self-sufficing possessors of perfect health and comfort. The joy with which mediæval poets hail the return of spring and the copious enthusiasm of their celebration of its charms is often referred to their greater freshness of feeling, to their youthfulness as compared with the jaded singers of later days. It was due at least as much to the fact that they were less comfortably housed and clad, more exposed to the inclemencies of winter, and consequently more intensely relieved by the return of the sweet season of bird and bloom, and soft "attempre" air. Prof. Veitch's second stage may be called the Pastoral, when grassy uplands and meadows and running brooks commend themselves to the eye not by their intrinsic beauty, but simply as good well-watered pasture land, suggesting to the spectator a certain sense of the comfort that such possessions bring. The third stage may be called the Agricultural, when a similar sense of comfort is awakened by the spectacle of rich stretches of corn land, waving harvests, or labourers busy with plough or scythe.

These three stages of nature-interest are sufficiently well-marked, if not actually as "stages" or "epochs," in the development of nature-sentiment, definitely following one another, and definitely traceable in the history of poetry (which could hardly be maintained)—well marked, at least, as distinguishable sources of affectionate regard for outward things, the affection being utilitarian in origin, but not necessarily consciously so in exercise. Concerning Prof. Veitch's two highest stages, there is room for more difference of opinion, because they are not so distinctly marked, and because he includes in them a much greater diversity of interests. The fourth stage he describes as "free, pure nature-feeling," when the aspect and the objects of outward nature are loved for themselves, without any reference to their value as contributing to human sustenance and comfort. Theoretically this stage should not be reached, as a general national characteristic, till the severity of man's struggle with nature is abated, till he is confident of having his physical needs supplied, and has sufficient leisure from the daily warfare against want to be able to cast an untroubled eye on the landscape. And theory is so far verified that purely descriptive poetry, the expression in metrical language of purely picturesque studies, is a comparatively late experiment in literature. We may remark in parenthesis that it is a doubtfully successful experiment, the poet in this particular competing at a disadvantage with the painter, provided he confines himself, strictly and unreservedly, to the pure delight of the eye, which no poet, who knows the immense resources of his art, is likely to do. Still, the endeavour after purely sensuous effect in poetry undoubtedly increases and is more widely appreciated with the increase of civilisation and comfort. But if the question is when this "free, pure nature-feeling" begins, and to what extent it enters into early poetry, that is another affair. Prof. Veitch remarks truly that sympathy with the sterner side of nature is rare in early poetry; and he goes on to say that rugged and desolate scenery, and the fierce storms of winter seem to have impressed our early poets as being simply horrible and repulsive, and to have awakened in them no feeling that can be called æsthetic. But not to go beyond Scottish poetry, to which he confines himself for verification of his theory, we may admit the first proposition without feeling so certain about the second. For example, one of Prof. Veitch's earliest quotations is a description of the seasons by the author of *Syr Gawain and the Grene Knyght*—a poem referable to the fourteenth, or, at latest, the early fifteenth century. Here, undoubtedly, winter is described in such a way as to produce the shuddering shivering feeling which Prof. Veitch, here as in a previous work, declares to be the dominant note in mediæval Scotch references to the doleful season. The fury of a winter storm, the "snittering snaw sniping" the open country, the "warbling wind wapping" from the heights, driving the dales full of big drifts, is described with great spirit in alliterative verse; and a peasant is introduced lying in his bed, listening full well, and sleeping little, though he locks his lids. But we are not so certain that the poet's sympathy is more with the shuddering listener than

with the raging storm. And similarly with a passage quoted by Dr. Veitch from another poem of the same date, *The Avontyrs of Arthur*, where a hunting party is dispersed by a storm, and run to the rocks for shelter from "the sleet and the snow that snapped them so snell," we suspect that there was enough of the old Adam in the poet to sympathise with the "snapper" as much as with the snapped. And in so far as the poets of those days sympathised at heart with the energy of vast destructive forces, their feeling was as æsthetic, in the sense of disinterested free nature-feeling, as can be found in the most modern days. Prof. Veitch's theory is well thought out and carefully guarded, and we daresay he would not dissent from this; but, if the theory is to be taken strictly as a theory of evolution, and not merely of parallel sources, he has not in the statement of it given sufficient prominence to the fact that man is from the first so constituted as to take a delight in purely picturesque beauty, and in the stir and excitement of the wilder moods of nature. It is necessary only for the exercise of these faculties that he be relieved from the preoccupation of sordid cares; and the earliest poets may be presumed to have achieved this happy release. In which case they would pass at once into the fourth stage of nature-feeling, without necessarily travelling through the various stages of utilitarian sentiment. And this is what we find in the earliest descriptions of spring quoted by Prof. Veitch—the purest possible delight in the scenic beauties of the earth when winter is gone, not a mere rejoicing in the comfort of the change or in the prospect of prime mutton or an abundant harvest. The primitive poet, as much as his most artificial successor, could see a lamb frisking on hillside or meadow, and could admire the tender green of young corn, without any pleasing thrill of internal organic anticipation. Then, as regards the sterner side of nature, which the primitive poet used mainly for the illustration of the darker human passions, it is doubtful whether the modern delight in the silence and solitude of lonely glens and barren unpeopled wastes can fairly be classed as free, pure nature-feeling. Man brings to the enjoyment of such solitudes more than the open senses. He brings also the troubled heart, the consciousness of fret and worry and confinement within a narrow world of petty cares and checks. The relief that he experiences is not a more disinterested sentiment than the joy of the mediæval poet at the return of warmth and light after cold and darkness. Nor is this longing for the relief to be found in solitary places an entirely modern feeling. Achilles sought such relief when he paced the beach of the noisy sea; and the mourning maiden of the fifteenth century, whose lament Prof. Veitch quotes, was a nature-worshipper with similar intent when she walked

"among the holtis hair

Within the woodis wild."

Only in modern times hundreds of persons with griefs not quite so tragic have been educated into finding solace in the grandeurs of bleakness and desolation—a most excellent thing from the utilitarian point of view.

The fifth stage in Prof. Veitch's theory is reached when nature is no longer viewed as "a mere gallery of pictures, or a simple

panoramic display," but as the expression of personality akin to man's. The highest form of this interest in nature is found, of course, in Wordsworth; but Prof. Veitch has Wordsworth's own authority for treating the Greek personification of nature as analogous. Now everybody will agree that this way of looking at nature is higher, in so far as it is immeasurably more interesting, from an artistic point of view more effective, from every point of view, ethical and aesthetical, more profitable and satisfying, providing the moralist reads the right lessons out of nature. But if it is a question of evolution, of the gradual development of nature-feeling, we may well doubt the accuracy of treating the mythologic impersonation of outward objects and changes as representing the same stage of feeling with Wordsworth's conception of nature as

"a mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking."

Wordsworth's feeling towards nature was too complex to be summed up in any formula; but the breathless life that his imagination found even in the fixed lineaments of the outer world was but a part of his poetic creed, and, moreover, was different in kind both from immanent personification and from personification detached in a mythology. Personification, pure and simple, belongs to a stage as rudimentary as the barest utilitarian nature-sentiment, a stage common to children and savages and—there is every reason to believe—the lower animals. Prof. Veitch is unquestionably right, so far as Wordsworth is concerned, in describing his stage of feeling as a reaction against the conception of nature as "a mere gallery of pictures." But he is less happy in characterising it as "a pure symbolism," and in placing it in the same grade of development with Greek mythology, although the "Wanderer" in the fourth book of the *Excursion* gives some ground for so doing.

While stages were in formation, one would have liked to see a sixth constituted, in which the conflict between the utilitarian and the picturesque aspects of nature is reconciled by the energy of the imagination. This is the highest level of all, so high and of so rarified an atmosphere that even Wordsworth himself could not always sustain his flight in it. The most conspicuous example of his success in this reconciliation of sense at war with soul is seen in his sonnet on "Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways"—a sonnet so much ignored and yet so typical of imagination's victory over the despotism of the senses and of vulgar associations that we may be excused for quoting it:

"Motions and means, on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howso'er it mar
The loveliness of nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,
Accepts from your bold hand the proffered
crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime."

The poet's imagination, alas! was less robust, and succumbed ignominiously to the

"old poetic feeling" when he wrote his sonnet "On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway." His most devoted admirers must always regret this fall beneath the highest level of his doctrine of the beneficent supremacy of the imagination—a summit so high that exoteric disciples, who are really groveling in a lower stage, sometimes fail to see the poet where he stands, and fancy themselves to be really at a higher elevation.

We have dwelt at length that may seem disproportionate on the theory which Prof. Veitch's two volumes propose to illustrate from Scottish poetry. Readers may, if they please, enjoy the selections without troubling themselves about the theory, suggestive and interesting as it is. Prof. Veitch shows the most intimate converseance with Scottish poetry, and has produced a thoroughly representative anthology. One of the surprises of the collection is Alexander Hume's "Day Estivall"—a long descriptive poem of the sixteenth century. Prof. Veitch is, perhaps, a little more than just to James I. as a nature-poet, and certainly a little less than just to Henryson when he gives the palm to Dunbar over this exquisitely tender and imaginative word-painter. Dunbar, with all his energy and copiousness, is comparatively conventional. And we do not think that he need have gone so far afield for the source of Drummond's appreciation of mountain-scenery. It was to be found nearer home, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*. But on such points differences of opinion are inevitable; and Prof. Veitch is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of what has evidently been a task as pleasant to him as the result is profitable to his readers.

W. MINTO.

TWO LETTER WRITERS.

Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl. By M. C. M. Simpson. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Selections from Papers of the Twining Family. Edited by Richard Twining. (John Murray.)

THE two books, whose titles are given above, furnish examples of letter-writing which it is interesting to set side by side. Both Mdme. Mohl and Mr. Twining were what would be called excellent correspondents, using their pens with great facility, and putting upon paper a good deal more than the mere gossip of the days in which they lived. The former, as might be expected, is the more vivacious; the latter, the more instructive. Mdme. Mohl is effusive and diffusive, humorous, and satirical, fond of startling her friends with novel notions and expressions—everywhere and at all times a pleasant egoist. Mr. Twining's style is scarcely less lively, but the liveliness is of a different order. It is the outcome of a naturally cheerful disposition exercising itself upon subjects which have not merely met his eye but engaged his attention. He has reasons to give for the opinions he has formed, and does not lay claim to that agile perception which can dispense with the slow process of thought. We can quite understand that the letters of each were highly prized by those who received them; but for Mr. Twining's, which have survived for nearly a century, we predict the more enduring reputation.

As both writers have been noticed in the ACADEMY more than once it is unnecessary to give any details of their personal history; but we should like to state that Julius Mohl's other claims to consideration beside that being the husband of Mdme. Mohl, was an Orientalist of high reputation, and lived on friendly terms with most of the leading men of letters on the Continent. In his own special line of study he stood alone. With him, says M. Lyboudy, "science was a religion, of which he was ever zealous votary." But he was also an excellent letter-writer, and the account which he gives of the scenes in Paris during the siege and under the Commune are among the most interesting passages in this volume. Writing while the Commune was fighting with mad ferocity, he describes the state of things as "a cheaper and nastier edition of the Terror"; and, though taking a calmer view than most of his French neighbours, admits that

"it is not comfortable to live with a hundred thousand madmen, or fools, or scoundrels, with guns in their hands, and a Commune whose great preoccupation seems to be now to thrust peaceful people in [to] its prisons, which it has taken care to get emptied of all the rascals which were in them."

We have space for only one more extract. While others were despairing M. Mohl was hopeful:

"When this folly shall be exploded we shall find an inconceivable ruin in Paris; and what their impatient madness has cost France in money, in reputation, and in political prospects is perfectly incalculable. I find that the French who are yet here are disheartened to the same degree. They believe that France has fallen into the state of Spain or Austria—a helpless log on the sea of revolution; and I find myself to my own wonder, more French than all of them. I do believe in this nation and in its faculty of recovering itself. . . ."

Contrast with this Mdme. Mohl's somewhat flippant mode of treating serious subjects. It pervades her letters; and we may cite, as an example, her comment on Mr. Palgrave's religious experiences:

"I have no doubt it was the English Wabbees [who] made him a Catholic. Now he has taken a walk back, not into Protestantism [no, no, thank you for nothing], but into Christianity. Don't be shocked, but I think neither Catholics nor Protestants are exactly Christians."

What Mdme. Mohl's own creed was we need not inquire. Her main object in life was to seek and to afford amusement, and in the latter business she was certainly successful. Wit and wisdom, we must admit, show themselves in the following characteristic note:

"Oh, the wickedness of neglecting one's self! Suicide is nothing to it; one is buried and done with; people are very sorry, and get consoled; but sick folk are the plague of one's life. They absorb more capital than a war. Their relations are generally annihilated; and then the money, the doctors, the rubbers, the water-packers, the travelers, the lodgings at watering-places, the bottles, the gallipots, the plaisters, the blisters, the powders, the pill-boxes, the night-lamps, the saucupans, the messes, gruels, semolinias, tapiocas! I could commit suicide myself to get out of the way; wicked, cruel, extravagant, selfish, absorbing wretches!"

ewhere Mme. Mohl expresses approval of (for whom, indeed, she had quite an Egyptian fondness), because, when their time ne, they kept out of sight, and shuffled off the mortal coil unseen. "Je mourrai seule" had terrors for her.

In Mr. Twining's letters we get into quite other world—a world of larger leisure and less excitement, and one in which the ne and temper and brilliant conversation the *salon* scarcely have a place. But e writer in his travels at home and road came in contact with many men of ark; and the account he gives of Prof. eyne, whom he visited at Göttingen, is specially interesting. This portrait of Dr. arr is lifelike:

His figure was excellent. He had on a waist-coat or jacket of the rough greatcoat kind of buff of which footmen's jackets are made nowadays. The colour was the footman's colour, nothing clerical about it. But then the doctor had black stockings and breeches and wig—which, though it was reduced by age, was still a great wig—and a sort of dignified hat, the sides of which were bent back on the crown. . . . In one corner of his garden is a small summer-house with a chimney smoking, and there the doctor sits and smokes, and there he trims ministers and bishops."

Like a scholar of olden times, Mr. Twining has generally an apt quotation from Horace or Virgil wherewith to point his observations, and these are generally as shrewd as they are good-humoured.

Letters must always be, to a large extent, the best exponents of character, and from the specimens which fill these volumes it is an easy matter to get on intimate terms with Julius and Mary Mohl and with Thomas Twining. Each is a distinct acquisition to our circle of acquaintance, and an occasional intercourse with them will undoubtedly afford entertainment and pleasure.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

The Sonnets of Europe. A Volume of Translations, selected and arranged by Samuel Waddington. (Walter Scott.)

WHATEVER its origin—whether it be native to Italy or descended from the classical ode—the sonnet is common to almost all the languages of Europe. Here, in England, we claim to possess an original type, not derived from the Italian, though related to it. It is true that most of our sonnet writers—Shakespeare being a notable exception—adopt the Petrarchan model, but every form of English verse is an indigenous growth. English sonnets therefore rightly find no place in a European anthology.

The present selection is in all ways an admirable one. Its editor is a devotee of the sonnet, and both as poet and translator he has himself done excellent work. One of the best translations in this volume is from his own pen; but he has modestly hidden it away among the notes, where the reader may chance on it by accident. It is a rendering of Dante's sonnet on "Beauty and Duty":

"Lo, throned upon my spirit's loftiest height,
Here of true love discourse fair ladies twain;
And one, with honoured prudence in her train,
In valorous courtesy is richly dight:—
The other glistens with the golden light
Of smiles and winning grace, where beauties
reign;
And I, of each enamoured, still remain
The slave of each, as love asserts his might.

Beauty and Duty, these my spirit woo,
And urge their suit, doubting if loyal kiss
To both can e'er be given, and faithful prove:
Yet saith the fount of gentle speech and true—
Both may be thine!—Beauty, for dearest bliss;
But Duty, for good deeds, shall win thy love."

I am fain to say that this is preferable to Rossetti's rendering of the same sonnet, though I am conscious of the boldness of such a criticism. The reader will look in vain here for any of Rossetti's translations. Their absence, it is stated, is due to the refusal of the publishers to permit their reproduction. But surely, from every point of view, this is a regrettable circumstance, for no poet has so well put into English the *Vita Nuova* or the writings of Dante's immediate circle, and a series of sonnet translations which contains no specimens from Rossetti cannot be considered complete.

Yet independently of Rossetti we are rich—as Mr. Waddington's collection amply shows—in sonnet translations from the Italian. Foremost stands Cary, whose translation of the first of these sonnets—"Love's Bondman," by the earliest of sonnet writers, Fra Guittone D'Arezzo—is inimitable:

"Great joy it were to me to join the throng
That Thy celestial throne, O Lord, surround,
Where perfect peace and pardon shall be found—
Peace for good doings, pardon for the wrong;
Great joy to hear the vault of heaven prolong
That everlasting trumpet's mighty sound,
That shall to each award their final bound—
Wailing to these, to those the blissful song.
All this, dear Lord, were welcome to my soul,
For on his brow then every one shall bear
Inscribed, what late was hidden in the heart;
And round my forehead wreathed a lettered scroll
Shall in this tenor my sad fate declare:
'Love's bondman, I from him might never
part.'"

The translations from the *Vita Nuova* given here include two by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, both very graceful compositions and good renderings. There are several by Sir Theodore Martin, who is always an apt translator, though his work is sometimes wanting in poetic quality. In these specimens he is at his best. Mr. Waddington appears to attach importance to Dr. Parsons' translation of one of the *Vita Nuova* sonnets. It contains some good lines—these for instance:

"But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth
To show another miracle to men!

"And such a pleasure from her presence grows
On him who gazeth, while she passeth by—
A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows
Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose
Is woke to worship."

The whole sonnet however is marred by a prosaic phrase in the second line, and a four-fold rhyme in the sestet. Here again Henry Cary seems to take the first place, while Mr. Russell Lowell, true poet though he is, has almost the lowest.

The selection includes numerous translations from Petrarch—six being by Colonel Higginson, and six others by Cayley. Higginson is admittedly the best translator of Petrarch, whose grace of style suffers nothing in the transmutation—at his hands—from Italian into English. Take one example, the sonnet "Levommi il mio Pensiero":

"Dreams bore my fancy to that region where
She dwells whom here I seek, but cannot see.
'Mid those who in the loftiest heaven be
I looked on her, less haughty and more fair.

She touched my hand: she said, 'Within this sphere,
If hope deceive not, thou shalt dwell with me:
I filled thy life with war's wild agony;
Mine own day closed ere evening could appear.
My bliss no human brain can understand;
I wait for thee alone, and that fair veil
Of beauty thou dost love shall wear again.'
Why was she silent then, why dropped my hand
Ere those delicious tones could quite avail
To bid my mortal soul in heaven remain?"

Roscoe's translations from Lorenzo de Medici are familiar, as are Mr. Addington Symonds's of the sonnets of Michael Angelo. Both translators are well represented here. Mr. Waddington gives us one sonnet—his own rendering—from Leonardo da Vinci. Ariosto is also represented by one only, which in his case seems an insufficient number. Tasso, many of whose sonnets possess much dignity, is worthily exhibited, both in point of number and quality of translation. The "Love Unloved," translated by Glassford, of Dougalston, is a particularly good rendering. The same may be said of Mr. Herman Merivale's "Love"; but an imperfect rhyme is unpardonable in a sonnet, and in this there are several—"tongue" with "song," "belong" with "along," and still worse, "presents" (the verb) with "sense." Among the translations from other Italian poets is a sonnet by Salvator Rosa, translated by Mr. William Michael Rossetti; and this part of the collection closes with a single sonnet by the late Gabriele Rossetti, translated in humorous and forcible English by his son, Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

The French sonnets include a considerable number by Ronsard, the majority being translated by Mr. Andrew Lang. Of Molière there is but one example, which is translated by Mr. Austin Dobson. Of Baudelaire there are three, and of Sully Prudhomme four, all the latter being admirably rendered by Arthur O'Shaughnessy. German sonnets make only a small show, and none of the translations are remarkable. The same may be said of the Spanish sonnets, the best specimens being Longfellow's translations from Lope de Vega, and the same poet's rendering of "The Brook," from Lopez Maldonado. Portuguese sonnets—the mythical source of some of Mrs. Browning's finest work—are mainly represented by specimens from Camoens, of which a considerable number are given, all except two being translated by Mr. J. J. Aubertin. There are six Swedish and two Dutch sonnets, all translated by Mr. Edmund Gosse. These, as well as some other contributions to the volume, are published for the first time. Two Polish sonnets of the present century are translated by Dr. Garnett, and two from the modern Greek by Mrs. Edmonds.

It only remains to add that this comprehensive little volume is made complete by some highly interesting and elucidatory notes.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Life of Giordano Bruno. By I. Frith. (Trübner).

THIS work professes to fill what everyone must admit to be a gap in English literature. While France has long possessed the very meritorious monograph of Bartholmess—a work by no means yet superseded—while Berti and Fiorentino have more recently done

honour to their illustrious countryman, and while Germany possesses numberless monographs and essays dealing with the same subject, England, with her wonted insularity and impatience of pure speculation, has only a few scattered and superficial notices of the great Italian thinker.

I wish I could add that this work was worthy of the isolated glory of being the sole English monograph on Bruno. Some essential qualities for the production of such a work the author undoubtedly possesses. The first requisite of a biographer—enthusiastic appreciation of his subject—she possesses in abundance. To this she unites a fair knowledge—unhappily not always accurate—of Bruno's writings. She is also well read in Bruno-literature, and has studied with evident industry and earnestness the philosophical systems which seem related to that sublime but heterogeneous compound which the history of thought will ever identify with the name of Bruno. In a word, she has "got up" Giordano Bruno with a zeal inspired by sympathy and admiration; but "getting up" is closely akin to "cramming," and traces of haste, imperfectly assimilated information, and other indications of "cram" are everywhere legible in her book. For obvious reasons biographical "cram" is generally manifested by a defective or erroneous presentation of the hero's environment; accordingly the author's small acquaintance with contemporary history is indicated by her making Cardinal Bembo a Pope, while her defective knowledge of Bruno's philosophical surroundings is shown by her manner of treating the well known renaissance theory of "Two-fold Truth." She evidently has not the dimmest conception of the important part which that doctrine plays in the teachings of Bruno and of his contemporaries. Although she has before her Bruno's own views on the subject (pp. 230-231), she refers (p. 21) to Voltaire for an illustration of its application, apparently ignorant of the fact that it formed the primary article in the creed of every important thinker of Bruno's time. To render the matter worse she apparently makes this very belief in dual truth a charge against Hofmann, one of Bruno's persecutors (p. 202). A more deplorable confusion in what relates to a vital point of Bruno's teaching it is scarcely possible to imagine.

Equally characteristic of the haste and amateur workmanship of the book are its style and method. The former is harsh, involved and unformed; the latter rambling and discursive. The author seems to have had no defined plan for her work, and consequently her presentation of Bruno's thought lacks all semblance of coherence and lucidity. The chronological method of considering his writings, which in appearance she adopts, is in the last degree unsuited to a thinker like Bruno. She would have done better, and made the effort of reading her book less irksome, if she had compiled a conspectus of his different opinions on the chief points of theology and philosophy. This would have cost her, of course, much more labour; but it would have been work well bestowed, which, once well done, would not need to be repeated. Nor can it be said that her translations and paraphrases

of Bruno's many writings are to be depended on. As a rule she is able to grasp the meaning of the Italian works better than that of the Latin, but in both her renderings must be accepted by readers with caution. I have taken the pains to test her translations in not a few places, with the result of an increased distrust of her accuracy. To take a single instance, in his rhetorical *Oratio Valedictoria*, addressed to the University of Wittenberg, Bruno in his peroration makes the following invocation (*Op. Lat. Ed. Fior. i, p. 24*):

"Vos quoque Nymphæ istorum fontium et Nereides fluminis istius, ad cuius ripas mihi ærem captasse licuit, adeste."

This perfectly obvious and innocent prayer becomes in our author's rendering the following extraordinary travesty (p. 187):

"Ye, too, nymphs and nereids of that stream on whose verge I could cry peace and gladly breathe my soul into the air, keep watch and ward over the land"—

a Shelleyan yearning far as the poles asunder from Bruno's courageous and life-loving temperament. Similar injury to the Nolan philosopher's personality is perpetrated by the author in the following solecism (p. 45):

"The centre which Copernicus believed to be immovable and in the sun, Bruno placed in sun after sun, even in the outermost parts of the universe and in infinity."

The outcome of the foregoing observations is briefly that, however well meant, this work is not well executed. Bruno is not a mere poet and mystic: he is a profound thinker, and hence can only be adequately treated by a biographer who is himself a scholar and philosopher. I do not, however, suggest that this book may not have its use, or that the author has not, on the whole, conferred a service on English literature by its publication. The "general public" is not apt to be fastidious on points of style or accuracy, and I quite admit that an uncritical reader will carry from its perusal a useful, working, dictionary-article view of the great Italian thinker; but, for scholars conversant with his works and times, the Life of Giordano Bruno has yet to be written. JOHN OWEN.

HAHN ON THE TEUTONIC PANTHEON.

Odin und sein Reich. Die Götterwelt der Germanen. Von Werner Hahn. (Berlin: Simion.)

THE Teutonic world of gods is slowly rising once more in the memory of the German nation. Among the cultured classes, the poetical enjoyment of that ancient faith "of mightiest power," as Southey called it, which has a dramatic grandeur not reached even in the refined heavenly circle of the Greek Olympus, is visibly growing. So is the scientific interest attaching to the deeper thoughts of our forefathers, as shown in the representative figures of their nature worship.

The names of deities worshipped of yore in woods, on summits, at bournes, rivers, and near the sea-shore, are beginning to resound again, in Germany, among men otherwise little given to lingering on the paths of a far-off historical epoch. As to the mass of the people—at least in thorpes, hamlets, and forlorn homesteads—there are even now great tracts of German land where the old gods and

goddesses, and the swarm of nixes, elves, kobolds—mostly going under the very name used in heathen times—still roam about in the fantastic regions of folklore. In the midst of the clang of arms, which now so dimly shakes the repose of Europe, the remembrance of these once mighty spirits and their identification from yet current popular belief, seems daily to gain in attention. Art, poetry, and general literature bear witness to the fact.

Dr. Werner Hahn's book is one of the latest proofs. Known as a prominent Germanist, he has an excellent record in his version of the *Nibelungen Lied*, with aesthetic and historical forewords; his *Deutsche Poesie* and other works. In the present case he has sought "to portray the mythical traditions contained in the Edda in such forms of modern cultured understanding as to make them generally accessible, without learned help." In pursuance of this task he had "to link the fragments of the Edda together, in accordance with a systematic order of thought"; and this, he owns, sometimes entailed upon him the duty of deviating from one text which was contradictory to another. Again, "sometimes had to fill up a gap" in the Icelandic Scripture. He did so, here and there, by a poetical invention of his own.

But is this, some may at once ask, a legitimate process? The only answer possible is that Dr. Hahn openly avows his work to be a popular rendering—in prose, but with a degree of poetical license—of the great mythological tragedy worked out by the mind of the Germanic race. To quote a precedent, did not Richard Wagner also freely use, for his "Ring of the Nibelung," our mediæval epic, the corresponding older Edda songs, as well as the *Völsung* in which the Siegfried tale was preserved for the masses making additions and changes of his own? True, I will at once say, wherever Wagner has kept closest to the old records, the texts of his music-drama seems to me by far more powerful than when he gives free play to his own inventive mood.

If there are any works which, among the cultured classes of Germany, have spread a more general knowledge of the Teutonic creed it is Simrock's version of the Edda, in the main very faithful, simple, and yet highly poetical, with valuable explanations added to it; and his *Deutsche Mythologie*, a one-volume book, with a wonderfully rich mass of easily readable material. These merits are beyond question. The strangely hard words used in the preface of the book before us about Simrock's translation of the Norse Scripture are, therefore, to be regretted.

By way of showing why he had sometimes to gloss over apparent contradictions in the Teutonic creed, so as to produce a readable whole, Dr. Hahn remarks:

"It is of the most important deities that the ancient record gives tales gainsaying each other in close contiguity. This is chiefly the case with Odin. Odin builds up the world and rules it; yet, in order to get a draught of knowledge, he has to turn to one of those beings which partly have their existence through him."

This refers to Odin's pilgrimage to Mimir's well. But here it must be pointed out, first, that contradictory tenets, or legends, are found in all systems of faith. This is

owing to their generally composite origin, as well as to the alterations occurring even in religious thought in the course of hundreds or thousands of years. If we only take the epoch between the appearance of the Teutons and Kimbrians, or the accounts of Caesar and Tacitus, and the final overthrow of the Odin religion in the North, we get a space of something like ten to twelve centuries. If we throw in the Thracians as a nation of Teutonic kinship, and whatever we know of their mythology, the epoch is enlarged by many centuries more. What differences and changes there must have been in the religious tenets of these widely distributed branches of the Germanic stock during nearly two thousand years! It is vain to look for absolute consistency in the mythological conceptions of any race. Not to go into the Hindu, Greek, or other Pantheons, in all of which the hand of more than one race is discernible, we need only bring to recollection the Elohist and Jehovistic doctrines of the Old Testament, or the contradictory tenets of a Doomsday resurrection, and of an immediate immortality of the dead, being held side by side within the same creed.

As to the idea of Odin having created the world, this is quite a late, and not really Germanic, view. It was brought in under Christian influence. In the old Norse, as in other ancient religious systems, chaos precedes the formation of the universe. Before the gods even, the giants arise, as typical of the yet uncouth forces of nature. Hence we can very well understand that Odin, who had learnt the first chapters of wisdom from a giant, should go to one of those primeval beings that dwelt at the immense tree of existence which symbolises the universe, in order to learn from him the wisdom of the past. Odin is great, but he lives within the space of time. Not even he is from eternity; matter is before him. No doubt the later prose Gylfaginning, which forms an exegetic catechism of the North-Germanic creed, speaks of a time "when all was not." But the earlier Völuspá, when explaining the rise of the world, the giants, and the gods, says:

"Once was the age when Ymir lived:
There was no sand; no sea; no salty wave.
No earth there was; nor Heavens above—
Only yawning abyss, and growth nowhere."

That is, nothing was formed; yet Ymir lived: and Ymir is elementary chaotic matter. The heavenly figures were later comers. As to Odin, he, at the end of things, at the twilight of gods, is to be devoured by the wolf amid the fiery downfall of the world. Out of a great flood a new universe will then arise; but Odin is no longer.

Can we, then, wonder that even this mighty ruler of Asgard should have had to give one of his eyes in pledge, at Mimir's well, so as to get a draught of wisdom? Perhaps one of those eyes meant the alternating appearance of the sun and the moon. At any rate, the great God of the Sky, with his large cloud-hat and his welkin-speckled mantle, is conceived as one-eyed. It would, therefore, have been better had he been so represented on the title-page of Dr. Hahn's work. The limner, however, has given him two eyes.

The traces of two antagonistic doctrines as to the origin of things are not wanting in the Edda. This, again, ought never to be for-

gotten when an attempt is made to expound the Germanic system of faith. That creed was a compromise—after a fierce and bloody struggle, the details of which are beyond our ken—between the Vana creed and the Asa creed, involving apparently a Neptunistic and a Plutonic theory of cosmogony. In Vedic, Iranian, Babylonian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Germanic, and other creation tales, water is generally mentioned as the original element—the generative fluid; or, in enumerating the things that came out of the void, water is at any rate placed first. The sea-god Niörd, and his offspring Freyr and Freyja, were of that Vanic, Neptunistic circle. In consequence of a struggle in which the Asic gods were narrowly victorious, the Vanic Niörd and his children had to be sent as hostages to Asgard. On their part, the Aesir had to give one of their own as a hostage. I believe these traces of contending doctrines of cosmogony could be made interesting even in a popular work.

At all events, we come here once more upon a stumbling block to the mistaken view of those who try to find a cast-iron unity in ancient religions. Even in so lofty a creed as the one which has arisen out of the compromise between the Asic and Vanic doctrine, an outer fringe of animal worship is yet discernible. Odin himself was still called "the Eagle-headed"; and there is more than one instance of animal transfiguration or symbolisation among Germanic deities. Remembering Indian, Egyptian, and Greek cults, as well as the clear traces of animal worship so triumphantly proved by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, or even the adoration of the brazen serpent so long prevailing in the Jewish Temple, these lingering vestiges of an ancient prehistoric cult have nothing surprising.

Dr. Hahn's manner of giving an account of the Teutonic creed is somewhat different from many points of view I have indicated here. Thus, in an otherwise serviceable appendix in which the mythological names are explained, he says:

"Freyr and Freyja are to be looked upon as a repetition of the Odin conception, caused by the entrance of the Vanic ideas into the circle of the Asic deities. At the same time a division of the Odin idea into a male and a female deity has taken place."

Yet, in interpreting the Vanic name, Dr. Hahn holds it, rightly enough, to be a representation of the flowing element, while the Aesir name is explained by him as a personification of that which is firm and shining. And Dr. Hahn sees, in the war between these two divine circles, symbols of the violent changes created, on the one hand by storm-floods from the sea, and by natural revolutions of the earth on the other. This, though not quite tallying with, at least comes near to, the belief that contending cosmogonic doctrines were involved in the war between Aesir and Vanir.

It has, however, to be borne in mind that there is a distinct record of a Vanic custom of marriage between brother and sister, which, after the triumph of the Asic system, was abolished. In "Oegir's Banquet" (36), Loki's bitter tongue refers to the subject. Perhaps a faint remembrance of that custom may yet be found in what Tacitus says in

chap. xx. of his *Germania*. Of the Bavarian tribe, which in a considerable degree had sprung from Herulian, Rugian, Gothic races that once dwelt on the southern and northern shores of the Baltic where the Vana cult had flourished, we have historical testimony, down even to the eighth century of our era, of a very characteristic kind. Here is clear evidence of the Vanic circle of deities representing special tribal views in religion or cosmogony, with special marriage customs founded on it—customs which the Asic creed endeavoured to root out, but with which even the Church had to struggle in a particular region a great many centuries later.

As to the ethical ideas gradually symbolised by these various divine figures after their junction in Asgard, I concur with Dr. Werner Hahn that the Germanic stock of old had already a good glimpse of such higher conceptions. Still, there is danger in too much systematising, as if its Pantheon had been planned from a central thought, like a philosophical system. The truth is, it arose, like other religions, in a mixed way. And, so long as it lasted (the fact may even now be gathered from certain features of folklore tales) it bore, however slightly, some traces of those cruder origins or connexions which have been clearly made out for other religions in Mr. Andrew Lang's *Custom and Myth*.

Taking it as a whole, Dr. Hahn's work is adapted to attract a large class of readers who as yet shrink from the more historical and comparative method of treating the subject. In this way his interesting book will do good service by gradually teaching educated men that there is yet a large field of important mythological knowledge involving thoughts about nature, affording food for poetical fancy and material for art which, owing to their merely classical training, they have too long neglected.

KARL BLIND.

NEW NOVELS.

Precautions. By Lady Margaret Majendie. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Cruel Enigma. By Paul Bourget. (Vizetelly.)

Alexia. By Eleanor C. Price. (Bentley.)

In Bad Hands, &c. By F. W. Robinson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Tale of Madness. By Julian Cray. (Vizetelly.)

Who's She? By Herbert Coghlan. (Edinburgh: Paterson.)

With the Unchanged, &c. By Richard Dowling. (Sonnenschein.)

In *Precautions*, Lady Margaret Majendie shows no falling off in the special literary power she had shown in her previous works of unravelling the tangled and somewhat trivial skeins of life in "society"; and the ethical purpose it displays is more pronounced. In the life both of Marion Austen and of Kitty Bellingham there is exhibited the happiness that is attained only after traversing the painful road of self-sacrifice. In both cases, perhaps, the self-sacrificing spirit goes too far: Marion gives way too much to the caprices of a singularly unheroic and unlovable father; and Kitty need hardly have dashed into the perilous career of

a nurse, because she found that the husband whom she loved had married her out of pity—or what was interpreted as pity by his sister. Still, as all ends well, this sentimental excess does not appear so much out of place as otherwise it would have done. The chief, if not the sole, fault to be found with *Precautions*, indeed, is that the characters in it are not conventional enough, that they are types rather than human beings of the kind to be found in ordinary life. Thus, Mrs. Brown-Clifford and the Dowager Lady Bellingham are different types of selfish mamma-dom—a fact which alone can excuse Lady Bellingham's becoming a murderess in intent. The Italian Priore and the unfortunate musical genius, Ursel, are intended to place Christian self-command in contrast with artistic passion that has degenerated into a sort of mania. The literary execution of *Precautions* comes quite up to the level of its purpose, and that is not saying little. The comic element—supplied by Miss Brown-Clifford and the cats—might have been spared. It is decidedly over done.

In one sense M. Paul Bourget's *A Cruel Enigma* is the most realistic of recent French novels; in another sense it is the least realistic. In none is the passion which unites the sexes so stripped, to use the language of M. Bourget's translator, of

"all the adventitious grace, and mysticism, and sentiment with which society is wont to shroud it, and found to consist, in the last resort, of a single and simple fact—the physical fleshly desire of man for woman and of woman for man."

Theresa de Sauve not only commits adultery with four different persons, but the return of her lover to her in the end is worse than any adultery, inasmuch as it means the total debasement of his moral nature, and the total destruction even of her pseudo-ideal of love. And yet there is nothing coarse or suggestive in the story itself. The incident of "the consummation" in Folkestone of the passion between Hubert Liauran and Theresa de Sauve—with the drive by the coast road to Hythe, and the sweet reluctant amorous delay of Theresa's coquetries—is idyllic, very much as the "natural and quite Greek" amours of Haidee and Juan are idyllic. Then M. Bourget is a moralist. He is a remorseless analyst and a thorough-going pessimist because he is a moralist. *A Cruel Enigma*, therefore, leaves no unpleasant taste in the mouth. One pities Theresa; one regrets Hubert's "fall," though the sickly love of his mother and grandmother is evidently as responsible for that as Theresa's passion; and that is all. In *A Cruel Enigma*, moreover, M. Bourget's style, which is superior to that of any of his contemporaries except M. Daudet, is seen at its best. Here and there M. Bourget reminds one of Gustave Flaubert; but in *A Cruel Enigma* there are strains of a higher mood than are reached in *Madame Bovary*. Mr. Cray's translation of this story is so good that only at rare intervals does one become conscious of the fact that it is a translation.

Alexia is a thoroughly satisfactory story of a very unambitious kind. It is so satisfactory, perhaps, because it is so unambitious. Charlie Melville, the squire, should have married

Alexia Page in the first chapter; but he marries somebody else, and she very nearly marries somebody else. So a death and a conflagration and what not have to intervene between calf-love and marriage. This is altogether a boy-and-girl story; but it is very agreeably told and very gracefully written. There is not a thoroughly unpleasant character in it; even interfering and too brutally plain-spoken Mrs. Dodd mends, and is taken to Alexia's heart, and gets rid of some of her unreasoned prejudices in the last chapter. Miss (or Mrs.) Price frequently stumbles on, or rather into, happy expressions, such as "a careless refined sort of man."

Mr. Robinson's new three-volume work consists entirely of short stories. Most, if not all, of them have probably first seen the light in the columns of magazines, and it says much for their quality that probably one only should not have been republished. This is "A Stone Bouquet," a tragico-lunatic tale, and not bad of its kind; but then that kind is not Mr. Robinson's. He is most in his element when portraying the heroes and heroines of the bye-streets and lanes of life, with their genuine though gnarled goodness. These volumes are full of sketches of this kind, of which "Dick Watson's Daughter" and "A Prison Flower" may be cited as good examples. In none of Mr. Robinson's larger works does his peculiar humour, "stiffened" as it is with irony, show to a greater advantage than in such stories as "A Big Investment" and "Friends from the Clouds."

The ghastly narrative which Mr. Julian Cray has "edited" undoubtedly supplies evidence of capacity for dealing with the horrible—and in a sufficiently horrible manner. The man with madness in his blood, who nevertheless ventures on the perilous experiment of marriage, is a familiar character in fiction, and so is the woman who, in the same condition, makes a similar experiment. But for a man and a woman, both with madness in their blood, to get married is a novelty; and it is this novelty which Mr. Cray supplies us with when he brings Paul Stafford and Maud Chichester together, only to be separated by death. The "editor" of this book exhibits unquestionable skill in tracing the development of madness in Stafford, and in bringing about the complication towards the close, from which it would seem that Maud Stafford has for a lover the murderer of her own father, while, as a matter of fact, her father has committed suicide, and her seeming lover is only her twin brother. In the two last chapters there is a good deal of overloaded writing—suggestive of a lunatic foaming at the mouth—about "dead! aye, and lying in the foul ground, those grand, soft eyes, which had so often met mine in looks of passion, dropping worm-eaten from their sockets," and the like. But Mr. Cray can, of course, meet this objection by saying that the narrative he "edits" is realistic. So it is, and, on the whole, it is not too repulsive in its realism.

Who's She? reads like the result of too much indulgence in shilling sensationalism. Having read much, Mr. Coghlan has felt impelled to write; and so we have such school-boy vituperation as "I have learned your wild-schemed plot; I have discovered your

fiendish, demon lie! Stand off, you miser coward, fool; stand off." Mr. Coghlan's is of the crudest—we had almost said of the roughest—and his English is not altogether unimpeachable. What, for instance, does mean by describing the aristocracy as "sect"? With his fondness for strong language and hates, however, and his capacity for strong language of the transpontine order, Coghlan ought to be able in time to write a rattling story of rustic virtue triumphant over rustic villainy.

Mr. Dowling's little volume of stories which he has named after the most ambitious sarcastic, but least satisfactory, of all of them—was well worth publishing, if only as a demonstration that their author is a master of something more than melodramatic incident. There is humour of a kind that Mr. Dowling can hardly be said to have indicated before in "Blood is thicker than Water" in "Diamonds in Extremis" he proves his great skill in plot-construction would show to decided advantage in a detective story, and in "Served him Right" he demonstrates with equal clearness that he can treat a social problem both seriously and forcibly, and at the same time keep his powers in reserve. As has been already said, Mr. Dowling is least successful when he is most avowedly satirical. Thus "The Reward of Virtue" which treats of aldermanic weakness, is a trifle too farcical. Altogether, this is one of the best volumes of short stories that have been published during the present year. I know of none that is such a felicitous combination of literary lightness and ethico-social solidity.

WILLIAM WALLACE

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Passages for Translation into Latin Prose. By H. Nettleship. (Bell.) Numerous as books of this class have become, we yet think there was room for another, in which the selection should be made by a real scholar, to whom the study of Latin is more than a discipline for youth, and seems a worthy employment for a lifetime. This book is an advanced book: that is to say, not one of its sixty-three passages can be called easy, and some of them, e.g., xi., xxix., liv., lxiii., are extremely difficult. We can fancy even a Hertford scholar knitting his learned brows over translating Lamb's "Tartar fellow eating my friend and adding the cold malignity of mustard and vinegar." But all are interesting and forcible pieces; all, no doubt—for Prof. Nettleship has found it so—possess affinities to good Latin authors. Very few of them (though we must except xxiv.) are hackneyed or usual. But the noteworthy part of the book is the Introduction, in which, besides some useful and sorely needed cautions as to Latin orthography, the professor brings out of his treasure-house three lectures, one on the political and social ideas of the Romans, another on their range of metaphorical expression, the third on the historical development of their prose style. All of these are excellent and interesting reading—the two first especially. Everyone who has tried to write or to teach anything beyond the elements of Latin prose knows by painful experience that grammatical accuracy, and even classical form, may be attained without any real resemblance to the Roman cast of thought or phraseology being achieved. For those struggling with this difficulty, these two lectures are invaluable. The ideas of politics, law, duty, emotion, religion, and the epithets pertaining to them, are here

discriminated with neatness and clearness. In a few pages (1-27) we have a real sketch of the mind and language of a Roman in relation to these subjects. It is concise without being dry. We demur respectfully to the rendering (p. 3) of "reipublice causa aliquid facere" by "to do anything on political grounds." Is it not rather "on patriotic grounds"? The professor means that, we think; but the word "political" has now got an incurable twist—a politician may be a patriot, but we do not call a patriotic action political. The third lecture, on the historical development of Latin prose style, shows us, in interesting extracts from Cato and Gaius Gracchus, the foundation of the house in which Caesar and Cicero dwelt. Is it true to say (p. 62) that "Tacitus is a great master working with bad tools"? His tools are the Latin language. The fault, if fault there be, lies in his ideal of form. He is, for good and bad, the Browning of Latin prose.

The Catiline of Sallust. Edited by B. D. Turner. (Rivingtons.) This little edition is meant for use in the middle forms of schools, and the notes are very well adapted to the needs of boys at that stage. They are tolerably numerous, very simple, and dogmatic. There is no arguing over different interpretations—a thing totally wasted on young boys, if not injurious to them. Mr. Turner is wisely content to tell them what he believes to be the truth, and to give as much help as he can. His notes will very usefully fill up the interval between the Delectus and harder authors with harder notes. But the little Introduction needs some revision. In what sense was Pompeius a member of the senatorial order in 73 B.C.? He had never entered the senate through any office at that time. The *tribuni aerarii* should be mentioned as serving on juries along with senators and *equites* after the legislation of B.C. 70. P. Autronius Poetus is confused on p. xi. with some Antonius. Mr. Turner is not the first writer on Sallust who has fallen into this error. *Porta Salana* (p. xvii.) is probably a misprint for *Porta Salaria*.

A Second School Poetry Book. Compiled by M. A. Woods. (Macmillan.) It is just a year ago since we welcomed the "First School Poetry Book," which Miss Woods, of Clifton, had compiled for the lower forms of high schools for girls. We are not surprised that its success has induced her to publish a similar volume for middle forms, and also to promise yet a third in the future. As before, we find a sound judgment and a catholic taste, the number of selections from American authors other than Longfellow being unusually large. It is probable that not a few girls will here meet with for the first time the names of Bret Harte and (*horresco referens*) Walt Whitman. The choice of longer poems at the end seems to us particularly happy. It includes "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," "Goblin Market," and "Poor Matthias"—none of which, for obvious reasons, is it common to find in anthologies. Indeed, we would award Miss Woods unmixed praise, if it were not for a certain inaccuracy of copying, or carelessness in proof-reading, which we noticed likewise in her former volume. Here are two unpardonable blots occurring in poems familiar as household words:

"The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty" (p. 125).

And

"A voice so thrilling near was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird" (p. 185).

Questions for Examination in English Literature: chiefly selected from College Papers set in Cambridge. With an Introduction on the Study of English. By Walter W. Skeat. Second and Revised Edition. (Bell.) It is almost superfluous to recommend these ques-

tions for use in schools, or by those who are preparing for public examinations; but every person who attempts to study systematically any of the earlier periods of English literature ought to procure the book. Of course, the "papers," like most others of an advanced character, contain a good many questions which few even among scholars would be able to answer without preparation; but, with rare exceptions, the questions are remarkably free from anything like pedantry, and relate to points which are really essential to the thorough appreciation of the works to be studied. About half the volume is occupied with questions on Chaucer and Shakspeare. There are several papers on Bacon and Milton; the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries receives rather scant measure. Prof. Skeat's introduction is full of valuable advice; but we wish that, in his ample list of books for study, he had in some way distinguished those which are most urgently necessary from those which may be regarded comparatively as mere desirable luxuries. We have observed several misprints, especially in the accents of Anglo-Saxon words.

First Lessons in Science. Designed for the use of Children. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso. (Ridgeway.) This volume was not originally "designed for the use of children," but for the use of a class of adult Zulus who were learning to read English. The author had, however, re-written the greater part of it in order to adapt it to the requirements of European children; and Sir George Cox, by whom the work has been edited, considers that it may be "especially useful in our national and provincial schools." We have no doubt the book was well suited for its original purpose, but considered as an ordinary school-book it must be admitted to be unskillfully planned. The first ten pages are written in words of one syllable; but before the hundredth page is reached we find the Bishop talking about "right ascension," "declination," "altitude," and "azimuth"; and before he has filled his 195 pages he has explained Kepler's laws, the methods of calculating the orbits of the planets and the distances of the stars, and the nature of precession and nutation. However, although we cannot recommend the volume for use in class, there is no doubt that teachers will be able to derive from it many useful lessons in the art of lucid and effective illustration; and it may be read with interest and profit by the large number of grown-up persons whose notions of elementary natural science are confused and uncertain. The portion in words of one syllable is a remarkable *tour-de-force*; but, under the ordinary English conditions of education, a child who is old enough to follow the reasoning is not likely to require to be addressed in "little words."

A Class-book of Physical Geography. With Examination Questions, Notes, and Index. By William Hughes. New and improved edition, revised by J. Francon Williams. (Philip.) This is, on the whole, an excellent book. The maps, which are new, deserve especial praise for the clearness with which they bring out the essential facts which they are intended to show. The chapter on the geographical distribution of the races of man is scarcely up to date, the classification of Blumenbach being retained, without any indication of its defects, or any reference to the substitutes that have been proposed for it by more recent authorities. In the first chapter we note the curious misstatement that the planet Neptune was first seen at the same time by Adams and Leverrier in 1846.

"Whittaker's Modern German Authors."—*Eine Frage.* Idyll zu einem Gemälde seines Freundes Alma-Tadema, erzählt von Georg

Ebers. Edited, with Literary Introduction and Notes, by F. Storr. (Bell.) Prof. Ebers's "idyll" of Sicilian-Greek life is not very well suited for use as a school-book, and we do not think quite so highly as Mr. Storr does of its literary merit. The author, as usual, displays more learning than imagination; and his style is even more than usually characterised by the perpetual recurrence of that "esse videtur" cadence which is said to have been Cicero's bugbear. Still the tale is worth reading, and Mr. Storr's notes supply exactly the help that is needed by a reader who has only a moderate knowledge of German. There is a frontispiece copied from the painting of Mr. Alma-Tadema by which the story was suggested.

A Conversational Grammar of the German Language. With Comprehensive Reference-Pages for use in Translation and Composition, and Notes on the History and Etymology of German. By Otto Christian Näf. (Rivingtons.) We cannot praise this book. Herr Näf may be a very good teacher of German, and the method adopted in his book may no doubt, as he says, have proved successful in his own lessons. But the arrangement is so peculiar and complicated that we fear other teachers will find it unworkable. Besides this, we have noticed many inaccuracies of detail. It is stated, for instance, that "any verb is regular: (1) if the first or third person singular imperfect ends in *-te* (no exceptions); (2) if the participle ends in *-t* (no exceptions)." At this rate *mögen*, *haben*, *denken*, *bringen*—in short all except the "strong" verbs—must be classed as regular. The rules for the gender of nouns are misleading, because the list of exceptions is, in most cases, not even approximately complete. The learner is told that "abstract terms have no plural, if used as abstract terms, as *die Liebe*, love; but some can be used concretely, as *die Lieben*, the loved ones." Does Herr Näf imagine that *der, die Liebe*, the loved one, is the same word as *die Liebe*, love? The appendix on the history and etymology of the language shows extreme ignorance of philology; the brief "etymological dictionary" mingles sound derivations taken from Kluge with some wild speculations which are probably quite original.

A Simplified Method of mastering the Genders of French Nouns. By Eugène Lesprit. (For the Author.) This is a pamphlet of twenty-seven pages, giving rules for the genders of French nouns, with what seem to be complete lists of exceptions. It is ingeniously arranged, and the student who masters its contents will have a better knowledge of French genders than is possessed by many Frenchmen.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. P. G. HAMERTON's book for the coming winter season will be *The Saône: a Summer Voyage*, with 148 illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell. It was while boating and sketching on the Saône that the author and artist suffered arrest at the hands of *gendarmes* early in the present year.

William I. and the German Empire is the title of a biographical and historical work by Mr. G. Barnett Smith, which will be published next month by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

MR. THOMAS KIRKUP has expanded his article on "Socialism" in the recent number of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* into a volume, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *An Enquiry into Socialism*.

MESSRS. LONGMANS also announce, as nearly ready for publication, *Educational Ends*; or, *The Idea of Personal Development*, by Miss Sophie Bryant, the first lady who gained the

degree of Doctor of Science from the London University.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. will shortly publish a volume by Mr. A. J. Little, of Shanghai, describing a voyage made up the Upper Yangtze, with a view to studying the question of its navigability by steam beyond Ichang.

The next volume in the "Badminton Library," to be published in October, will be *Football and Athletics*, written by Mr. Montagu Sherman.

A NEW writer, who is content to be known for the present as "Q," has written a romance entitled *Dead Man's Rock*, which will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in a few days in their Series of popular Adventure Books.

Under Suspicion, a novel dealing with Welsh life, by Miss Edith Stowe, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Vert de Verts, Eton Days, and other Sketches and Memories, by A. G. LeStrange, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

UNDER the title *Amnon, Prince and Peasant*: a Romantic Idyll of Judea, Mr. Frank Jaffe, assistant master of the Chicksand Street Board School, is about to bring out an English adaptation of Mappo's famous Jewish idyllic and historical work.

MESSRS. I. PITMAN & SONS will publish at the close of September an illustrated edition of *Robinson Crusoe* in phonography, which is being prepared by Mr. J. Herbert Ford, who recently succeeded to the editorship of the *Shorthand Magazine* on the death of the late F. Pitman.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S autumn list includes the following: *The Life of Samuel Morley*, by Edwin Hodder, biographer of the late Earl of Shaftesbury; *Modern Science in Bible Lands*, by Sir J. William Dawson; *The Life of W. Morley Punshon*, by Prof. F. W. Macdonald; *The Ancient World and Christianity*, by E. de Pressensé; *Unfinished Worlds*, by S. H. Parkes, with illustrative diagrams; *History of the Church*, by Prof. George P. Fisher; *The Sower and Virgin*, by Lord Robert Montagu; *Scripture Truths derived from Facts in Nature*, by Henry McCook; and *Tenants of an Old Farm*: Leaves from the Note Book of a Naturalist, by the same author; *The Key Words of the Bible*, by the Rev. A. T. Pierson; *Practical Studies in the Life and Character of St. Peter*, by the Rev. H. A. Birks; *Bible Models*, by Richard Newton; *The Books of the Bible*, by the late Dr. W. P. Mackay; *Albert, the Prince Consort*: a Biography for the People.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON also announce the following books for young people: *Wonderful Stories of Daring, Peril and Adventure*, by Dr. Macaulay; *Harry Milvaine*; or, the Wanderings of a Wayward Boy, by Dr. Gordon Stables; *The Willoughby Captains*: a School Story, by Talbot Baines Reed; *More True than Truthful*: a Story, by C. M. Clarke; an illustrated edition of *Stepping Heavenward*, by Mrs. Prentiss, the illustrations printed in monotype; *Eunice*: a Story, by the author of "Christie Redfern"; *A Son of the Morning*, by Sarah Doune; *Sukie's Boy*, by Sarah Tytler; *The Boy without a Name*, by W. M. Thayer; *The Sunday Book of Story and Parable*, with numerous illustrations; *Candalaria*: a Heroine of the Wild West, by the author of "Our Honolulu Boys"; and *Cost What It May*, by Mrs. E. E. Hornibrook.

An edition of 50,000 of the Presidential Address of Mr. G. J. Holyoake at the Carlisle Co-operative Congress has been issued by the Manchester Co-operative Board, of which 30,000 were sold in a short time.

THE New York Nation has given two reviews

(August 18 and 25) to the third part of the *New English Dictionary*. While not sparing in criticism of details, the reviewer concludes as follows:

"There is not a page, nor even a single column, which will not correct the errors or add to the knowledge of all of us. As the work advances and covers a larger portion of the alphabet, its merits will be recognised by larger and larger numbers. But it has already gone far enough to show that it is a work upon which every member of the English race can rely with confidence, and of which he can speak with just pride; and, furthermore, it has already gone far enough to enrol the name of its editor-in-chief among the scholars whom English literature will always be delighted to honour."

Correction.—Mr. Warren's letter on "The Evangelistarium of St. Margaret," in the last number of the ACADEMY, was unfortunately printed from an unrevised proof. Among other errata, for "lectures" read "lections"; for "Names" read "Neumes"; for "Fes. passim" read "Fer."; omit the second dagger (†).

MESSRS. SONNENSCHNEIN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THEOLOGY.—*Lenten Sermons*, preached at St. Agnes', Kennington, in 1887, by Canon Luclock, Canon Scott-Holland, the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, &c., edited by the Rev. T. Birkett Dover; *Cathedral Sermons*, by Canon Jelf; *The Teaching of the Prayer-Book for the Children of the Church*, by the Rev. E. T. Stevens; and *The Science of Religions*, by Emile Bournouf, translated by J. Liebe.

Science.—*The Microscope*, edited from the work of Profs. Naegeli and Schwendener, by Dr. Frank Crisp and J. Mayall, jun., with about 300 woodcuts; *Animal Biology*, by Adam Sedgwick, illustrated; *The Farmer's Friends and Foes*, by Theodore Wood; *Poultry*, a Manual for Breeders and Exhibitors, by Ralph O. Edwards, illustrated. In the "Young Collector" series: *British Fishes and Mammalia*, by F. A. Skuse; *Reptiles*, by Catherine Hopley; *Ants and Bees*, by W. Harcourt Bath; and *Silkworms*, by E. A. Butler. *Digestion: Perfect and Imperfect*, by Dr. A. E. Bridger; *The Theory of Harmony*, by Moritz Hauptmann, translated and edited by W. Heathcote, assisted by H. Keasley Moore; *A Catechism of Psychology*, by F. Kirchner, translated and edited by E. Drought; and *A Criticism of the Kantian Philosophy*, by Prof. Kuno Fischer, translated by Dr. W. S. Hough.

History and Biography, and Travel and Adventure.—*Russia: Political and Social*, by L. Tikhomirov, translated by Edward Aveling; *The Russian Peasantry*, by Stepniak, in 2 vols.; *Pepys and the World he Lived In*, by H. B. Wheatley; *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, together with a Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides, by Boswell, edited, with notes, by Percy Fitzgerald, in 3 vols.; *Memoirs in the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency*, by the Duc St. Simon, translated by Bayle St. John, in 3 vols.; *Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth*, compiled from State Papers by H. Forneron, with portraits, &c., translated by Mrs. Crawford; *The Solomon Islands and their Natives*, by H. B. Guppy, illustrated; *The Geology and Physical Characteristics of the Solomon Islands*, with maps, by H. B. Guppy; *Bayreuth and Franconian Switzerland*, by R. Milner Barry, illustrated; and *Life in the Cut*, by Amos Reade.

Educational Works.—*The History of Pedagogy*: a New History of Educational Theories, by Gabriel Compayré, translated, with introduction, notes, and index, by Prof. W. H. Payne; *The Principles of Philology*, edited from the German of Prof. Paul by Prof. H. A. Strong. In "The Parallel Grammar Series," edited by

Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein: *Latin*, by Prof. Sonnenschein; *French*, by Prof. Moriarty; *German*, by Prof. Kuno Meyer. *The N.-G.-A. Latin Primer*, by G. Stewart Leavack; *A School Arithmetic*, by G. H. Bateson-Wright; *A Primer of German Literature*, by Isabella H. Labin; *Health Maps for Instruction in Gymnastics*, by Anna Leffler-Arnim; *Volapuk*; or, the Universal Language, by Prof. Kirchhoff; *A Child's History of the English People*, by Amy Baker, in 4 vols.; and *Croesus Minor*: Essays on Education, by Austen Pember.

Social and Political.—*English Associations of Working Men*, by Dr. Baernreither, translated by Alice Taylor, in 2 vols.; *The Redemption of Labour*, by Cecil B. Phipson, with statistical diagrams in colours, in 2 vols.; *Liberty and Law*, by George Lacy; *Essays: Literary and Social*, by H. S. Salt; and *London Government*, by J. F. B. Firth (new volume of the "Imperial Parliament" Series).

Poetry and Fine Art.—*Through the Worth Country*, by Prof. William Knight, with fifty-six etchings of Lake Scenery by Harry Goodwin, printed on Japanese paper; *The Legend of Saint Jucundus*: twenty-nine etchings by George Hodgson, with verse by Edith Wallis Robinson; *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, with some Account of the Principal Artists, by Horace Walpole, a new edition, revised by Ralph N. Wornum, in 3 vols., with eighty engraved portraits; *Women must Weep*, a volume of ballads and occasional verse, by Prof. Harald Williams; and *Architectural Styles*, by Ernest Radford.

Novels.—*No Quarter*, by the late Capt. Mayne Reid; *Ireland's Dream*, by Capt. Lyon; *Nadia*; or, Out of the Beaten Track, translated from the Russian of Orloffsky by the Baroness Langenan; *Philip Alwyne*, by Jessie K. Sikes; *A Nest on the Hill*, by J. F. Higgins; *St. Bernards*: the Romance of a Medical Student, by Aesculapius Scalpel; *A Swallow's Wing*, by Charles Hannan; *Caught by the Tide*, by A. L. Garland; *'Twist Love and Sport*, by G. F. Underhill; *Blood!* by W. De Lisle Hay; *Lucy Carter*, by T. Cobb; *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage*, by W. Erskine; *Queer Stories from "Truth"*, vol. v.; *Doonan*, by M. E. Granger; *Jonathan*, by M. Fraser-Tytler; *Alma*, by Emma Marshall; and *The Sport of Circumstances*, by Louis E. Armstrong.

Gift-Books.—*Indian Fables*, by P. V. Ramaswami Raju; *From Deacon to Churchwarden*, by Dr. J. W. Kirtton; *Kintael Place*, by the author of "Dorothy," illustrated edition; *Adventures of a Monkey*, by the author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest," &c.; and *Mace's Fairy Tales*, translated by Caroline Genn.

AN UNPUBLISHED SONNET BY JUSTICE TALFOURD.

THE following sonnet has, we believe, never before been printed. The original is preserved among a large collection of autograph letters, &c., at Goodrich Court.

SONNET TO LORD DENMAN RETIRING FROM THE OFFICE OF LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

THERE is a rapture in the great "All Hail"
With which a nation blesses thy repose
Which proves thy image deathless; that the close
Of man's extremest age whose boyhood glows
While pondering o'er thy lineaments shall fall
To delegate to cold historic tale
What Denman was; for dignity that rose
Not through the forms of "compliment extern,"
But from the generous spirit's purest urn
Sprung vital; justice shrin'd from wintry flaw
By beautiful regards, and thoughts that burn
With noblest ire, within the soul shall draw
No form but thine, when distant times would
learn
The embodied majesty of England's Law.

T. N. TALFOURD.

OBITUARY.

COUNT GOZZADINI.

THERE died at his Villa of Ronzano, in the Bolognese, on August 26, Senator Count Giovanni Gozzadini; and perhaps you may like to receive a short notice of his highly distinguished career from one of his old acquaintances, who corresponded with him almost to the last.

Count Gozzadini was born at Bologna, in 1810, of a patrician family whose name is well known in England. Having ideas of his own, he passed his earlier youth in the practice of weapons. He was a first-rate fencer, and he made a valuable collection of arms. At the age of eighteen he was almost destitute of what is called education, when certain fair cousins took him in hand and worked a complete conversion. He began to lead the ascetic and almost hermit life of a professed student. His father's fine library supplied him with all the necessaries. He passed months and years in muniment rooms and public libraries, working constantly at paleography; and he studied archaeology under the celebrated Schiassi. About this time the discoveries of M. Boucher de Perthes came, like a "thunderbolt from the blue," upon the scientific world to open that vast question, the "Antiquity of Man." Gozzadini at once ranged himself among his disciples; and thus he was, until last week, one of the first who accepted without reserve the new theories of the master. In 1844 he was lucky enough to discover upon his estate of Villa Nuova an ancient sepulchre, which he at once pronounced to be Etruscan. He excavated it with his own hands, made a careful collection of its contents; and despite adverse criticism, which lasted for some nineteen years, his views were at last universally accepted, chiefly through the favourable recognition of the well-known Prof. Conestabile.

The first book that he published was *La Vita di Armanciotto de' Ramazzotti*, a renowned condottiere of the fifteenth century. It was received with high favour; but the author soon abandoned lighter literature and betook himself exclusively to archaeology. He lost no opportunity of exploring the Emilia and in encouraging others to explore for remains of the Northern Etruscans; and he took a leading part in establishing the Museo Civico of his native city—unique of its kind, and the admiration of all savans. On the occasion of the International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archaeology held at Bologna in 1871 he was chosen president, and his opening address contained a valuable *résumé* of antiquarian study in Italy. He also directed the first national exhibition of prehistoric objects, after which Victor Emanuel conferred upon him the large gold medal inscribed, "Al Conte Senatore Giovanni Gozzadini per molte prove di peregrina erudizione." His merits were acknowledged in the most flattering way by the governments of Germany, France, and Denmark, and the illustrious Desor declared him to be "the type of his age."

Count Gozzadini's works are unfortunately scattered in a long succession of pamphlets and booklets, which are, of all things, the most troublesome to a collector. Again and again I suggested to him the advisability of reprinting them in a series of volumes, so that they might find their way into the hands of students; but he had a will of his own, and always gave the best reasons for not doing so. I am, however, in hopes that his native city (Bologna) will see the propriety of producing a *corpus* of his valuable labours. I have noticed a few of them in my work on *Etruscan Bologna*, and did my best to render homage to his talents, as I do now to the memory of this illustrious Italian.—
R. I. P.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for September has one charming article and nowhere fails to stimulate thought. A sound and yet popular paper on Amos leads the way, from the pen of Prof. A. B. Davidson. Mr. Page examines a crucial point in the Synoptic Gospel texts, tending to show that the hypothesis of a purely oral tradition has been too hastily acquiesced in among ourselves. Mr. G. A. Simcox gives suggestions of much freshness and individuality on the origin of the Christian ministry. "E." is severe upon Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch's *Assyrian Dictionary*; but in his catalogue of the author's drawbacks builds a little too much on Noldeke's article on the author's recent *Prolegomena*. "E.'s" statements are here and there somewhat too incisive and unqualified, however well founded they may unfortunately be, on the faultiness of Dr. Delitzsch's copies from the texts. Dr. Marcus Dods notices recent English books on the New Testament, and Dr. Maclaren and Dean Chadwick contribute good popular elucidations of New Testament passages. But the charming article is the veteran Dr. David Brown's *Reminiscences of Edward Irving*, from the years 1827-1832.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for the present month concludes Dr. van Manen's article on Marcion's Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. The author appends the text of the epistle as Marcion may have read it. Dr. de Ridder introduces, with much appreciation, vol. i. of Jülicher's valuable work on the Parables. Dr. Kuenen notices recent works—some of them English—on the Old Testament.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

FLAMINJ, G. S. G. *Stazione preistorica sul Monte del Castellaccio presso Imola. Turin: Loescher. 80 fr.*
GROS, Jules. *Voyages, aventures et captivité de J. Bonnat chez les Achantis. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.*

HISTORY, ETC.

CORRESPONDANCE inédite du roi Stanislas-Auguste Poniatowski et Madame Geoffrin (1764-1777). Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
EMMICH, H. *Das sächsische Bergrecht d. Mittelalters. Leipzig: Giesecke. 9 M. 80 Pf.*
LEHMANN, P. v. *Die Thaler u. kleineren Münzen v. Fräulein Maria v. Jever. Jever: Mettcker. 3 M.*
MIKLOSICH, F., et J. MÜLLER. *Acta et diplomata graeco medii aevi sacra et profana. Vol. V. Acta et diplomata monasteriorum et ecclesiarum orientis. T. II. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 14 M.*
PREBRAM, A. F. *Die Berichte d. kais. Gesandten Franz v. Lisola aus den J. 1656-1690. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 8 M.*

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAOHMANN, J. *Das Leben u. die Sentenzen d. Philosophen Secundus d. Schweigsamen. Nach dem Äthiop. u. Arab. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.*
DEWITZ, H. *Westafrikanische Tageschmetterlinge. Westafrikanische Nymphaliden. Leipzig: Engelmann. 2 M.*
HOFER, B. *Untersuchungen üb. den Bau Speicheldrüsen u. des dazu gehörenden Nervenapparats v. Blatta. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.*
SIMONKA, L. *Enumeratio Florae transilvanicae vesiculosa critica. Budapest: Klian. 14 M.*
SOMMER, R. *Locke's Verhältnis zu Descartes. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 80 Pf.*

PHILOLOGY.

ROEDE, D. *Adiectivum quo ordine apud Sallustium coniunctum sit cum substantivo. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ON TEACHING ENGLISH."

Aberdeen: Aug. 31, 1887.

The notice in the ACADEMY of August 27 of my two recent books, entitled *Teaching English and English Composition and Rhetoric*, Part I., is so disparaging that I must crave the liberty accorded in your columns to aggrieved authors of making some remarks in justification of my position.

If an author were at liberty to dictate to his

critic, I would say, on this occasion, that of the two books named and given at the head of the notice, the reviewer would have done better to choose the more important one; I mean the revised *Rhetoric*, on which he does not spend a single word. The labour I have bestowed on this volume is at least ten times what the other cost, and I value it accordingly. The reviewer must be assumed to deal with it vicariously, through the hasty snatches of attention bestowed on the other.

The main quarrel between Mr. Barnett and myself relates to how English should be taught. I have argued the point at some considerable length in the smaller volume; and I think that these arguments should be met, unless, indeed, they are worthless, which, however, should first be shown by some better examples than those in the article.

The chief complaint of the reviewer is that I do not take a sufficiently wide view of the province of the English teacher. In fact, I narrow it to the vulgar, grovelling, and utilitarian view to which Locke gave expression when he said that "of speaking one's own language well, and being a master of it, let a man's calling be what it will, it cannot but be worth our while taking some pains in it." Now, while interfering with no man's liberty to take a much wider view, I say this is enough for me. If I were to succeed as I wish in this narrow domain, I should be perfectly happy. But whether the narrow or the wide view is the correct one, is scarcely a matter for argument. To the reviewer, the knowledge of English "primarily means the knowledge and understanding of the great Englishmen who have recorded in our tongue the impressions made on themselves by the universe that is, feels, knows." The writer has my full permission to call my view wretched and grovelling, if he will allow me in return to suggest whether, for the teacher's purpose, his view is not somewhat vague, not to say bombastic.

But it is not my purpose to analyse (the reviewer detests analysis) the terms of his high-sounding definition. Indeed, in order to do so, I should want more specific information in detail of the machinery for working out the design. I am more concerned to reply to his criticisms upon my working out of my narrower view.

Of course, when he says that grammatical and other commentaries are helpful to "get to the heart of the writer's mystery, and to make us see the things he makes somewhat as he saw them," I should agree with him, if I considered it my duty as an English teacher to explain an author's view of the universe. There are classes where this is a proper subject, and I have had to do a good deal at it in my time. I merely say that, when I was doing this, I was not teaching English, in my view of it.

But now comes the serious charge, and the one that I feel most interested in rebutting. Your reviewer is not the first critic that has stigmatised my work for disrespect to Bacon; and, in particular, for saying that Arthur Helps's essay on "Business" is an improvement on Bacon's handling of the subject. Now it would take a greater reputation than mine to survive, unscathed, the allegation of slighting Bacon: the English public is, I am aware, peculiarly sensitive on the point. I must, therefore, ask a little space to give my whole case. The reader would not infer from the article, that I guard myself with the following observation as to the Essays:

"The quantity of strong sense compressed into a narrow compass, the pith and brilliancy of the language, and the fame of the author, have made these essays an English classic of the first rank. But the question before us is—How far is the work fitted to be a text-book in the instruction of youth?"

Accordingly, I submit the Essays to a minute examination, with a view of settling the point; and I would simply have referred the reader to the chapter where this is done, but that the apparent drift of the reviewer is to prevent people from looking into the book for themselves. I will, therefore, trespass still farther on your indulgence, and briefly state the two most formidable objections to the use of the Essays as a school-book. The one is their desultory character. Let us suppose in the programme of a school, the teaching of the Essays was announced thus: Monday, "Truth"; Tuesday, "Death"; Wednesday, "Unity in Religion"; Thursday, "Revenge"; Friday, "Adversity"; and so on. The reviewer would call this good teaching. I differ from him. There is an age when being desultory is no great objection; but I contend that when pupils reach fourteen or fifteen, whatever knowledge is given them should be consecutive and sustained. In this view, comment on the above programme is needless.

But even more serious is the other objection—namely, the gross unsuitability of many of the subjects for teaching in any form, at the age supposed. I cannot afford to spend many illustrations on this point. I will take one or two of the extreme cases. I have cited the essay on "Judicature," as, to my mind, the most masterly of the whole, both in substance and in expression. Well, but what does it treat of? Why this: the behaviour of a judge on the bench in all the relationships of his high office—towards the litigants, the counsel, the officials of the court, and so on. Now, is there any conceivable propriety in preparing a class of young boys or girls, for becoming judges?

Another case. It has pleased the Civil Service Commissioners to include the Essays among competitive subjects for the service. For reasons that I have given, this is a worse abuse than taking them up at school, where the teacher has a free hand. My only remark on this choice is, let the Commissioners dread the day when a satirist finds in their papers this question from the essay on "Gardens"—namely, how to lay out thirty acres of pleasure grounds!

I cannot help feeling some surprise that, after eight generations have perused these Essays, and, we might suppose, appropriated the matter, there should still be something left for the ninth to extract from them. Surely Bacon must have expressed himself very badly if his meaning has not been fully taken up and embodied by others before now. However, it is only the Essays that possess the character of the magician's bottle. The Inductive Logic and the Natural History are, by general admission, superseded. Why, then, I ask, may not Helps, founding upon Bacon, and adopting subsequent suggestions and experience, be allowed to have superseded the essay on "Business," without disparagement to Bacon's genius?

It is more to my purpose to deal with the reviewer's correction of my handling of the opening sentence of the essay on "Truth." Protesting that I do not consider the Elizabethan writers the best suited for instruction in style, I still endeavour to point out ways of employing them for this end. One such way is to illustrate delicacy in the use of synonyms, in which they were apt to be careless. Thus, on the opening of the essay on "Truth"—"What is truth, said jesting Pilate. And would not stay for an answer." I remark that "said" should be "asked" when putting a question, and "and" should be "but." Here the reviewer pretends to know Bacon's own mind when he wrote, and declares confidently that he avoided "asked" and preferred "said," because there was only the *form* of a question, and not the reality. Now, if we had to deal

with a careful writer of the present day, we might give him credit for such delicacy; but I would not do the same for any Elizabethan. Moreover, the point is still a debatable one—namely, when we use a question merely as a figure of speech, is not the word "ask" still admissible, nay, even preferable? Would it then be an error to employ it? I do not think so; but, whether or not, the raising of the doubt, only adds to the use to be made of the instance as a lesson. Remember that what we have in view is not to be dogmatic ourselves, but to call into play the judgment of our pupils; and this can be still farther effected by opening up as a new point, whether a question in *form* is or is not supposed to be asked. One presumption against the reviewer's decision is found in the phrase—"would not stay for an answer"; which looks as if an answer would have followed but for Pilate's impatience. Proceeding, however, upon the doubt, we should bring up for discussion—What is the end of putting a question that did not mean a question? This carries us to Interrogation as a figure of speech, and to its uses in that capacity. These uses are various. The one applicable to this case is rousing the attention on first naming a subject for discussion. We then enquire—Has it that effect here, or would anything have been lost by stating the subject without the figure? Does Bacon employ the same device in any other essay? If not, what is there special in Truth as a subject to render it proper?

I now pass to still more serious matters. The reviewer charges me with passing beyond my own scheme of "teaching English," by pronouncing literary judgments, where my authority can have no special weight, and where most people will differ from me. In other words, I am setting up my own judgments on literary works against the general current of the best critics. The allegation is utterly unfounded. I have had in view, in carrying on my work, the critical opinions of all the men that have obtained authority as critics; and, unless I could reconcile my conclusions in the main to those that have received the stamp of ages, I would abandon the whole enterprise. My position is simply this: that I take up the thread of rhetorical teaching, as begun among the Greeks, and continued, with occasional intermission, to our time. I explain the principles that have been worked out on the subject, and show their application to cases. As all literary productions have been subjected to the intuitive non-reasoning criticism, upon which, indeed, most of our current judgments are founded, it is interesting to compare the results of the two methods; for, unless they support one another, something must be wrong. The difference between judgments founded on the carrying out of principles and judgments by the unassisted ear, so to speak, ought not to be greater than the allowed difference between one intuitive critic and another. Now, this is the whole amount of peculiarity in my literary judgments. It is the full length that I would ever venture to go, however knowing I might become in rhetorical science.

Your critic, however, has his own views as to my presumption; and he exposes them by a couple of extracts from the detailed examination of Shelley's "Skylark." He gives no reasons, but trusts to self-evident absurdity; and follows up by saying "the further criticisms are equally unhappy," that is, in his opinion.

It puzzles me to know what my reviewer actually expects to settle by these two quotations, referring to two stanzas of the poem. He should have told me whether these were good representative specimens of the work, or whether he considered them to be the best or the worst examples. I have no doubt he

selected what appeared to him, at a rapid glance, most vulnerable; and he says, or else insinuates, that all the rest are equally bad. I do not quite appreciate the justice of this mode of dealing. The work before him is principally occupied with lessons on the qualities of style, upon a series of passages selected from many writers, including Macaulay, Carlyle, Byron, Gray, Coleridge, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Campbell. They occupy 156 pages. How is a fair-minded critic to grapple with this? Is the production of half a page from any one lesson decisive of all the rest? There may very reasonably be a great variety in the merits of the treatment, without the whole being utterly worthless. What a critic might do, would be to remark on the method, as propounded and explained by the author, and then, on his own responsibility, to give a general opinion upon it. I defy him, in the limits of a short article, to back up this judgment with quotations sufficient to establish such an opinion, or to give it even a decent amount of probability.

I wish I could here quote at length a most valuable extract from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, in which he describes the method of teaching followed by his master at Christ's Hospital, James Bowyer, and the good effect it had on his subsequent work. I may say, however, that it was the carrying out, with remorseless vigour, the line-by-line, and word-by-word criticism, which I exemplify in those lessons. The following sentence is merely one part of his method:—"He showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words." I could also quote Coleridge himself to the same effect. For example,

"The line—

'And reddening, Phoebus lifts his golden fire,' has indeed, almost as many faults as words. But then, it is a bad line, not because the language is distinct from that of prose, but because it conveys incongruous images, because it confounds the cause and the effect, the real thing with the personified representation," &c.

Our great critics occasionally remit their grand style of sweeping criticism by condescending to analyse single lines; and it is felt by us as most refreshing. It is through word-by-word criticism that every writer corrects, polishes, refines his composition. The rhetorical master has nothing to do with the stream of invention. He comes in at the "blotting" stage.

In a somewhat confused paragraph at the close, the reviewer continues his disparagement by a series of mis-statements. What can he mean by this—every lesson in my books can be learned from the daily newspapers? That is to say, because the errors that I comment upon may be found in the daily newspapers, therefore, any one can find them there; in short, there is no need of a teacher in the case.

More remarkable still is the use made of Macaulay's name to spin out a few more damaging insinuations. Macaulay, it seems, "was made by such a knowledge of, and memory for, a large range of English classics as few men can hope to have." So far, good. But what follows? He was not taught English on Dr. Bain's method. "He was not starved on a diet of elegant extracts." The inuendo here is such a gross perversion of facts that I must claim one other paragraph in self-justification. The meaning must be (or there is no meaning) that I set up the analysis of extracts as a rival method to copious reading of classical authors. I can meet this at once by referring to the opening paragraph of my *Rhetoric*, published in 1866. The substance is repeated in a more quotable form in the work on *Education as a Science*:

"The whole gist of rhetorical teaching, as thus

viewed, is to awaken the minds of the pupils to the sense of good and evil in composition. This I take to be the prime requisite. For, although in order to write well, a command of expression is even more necessary than the power to judge of good writing; yet, the teacher can do but little for the one, and can do a great deal for the other. A fluence of language is the fruit of years; very many of the niceties and delicacies of composition may be made apparent in a six months' course."

Of course, it was no part of the reviewer's duty to be acquainted with either of those books. His eye might, however, have caught, in the present work, a title in small capitals—WHAT THINGS TO OMIT—where the utility of an English teacher is reduced to its lowest terms; certain circumstances, of quite possible occurrence, being mentioned where he could be wholly dispensed with.

In regard to Macaulay, in particular, I will risk the farther remark that if he had been under Bowyer for two years, while the genius and affluence of his language would have suffered no diminution, much less would have now been heard of his mannerisms.

The reviewer candidly deplores the uninspiring character of most of the recent school editions of the English Classics, but commends to my notice Mr. Beeching's *Julius Caesar* as an exception. I happen to be already acquainted with the work. It appears to be an excellent commentary on all matters needing explanation. Its chief characteristic lies in propounding, as an educational discipline, the dramatic proprieties of the play. Now, this is a department of English standing quite apart; it neither supersedes, nor interferes with, my writings. On the contrary, I should say that all that I have done and propose to do would be a needful introduction to such an attempt. How far the language and demeanour dramatically suited to Julius Caesar, on the eve of his assassination, is fitting to be submitted as an exercise of judgment to boys and girls of fifteen is a point whereon opinions will differ.

Finally, I commend to our profession the following words of Coleridge:

"From causes which this is not the place to investigate, no model of past times, however perfect, can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind as the productions of contemporary genius."

To this the universal chorus of pupils will shout, "Amen."

A. BAIN.

THE NAME OF "OXFORD."

Clevedon: Sept. 5, 1887.

Mr. Henry Bradley says (ACADEMY, September 3, 1887, p. 151) that "on questions of philology," most of my arguments appear to him absolutely unmeaning, as, he continues, no doubt, his do to me. This being the case, we had each better limit our ambition to our several chances of having been understood by the remaining majority of your readers, an allotment in which I readily accept my part.

Another of Mr. Bradley's propositions, however, I do not accept: that Oxford, already containing three churches of Celtic dedication, started again, as "a hamlet," with—as Mr. Bradley considers—a Teutonic name. Any "documentary evidence" of this would be self-convicted, even though it should include a paradigm of an Anglo-Saxon grammar. Indeed, we seem here to have another example of the conflicts of philological certainties with actual facts, which I dwelt upon in my former letter.

I presume to revert, from Mr. Bradley's speculations about "Eburna," &c., to what I had said already (ACADEMY, August 27, p. 135). Mr. Bradley might have told us whence he got his Celtic "Eburáoon"; but he need not now take the trouble to do so.

I hope the next editor of Leland may be as literally exact as Thomas Hearne.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

Sheffield: Sept. 1, 1887.

I have noticed lately that doubts have been thrown upon the generally accepted derivation of Oxford from "ford of oxen," and I see that Mr. Kerslake has returned to the subject in the ACADEMY of August 27.

I have just met with a similar local name in a survey of the estates of the Earl of Arundel in and near Sheffield, made in the year 1637. The name occurs in the following sentence:

"Item another intacke called *Cowforthe holms* (wood and arrable) lying between Loxley water north-east and Stanington wood south and west."

Now *holm* is a meadow by the side of a river, a level meadow, a river meadow, or, according to the *Prompt. Parvulorum*, a "place beyond a watur"; and apart from this the context renders it clear that this is "Cow-ford," ford for cows. Exactly in the same way Oxford is "ford for oxen"; and this derivation, I need hardly say, is fully supported by ancient spellings of the name.

It seems to me that the Latinised form *Oxonía* is a barbarism from the word "oxen," and ought rather to have been *Oxenía* or *Oznia*. I can never forgive Anthony Wood for writing *Oxon* for Oxford, as he persistently does. His *Oxon* cannot have been undergraduate slang for *Oxna-ford* or *Oxen-ford*.

S. O. ADDY.

London: Sept. 2, 1887.

Permit me to appear in support of the Celtic contention for the place-name "Oxford."

It is stated by Mr. Bradley (ACADEMY, September 3) that it is always written "Oxna," or "Oxena," in the earliest documents. I do not find this statement correct. We have, for instance, on Alfred's coinage, "Orsnaforda," with numerous variants in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and in charters; e.g., "Oxana," "Oxone." Comparing these with the later "Oxna," "Oxena," I deduce a form like "Uxona," well known in river names. Compare "Uxa-conium," somewhere near Wellington, Salop; "Axona," now the Aisne, in France. All these forms will support Ock, Welsh *uch*, for the upper river; that is one that flows into another—a tributary.

Then, as to the hypothetical "Isis," compare the Isara, or Oise, which receives the Aisne, Welsh is "low," our English Ouse; this is substantially Leland's view. We have in Merionethshire such forms as Isafon, Uwchafon; and we do not know from what point of view the Britons regarded Oxford, with reference to a topographical aspect.

A. HALL.

"COLLATION OF FOUR IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS."

Boisort, près Luzech (Lot): Sept. 4, 1887.

I accept with pleasure the explanation given by Dr. Ceriani in the ACADEMY of August 20, p. 121.

Printed texts frequently disagree with the MSS. in many peculiarities, as everyone who has acquired some experience knows. The edition of the *Four Important Manuscripts* is not an exception to the rule, at least in the niceties constituting punctuation and orthography. For this reason I paid great attention to what I was told by Dr. Ceriani, or to what I read in his copy of Scrivener's *Introduction*. My mind was so struck by that declaration that, in writing my essay, I did not probably attend to, or even remember, what I had read in the work of Farrar and Abbott on the same subject.

Assuredly I had no intention of accusing Dr. Abbott of falsehood or of shameful negligence, and I am sorry that my words have been, or may be, construed in that sense.

ABBÉ MARTIN.

"INITIALS AND PSEUDONYMS."

New York: August 26, 1887.

Mr. Ralph Thomas seems to be under the impression that if a person compiles a dictionary he must give credit to all his predecessors for every word contained in that dictionary. Mr. Thomas's book is now difficult to obtain—at least in the United States—and, instead of being a *Handbook of Fictitious Names*, it is to a great extent a compilation of literary plagiarisms. Had Mr. Cushing inserted my list of pseudonyms employed by Voltaire as I handed it to him, then Mr. Thomas would have discovered that I had included many names which are not in Quérard. But the whole thing seems to amount to just this: Mr. Thomas was evidently preparing a new edition of his *Handbook*, and because two Americans "got ahead of him," as the phrase goes, he stops the sale of a valuable book of reference.

As regards the work issued by Messrs. Halkett and Laing, Mr. Thomas knows very well that he has misrepresented the facts. This book is arranged by titles; and nobody can find anything in it unless he happens to know precisely how the title of the book is worded.

ALBERT R. FREY.

SCIENCE.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SLOVAK GYPSIES.

Die Mundart der slovakischen Zigeuner. Von Dr. Rudolf von Sowa. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck.)

SINCE William Marsden published his *Observations on the Language of the Gypsies*, in 1784, not one English philologist of mark has paid any attention to the Romani language except Mr. Beames, and his work is a sealed one to all but orientalists. The field has been left clear to a few linguists like Borrow and Prof. Palmer, and such dilettanti as Col. Harriot, Mr. Leland, Messrs. Bath-Smart and Crofton, and myself.

Prof. Max Müller, the head of our English school of comparative philology, dismisses Romani in a sentence as "most degraded in its grammar, and with a dictionary stolen from all the countries through which the Zingali passed;" and no one has ventured to challenge his dictum. Indeed, theories as to the Gypsies rank in Great Britain with pyramid, theosophic, and Anglo-Israel crazes. On the Continent, however, Profs. Pott, Benfey, Ascoli, Friedrich Müller, Miklosich, and De Goeje have, between 1844 and 1880, published hundreds on hundreds of pages regarding the language and the wanderings of the Gypsies; and their investigations go far to show that Romani is the most purely inflectional language surviving in Europe, while its borrowings have been relatively few, compared with those of (say) English. And that the subject is not deemed wholly exhausted may be inferred from the publication of the present work at the cost of the Vienna Academy of Sciences. It is founded on nineteen Romani *Märchen* collected by Dr. Von Sowa, at Tepliez, in 1884-85; and of its 194 pages 160 are devoted to a grammar of the Slovak-Romani dialect, sixteen to the text of nine of those *Märchen*. It is a pity that more

space was not given to the latter, and less to the grammar; for some of this is a mere repetition of what has been given better by others, and Dr. von Sowa has failed in several important points to grasp the genius of the Romani language. Thus, his statement is utterly misleading as to the perfect—that it is formed by adding *-jom*, *-jal*, *-jas*, &c., to the past participle. This explains nothing; whereas it is perfectly certain that *gilóm* "I went," the perfect of *jáva* "I go," is a compound of *giló* "gone," and *hom* "I am," thus equalling "gone am I." In the same way the plural perfect is a compound of the past participle and *homás* "I was." But what one really wants now, in future works on any of the Romani dialects, is not a complete grammar or vocabulary, but an indication of the inflections and words that distinguish it from the other dialects.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of Dr. von Sowa's grammar is his analysis of the vocabulary of his nineteen *Märchen*, according to which three per cent. of the words are of Magyar, nineteen of Slovak, and one of German origin. These *Märchen* themselves are of considerable value to folklorists generally; and the pity is he has published but nine of them, that, too, without a translation. Among these nine I recognise variants of "The Valiant Little Tailor," "The Shoes that were danced to Pieces," "The Master Thief," and "Gambling Hansel." Five others—"The Two Children," "The Four-and-twenty Thieves," "The Smith's Daughter," "The Ring," and "The Dragon"—I have failed to identify, though they offer many analogies to various European folk-tales. Gypsy *Märchen*, of which we now possess more than a hundred, have, like the Gypsy language, been almost universally neglected. There is not a hint of them in Mr. Clouston's recent *Popular Tales and Fictions*—a valuable work which indicates the late Asiatic origin of a host of our common folk-tales. I ask, as I asked nine years since with barely a fourth then of my present materials: May not our fairy-tales owe their Asiatic type, in part at least, to the Gypsies, many of whom in South-eastern Europe are professional story-tellers at the present day?

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREEK SAMPI ON INDO-SCYTHIAN COINS.

London: Aug. 29, 1887.

Will you allow me to supplement my notes on "Zoroastrian Deities on Indo-Scythian Coins," published in the August number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt), with a few remarks on the epigraphic puzzle, for which I had found but a partial solution when that article was concluded?

The question is how to account for the letter P, which apparently represents in the legends of the Indo-Scythian coins (written in Greek characters) the native sound *sh*. The identity of KANHPKI and OOHPKI of our coins with the kings Kanishka and Huvishka of Indian tradition was a brilliant discovery of Prinsep; and equally happy was the identification of KOPANO with the ethnic title *Kushan*, suggested long ago by Gen. Sir A. Cunningham. But neither of these great pioneers in Indian numismatics nor later observers have been able to give any explanation of such a phonetic change.

To the list of forms with P = *sh* we can now

add from the obverses the titles PAO and PAONANOPAO, and from the reverse of some Huvishka coins the name of the god PAOPHOPO. In the paper referred to above I have identified the former titles (which, although known to correspond to BACIAETC and BACIAETC BACIAEONN of the Greek legends, had hitherto baffled all attempts at etymological interpretation) with the Iranian titles *Sháh* and *Sháhan-sháh*; and I was similarly enabled to recognise in PAOPHOPO the Zoroastrian archangel *Shahrévar*. A close examination of the coins had also shown me that the letter representing *sh* in these and other legends, hitherto read as P, bears in fact a shape clearly different from the ordinary P, and rather resembling *p*; but I was not yet able, when writing that article, to suggest any explanation of the origin of this remarkable character.

I now think that I have found its prototype in the Greek *San* or *Sampi*, Ϻ. This ancient sibilant, which survived in the later Greek alphabet only as the *εσσηνωρ* for 900, was, in fact, the only Greek character available for the expression of the sound *sh* of the Indo-Scythian legends. *San*, which we know from Herodotus (i. 139) to have been a letter peculiar to the Dorians, denoted in their dialect apparently a softer pronunciation of *s*, perhaps approaching that of *sh* (see Athenæus xi. § 30). The very name *San*, evidently derived from the Semitic *shin*, suggests for Ϻ a phonetic value similar to *sh* (compare the correspondence between name and sound in *στυα* = *samekh*.)

Our identification of the Indo-Scythian *sh* with the character *San* rests, however, in the main on clear palaeographic evidence (compare for the latter Dr. I. Taylor's *Alphabet*, ii. p. 95). The earliest form of *San* is M, found in Dorian inscriptions (Thera, Melos, Corinth); coins of Mesembria and an inscription of Halicarnassus present us with a later form of *San* in the shape of T. As a numeral it appears in Greek papyri of Ptolemaic times in the form of ω or T, from which the oldest minuscule form of *Sampi*, Ϻ, and the almost identical form of the Indo-Scythian *sh* can be derived with equal ease. The latter character may be seen with special clearness on the coins represented on p. 165 of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*.

The Indo-Scythian coinage generally exhibits very cursive characters, which, in the absence of historical evidence (inscriptions of Kanishka and his successors date from A.D. 87-176), we should be inclined to assign to a much later period; the almost perfect identity of the Indo-Scythian *sh* with the early minuscule form of *San* is, therefore, easily accounted for.

In the Indo-Scythian legends we had always ample proof of the fact that Greek writing remained in current use in India long after the destruction of the Greek kingdoms but the vitality of Greek writing in the far East was, perhaps, never brought more forcibly before us than by the observation that the obsolete *San* was revived to denote the *sh* of the foreign conquerors.

M. AUREL STEIN.

PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

London: Aug. 31, 1887.

I have just read an able paper by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, on Dr. F. A. Paley's *The Truth about Homer*, in the *Cambridge Chronicle*; and I am surprised to find that a scholar like Prof. Jebb, in his recent work, *Homer*; an Introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey, ignores the labours of one who has done more than any living man to throw light on the Homeric question. Dr. Paley, in his various works, has adduced overwhelming proof that our Homer cannot have been the Homer from which the Greek dramatists and

lyric poets derived the materials of their works; and that, in fact, the Homer we read was not known among the Greeks before the age of Plato. Now, it is quite possible that some critics may not be fully satisfied with the evidence produced by Dr. Paley; but they, bound by common honesty and by the love of truth, which ought to be the first quality of every true scholar, not to repeat the old traditions as if they had never been assailed, and if they were universally acknowledged facts.

Whatever may be the value of my opinion, do not hesitate to enter my protest against such a method of dealing with so important a literary question; and I confess that I am in common with many others, entirely agree, as a whole, with the results to which Dr. Paley's investigations have led, and feel grateful to Sir George W. Cox for the admirable way in which he has dealt with the subject in the *Cambridge Chronicle*. L. SCHMITZ.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE AVESTA.

Herent (Belgium): Sept. 7, 1887.

I regret sincerely that my answer to Dr. West's and M. Geiger's attacks seems unpleasant to our great Pahlavi scholar, although the was not a single word in it which need be disagreeable to anybody. I could not forbear writing it. Therefore, I will terminate the discussion, observing merely that Dr. West once more pays attention only to a short occasional paper, without noticing other more important writings on the same subject; and that M. Geiger has wholly misrepresented my opinions and ascribed to me assertions which I never thought of. I have demonstrated this long ago. C. DE HARLE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Two new works on the microscope are announced for early publication by Messrs. Roper & Drowley. One is by Mr. T. Charter White, and will treat of the mounting of objects; the other is a practical guide to the working, and manipulation of the instrument and its accessories, and is by the author of *My Microscope*, who writes under the pseudonym of "The Quekett Club-man." This volume will be profusely illustrated.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

The forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Yemen Inscriptions—the Glaser Collection in the British Museum—Texts, and Translations," by Prof. Hartwig Derenbourg; "The Land of Sinim," by Prof. T. K. Cheyne; "The Land of Sinim, not China," by Prof. T. de Lacouperie; "Sumero-logical Notes," by Prof. Fritz Hommel; "A Royal Tithe of Nabonidus," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.

FINE ART.

NAVILLE'S EDITION OF "THE BOOK OF THE DEAD."

Das Aegyptische Tottenbuch der XVIII. bis XX. Dynastie. Von Edouard Naville. (Berlin: Asher.)

M. NAVILLE knows now how Agamemnon felt when Troy was taken. Unlike the king of men, however, he needs no Homer to rescue him from oblivion. His ten years' task is its own indelible record; and although that task while in progress may have seemed tedious and even ungrateful, he is promptly rewarded with the unanimous gratitude of

he learned, and by the knowledge that he has erected a colossal monument to his own enduring renown. To over-estimate the earning, the patience, the perseverance which have gone to the making of this great work is indeed impossible. The labour has been not only mental but bodily. It has involved long and frequent journeys, much self-denial, some hardships, and an amount of mere manual task-work which fairly staggers the imagination. It is not enough to say that M. Naville, in order to collect his thousands of variants, has given us the cream of seventy-one papyri contained in the museums of London, Paris, Berlin, Turin, Leyden, Florence, Bologna, Parma, Rome, Naples, Hanover, Marseilles, Liverpool, Dublin and Boulaq, besides others in private collections in various parts of Europe; and this without counting the sculptured texts of six Egyptian sepulchres, and the inscribed winding-sheet of Thothmes III. We have also to remember the mass of documents which yielded no variants, and so cost labour in vain. The disappointments, the long trials of patience, and even the difficult circumstances under which many texts were deciphered, should also be taken into account when we sum up our debt of gratitude to M. Naville. Of such details he himself says nothing; but they are the inseparable drawbacks to Egyptological research, as every Egyptologist knows. Nor must it be forgotten that the author of a work of this description addresses not even the learned world in general, but only a very limited circle of specialists. To all but Egyptologists *pur et simple*, M. Naville's new edition of the *Todtenbuch* is absolutely a dead letter. The savants who shall translate it into modern languages, the commentators who shall interpret it by the light of comparative mythology, folklore, and philology, will achieve that popularity which M. Naville has prepared for them, and which in his own person he has been content to forego.

For readers who, not being Egyptologists *pur et simple*, are nevertheless interested in all that promotes the progress of science, it may be as well to explain what it is that M. Naville has actually done. In the first place, *The Book of the Dead* is a collection of prayers and exorcisms composed at various periods for the benefit of the pilgrim-soul in his journey through Amenti (the Egyptian Hades); and it was in order to provide him with a safe-conduct through the perils of that terrible valley, that copies of this work, or portions of it, were buried with the mummy in his tomb. Of the many thousands of papyri which have been preserved to this day, it is perhaps scarcely too much to say that one half, if not two-thirds, are copies more or less complete of the *Book of the Dead*. As documents, their variety is infinite; as texts, the majority are corrupt and faulty. In fact, no such thing as a really complete and correct copy has yet been found; and it is to the compilation of this ideal copy that M. Naville has devoted ten of the best years of his life. Confining himself to a central period when the sense of the book was yet fairly understood by the scribes, he has so collated, sifted, and selected his materials that a pure text is, for the first time, placed in the hands of scholars. Side by side with this pure text, M. Naville, in his second volume, gives us the various

readings of all his reference papyri, so that we not only have a standard copy for current use, but the means of constructing other copies. Scholars, in short, find their work done for them. Each can now select the variants he prefers, and a critical edition of *The Book of the Dead* at last becomes possible. Pending the critical edition, it is however to be hoped that competent Egyptologists will hasten to translate M. Naville's standard text into the principal European languages. An intelligible rendering is urgently needed; and without disrespect to the versions of Birch and Pierret, it must be conceded that no such rendering has yet been practicable. The Turin text edited by Lepsius is of a late epoch, and consequently corrupt; yet translators have been fain to follow that or none. That Dr. Birch should fail to make reasonable sense of so misleading an original was inevitable; and, notwithstanding the fact that he had De Rouge's admirable rendering of the famous seventeenth chapter to steer by, M. Pierret, on the whole, fared but little better. Even De Rouge, it is to be remembered, could not make sense of that chapter without a very free use of paraphrase.

The sources of error in funerary papyri were many and fruitful. These documents were the staple of an extensive trade, and the numbers engaged in every branch of this special industry were necessarily considerable. As in all other trades, the skill of the craftsman varied. Some scribes wrote well and others ill. Some were educated men, who understood what they transcribed; others were ignorant, and copied ignorantly. As a rule, there would seem to have been a division of labour, the hand that executed the vignettes being evidently not the same hand that penned the text. Some first-class penmen, however, were also admirable artists, and illustrated their own texts. Taking them in the mass, funerary papyri may be divided broadly into two classes; namely, documents made to order, and documents made for sale. The documents made to order were executed by artist-scribes of repute. They may be recognised by the general uniformity of the style, and by the accuracy with which the text and vignettes correspond. The space is carefully calculated; the writing is done to scale; the name of the deceased is in the same hand and in the same ink as the rest; and every illustration falls into its proper place. In papyri made for sale, the vignettes are by one hand, and the text by another. The object being in this case to produce an attractive article, the illustrations were made of more importance than the text, and the artist's share of the work was done first. Hence we find a marked inequality of style between the vignettes and the writing; the former being abundant, and often beautifully executed, whereas the latter is generally indifferent, and almost always faulty. Forced to accommodate his text to the space left by the artist, the scribe filled it in as best he could. The illustrations consequently come in wrong places; and, if the chapter to which they belong is too lengthy, another chapter with which they have no connexion is substituted. A careless scribe not infrequently filled in his blanks with fragments of texts and senseless repetitions. The place for the name of the deceased was,

of course, left vacant till the document was sold. This important lacuna was, however, occasionally overlooked; and the dead man's passport to Amenti, though duly buried with him, was useless, because nameless. In cases where the name has been added, there is generally a perceptible difference in the character of the script and the colour of the ink. M. Naville gives a curious instance of a papyrus at Liverpool, in which the name had been entered and then erased. Here, evidently, the document had been returned after purchase, and the scribe had done his best to put it once again into saleable condition. By noting the above-named points, it becomes easy to classify papyri as (1) made to order, or (2) made for sale. The former may be said to rank as works of art, and the latter as manufactured articles. As, however, the work of art is sober in style and sparingly illustrated, the manufactured article is by far the more attractive to an unlearned eye. Whether the scribes, as a rule, did or did not understand what they copied is an interesting question. M. Naville is of opinion that during the classic period—that is, throughout the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties—the majority of scribes did undoubtedly read and understand the sense of *The Book of the Dead*; but that their successors of the XXth and XXIst Dynasties were for the most part as ignorant as the public for which they catered. By the way in which they divided their columns and blundered the text, writing sometimes backwards and sometimes forwards in the same papyrus, he can tell whether they worked from a hieroglyphic or hieratic original, and even in what way the copy was arranged before the eyes of the copyists. Hieroglyphic documents, as a rule, were written vertically, and hieratic documents horizontally. Also, some hieroglyphic papyri are written from right to left, and others from left to right. Now, in a Berlin papyrus—clearly one of those got up for sale—the vignettes are made for a text reading from right to left, whereas the scribe has filled it in from left to right. The illustrations therefore come in inverse order, so proving that the scribe must have been entirely ignorant of the meaning of the characters traced by his pen. It is interesting to note that papyri in which the hieroglyphs read from left to right were thus written in conformity with a religious idea, life being regarded as a journey westward to Amenti, and the west, according to the Egyptian system of orientation, lying to the right hand of the observer.

The Book of the Dead, as already stated, is a compilation of texts written at various times and in various places. To assign an initial date to any one chapter, or group of chapters, is impossible. That it was regarded by the Egyptians themselves as a work of extreme antiquity may be inferred from the remote origin attributed to certain portions. Thus, in the great Turin papyrus, the 130th chapter is attributed to Usaphaidos (Hesepti) of the 1st Dynasty, and the 64th Chapter to Menkara, of the 1Vth Dynasty; while the engraved texts of the sarcophagus of Queen Mentuhotep (XIth Dynasty) and two papyri of the XXIst Dynasty concur in ascribing the 64th chapter, not to Menkara, but to Usaphaidos. Again, in the famous papyrus of Nebsemi, a remarkable chapter, elsewhere

unknown, is said to have been discovered by Prince Hortata-f, son of Menkara. Without accepting these traditions *au pied de la lettre*, it must be admitted that they represent a belief which possibly had some approximate foundation in fact, and which was at all events handed on from dynasty to dynasty throughout a period of more than 2000 years. The majority of the chapters are of Heliopolitan origin, the next largest number being due to Hermopolis. One chapter only—the 171st—can with certainty be attributed to Thebes; and this chapter is found in but two documents, namely, the Brocklehurst papyrus No. 2, and the twenty-first Boulak papyrus. Strange to say, this is the only chapter in the whole *Book of the Dead* which mentions the name of either Thebes or Amen, whence M. Naville concludes that it is a Theban interpolation, and consequently of more recent date than the rest. The total absence (with this one exception) of the name of the great god of the capital of the Thebaid from a work of such supreme authority—and not only the absence of his name, but of all mention of his cult, and of the localities in which he was especially worshipped—constitutes in M. Naville's opinion a chronological factor of the first importance in any attempt to determine the age of the work.

"The part played by Amen in the Egyptian Pantheon," he says, "was assuredly very great; and Thebes, his place of residence, was a city incontestably of more importance than many others which are mentioned in *The Book of the Dead*. If the god and his temples are passed over in silence, it is, therefore, undoubtedly because the composition of the book dated back to an epoch anterior to the worship of Amen; while the care with which it was avoided to introduce what would have changed the character of the work must be attributed to the desire of preserving its archaic colouring" (Einleitung, chap. ii.).

If, however, *The Book of the Dead* should prove to be less ancient than is reported by native tradition, the recently discovered Pyramid Texts may be said to have constituted a Book of the Dead for the Egyptians of the Ancient Empire. Also, in addition to the Pyramid Texts, new chapters of the actual *Todtenbuch* have quite lately been found; as, for instance, in the tomb of Horhotep.* These facts, as M. Naville justly observes, point to the existence of some older funerary book, or books, of which a part is lost, or has been superseded by *The Book of the Dead*. It will be remembered that Mariette, in one of his vivid flashes of intuitive perception, hazarded this very opinion only a few months before his death. His premises, as it happens, were erroneous; but his conclusions have been borne out by discoveries made since he passed away.

One important and clearly proved fact in the history of *The Book of the Dead* is the transformation which it underwent at the time of the Saïte Renaissance. Then it was that one of the Psammetici did for this venerable religious collection what Pisistratus did for the Homeric poems. The chapters were for the first time arranged in a definite and intelligible sequence; some were omitted; the rest were revised; four new ones were

introduced; and a codex was added. Thus the text became fixed; and from this "Revised Version" of the oldest Bible in the world the copyists worked from that time forth.

The script varied from age to age. With but one exception, the most ancient examples of *The Book of the Dead* are executed in hieroglyphic characters, or in a writing which is an abridgement of the hieroglyphic. This abridged form, though it occasionally resembles the hieratic, was concurrent with, yet distinct from, the actual hieratic, which did not come into use for *The Book of the Dead* earlier than the XXth and XXIst Dynasties. Thenceforth—that is to say, from the XXIst to the XXVIth Dynasty—hieratic prevailed, and copies executed in hieroglyphs are very rarely met with. With the Saïte revival, however, the taste for hieroglyphic writing was reawakened; and the codified texts of the Saïte scribes (and later still of the Ptolemaic scribes) are as often written in the hieroglyphic script as in the hieratic. Thus, four distinct phases of the text are recognisable: (1) the text of the Ancient and Middle Empire, which has yet to be collated, is imperfectly known, and is hieroglyphic; (2) the Theban text, from the XVIth to the XXth Dynasty, also hieroglyphic; (3) the hieratic text, of which the order of the chapters is not yet determined, and which commanded the market from the XXth to the XXVIth Dynasty; (4) the Saïte and Ptolemaic text, which I have ventured to describe as the "Revised Version," and which is written indifferently in either the hieroglyphic or hieratic script. Of the abridged form of hieroglyphic writing above-named, M. Naville remarks that it better deserves the name of "hieratic" than the actual hieratic, which is really cursive, and should be so called.

For the unanswerable reasons which decided M. Naville to confine his text to the great Theban period, I can only refer readers of the ACADEMY to the first chapter of his Einleitung. Enough that the undertaking as at first outlined by the Orientalist Congress of 1874 was impracticable, and that it would have consumed a lifetime—or, perhaps, have demanded more than a single lifetime—to do for the texts of the four periods of *The Book of the Dead* what it has cost ten years to do for one. It fortunately happened that M. Naville's researches brought to light an unexpected wealth of documents belonging to that one special era. Some of these had long lain disregarded in public museums, while others were among the hidden treasures of private collections. Many contained important variants of the text; some yielded new names, titles, and offices; and in some were discovered chapters hitherto unknown. One chapter, the 154th, long sought and well-nigh despaired of, was found by M. Naville on the inscribed winding-sheet of Thothmes III., then just rescued, with the mummy and mummy-case of its owner, from the depths of the famous *câche* at Dayr-el-Baharee. Now, it so happens that the winding-sheet is the proper place of this text; and as the winding-sheet of Thothmes III. is unique, we may assume that the 154th chapter might never have turned up if the secret of the *câche* had not been revealed. The whole of the very im-

portant 17th chapter, which contains a summary of the Egyptian cosmogony as taught at Heliopolis, is also written on this sheet, as well as the 18th chapter, part of the 68th, and some portions of the Litany of Ra. The whole document is, in fact, of great philological value. It is dated, it is written with extreme care, it is admirably correct, and it is regarded by M. Naville as of authority of the utmost importance for the determination of linguistic forms at the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty. It has also given us the name of Queen Isi, or Isit, the mother of Thothmes III., who is thus first made known to history. Nor is this the only royal name which has been rescued from oblivion by *The Book of the Dead*. A papyrus of the XXth Dynasty (Brit. Mus. No. 9953) reports to have been written for "the Chief Librarian of King Khai," a sovereign not elsewhere known; and a Leyden Papyrus of the XXIInd Dynasty commemorates one "Pakrer," a Memphite priest of Ptah, who, strangely enough, is twice described as "Lord of the Two Lands." The name of Pakrer is also noteworthy as being identical with that of a tributary prince of Sopt of the XXVIth Dynasty, who conspired against Esarhaddon, and was sent to Nineveh in chains. Nor must it be forgotten that the Brocklehurst papyrus No. 1, first described by myself in the ACADEMY (No. 496, November 5, 1881), yields the name of Prince Aha-tat-f Ptah-au-f-Ank, styled "the royal son of Rameses," who was probably a grandson or great grandson of Rameses III.

Besides the 154th chapter from the ceremonies of Thothmes III., M. Naville has added twenty other chapters, beginning with the 166th. Of these, three are "Amulet Chapters": one is a discourse of Horus to Osiris; one contains a curious dialogue between Thoth, Tum, and the deceased; and two are hymns to Osiris, supposed to be recited by Thoth. Another, the 172nd, has already been published by M. Naville in the *Zeitschrift*, 1883.

It is impossible, within the compass of a single article, to note a tithe of the interesting facts and suggestions which enrich M. Naville's introductory volume. Here, however, are a few taken almost at random. He thinks the common determinative of the palette and pen is often used as the equivalent of "official," and is not strictly limited to the sense of "scribe," having undergone the same process of expansion as our term "clerk." He also conceives that the word *ka* has a wider significance than that of "ghost" or "double." Touching the multitude of funerary inscriptions in which the wife is described as the "sister of her husband, M. Naville is of opinion that the relationship is not always to be taken in a literal sense, but that it included other and more distant degrees of consanguinity. I may be, in fact, but a survival of ancient endogamous tradition. Now and then, as was to be expected, M. Naville has come across some interesting proper names; as, for instance, in a papyrus at Avignon made for chief equerry called "Nes-ahiu," literally "superintendent of cattle." Here we have proper name derived from an occupation, like our "Shepherd." As for topographical names, *The Book of the Dead* abounds in such; but M. Naville shows that they must

* See *A Theban Tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty*: the ACADEMY, No. 612, January 26, 1884.

be accepted in a mythological sense. Amenti had its own topography; and the famous places of this world were represented in duplicate in the next. Thus, when we read of Memphis, or Heliopolis, or Hermopolis, we may be assured that it is the Memphis, Heliopolis, or Hermopolis of Kherneter that is intended. As regards the Egyptian name of the *Todtenbuch*, for which so many different readings have been suggested, M. Naville stands by the definition proposed in his paper read before the Orientalist Congress of Berlin. He translates *Per-em-Hru* by "To Go Forth from Day"—not in the sense of going forth from the daylight of this world into the gloom of Hades, but in a sense far more subtle, which is best explained in his own words.

"It is certain," he says, "according to various texts, that a man's 'day' is the duration of his life upon earth. To go forth from his day is not actually quitting life, in the sense of definitively ceasing to exist; for life is prolonged beyond the grave. It is simply to be delivered from the fatal and limited duration of all terrestrial life—to have done with all beginning and ending—to enter upon an existence which is limited neither by time nor space. Hence the frequent complement of the expression 'To go forth from day' is—'in all forms which the deceased may wish': briefly, to become a being enfranchised from the conditions of time and space."

M. Naville defends this interpretation against the objections of Prof. Lieblein, who conceives that too many ideas are here attributed to a very simple phrase; and he maintains that his translation errs, in fact, on the side of inadequately expressing all the ideas which the words *Per-em-Hru* conveyed to the mind of the ancient Egyptian. It is difficult, however, not to be of Prof. Lieblein's opinion. M. Naville's reading of this much-debated title is pre-eminently lofty and philosophical; but I venture to think that it belongs to an order of ideas quite foreign to "the wisdom of the Egyptians." Unscathed to tread the perilous ways of Amenti, to pass approved from before the judgment-seat of Osiris, to rest and feast in the Fields of Aalu, and, above all, to attain to the power of self-transformation, and thus, "in whatever shape he pleases," to be free to revisit the world of men in the daytime is, according to the testimony of *The Book of the Dead*, the supreme aim of the pilgrim soul after death. The work contains, in fact, a collection of spells and prayers framed for the express purpose of enabling him to do so. "To go forth by day" is as correct a translation of *Per-em-Hru* as "To go forth from day"; and it has the signal advantage of precisely expressing the sense and object of the book. This, or very nearly this, was the reading advocated as long ago as 1873 by M. Lefébure; and Prof. Maspero, in one of his recent lectures delivered at the Collège de France, accepts it absolutely. The ambiguity of the Egyptian phrase does not so much depend on the sense of the word *Hru*, whether taken as "day," or "life," or "light," as on the various meanings of the preposition *em*, which stands equally for "to," "from," "in," "for," "during," and "among"; and in which, naturally enough, each savant recognises that shade of meaning which harmonises with his own convictions. M. Pierret has compared *The Book of the Dead* to a passport; and this

it actually is, for it enables the soul to pass the seven gates of Amenti. But it is also, *con rispetto*, a ticket of leave; and it is in this sense that "To go forth by day," or "during day," seems most closely to express the meaning of *Per-em-Hru*.

It is perhaps too early to begin to speculate upon the scientific gains which may be expected to result from the publication of M. Naville's standard edition. It will probably throw much light upon the religion of ancient Egypt; but the chief value of the work will of course be philological. It gives us, in the first place, a large and correct vocabulary; and, in the second place, a storehouse of accurate grammatical forms. It furnishes us, moreover, with an invaluable example of what the writers of new Egyptian regarded as classical Egyptian; and it enables us to compare classical Egyptian with both the new and the archaic Egyptian, thus opening the way to a thorough definition of every phase of the language.

It remains to say something of M^{de}. Naville's share in this great work—one folio volume containing 212 plates of texts, vignettes, and variants of vignettes, being entirely from her hand. In evidence of her complete mastery of the script, it is enough that she has reproduced the 186 chapters upon a scale as nearly uniform as their varying length would permit—*i. e.*, the originals being written large and in various hands, she has so skilfully recast the whole that her columns have the regularity and clearness of a work printed in hieroglyphic types. This in itself is no small achievement; but the execution of the vignettes surpasses even the execution of the text. With the sympathy of a true artist, M^{de}. Naville has seized upon all that is best in the work of the old Egyptian draughtsman—his faultless purity of line, his delicate rendering of detail, his naturalistic treatment of all forms of animal life. Whether it be a procession to the tomb, a fight with malevolent genii, a scene of propitiation, of adoration, of sacrifice, of judgment, M^{de}. Naville is equally successful. Her pencil never exaggerates, never deviates into grotesqueness; but is always serious, elegant, and faithful.

The amount of labour involved in the preparation of these 212 plates, many of which contain six or seven subjects, must have been prodigious; but the result is a partnership of fame as well as of labour. One would have liked to see M^{de}. Naville's name upon the title-page.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Herkomer Art School at Bushey, which was founded in 1883, and has this year received a charter of incorporation, will open for its new session on Monday, October 3. Applicants for admission must send examples of their work before September 17. There are two classes: (1) a life class, for painting and drawing from the living model, nude or draped, under the personal supervision of Prof. Herkomer; and (2) a preliminary class, under Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt, for drawing from the antique, and painting the head from life. A pamphlet may be obtained from the secretary, containing an address by the president, Prof. Herkomer, with some introductory remarks by the treasurer of

the school, Mr. Thomas Eccleston Gibbs. It appears that a total sum of £12,000 has already been expended upon land and buildings.

VOL. I., Part II., of Comm. J. B. de Rossi's monumental work—*Inscriptiones Christianae Urbis Romae Septimo Saeculo Antiquiores*—will be ready for issue in November. The publishing price is 80 lire (£3 3s.); and the London agents are Messrs. Dulau & Co.

AN article by Signor Alfredo Melani in *Le Conversazioni della Domenica* describes with some enthusiasm a newly discovered early work by Correggio. It is a Nativity, with a highly dramatic effect of stormy dawn. The "stable" is represented among ruins of pagan architecture; and the principal group comprises St. Anne and St. John the Baptist, as well as the Holy Family. Behind a hedge are seen the shepherds, directed to the Madonna by angels floating in the air. Signor Melani is of opinion that the composition could only have been conceived by the painter of the famous "Notte" at Dresden, and that it confirms the views of Morelli and other modern critics that Correggio derived his art from the Ferrara-Bologna school. The picture was purchased by Dr. J. P. Richter at a sale in England, and is now in the possession of Signor Cristoforo Crespi, of Milan.

A TREASURE-TROVE of some importance is announced from San Paulo in Brazil. It consists of church plate, money, &c., buried by the Jesuits when they left San Paulo in 1777.

A MAGNIFICENT work, based on the collection made by M. Thiers of copies of masterpieces of Italian art, is in course of publication. The first section deals with the Florentine masters of the fifteenth century, and contains thirty plates engraved by M. W. Hassoullier after drawings by himself and the Viscount Henri Delaborde, with an introduction by the latter. Among the works of art reproduced are the fresco of "Poetry and Music," by Filippino Lippi in Santa Maria Novella; the well-known tombs of Leonardo Bruni and Bishop Salutati, by Rossellino and Mino da Fiesole; and Fra Filippo Lippi's fresco of the "Burial of St. Etienne," in the cathedral at Prato.

MUSIC.

NAUMANN'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

The History of Music. By Emil Naumann. In 2 vols. (Cassell.)

THIS work has been translated by Mr. F. Praeger, and edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley. We suppose the translator must be held responsible for the bold title, which, quite in Podsnap fashion, seems to put all other histories "nowhere."

The two volumes contain over 1300 pages, and the author therefore treats some subjects at considerable length—as, for example, Folk-Music, The Old French and Netherland Schools, and Luther and the Music of the Reformation. Herr Naumann seems most at home in the period of the Middle Ages; at other times he is fanciful or prejudiced. Take, as an example of fancy, his statement that, by reason of their profound religious belief, the Israelites must have possessed a knowledge of harmony. Nay, more, he even ventures to describe that harmony as consisting largely of unusual and diminished chords. "The author seems here to have been somewhat led away by his desire to establish his position" quietly remarks the editor in a foot-note. Later on he affirms that the introduction of harmony was due to the influence of Christianity; but his editor reminds him that "harmony seems to have arisen in the first instance among the northern tribes of Europe." It may possibly, one day, be traced

to our Aryan ancestors, whose influence, mediate or immediate, on our civilisation Herr Naumann ignores. That "polythematic development, reached with Beethoven, will, during the coming five hundred years, gradually deteriorate" is another statement to which we would apply the epithet "fanciful." "It is not," says our author, "the haphazard statement of a jaundiced individual, but a logical deduction from well-accredited facts in the growth of the arts." The Fugue form, slowly built up during five hundred years, apparently reached its climax in Sebastian Bach. The Sonata form, quickly built up in about a hundred years, apparently reached its climax in Beethoven. The history of the arts teaches us that a form, when it has attained its climax, deteriorates; but we maintain that no rash assertions can be made respecting the particular forms of music—the youngest of the arts. If at all disposed to speculate as to the duration of the Sonata or Symphony form, we should be inclined to think that, having sprung up quickly, it might speedily wither away. But the very fact of its having reached a climax is disputed by men of authority.

But fancy gets complete mastery over Herr Naumann when he comes to the musicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Some he finds possessed of style—they are geniuses; some of a grand manner—they are great talents. The words "style" and "manner" are somewhat loosely employed by writers on music, so that we will not quarrel with his definitions. But let us give the names of those who form his "grand manner" class: Schubert, Weber, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn and Schumann. His geniuses were six in number, and perhaps, for the sake of symmetry, he wished for six "talents." How else can we explain the presence of some of the names? We say nothing about Spohr, Meyerbeer, or even Mendelssohn; but we cannot allow Weber, Schubert—of whom Beethoven, after perusing some of his songs, said, "Truly he has the divine fire"—and Schumann to be placed merely among the talents. Mr. Rockstro's division of famous composers in his *History of Music* into seven Lamps and seven Lesser Lights, if not satisfactory, was less objectionable. The very difference between the two writers, in respect of representatives for the highest class, shows how difficult it is in some cases to draw the line between genius and talent. But coming down to later times, what does our author do with Wagner. Seeing that on page 1179 he speaks of his "immense genius" he surely might have put him in the "genius" class. But no: he is only discussed as the "perfection" of the New Romantic School. We shall single out one or two of our historian's remarks about Wagner and his works, to show the sad results of prejudice. Herr Naumann was perfectly at liberty to set up Wagner as a hero, or to run him down as a man of unsound views, but he has only given us a distorted image of the great reformer. What does he mean by the *leit-motif* "precluding freedom and variety"? One might as well complain of the fetters of Sonata form. Again *leit-motiv* are not "stereotyped phrases," *fixed formulae*; but as free and capable of development as the themes of a symphony. But really Herr Naumann seems as if he had taken statements on trust, accepting them as suitable to his argument. Wagner, he tells us, found out that the style which he had adopted in "Tristan" would not do, and so abandoned it in his latest work, "Parsifal." Such foolish assertions merely stir up anger. They do not help to give a correct idea of Wagner's music-dramas. Starting from false premises, how can correct conclusions be got at? In the account of Handel, not a word is said about his borrowings. Herr Naumann might have mentioned the disputed

"Magnificat" of Erba, from which Handel, according to some, took many movements for his "Israel in Egypt," or the Urio "Te Deum," which is so like the Dettingen "Te Deum." At any rate, in noticing the composers, he might have reminded his readers that Handel was indebted to Kerl, Carissimi, and Stradella for some of the music in "Israel" and "Samson." In the chapter on music of the present, there are many remarks on which we should feel disposed to comment, space permitting. But we can only glance at one or two. In the notice of Grieg no mention is made of his beautiful songs. The admirers of Brahms will scarcely agree with the statement that "the only man worthy to be placed by his side is Rubinstein." Among the works of Raff most deserving of notice is given the "Frühlingsklänge"—one of his weakest symphonies. The account of Dvorák is very unsatisfactory.

In some parts of his book the author appears to contradict himself. For example, he tells us, p. 761, that Beethoven's first period is "universally referred to as Beethoven's 'Mozart' and not 'Haydn' period." On p. 942 he writes: "Beethoven's first period may aptly be described as the Haydn-Mozart period." The student must be on his guard in reading these volumes, for though they have passed through the hands of author, translator, and editor, the mistakes are not, as were said to be the plums in Jack's pudding, few and far between. Many are the result of carelessness, but others cannot be so easily accounted for. As examples of wrong dates we may mention those of the production of Monteverde's operas "Ariadne" and "Orpheo," given as 1608 and 1607, instead of 1607 and 1608. Again, the success of Handel's "Messiah" in London in 1741 is spoken of, whereas the oratorio was first produced at Dublin in April 1742, and even in noticing that performance our author fails to give the correct day. The statement that the "Messiah" was produced in London was certainly made by the Rev. J. Mainwaring and other writers; but Schoelcher, in his life of Handel, has fully shown that there is no truth in it. Then there are many confusing mistakes in the descriptions of works. Take, for example, Chopin. He wrote two pianoforte Concertos in E and F minor, which are given as F minor and F sharp minor. He is further stated to have written two Sonatas for piano and violoncello, whereas he only wrote one. But in speaking about Beethoven's great Mass in D, our author is very careless. This work was commenced in 1818 and concluded in 1822. On p. 940, Herr Naumann tells us that it was composed in 1823; on p. 942 the date 1822 is given. P. 1009 contains several bad blunders. Among Schumann's Symphonies is included one in C minor. The same composer's "Carneval: Scènes mignonnes," is set out thus, "Carnival: Scènes mignonnes," as if there were two separate works. Spohr wrote nine Symphonies: on p. 989 ten are mentioned, while here (p. 1009) he is said to have only composed one. And Schubert on this page is only credited with one, for, remarks our author naively, the B minor Symphony was left unfinished. What would Sir George Grove say to this? On the question of comic opera our author is decidedly confusing. The difference between grand and comic opera is pretty clear: in the one everything is sung, in the latter spoken dialogue is introduced. He seems to lose sight of this distinction on pp. 1083 and 1084, where he speaks of two of Grétry's operas as "not belonging to the comic opera, not being exclusively comic." Even Méhul's "Joseph," in spite of its Biblical subject, is, owing to the form in which it is cast, a comic opera.

The constant antagonism between author and editor is, to say the least, amusing. We have already mentioned one or two instances in which the latter, no mean authority, ex-

presses a difference of opinion. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley is zealous for his country, and special chapters on English music are from his pen. However interesting and valuable they may be there is no doubt that they interfere with the unity of the work. At the same time, without them, the account of English music would be very incomplete. For, be it noted, although the editor undertook to write special chapters the author was obliged from time to time to touch upon the subject of English music, as then we find ourselves between two fires. "Poetry and song were introduced in England from Northern France," says the author. "This statement is hardly correct," adds the editor, in a footnote. Again, imagining that Herr Naumann had forgotten the remarkable canon "Sumer is iumen," the editor gives the music, and an account of the Harleian MS. Later on in the book the author notices it, and his remarks on the question of date do not exactly tally with those of Sir F. A. Ouseley. And once more, on p. 1249, the author says that Sir Sterndale Bennett "entirely followed the principles of Mendelssohn"; but on another page the editor, speaking of the same composer, says:

"His style is emphatically his own. It has been said by many writers that he was an imitator of Mendelssohn; but it is hardly credible that any competent critic could form such a judgment if he had taken the trouble to examine Bennett's works at all minutely."

The wonderful discoveries of Coussemacher in the library at Montpellier, which are fully described in his *L'Art Harmonique au 13^e Siècle*, are not overlooked by Herr Naumann, who devotes a whole chapter to the French masters who invented counterpoint, and prepared the way for the Netherlands school. This chapter brings before the student names and facts which will be new to most readers, and the musical extracts add greatly to its interest. Then, again, there is a long and well-written chapter on "Luther and the Music of the Protestant Church." The interest which the reformer took in music generally, and in church-music in particular, helped to bring about a form of art which reached its climax in the Bach Passions. In discussing Luther's right of authorship to the melody of "Ein feste Burg," he might have quoted the testimony of Sleidan, almost a contemporary, who says of the hymn "that Luther made for it a tune singularly suited to the words, and adapted to stir the heart." Two other chapters which seem to us worthy of special mention are those on "The Rise of Opera in Italy" and on "Gluck."

Whatever, indeed, may be the faults or shortcomings of these volumes, they contain a large amount of valuable information and thoughtful remarks. The student, though he must not take all as gospel, may learn much from them. There are a number of interesting illustrations, portraits, and facsimiles. The translation by Mr. F. Praeger, himself a German, is, on the whole, exceedingly well done.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE admirers of Browning's "Abt Vogler" should take note that an excellent monograph on the famous old extemporising musician has just been published in Germany—"Abt George Joseph Vogler: sein Leben, Charakter, &c. By Dr. Karl Emil von Schafhäütl. (Augsburg: Huttler)." Chancellor Mee, the writer of the article on Vogler in Grove's *Musical Dictionary*, states that this book "quite eclipses anything else done hitherto" on Vogler.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

No. 802, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Works of John Marston. Edited by A. H. Bullen. (Nimmo.)

It is something for which the literary student may be thankful that the writings of Marston should at last have found an editor who unites the scholarship of Dyce with the forbearance and fine appreciation of Lamb. It is not, perhaps, many times in the year that the humour will seize a man to take up the plays of this Gargantuan satirist; but it is a great satisfaction to have the way cleared for such a mood when it comes—the valleys filled and the mountains levelled—by so indefatigable and accomplished a pioneer as Mr. Bullen. The edition of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, which this will supersede, was not so much an edition—if an edition requires an editor—a reprint.

Marston seems to have been a satirist by nature—one of those gloomy tempers whose attention is riveted upon the sins and follies of mankind, and who, seeing little else, have little else to show to others, and at last come to persuade themselves they may be doing good service to the world by talking about all the evil that they see or can imagine, although "to draw the core forth of imposition'd sin." Not only in his professed satires, but throughout his plays, Marston seems most at home when he is denouncing something—the follies of the court, the weaknesses of women, the pride of power. He can never let his audience draw their own moral from his exhibitions; but must have in some more reputable personage, like Feliche in "Antonio and Mellida," or the Malcontent himself, who acts as chorus, and protests against the seven deadly sins in the choicest Billingsgate.

Marston ceased to write plays and took orders when he was about thirty. "It is hard," says Mr. Bullen, "to picture Marston as a preacher of the Gospel of Glad Tidings." It certainly is, so far as this world is concerned, for he seems to have had little experience of men of good will, or women either; but it is not hard to picture him as a popular London preacher, railing against usury and luxury to an admiring congregation of usurious merchants, with their luxurious wives. In a passage at the end of "Antonio's Revenge" we seem to get his creed:

"We know the world, and did we know no more
We would not live to know; but since constraint
Of holy bands forceth us keep this lodge
Of dirt's corruption, till dread power calls
Our soul's appearance, we will live enclosed
In holy verge of some religious order."

As might be expected, therefore, the finest passages in the plays are those where the poet is bewailing some common woe of the

world. Lamb has called attention to the scene between Andrugio and Lucio in the first part of "Antonio and Mellida," as resembling "that between Lear and Kent in that king's distresses." The resemblance is a distant one indeed, but it is there. In such passages, it is true, his verse is often turgid and ranting, like some third-rate Marlowe, and his terms so odd that they offended even Ben Jonson; but by no means unfrequently it rises to nobleness, and now and then lightens with an image or an epithet that would attract attention even in Shakspeare. Take, for example, the famous opening,

"Is that yon gleam the shuddering morn that flakes

With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?"

or Pietro's description of his cave in the "Malcontent":

"My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Music, tilts, tourneys, and such court-like shows,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again; whilst the uquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery,
There usherless the air comes in and out."

Marston is a considerable master of plot. Both the "Malcontent" and the "Dutch Courtezan," not to mention "Eastward Ho!" to which three poets have a claim, run without dragging. And the characters in the plays show considerable freedom and variety. "They are drawn," says Mr. Bullen, "with skill and spirit." What they principally lack is manners. In the case of Franceschina Mr. Bullen, perhaps, a little over-estimates the merits of the drawing.

"The character," he says, "of the passionate and implacable courtezan is conceived with masterly ability. Few figures in the Elizabethan drama are more striking than this fair vengeful fiend, who is as playful and pitiless as a tigress; whose caresses are sweet as honey and poisonous as aconite."

How Franceschina differs from any other handsome, angry, low-bred woman of picturesque vocabulary, except in the fact that she has the courage of her convictions, I entirely fail to see. No one living knows the Elizabethan drama so well as Mr. Bullen; but it must be confessed that such a judgment as the above, if it be true, is but poor encouragement to a lay brother to enlarge his acquaintance with it. I notice this little piece of criticism, because it is the only sentence in Mr. Bullen's long and learned introduction, which, so far as I can judge, seems to be over-strained. He points out the merits and defects of each play, and of Marston's work generally, with eminent skill and with exemplary fairness.

The illustrative notes throughout deserve commendation. They are neither trivial nor hackneyed. Mr. Bullen's acquaintance with the highways and byways of Elizabethan literature has enabled him to track many quotations to their source. Notably, two couplets which Marston has long had the credit of he traces to their original:

"Life is a frost of cold felicity
And death the thaw of all our vanity"

(Malcontent, v. 3) is from an epigram in Thomas Bastard's "Chrestoleros"; and the fine close of the "Insatiate Countess"

"Night, like a masque, is enter'd heaven's great hall

With thousand torches ushering the way,"

is found in "Myrrha," a poem by Barksteed,

the actor. Mr. Bullen, from this and other evidence, such as the unusually large number of Shakspearean echoes, and the smoother run of much of the verse, is inclined to think that Marston, when he took orders, left this tragedy in a fragmentary state, and that it was completed by Barksteed.

In his previous editions, except those privately printed, Mr. Bullen has been gleaning behind Dyce, and Dyce was a scholar who did not leave more work than he could help to his successor. Still, even in the text of Marlowe, it will be remembered, Mr. Bullen made one brilliant and certain emendation which had escaped Dyce, *On cavi me on* for *Economy* in the line

"Economy farewell, and Galen come."

In the text of Marston Mr. Bullen has had the unrequited field to himself. And he has worked hard in it, though much he confesses he has been obliged to leave. But here, as if in revenge, his best emendation he has since discovered in one of Dyce's copies at South Kensington, though not made by Dyce himself, but in a seventeenth-century hand.

The lines in question occur at the end of the "Insatiate Countess," after the couplet quoted above. They are printed in the old editions:

"To Risus will we consecrate this evening;
Like Missermis cheating of the brack,
We'll make this night the day."

"The editor of 1820," says Mr. Bullen, reads "Like Missermis cheating of the brack," and to the word *brack* appends a note—"i.e., the bitch"; but who was Missermis, and what the bitch? Mr. Bullen reads, "Like Mycerinus cheating th' oracle." "Every reader of Herodotus," he says, and every reader of Matthew Arnold, "will remember how Mycerinus cheated the oracle by turning the day into the night."

Two further points in Mr. Bullen's edition deserve a grateful acknowledgment—the arguments which he has prefixed to each play and the index to the notes and curious expressions. H. C. BRECHING.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

The Campaign of Sedan. By George Hooper. (Bell.)

The Great Battles of 1870 and Blockade of Metz. By H. B. Franklyn. (Trübner.)

THE strained relations between France and Germany may have caused the appearance of these volumes. Mr. Hooper is already favourably known as the author of an account of the campaign of 1815, which, though it proceeds on the absurd theory that Wellington's conduct is above criticism—his delays at Brussels are even justified—is, nevertheless, of undoubted value. *Sedan*, in a certain sense, may be deemed the complement of Mr. Hooper's *Waterloo*, for each battle destroyed a Napoleonic empire; but nothing, perhaps, can be more unlike than the last efforts of Napoleon I. to defeat Europe on the plains of Belgium, and the miserable attempts of Napoleon III. to play the part of a general in 1870.

Mr. Hooper's work is a succinct narrative of the first part of the war of 1870; and though we think it might have been better done, and defects and omissions may

be seen in it, it certainly is the best history of the great contest in the English language. It is, indeed, so good, that the author, we hope, will extend his studies to the close of the war, and bring his book down to the fall of Paris. The German official account of the war is avowedly the foundation of Mr. Hooper's text; but he has not loaded his pages with the minute details of that honest, but clumsy and pedantic, work; he has placed prominent events in clearer relief; and his volume is not only, in the main, impartial and usually correct like its admitted prototype, but is really interesting and even attractive. The book, however, has some shortcomings; the great passages in the struggle might have been better described. Mr. Hooper is so bewildered by the glare of success that he makes too much of the German strategy, and scarcely notices where it was in error; and, though he tries to do justice to the French soldier, and truly points out that bad generalship was the main cause of the disasters of 1870, he does not indicate with sufficient clearness how the French army more than once proved that it had not lost its high martial qualities. As for Mr. Franklyn's work, it cannot be called even an abridgment of the history of the war, for it is almost confined to the operations round Metz, but its comments on these are useful and true; and the criticisms of the author sometimes display intelligence and real knowledge and judgment.

Mr. Hooper has dealt at some length on the differences between the military systems of Germany and France at the beginning of the war. Like most commentators, he makes far too much of the mere mechanism of these arrangements: a local system, if ill-managed, will break down and lead to disasters; a centralised system, when well-directed, will now, as heretofore, produce great results. *Cæteris paribus*, however, the local system will send an army into the field more quickly—an incalculable advantage in modern war; and, for the present at least, the centralised system is out of favour in all war offices. It is doubtful, too, spite of recent experience, if a national army, on the German model, can be made as good as a professional army, though in mere numbers it will usually prevail; but we entirely agree with Mr. Hooper that, apart from its immense superiority in force, the national German army of 1870 was a far more perfect instrument of war than the professional army it encountered and crushed. Mr. Hooper has not indicated what is, however, true, that Napoleon III.'s plan of campaign in 1870 was based on that of his uncle in 1815; but the military organisation of France failed, and the pitiable delays at Metz and Strasburg, caused by mismanagement of every kind, stand in marked contrast with the marvellous skill with which the French army that succumbed at Waterloo was concentrated on the Belgian frontier. Napoleon III. should have fallen back to the Meuse when he found himself unable to take the offensive; but political considerations, which, from first to last, had a decisive effect in this memorable strife, prevented an obviously prudent movement; and the French army, unprepared and weak, lay along the verge of a defenceless frontier, awaiting a far more powerful foe, just like the Prussians

before Jena. Mr. Hooper extols the strategy of Von Moltke in his advance upon the Sarre and the Lauter; but it was really a very commonplace march, though the excellence of the organisation of the Germans is fully proved by the rapid assemblage and concentration of their armies on the Rhine. The two battles of Spicheren and Worth reflect little credit on the German chiefs. Kameke, indeed, ought to have been well beaten; and 125,000 Germans were, at Worth, held for many hours at bay by not more than 45,000 Frenchmen—a fact Mr. Hooper keeps out of sight. But the enormous superiority of the German forces told at once after the first defeats, and there was nothing to arrest the invaders' progress. The German advance was slow, whatever may be said. Had Napoleon III. been a real chief, he would have had time to retreat to the Meuse, and call in Macmahon's shattered army; and a great commander in that case, especially with Paris fortified in his rear, might have renewed the wonders of the campaign of 1814. But the ill-fated emperor lost five days, and allowed his enemies to gather all round while he lingered, ill and irresolute, at Metz; and it was not until the situation of affairs had become critical in a high degree that he handed over his command to Bazaine.

The conduct of this unfortunate marshal contributed as much as anything else to the catastrophes of the first part of the war; and both Mr. Hooper and Mr. Franklyn have described it with an impartial hand. It is ridiculous to say that Bazaine was playing the part of a traitor from the first moment; and, indeed, questionable as were his later acts, and miserable his operations after the investment of Metz, we believe he was always rather incapable than false. But, placed in a position of extreme difficulty, he showed none of the genius of a great captain. He proved himself to be the slave of a theory of military tactics very far from true; and he is certainly to blame for making reports inaccurate, misleading, and fatal in the result. A brief survey of events shows that these faults must be laid to his charge; and to these, far more than to Von Moltke's strategy, should be ascribed the marvels of war that followed, though we would do full justice to the daring and skill conspicuously exhibited by the German chiefs, and to the energy and worth of the German army. Bazaine was in command on August 13; and he ought, without the delay of a moment, to have hastened the march of his troops to the Meuse, though, in existing circumstances, we can scarcely blame him for pausing to see how affairs stood. His inaction, however, enabled Steinmetz to fall on the French on the east bank of the Moselle; and though Borny was an indecisive battle, it gained for Von Moltke what he required—time to gather on the line of his enemy's retreat. On August 15 Bazaine began to stir; and the French columns defiled slowly and heavily encumbered along the roads that lead from Metz to the course of the Meuse. Von Moltke, however, had, by this time, sent part of his forces across the Moselle to intercept the retreat of his foe, or at least to menace the flank of the French; and this operation shows true insight and audacity of no ordinary kind, though, whatever may be said, it

was far from perfect. On August 16 two German corps attacked Bazaine and his five corps on the line of the march of the French on Verdun. The desperate battle of Mars-la-Tour followed; and by nightfall the advance of Bazaine had been checked, and time won to enable the whole German army to approach in strength. The conduct of the Germans at Mars-la-Tour, both officers and men, deserves the highest praise; but the strategy that opposed 70,000 men to 150,000 is not to be admired, and had Bazaine been a great soldier he would certainly have gained a brilliant victory. Even on the 17th, as has been often pointed out, he could, perhaps, have pushed aside his enemy and made good his retreat on Verdun; but he fell back with his whole force to Metz, and allowed the Germans to close from all sides of his path. The reason of this is well known. Like weak commanders, he clung to a fortress, and he had a firm faith in the enormous force of arms of precision in defensive tactics. He occupied the strong position of Gravelotte, with an assured conviction that, resting on Metz, he would defeat the Germans should they venture to attack. The tremendous battle of August 18 is described fairly enough in these pages, though Mr. Hooper, we think, underrates the immense superiority of the Germans in force. On that memorable day the French army showed itself worthy of its old renown. It fought, as it fought at Malplaquet and Leipsic, against almost overwhelming odds; and the battle would certainly have been drawn had Bazaine made a proper use of the Guard. On the other hand, the attack of the Germans was ill-directed in the first instance; and the veteran Steinmetz imperilled the whole army in his frantic effort against the French left. But the heroism of the assailants was of the highest order; and Von Moltke at last achieved success partly through his persistent and stubborn daring, but chiefly owing to the slackness of his foe. By the morning of the 19th the position was lost; the French army had retired under the guns of Metz, and it was doomed never to leave the fortress save as a confused mass of prisoners of war, the victims of an incapable chief.

After the investment of Metz by Prince Frederick Charles—an operation which an able adversary ought with little difficulty to have made impossible—the remaining corps of the German armies, formed into the third army and the army of the Meuse, moved westwards upon a broad front of invasion. Meanwhile a French army had assembled at Châlons; and on August 20, about 140,000 strong, it stood on the plains immortalised by the defeat of Attila, and by the first scenes of the campaign of 1814. The Duke of Magenta was in supreme command; and his first movements were those of a chief who appreciated the true position of affairs. The marshal directed his troops on Rheims, in order to menace the flank of the enemy known to be advancing on the capital of France; and his purpose was to retreat on Paris and to make the city the centre of a national defence. As is well known, however, political needs, and an inaccurate message despatched by Bazaine, turned Macmahon away from the designs of prudence; and, in a moment fatal to France and to himself, he weakly consented

to advance on Metz by a long flank march near the Belgian frontier—a movement which he well knew was false, and which, in existing circumstances, was mere reckless folly. Mr. Hooper bestows exaggerated praise on the combinations by which Von Moltke prepared to baffle and defeat his foe. To throw back the army of the Meuse some marches, to order divisions to aid it from Metz, and to move the Germans on the flank of the French, were operations dictated by plain common-sense, and do not reveal peculiar genius. We shall not comment on the march of the French to the Meuse. Mr. Hooper ought to have described it better. It was characterised by indecision, weakness, and negligence; and Macmahon threw away the last hope of his country when, on the 27th, at Palikao's instance, and through fear of "the Revolution in Paris," he continued his advance against his own judgment. The Germans, directed with great ability, had soon gathered on the flank of their enemy; and, after the crushing defeats of August 30, the whole French army, a part of which had been pushed forward as far as Carignan, was drawn together round the fortress of Sedan in a pitiable plight and already beaten. The German commanders had, meanwhile, advanced as far as the Meuse and the Chiers; but Mr. Hooper does not point out that their enemy was not yet in their toils. Macmahon probably could have effected his escape on the 31st by a retreat on Mézières, had he been a chief of a high order. The marshal, however, took his stand at Sedan, apparently ignorant of the strength of his foes—200,000 victorious troops against a demoralised force of 120,000, for 20,000 had been already lost—and Von Moltke, with characteristic daring and energy, seized the occasion offered by propitious fortune and a weak antagonist.

Mr. Hooper scarcely does full justice to the night march of the German armies which placed the French in their power on September 1; and his account of the memorable battle of Sedan is not so complete as we could have wished. Whether Macmahon's fall in the early morning had any effect on the result of the day; whether the French army could have in part escaped had Ducrot's advice been promptly followed; and what were the consequences of De Wimpffen's recklessness, are questions that should have been fully discussed. But, in our judgment, no skill could have saved the army of Châlons from an immense disaster. Opposed as it was by foes in irresistible strength, its fate was sealed when the German masses had closed round it at Givonne and Illy; and it was simply crushed to atoms by the German guns when it was driven in under the ramparts of Sedan. The capitulation was the inevitable result of military errors scarcely ever equalled, and turned to the best account by the German chiefs, though it is fair to add that even on this terrible day part of the French army fought with heroic courage.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

England's Ideal, and other Papers on Social Subjects. By Edward Carpenter. (Son-nenschein.)

THERE is something in these papers to remind the reader of Ruskin, something to remind

him of Walt Whitman, and more to remind him of Thoreau; but they are far from being echoes of the thoughts of any of these men, or of anyone else. Mr. Carpenter is at least an original enquirer and thinker, and as such he stimulates thought in others. This service of making them think is the highest service a writer can do for his fellow men and women.

Mr. Carpenter is a man who chafes somewhat under restraint of any kind. The ceremonies and customs of society trouble him. He is by no means satisfied that the mansions of the rich are such desirable mansions as some people think who view them from the outside. "I have been there," he tells us, but does not add:

" . . . and still would go
'Tis like a little heaven below";

for, as a guest, he found it irksome to be waited on when, with much more ease and comfort, he could have waited on himself. He did not like a place where it was legitimate to "do anything except what was useful." In another essay he approaches the same subject from a different side, and preaches the simplification of life. He dwelt among cottagers, and was surprised to find "how little, both in labour and expense, their food cost them, who were doing far more work than I, or, indeed, the generality of people among whom I had been living." This discovery and, doubtless, a study of *Walden* set him considering. He saw that

"the rich dinners and expensive mode of living I had been accustomed to were a mere waste as far as adaptation to any useful end was concerned; and afterwards I decided that they had been a positive hindrance, for, when I became habituated to a more simple diet, I found that a marked improvement took place in my powers both of mind and body. At a later time, when keeping house myself (still on the same scale, though with a little more latitude, owing to visitors), and having, during a short time, to buy every article of food, I found that the expenses for a family of four persons, were well under 8d. per head per diem, not including firing or labour of cooking. And now I am inclined to consider this needlessly large."

He proceeds to give details which, if we do not adopt them wholly, may still give us some useful hints. His views on floor-covering, wall-papers, ornaments, curtains, &c., in relation to the simple life cannot be reproduced here. They would break the heart of the old-fashioned housekeeper, who believed in "elbow grease," and thought nothing out of place or superfluous if it gave opportunity for the use of that. Mr. Carpenter abhors the idler; but he is no preacher of work for its own sake. It is good simply for service. Domestic labour, as usually performed, he regards—I think rightly—as out of all proportion to the benefit that results from it. He is convinced that there is "a most abominable and idiotic waste of time" in connexion with the cooking department "in all our well-to-do establishments":

"If the pleasure given bore any proportion to the expenditure of time and labour there might be some sense in the matter, but it doesn't. Fancy a small household of five or six persons requiring a cook—i.e., a person engaged all day long in preparing food for them. Is it not out of all reason? But the mistress of the

house descends as it were from the skies, 'orders dinner' and returns again to her celestial abode. Whether it was worth while that the scullery-maid should be sent scouring round the town, that she should return hot and tired and quarrel with the cook—that saucepans should be soiled, much time consumed in peeling, and some money wasted—all in order that unseasonable shrimps should be made into indigestible sauce and served up with the fish, is a question which does not enter into her (the mistress's) head as she takes an infinitesimal portion of the said sauce upon her plate."

Nevertheless, Mr. Carpenter is no ascetic. He is, rather, a kind of utilitarian. His doctrine is, if the game is worth the candle, play the game; but always consider well the cost, and by no means play merely because of custom and usage. While he advocates plain living, he is

"inclined to think that, as in other matters, though moderation is the best general rule, this has to be varied by an occasional orgy. For pleasure in the long run, health, economy of force, &c., a certain springiness is to be recommended; but the orgy should not be omitted. Among other things it restores the moral tone and prevents—a most important point—all danger of lapse into pharisaism."

As a rule Mr. Carpenter is not a crochets-monger, but interest on money and property in land trouble him sometimes. Apparently an individualist by nature, he has not quite escaped the prevailing socialist epidemic. On the whole, however, it seems likely his constitution is strong enough to withstand the attack. He defines legal ownership as "the power to prevent others from using"; the real ownership pertains to him who uses. Yet, being an optimist—though, perhaps, he does not know it—he perceives that even "this vast fungus growth" of private property has its use:

"I take it that it is part of the development of man. I take it that it is necessary that the individual should be excluded from the tribe (as the child is excluded from its mother's womb) that he may learn the lessons of individuality; that he may learn his powers and the mastery over things; that he may learn his right relations to others and the misery of mere self-seeking and individual greed."

Mr. Carpenter's style is racy and idiomatic, sometimes, perhaps, slangy. His tone throughout is pleasant, and earnest to a degree but not made solemn by lack of humour. He writes from personal experience, as well as from ideas of his own. He is a whimsical man, and likes to test things for himself. He has visited fine houses as a guest in the drawing-room and also as a guest in the kitchen. He is a graduate of Cambridge, and was, I believe, at one time a lecturer under the University Extension Scheme. Now he farms a few acres of ground, and one of the most interesting chapters in his book—that on "Trade"—gives an account of his views of life in the market place from behind his vegetable baskets.

As a critic of society Mr. Carpenter has done good work. It is to be hoped he will continue to do so. But in his case the critic is perilously near to being lost in the reformer. Of such critics we have too few, of reformers too many. "If thinking were not so hard!" said Meyer to Goethe. But to declaim is easy; and Mr. Carpenter, who truly has the good of his fellow men and women at heart,

will serve them best by thinking, testing his ideas where needful by experiment, and from time to time announcing the result—and by always strenuously avoiding the abyss of the "isms."

WALTER LEWIN.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY.

Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. Smithsonian Institution, 1882-3. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

ALTHOUGH submitted to the secretary so far back as October, 1883, and bearing the date 1886 on the title-page, this fourth volume of the annual ethnological reports does not appear to have been put through the press and distributed till the early part of the present year. But the delay will scarcely seem unreasonable, when due allowance is made for the time necessarily required to prepare for publication materials filling 600 large quarto pages profusely illustrated with eighty-four plain and coloured plates, besides 564 woodcuts inserted in the body of the text. Nevertheless the reports, which began to be issued in 1880 after the ethnological branch had been united with the general work of the Smithsonian Institution, are so eagerly awaited by the scientific public that a certain feeling of impatience is naturally felt at the slow progress being made in bringing them up to date. Such a feeling, however, may be accepted by the authorities as the best proof of the high estimation in which their labours are held by specialists; and as the fruits of their labours are distributed with splendid liberality to all interested in ethnological studies, there is, after all, much more room for thanks than for fault-finding.

The present volume appeals even to a wider circle of readers than its predecessors, and will be received with satisfaction by all those who take an intelligent interest in the progressive history of human culture, taken in its widest sense. Apart from the general introduction on the ethnological work accomplished by the officers of the Bureau during the fiscal year ending June 1883, written with his wonted clearness and vigour by the director, Mr. J. W. Powell, the *pièces de résistance* are decidedly the elaborate memoir by Col. Garrick Mallery on the "Pictographs of the North American Indians," and the valuable series of papers by Mr. W. J. Holmes on the "Ancient Pottery of the Mississippi Valley, and on the Evolution of Form and Ornament in Ceramic Art generally."

Col. Mallery's treatise, occupying considerably more than half the whole volume, stands in the same relation to written language that his previous essay on sign language does to articulate speech. Although professing to be only of a preliminary character, both form solid and sure bases for the further study of graphic and spoken language in their subsequent development, and both are thus the natural complements one of the other. But, as the author is himself fully conscious, they are even more intimately associated than this statement would imply. Pictographs, or say pictorial writing generally, is here treated mainly in reference to its significance, as one form of thought-writing directly addressed to the sight, gesture-language being the other and probably earlier form. The one is the permanent, direct, visible expression of ideas,

of which the other gives the transient, but also visible, expression. Hence the general proposition, believed to have been first announced by Rafinesque, is here accepted—that "the graphic signs of the Indians correspond to their manual signs." The best proof of this proposition is the fact, abundantly demonstrated by the author, that the only key yet discovered for many of the signs or characters representing abstract ideas is the study of the gesture-sign actually figured in many of them. A striking illustration is the rock-painting on the Tule River Agency, California, discovered in 1882 by Dr. W. J. Hoffman. Here grief is characteristically delineated by reproducing the attitude commonly adopted to express that sentiment, with additions suggested by the pictorial art itself.

"No. 1 represents a person weeping. The eyes have lines running down to the breast, below the ends of which are three short lines on either side. The arms and hands are in the exact position for making the gesture for rain. It was evidently the intention of the artist to show that the hands in this gesture should be passed downward over the face, as probably suggested by the short lines upon the lower end of the tears. This is a noticeable illustration of the general term used by the Indians when making the gesture for weeping—i.e., 'eye-rain.' It is evident that sorrow is portrayed in this illustration, grief based on the sufferings of others who are shown in connection therewith" (p. 236).

An obvious interpretation is given of the whole of this inscription, as well as of numerous other documents, some of which may be described as genuine pictorial "MSS." Of the latter, perhaps the most typical is the so-called "Winter Counts," or Annual Register of the Dakota Nation, which was originally written by Lone-dog, a member of the Yanktonai clan, on a buffalo skin, here beautifully reproduced by photographic process from a copy on linen cloth. This document, first seen in 1876 by Col. Mallery at Fort Rice, on the Upper Missouri, and published by him in 1877 as "A Calendar of the Dakota Nation," is not a history in the strict sense of the term, but rather an attempt to determine a series of seventy-one "winters," or years (1800-71), by a pictorial representation of the most striking event occurring in each. Its genuine character has been fully verified; and a special interest attaches to it as the first known instance of a conscious design to record events, not because of their intrinsic importance, but because occurring in regular succession, hence arranged in an orderly form for use as a calendar. When the copy now in the author's possession was shown to another member of the Dakota tribe, he at once recognised it as "the same thing Lone-dog had," adding that it showed "something put down for every year about their nation."

"He knew how to use it as a calendar, beginning from the centre and counting from right to left, and was familiar with the meaning of many of the later characters and the events they commemorated . . . , but explained that he had forgotten the interpretation of some of the earlier signs, which were about those things done before his birth" (p. 91).

This last remark reveals the true character of pictorial writing as practised by the North

American tribes. It is seldom conventional or symbolical, and never phonetic, no sign having been discovered clearly indicative of sound. It thus resolves itself into a pure system of mnemonics, the clue to which is handed down orally, and when lost cannot easily be recovered, especially where few representations occur of recognised gesture-language. Yet, such as it is, it undoubtedly deserves the most careful study, as presenting the first distinct stage in the progressive development of writing through the Mexican, Egyptian, and other hieroglyphs up to the syllabic and purely alphabetical systems, which must always constitute the most powerful instrument in perpetuating and advancing human culture.

By archaeologists Mr. Holmes's papers on the ceramic art will be heartily welcomed. They deal separately with the pottery of the ancient Pueblo Indians, the pottery of the Mississippi Valley, and the origin and development of form and ornament in ceramic art generally, the whole described as preliminary studies, which are intended to be absorbed in a final work of comprehensive character. There is also a supplementary, but highly suggestive, paper on "The Study of Pueblo Pottery as illustrative of Zuñi Culture Growth," by Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, who has here turned to excellent account his extensive knowledge of the industries, languages, and traditions of the Pueblo Indians.

Mr. Holmes's essays are all alike characterised by remarkable clearness of exposition, great wealth of apt illustration, and comprehensive grasp of the subject. There is certainly no exaggeration in the eloquent tribute paid to him by the director, Mr. Powell, who observes, in the general introduction to this report, that

"Mr. Holmes, by his artistic and philosophic classification, has set forth the laws of this branch of research more clearly and more completely than any other student of the subject. Though some of his propositions are not presented by him as entirely original, even those are enforced by example and made intelligible by illustration, so as to be substantially novel to most readers. Indeed, the general result of his studies, as expressed, differs widely from the current conservative theories" (lx.).

Mr. Holmes arrives, by a sound inductive process, at the general result that the Mississippi ware (the pottery of the "mound-builders") was not, as a rule, sun-burnt, but fired without being intentionally glazed; that it was good in form and design, bad in finish, in both respects inferior to the Pueblo, though superior to the European pottery of the stone age; that the use of lathe or wheel was unknown, moulds of various kinds being employed instead; that the art was of considerable antiquity and homogeneous character, being uniformly developed in this region by groups of allied tribes possessing little knowledge of the textile art, and probably of "hyperborean origin."

This last suggestion is not supported by any very cogent reasoning, being apparently mainly based on the striking coincidence between certain Alaskan and Mississippi forms, which are of too singular a character to be regarded as accidental resemblances. But the Alaskan vessel in question, representing a beaver grasping a stick in its paws

and teeth, is carved in wood, and may well have found its way in course of ages from one region to the other, supplying a fresh design to the potters of the Middle Mississippi Valley, notoriously fond of, and skilful in imitating, grotesque or eccentric models. Hence it does not follow that "this remarkable coincidence is suggestive of ethnic relationships," though it may serve to illustrate the possibilities of "modification by simple contact" (p. 451).

On this point of indigenus and independent development the present writer is pleased to find his own views strongly supported by the concluding words of Mr. Powell's already quoted introductory chapter :

"The results of all the studies made by the writers in this volume and their co-labourers in the Bureau favour the view of a continuity of the pre-Columbian population of North America, subject to known evolutionary laws, as against cataclysmic theories postulating intrusive or extinct races, such as the supposititious 'Mound Builders' or 'Cliff Dwellers.'"

A. H. KEANE.

The Growth of Church Institutions. By the Rev. Edwin Hatch. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE value of this book is out of all proportion to its size. The preface informs us that it is

"an endeavour to give an answer to questions which are frequently asked in regard to the apparently wide differences between the primitive and the modern forms of some Christian institutions"; and also that it

"is designed less for scholars than for general readers who are interested in theological subjects; its aim is to be not controversial, but historical."

Speaking very roughly, the volume deals with the period lying between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Reformation, and, therefore, forms a continuation in outline of the author's Bampton Lectures on the "Organisation of the Early Christian Churches," which work it resembles in making free use of conclusions already stated by Dr. Hatch in various articles contributed to the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* (see Parish, Patron, Priest, Holy Orders, and others). The volume contains 12 chapters: 1 and 2 deal with the diocese and its bishop; 3, 4, and 5 with the priest and his parish; 6 with tithes; 7 with the metropolitan bishop; 8 with national churches; 9 with the canonical rule; 10 and 11 with the cathedral and the chapter; and 12 with the chancel. Altogether, there are 227 pages of rather large print.

These particulars will show that the book is necessarily only a "summary of results." It is, in fact, the author informs us, to be "supplemented by a more elaborate work at present in preparation"; but till this larger work appears the summary before us is the only consecutive statement we possess of results at present hidden away in the pages of the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, where they are necessarily incomplete, and, moreover, encumbered with details which render them entirely inaccessible to the general reader. These results, again, are unusually important, not only to the scholar, but also to the citizen, and have a direct bearing on many modern problems. And,

thirdly, Dr. Hatch's summary is a marvel of clear and concise statement. Only occasionally at the end of a chapter are we allowed half a page of close-knit and weighty comment, intended to aid us in applying the facts of the chapter to the modern questions which they illustrate. The book is therefore drier reading than the Bampton Lectures. Its interest depends more entirely upon the facts it sets forth; but all these facts are so many proofs of Dr. Hatch's principle—

"That God works with an economy of power, and the phenomena of the Christian societies are the result of the operation of forces which He has planted for wide and varied purposes in the hearts of men."

Dr. Hatch's book, in consequence of this principle, has the same sort of charm that attaches to Sir H. S. Maine's *Ancient Law*. A subject usually treated technically and from a *priori* premises is expounded historically. The intricacies and mysteries of ecclesiastical institutions are shown to have come into being from quite natural and human causes, and the exposition is as profoundly interesting as is the similar treatment of legal institutions. Moreover, the history of the Middle Ages is very largely the history of the Church of the Middle Ages. The civil history is hopelessly confused until its connexion with ecclesiastical history is clearly and rationally explained. Such a connexion it is the aim of Dr. Hatch's sketch to prove and to state.

We have said enough to explain our opening remark—that this volume's value is out of all proportion to its size. It is only a summary, and the scholarship and erudition which have gone to its making will probably be unnoticed by general readers; but all must be struck by the power it exhibits of perceiving the significance of facts, and of connecting and grouping them so that they become intelligible. This is its point of resemblance to Sir H. S. Maine's works. The student of mediæval history will find Dr. Hatch's outline an indispensable aid.

RONALD BAYNE.

Herefordshire Words and Phrases. By Prebendary Havergal. (Walsall: Robinson.)

THIS volume, which has been printed for subscribers, is well-timed. In a few more years most of the characteristic folk-speech of Herefordshire will have disappeared, routed by the literary diction of readers and primers. Even now children do not understand many words which are used by their elders. It is just the same in Lincolnshire, where I never found a child who knew the meaning of the fine old Norse word *latho* (a barn), although the old people were well acquainted with it. The flood of book-English is rapidly sweeping away these relics of a pre-scholastic era. Mr. Havergal was told by a learned friend that his attempt to rescue some, at all events, of these old words was forty years too late. Philologists will rejoice that he was not daunted, but determined that at least he would gather what he could before it should be a vain quest. The result lies before us in this well-printed volume, which contains some 1,300 words and phrases, colloquial and archaic, which still linger on the lips of old people in Herefordshire.

When we have so much it is ungrateful to long for more; and yet we could have wished that some attempt at philosophic arrangement and etymological review had been made with regard to this sweeping of words current in Herefordshire. Mr. Havergal has not attempted to do more than collect them. Sadly imperfect as the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis's etymologies were in his "Glossary" of words used in this and the neighbouring counties, they were suggestive; and in the half century which has since passed away, philology has made immense strides. Mr. Havergal has contented himself with arranging the words which he has collected in alphabetical order, occasionally indicating the parish or district in which they are used. A short appendix contains some noteworthy proverbs and a few specimens from the wealth of folklore which yet awaits the arrival of some equally enthusiastic a student as is Miss Burne with regard to the folklore of the adjoining county of Salop. But it is much that a tolerable conspectus of the Herefordshire dialect may at least be procured at a very low price. All country clergymen, and others brought much into contact with the villagers and rustics of this county, should possess themselves of this book, which must often be wanted, and which may suggest many pleasant lines of investigation. The tincture of book-learning which Herefordshire children have already obtained has at all events softened their manners from those which the boy possessed who (as the author tells the story), on opening a gate for a lady on horseback and being thanked by her with the addition, "I am sure you are not a Herefordshire boy," promptly replied, "Thee'rt a liard, I be." School-children in this county may be dull, but they are invariably civil.

The bulk of the county's dialectal words is, as might be expected, Mercian, shared with the other counties which comprised that division of the country. From its situation and connexion with Wales it might have been suspected that a large proportion of the Herefordshire dialect would have sprung from the language of the principality. Cambrian nomenclature is found until the Wye, beyond it Saxon prevails. Names of farms and hamlets show the influence of Welsh more largely than do villages or towns. Thus, in a parish adjoining Monmouthshire, from which I write, at least six of the farms possess pure Keltic names. Yet there is but a small element of Keltic among the folk-speech of Herefordshire. When the Keltic tongue was disused it was entirely dismissed, save those river and place-names which (as in Lincolnshire and Cleveland) survive the language itself in this country. A few words common throughout the west from Devonshire northwards may be found in Herefordshire—e.g., *tallatt* = a loft in a hovel; *sorawl* = to crawl; *ordain* = to order. Some, from whatever derivation, are amusingly expressive. Thus, *marketpeert* = somewhat tipsy, as if he had come from the market; *cambottle* = the long-tailed tit (from its nest); *poppy*, used of a man who pretended to be a gentleman. Others, again, are ludicrous inversions or perversions of words—a habit which forms a common feature in the ordinary tongue of Devonshire. Thus, *bronnkites*, for bronchitis; *ill-convenient* for inconvenient; and, above all, the verb to *intercode*, which appears to be used

by Herefordshire folk whenever a long word is wanted. "She intercedes herself in the garden" means with them "she interests herself" in it. If a basket be lost a servant will say, "I will *intercede* for it," meaning "I will make enquiries for it." Mr. Havergal prints *arc*, "a peculiar cloud seen across the sky from north to south at morn or evening," and connected by the common people with a change of weather; but it should be *ark*, as we have often heard the cloud called "Noah's ark" in Lincolnshire. *Mommet*, again, "an effigy to frighten birds," should be *mammot*, from Mahomet.

A few curious expressions and scraps of folklore from the county have been appended to this book. *Mowwend* for "month's end," the day when poor families in the country think it right to go to church in a body after a funeral, has no indistinct connexion with the pre-reformation "trentals." "The earliest crow sometimes gets the latest breakfast" is not a bad proverb for a lazy man's comfort. The mental confusion, too, in the mother who was asked how her daughter was going on is delicious. She replied, "I think she's on the mend, for the doctor's drugs are beginning to embrace her." Mr. Havergal's book must only be regarded as the first skimming of a subject which is wonderfully rich. Much remains to be done. Since the book was in my hands I have noted several words which are not included in it. Few of the common Herefordshire names for plants and flowers have as yet been collected; such as "old man," "gillies," "snow on the mountain," and the like, for boy's love, wall-flowers, and alyssum respectively. Nor has the wide field of popular superstition been more than glanced at. Yet the Baal fires, the sacred cake, the maypole that stands by the farm stables, and other interesting relics of fast disappearing beliefs, demand immediate attention, as they have all but died out already.

Mr. Havergal has completed a labour of love, and will earn the gratitude of every observer of Herefordshire words and ways. The wide margins of his glossary offer a strong inducement to every thoughtful dweller in the county of apples and mistletoe to use it as a commonplace book, jotting down on them day by day any uncommon word or saying which has been noted. These gleanings would then be ready for the next edition of this valuable little book. M. G. WATKINS.

SOME BOOKS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

"English History from Contemporary Writers."—*The Mirrour of Henry III., 1236-1248.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. Hutton. *Edward III. and his Wars, 1327-1360.* Edited by W. J. Ashley. (David Nutt.) These two little volumes form part of a series, under the general editorship of Mr. York Powell, the design of which is to illustrate English history by a continuous succession of extracts from contemporary chronicles and documents, the passages in foreign languages being translated, and those in English modernised in spelling. The plan is excellent, and the name of the editor is a ground for confidence that it will be efficiently carried out—so far, at least, as his supervision extends. It strikes us, however, that the size of the volumes is rather too small, and that if uniformity in this respect is adhered to some of the writers will have to choose between two evils—that of defining their "periods" arbi-

trarily, and that of leaving on the reader's mind a confused or inadequate impression. Mr. Ashley has managed to avoid both these faults; but we are not so sure that Mr. Hutton has been well advised in his selection of a terminal date. We should have preferred a volume of double the size, bringing down the story to the end of the Barons' War. The history of the years from 1236 to 1267 forms a closely connected whole; and to make a break at 1248 (the date printed on the cover of the book), or at 1251 (the date to which the extracts actually extend), is something like stopping short in the middle of a drama. If a division had to be made, it seems to us that the date of the death of Grosseteste would have been a better point at which to make it than that which has been adopted. On turning to the preface to discover the reason assigned for ending the volume "nowhere in particular," we were for a moment completely puzzled, for the first paragraph intimates that the work deals with the history of the period from 1235 to 1266. We can only suppose either that when Mr. Hutton's material had been printed off it was discovered to be more voluminous than had been anticipated, or that the editor or the publisher of the series suddenly altered his original intention with regard to the size of the volumes. We cannot but regard the result as unfortunate. However in other respects Mr. Hutton's work is satisfactory. The extracts (of course chiefly taken from Matthew Paris) are well selected, and the few passages which we have compared with the original appear to be accurately translated, though Mr. Hutton misses a point when he renders *moneta sterlingorum* by "the sterling money." The style is, on the whole, fairly readable. Appended to the volume are genealogical tables of the family of Henry III., and of the house of Montfort (the latter, by the way, will need to be repeated in the volume dealing with the Barons' War), and a very good notice of the writers from whom the extracts are taken. Mr. Ashley's volume is much more skilfully put together than Mr. Hutton's. The majority of the extracts are from Lord Berners's translation of Froissart; but Murimuth, Avesbury, and Knighton have also been used, and there are several passages from the so-called *Chronicle of Lanercost*, which are hardly less picturesque than those taken from Froissart himself. Quotations are also given from popular songs, from statutes, and from municipal documents. Although the professed subject of the book is Edward III.'s wars, it contains a good deal of illustration of the condition of the people, and the manners and sentiments of the time. Altogether this is a singularly clever piece of work, and if the future volumes are nearly as good the series is certain to have a great success. Both the volumes contain a good many woodcuts, which are unpretending in style, but have the merit of being really illustrative of the text. It would be an improvement if, in the tables of contents, the names of the writers were given, as well as the subjects to which the extracts relate.

THE conclusions of Mr. Percy M. Thornton, in his volume on *The Brunswick Accession* (Ridgway), are based on the inedited "Hanover papers"—a collection to which he and some other students of English history after the revolution of 1688 have already called attention in the columns of the *English Historical Review*. He has two objects in view: the first is to show the illustrious character of the ancestors of the present royal family; the second, and more important, is to bring out the disposition of the leading politicians of Queen Anne's reign and of the nation at large on the succession to the throne after her death. The first is successfully established; for, after an

exhaustive inquiry into the lives of the ruler of Brunswick, he brings in the verdict that "through the veins of the British royal family courses the finest Stuart blood," and that "the loves, woes, and deaths of their ancestors are as worthy the wizard pen of a Scott as are those of the exiled branch of the Stuarts. Over the latter question greater uncertainty hangs. But Mr. Thornton arrives at the opinion that the Tory ministers who ruled over England after the fall of Godolphin and Marlborough aimed, as a body, rather at the supremacy of their political party than at any alteration in the succession to the throne of England; and that even Bolingbroke, whatever promises he may have deluded the Jacobites with at an earlier period in his career, resolved after Oxford's fall "to bring George the First to St. James's." If this treatise of Mr. Thornton should again undergo enlargement it would be well for him to explain how "unbeneficed clergymen" can be "turned out of their cures" (p. 175); to correct the sentence on p. 216, which refers to the "Bangorian controversy," so as to show that the phrase arose from the bishopric of Hoadley, rather than from the writings of Atterbury and Snape; and to eliminate the title conferred, on p. 231, on Mr. Pelham, but never enjoyed by him, as well as the words Pelham "of that ilk" to which he could lay no claim. In this, as in all his previous works, Mr. Thornton writes with moderation and with courtesy towards those who differ from him.

"Winchester Cathedral Records."—No. 2. *Charter of Edward the Third for the St. Giles Fair.* Dean Kitchin has not been content with merely editing the text of this charter with scrupulous care. He has added notes, elucidating obscure points and expressions, and has prefixed an introduction which will interest many besides antiquaries and local historians. He shows the important position held by fairs in the early history of commerce, and their connexion with the Church and the Church Calendar. In Winchester, the bishop had, from the time of William Rufus, the privilege of holding a fair "on the eastern hill" for three days, and this period was extended by subsequent kings to sixteen days—the term confirmed in Edward the Third's charter. Under the Norman kings the fair was in high repute. Winchester, which rivalled London in importance before the Conquest, yielded very slowly its prominent position. It had a large trade in wines of both native and foreign production, and was noted throughout the country for its cloth manufacture. But foreign trade found a more convenient depot at Southampton; and, as the woollen manufactures became developed in East Anglia and wherever the Fleming colonists settled, they naturally declined elsewhere. Edward III., indeed, took special interest in Winchester, and, besides granting the bishop a new charter for the fair, made the place one of his ten great staple-towns. But the lost ground could not be regained, and in the fourteenth century Winchester sank into the comparatively unimportant position it has ever since occupied. Still, the fair on St. Giles' Down was a great gathering, and a source of large revenue to the bishop. The booths seem to have covered the whole open space on the hill-top, and to have descended the steep slope towards the east gate of the city. They were enclosed by a palisade, erected not merely to protect the goods, but to defeat attempts at smuggling, and were arranged in streets, which bore the names of the commodities sold in them. Among the traders "were those mysterious merchants from foreign parts called "Dynamitters," who sold brazen vessels and pots, and were bound by ancient custom yearly to present to the Justiciaries of the

Pavilion and to the Treasurer of Wolvesey four brazen basins and ewers."

Great precautions were taken to preserve order and prevent the occurrence of fire, and special officers and magistrates were appointed to carry out the bishop's instructions. Of course, as shops increased and multiplied, and shopkeepers grew stronger, the fair grew weaker. Trade gradually came to be conducted by other and more regular means. And so the fair

"slid down St. Giles' Hill towards the gates, until at last it entered into the town, and abandoning the old site altogether, camped for a day or two in the broad High Street, where still its noisy ghost holds revel once a year."

We think Winchester is fortunate in having as its dean so pleasant and popular an archaeologist as Dr. Kitchin, and we congratulate him upon having found such suitable and useful occupation for the "learned leisure" which deans are supposed to enjoy.

The History of Streatham. By Frederick Arnold, jun. (Elliot Stock). It is well that the history of this suburban parish should be written before its features are destroyed and its boundaries obliterated by the extension of southern London. Already it has lost too many of its fields and woodlands; and the nightingale—a frequent visitor twenty years ago—has been driven away by the screeching trains and the Sunday bird-catchers. Within the parish of Streatham are included the manors of Balham, Leigham, and Tooting; but none of these names recall any historical associations. Dr. Johnson and the Thrales have done more to make Streatham famous than all the lords of all the manors, though it ought to be remembered that Defoe lived at Tooting for many years, and that among the rectors of Streatham was Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, greater as a controversialist than as a bishop. The parish register contains a notice of an eccentric character who died in 1772 at the age of at least 100, and was then discovered to be a man, though he was "always known under the guise or habit of a woman, and answered to the name of Elizabeth." Mr. Arnold begins his history as early as he can, for his first chapter contains a sketch of the geology of the county of Surrey, and an attempt to epitomise its annals from the Deluge downwards. The more valuable as well as more interesting chapters in the book are those which relate to comparatively modern times, and especially to the Thrales and Dr. Johnson. All anecdotes about the latter are more or less in place; but we do not need a recapitulation of the doctor's biography, including some account of his father. As a whole, however, the book is a good one, and the typography is particularly clear.

A History of the Parish of Mortlake. By J. Eustace Anderson. (Laurie.) We notice that this little book is "printed for private circulation," and, therefore, public criticism may seem superfluous. But there is nothing in the work of which its youthful author need be ashamed, and we are glad to welcome all fresh contributions to suburban topography. Mortlake has not much history of which to boast. The manor passed from episcopal to royal hands in the reign of Henry VIII. by one of those numerous Diomedean exchanges then made by the Head of the Church. The manor house was at the west end of the village, and, according to Bray, was standing as late as 1663. Mr. Anderson would have added greatly to the value of his history, if he had given references to the authorities whom he seems to have consulted; and he need not have disappointed us by confining his "Extracts from the Parish Registers" to quotations from the vestry minute books. We would suggest a careful revision of these extracts, and

a suppression of such absurdities as Stowe's derivation of Domesday.

Chapters from Family Chests. By Edward Walford. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.) Mr. Walford has hit upon a happy title for his book, but his researches have not brought to light anything very remarkable. The truth is, these chests have been already thoroughly ransacked, and their contents are accessible enough elsewhere. The scrappy treatment of family history is about as unsatisfactory a thing as can well be imagined. We can appreciate a good historical romance, and value very highly a plain statement of genealogical facts, with evidences for their truth adduced from unimpeachable documents. But Mr. Walford's method is neither one thing nor the other. His stories—most of them threadbare by this time—have apparently formed "padding" for a magazine. For such a purpose they may have been suitable; but their re-publication will not increase their author's reputation nor advance the interests of true antiquarianism, if such a word may be employed.

Montrose. By Lady Violet Greville. (Chapman & Hall.) Lady Violet Greville disarms criticism by her statement that "this little book has no pretensions to novelty or high things." She has put into an agreeable form Mr. Napier's view of his hero's character and actions; but she does not in any way realise the horror of the civilised Lowlander at the storm of barbarism which was being let loose upon him. Of course it is only in consequence of a misprint that Lady Violet asserts that one of the articles of Perth allowed "the private administration of the sacrament to the rich" (p. 23.)

A Short History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Cyril Ransome. (Rivingtons.) As a school text-book this is the most satisfactory history of England of the same size that we have seen. The chapter on the ethnology of early Britain is open to some objection, chiefly on the ground that it states too dogmatically certain conclusions which are not universally accepted, and are incapable of absolute proof. The volume is furnished with many useful plans of battle fields, and chronological and genealogical tables are given where necessary. Mr. Ransome has adopted the useful plan of treating the account of each reign with a note containing the dates of the sovereign's birth, accession, and death, and lists of the "chief characters of the reign" and of the contemporary princes of Europe. The style of the book, though condensed, is much more readable than that of similar works usually is.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We hear that Prof. Dicey's letters on "Unionist Delusions," which have been appearing in the *Spectator*, are to be republished in a little volume by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

LORD SELBORNE has a new book in the press. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., under the title of *Ancient Facts and Fictions as to Churches and Tithes*.

AN addition to Baedeker's series of European Guidebooks will be issued very shortly in the shape of a *Handbook to Great Britain*. The volume, which takes in England, Wales, and most of Scotland (but not Ireland), is prefaced by a "Historical Sketch of Architecture in England," from the pen of Prof. Freeman.

THE work on which the Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie has been engaged for several years past will be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Company, in two volumes, early next month, under the title of *The Holy Land and the Bible: a Book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine*.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish, in November, *Picturesque New Guinea*, by Mr. J. W. Lindt, with fifty full-page illustrations, reproduced in autotype from photographs.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP & SON will publish, almost immediately, an enlarged edition of Dr. John Yeats's *Manuals of Commerce*, in four volumes, illustrated with numerous original maps and diagrams. Volume I., entitled "The Natural History of the Raw Materials of Commerce," contains a list of commercial products and their synonyms in the principal European and Oriental languages; volume II. treats of the progress of the useful arts, with tables of alloys, &c.; volume III. is entitled "The Growth and Vicissitudes of Commerce"; while volume IV., which is entirely new, gives statistical tables, maps of trade areas, and lists of places important in business.

THE three sermons preached in the Manchester Cathedral, during the recent meeting of the British Association, by the Bishops of Carlisle, Bedford, and Manchester, will be published, next week, in a single volume, under the title of *The Advance of Science*, by Mr. John Heywood.

THE course of Lectures on the "History of Preaching," delivered to the students at the Theological Hall, Edinburgh, by the late Prof. John Ker, will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

TOWARDS the end of the month Messrs. Ward & Downey will publish a romance, by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, called *A Modern Magician*.

UNDER the title of *Literary Epochs: Chapters on Noted Periods of Intellectual Activity*, Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new volume of essays by G. F. Underhill, for immediate publication.

MESSRS. FREDERICK W. WILSON & BROTHER, of Glasgow, have in preparation a new work by Mr. John Davidson, whose drama of "Brnoe" was recently noticed in the ACADEMY. It is entitled *Smith: a Tragedy*; and it deals with rebellion against modern society.

A POPULAR edition of *Manners Makyth Man*, by the author of "How to be Happy though Married," will be issued, immediately, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

AT the tenth annual meeting of the Library Association, to be held in the Council House, Birmingham, from Tuesday to Friday of next week, the papers will include: "The Present Aspect of the Question, Who was the Inventor of Printing?" by Mr. W. Blades; "Remarkable Private Libraries of the Town and Neighbourhood," by Mr. Sam Timmins; "What to aim at in Local Bibliography," by Mr. F. Madan; "Library Bylaws and Regulations," by Mr. J. D. Mullins; "The Free Libraries of the Town and Neighbourhood," by Mr. R. K. Dent; "The Connexion between Free Libraries and Art Galleries and Museums," by Mr. Whitworth Wallis; "Wanted a Librarian," by Mr. J. G. W. MacAlister; "Some Experiments on the influence of Gas on Bindings," by Mr. C. J. Woodward; "Books before Printing," by Mr. J. W. Bradley; "Subscription and Proprietary Libraries of the Town and Neighbourhood," by Mr. C. E. Scarse; "Town Libraries and Surrounding Districts," by Mr. F. Paoy; "Birmingham in Literature," by Mr. W. Downing; "Thomas Hall and his old Library at King's Norton," by Mr. W. Salt Brassington; and "An Open Reference Library at Cambridge," by Mr. T. E. Foster. The excursions include visits to Oscott, Stratford-on-Avon, and Althorp (by permission of Earl Spencer). The president for the year is Mr. Alderman Johnson. Communications may be addressed to Mr. E. C. Thomas, 2 South Square, Gray's Inn; or Mr. C. E. Scarse, the Library, Union Street, Birmingham.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed at Newcastle, with Dr. Thomas Hodgkin for treasurer, to collect subscriptions for the restoration of the tombstone of John Cunningham, the pastoral poet of the last century.

IN 1860, Prince L.-L. Bonaparte and others had a stone placed in Mousehole churchyard to the memory of Dolly Pentreath, traditionally reported to be the last woman who spoke Cornish, and to have died in 1778 at the age of 102. Subsequent investigation has proved, however, (1) that the stone was not on the site of her grave; (2) that the true year of her death, as given in the parish register, is 1777, not 1778; and (3) that she was probably not 102 years of age, for there is an entry in the register—"Dorothy, the daughter of Nicholas Pentreath, of this parish, baptised May 17, 1714." Accordingly, on Wednesday, August 24, the stone was moved to the true site of the grave, and the date of death was altered.

THE COLLEGE HALL, for the residence of Women Students of University College and of the London School of Medicine for Women, is once more extending its bounds. The Hall was first opened in 1, Byng Place, in October, 1882. In the following year the adjoining house was taken, and opened in January, 1884; and in March, 1886, the Hall was incorporated. Finding that there is still a constant demand for residence beyond what these two houses can supply, the Council have taken the third house, which completes the entire block known as Byng Place, and hope to be ready by October with rooms for additional students, an enlarged dining-hall, a library, and other improvements.

THE committee of the City Liberal Club have exercised a wise discretion in laying down the rule that their club library shall be mainly composed of works relating to politics and commerce. The latter subject appeals to the members as City men, the former attracts them as Liberals. In forming their collection they were aided by a generous donation of £1,000 from the widow of one of the members, and by the gift from Mrs. William Newmarch of a large portion of the volumes which her late husband had accumulated. The club pamphlets comprise a considerable collection bearing on the political career of Mr. Gladstone, and six volumes of pamphlets on bimetallicism, tithes, the Eastern question, and other features of political life, acquired and presented by Mr. Thomson Hankey. The library is as yet far from complete, but this is no more than might be expected from the short time which has elapsed since the first volumes were purchased; and the catalogue, which has just been printed, will, no doubt, bring the wants of the collection within the knowledge of many able to remedy its defects. The catalogue, which is based on that of the Reform Club, has been carefully compiled, and contains a useful classified index.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be the first of the fifth volume of this periodical. Among the contents will be an article on "Somerset in June," by the late Richard Jefferies, with numerous illustrations by Mr. J. W. North; and the first of a series of papers on "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," which is to be jointly illustrated by Messrs. Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton. The number will also contain a poem by Mr. Swinburne, and the Hymn by Mr. F. Marion Crawford sung at the centenary celebration of the Signature of the Constitution of the United States at Philadelphia. The first chapters of two new serial stories, by the author of

"Mehalah," and Prof. W. Minto; and the first of a series of articles on "Things in General," by Mr. Traill, which is to be a monthly feature of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, complete the number.

THE October number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* will contain William Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," now first printed from the engraved original; a photogravure of the drawing by Andrea Mantegna, entitled "Diana, Mars, and Venus"; and a selection of passages from the letters and papers of James Smetham.

THE October number of *Scribner's* will give the last instalment of the Thackeray letters—those written from America during two visits—together with a brief closing notice by Mrs. Brookfield. There will also be two portraits of Thackeray, from photographs now in the possession of Mrs. J. T. Fields.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In General Literature.—"The Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury," by the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. W. Benham, in 2 vols.; "The Personal Remembrances of Sir W. Frederick Pollock, Bart., sometime Queen's Remembrancer," in 2 vols.; "The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by J. L. Cabot, his literary executor, in 2 vols.; "The Makers of Venice," by Mrs. Oliphant, with numerous illustrations; "Greek Life and Thought from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest," by Prof. Mahaffy; "Ulysses of the Foreign Office—Scenes of Sojourn," by William Gifford Palgrave; "Life in Corea," by W. R. Carles, with numerous illustrations; "Montelius' Civilisation in Sweden in Heathen Times," translated from the German edition, by the Rev. F. H. Woods, with illustrations; "Greenland," by Baron A. E. von Nordenskiöld, translated into English, with numerous illustrations; "The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist," by his Daughter, "Leader Scott"; "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," Second Series, 1826—1835, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, in 2 vols.; "The Life of Elizabeth Gilbert," by Frances Martin, with portrait; "Charles Lamb's Letters," edited by Canon Ainger, in 2 vols., completing his edition of Lamb's works; "Essays on Recent English Guides in Matters of Faith," by R. H. Hutten; "Spenser, Wordsworth, and other Studies: a Volume of Collected Essays," by Aubrey de Vere, in 2 vols.; "The Art of Conversation," by Prof. Mahaffy; "Collected Edition of Dean Church's Miscellaneous Writings," uniform with the collected works of Emerson, &c., to be published in monthly volumes: vol. i., Miscellaneous Essays; vol. ii., Dante; vol. iii., St. Anselm; vol. iv., Spenser; vol. v., Bacon; "Burke," by John Morley, uniform with the collected edition of his works; and "The Privy Council," by Prof. Dicey.

In Art.—"A History of Miniature Art," by J. Lumsden Probert, with illustrations; "The Life of Peter De Wint," by Walter Armstrong, illustrated with twenty photogravures from the artist's pictures; "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," by W. Holman Hunt, illustrated by reproductions from some of Mr. Holman Hunt's drawings and paintings; and "Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art," by the Rev. Robert Burn, author of "Rome and the Campagna," with illustrations.

In Poetry.—"Prince Lucifer: a Poem," by Alfred Austin; Poems by the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews; a Volume of Poems by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke; and "The Brook," by Alfred, Lord Tennyson,

with twenty illustrations in colour, by A. Woodruff.

Novels, &c.—"Marzio's Crucifix," by F. Marion Crawford, in 2 vols.; "The New Antigone: a Romance," in 3 vols.; "Hithers Mere," by Lady Augusta Noel, in 3 vols.; "Ismay's Children," by Mrs. Noel Hartley, in 3 vols.; "The Second Son," by Mrs. Oliphant, in 3 vols.; "Harmonia," by the author; "Estelle Russell"; "For God and Gold," by Julian Corbett; "Peggy," by Mrs. Moleworth, with illustrations by Walter Crane; and cheap editions of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," with all the original illustrations by Tenniel.

Theology.—"The Bampton Lectures for 1887," by the Bishop of Ripon; "Gnosticism and Agnosticism, and other Sermons," by Prof. George Salmon; "Sermons," by the late Bishop Fraser, in 2 vols.: I. University and other Sermons; II. Parochial and other Sermons, edited by the Rev. John W. Diggie; "Sermons," by the late Rev. Dr. Maturin, of Dublin, edited by Canon Smith; "A Volume of Sermons," by the Rev. J. E. C. Wellton; "Wallington College Sermons," by the Rev. E. C. Wickham; "From Within," by George Harwood; and "Faith and Conduct."

In Mathematics and Science.—"A Practical Text-book of Pathology," by Prof. D. J. Hamilton; "The Nervous System and the Mind," by Charles Mercier; "The Growth of the Recruit and Young Soldier," with a view to a judicious selection of growing lads for the army, and a regulated system of training for recruits, by Sir William Aitken, Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School; "A Treatise on Chemistry," by Sir H. E. Roscoe and Prof. C. Schorlemmer, vol. iii., part iv., with illustrations; "Electricity and Magnetism: a Popular Treatise," by Amédée Guillemin, translated and edited, with additions and notes, by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson, with numerous illustrations; "Popular Lectures and Addresses on Various Subjects in Physical Science," by Sir William Thomson, with illustrations (Nature Series); "Radiant Light and Heat," by Prof. Balfour Stewart, with illustrations (Nature Series); "Absolute Measurements in Electricity and Magnetism," by Prof. Andrew Gray, second edition, in 2 vols.; "A Course of Quantitative Mineral Analysis for Students," by Prof. W. Noel Hartley; "School Course of Practical Physics," by Prof. Balfour Stewart and W. W. Haldane Gee, part i., Electricity and Magnetism; "Examples in Physics," by D. E. Jones; "The Elements of Chemistry: a Text-book for Beginners," by Prof. Ira Remsen; "Kinematics and Dynamics: an Elementary Treatise," by Prof. J. G. MacGregor, with illustrations; "Geometrical Conics: an Elementary Treatise, drawn up in accordance with the Syllabus issued by the Society for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching," by A. Cockshott and the Rev. F. B. Walters, with diagrams; "A Treatise on Analytical Statics," by I. Todhunter, a new edition, revised by Prof. J. D. Everett; "Algebra for Schools and Colleges," by Charles Smith; and "A Companion to 'Weekly Problem Papers,'" by the Rev. John J. Milne.

Classics.—"Plato—Timæus," edited, with introduction and notes, by R. D. Archer-Hind (Classical Library); "The Fragments of Ctesias," edited, with introduction and notes, by J. E. Gilmore (Classical Library); "The Works of Xenophon," translated into English, with introduction and notes, by H. G. Dakyns, in 4 vols.; "Cicero—Life and Select Letters," after the edition of A. Watson, translated by G. E. Jeans, second edition, revised; "Short Prefaces to School Classics," by James Gow; "Plato—The Republic, I.—V.," edited by T. H. Warren (Classical Series); "Polybius—

The Achaean League, parts of books ii. and iv., edited, with introduction and notes, by the Rev. W. W. Capes (Classical Series); "Arrian—The Expedition of Alexander," selected and arranged for the use of beginners, with notes, vocabulary, and exercises, by the Rev. John Bond and A. S. Walpole (Elementary Classics); "Caesar—The Helvetian War," selected and arranged for the use of beginners, with notes, vocabulary, and exercises, by W. Welch, and C. G. Duffield (Elementary Classics); and "A First Greek Reader: Stories and Legends from Greek Writers," selected and edited, with notes, vocabulary, and exercises, by F. H. Colson.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Gift Books.—"For the Temple: a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem," by G. A. Henty, with ten full-page illustrations by Solomon J. Solomon, and a coloured map; "Bonnie Prince Charlie: a Tale of Fontenoy and Culloden," by G. A. Henty, with twelve full-page illustrations by Gordon Browne; "Dick o' the Fens: a Romance of the Great East Swamp," by G. Manville Fenn, with twelve full-page illustrations by Frank Dadd; "In the Reign of Terror: the Adventures of a Westminster Boy," by G. A. Henty, with eight full-page illustrations by J. Schönberg; "Orange and Green: a Tale of the Boyne and Limerick," by G. A. Henty, with eight full-page illustrations by Gordon Browne; "Mother Carey's Chicken: her Voyage to the Unknown Isle," by G. Manville Fenn, with eight full-page illustrations; "The Rover's Secret: a Tale of the Pirate Cays and Lagoons of Cuba," by Harry Collingwood, with eight full-page illustrations by W. C. Symons; "The Seven Wise Scholars," by Ascott R. Hope, with nearly one hundred illustrations by Gordon Browne; "Girl Neighbours; or, The Old Fashion and the New," by Sarah Tytler, with eight full-page illustrations by C. T. Garland; "Margery Merton's Girlhood," by Alice Corkran, with six full-page illustrations by Gordon Browne; "Sir Walter's Ward: a Tale of the Crusades," by William Everard, with six full-page illustrations by Walter Paget; new editions of "The Princess and the Goblin" (with thirty illustrations by Arthur Hughes), "The Princess and Curdie" (with eight illustrations in tints by James Allen), and "Gutta-Percha Willie, the Working Genius" (with eight illustrations by Arthur Hughes), by Dr. George MacDonald; "Chivalric Days: Stories of Courtesy and Courage in the Olden Times," by E. S. Brooks, with illustrations by Gordon Browne, R. B. Birch, and other artists; "The Bubbling Teapot: a Wonder Story," by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, with twelve full-page illustrations by Walter Satterlee; a new edition of "Stories of Old Renown: Tales of Knights and Heroes," by Ascott R. Hope, with one hundred illustrations by Gordon Browne; "Miss Willowburn's Offer," by Sarah Doudney, with four full-page illustrations by Robert Fowler; "Sturdy and Strong; or, How George Andrews made his Way," by G. A. Henty, with four full-page illustrations by Robert Fowler; "The Stories of Wasa and Menzikoff: the Deliverer of Sweden, and the Favourite of Czar Peter," with four full-page illustrations by John Schönberg; "The War of the Axe: Adventures in South Africa," by J. Percy Groves, with four full-page illustrations by John Schönberg; "Insect Ways on Summer Days: in Garden, Forest, Field, and Stream," by Jennett Humphreys, with seventy illustrations printed in the text.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & SON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"**FLOUR MANUFACTURE: a Treatise on Milling Science and Practice**," by Friedrich Kick, translated from the second edition, with supplement, by H. H. P. Powles, illustrated with 24 folding plates and 113 woodcuts; "A Dictionary of Terms used in the Practice of Mechanical Engineering," comprising upwards of 6,000 definitions, compiled and edited by the author of "Pattern Making"; "Practical Surveying: a Textbook for Students preparing for Examinations or the Colonies," by George W. Usill; "The Mechanical Engineer's Office Book," by Nelson Foley, second edition, much enlarged; "British Mining: a Treatise on the History, Discovery, Practical Development and Future Prospects of Metalliferous Mines in the United Kingdom," by Robert Hunt, second edition revised, with upwards of 230 illustrations; "The Watchmaker's Handbook: a Workshop Companion for those who are engaged in Watch-making and the allied Mechanical Arts," from the French of Claudius Saunier, translated by Julien Trippin and Edward Rigg, second edition revised, with an appendix by Edward Rigg, numerous woodcuts and twelve copper plates; "Our Granite Industries," by G. F. Harris; "Tables, Memoranda and Calculated Results for Mechanics, Engineers, Architects, Builders, Surveyors," &c., selected and arranged by Francis Smith, fourth edition; "Lockwood's Builder's and Contractor's Price Book for 1888," containing the latest prices of materials and labour in all trades connected with building, edited by F. T. W. Miller; "The Boy's Own Book: a Complete Encyclopaedia of Sports and Pastimes, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative," a new edition; "Merry Tales for Little Folks," illustrated with more than 200 pictures, edited by M^{de}me. de Chatelaine, new edition.

The following new volumes in Lockwood's series of "Handybooks for Handicrafts": "The Mechanic's Workshop Handybook," a practical manual on mechanical manipulation, embracing information on various handicraft processes, useful notes, and miscellaneous memoranda, by Paul N. Hasluck, comprising about two hundred subjects; "The Model Engineer's Handybook," a practical manual embracing information on the tools, materials, appliances, and processes employed in constructing model steam engines, by Paul N. Hasluck, with about one hundred illustrations; "The Cabinet Worker's Handybook," a practical manual, embracing information on the tools, materials, appliances, and processes employed in cabinet work, by Paul N. Hasluck, with about one hundred illustrations; "The Clock Jobber's Handybook," a practical manual, embracing information on the tools, materials, appliances, and processes employed in cleaning, adjusting, and repairing clocks, by Paul N. Hasluck, with about one hundred illustrations.

Also the following new editions in Weale's "Rudimentary Scientific Series": "A Treatise on Mathematical Instruments, their Construction, Adjustment, Testing, and Use concisely explained," by J. F. Heather, new edition, with appendix, by A. T. Walmisley; "The Mineral Surveyor's and Valuer's Complete Guide," by W. Lintern, second edition with an appendix on magnetic and angular surveying, with records of the peculiarities of needle disturbances; "House Painting, Graining, Marbling, and Sign Writing," with a course of elementary drawing and a collection of useful receipts, by Ellis A. Davidson, fifth edition, with coloured plates.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the last number of *Mind* Prof. W. James continues his discussion of the space problem, by dealing with the special case of visual space.

He is concerned to show here that according to his general theory the visual perception of space in all its dimensions is immediate, being based on sensations. But, unfortunately, he is unable, in the limits of his article, even to indicate the nature of these sensations. He succeeds, however, in putting forth a strong case against Helmholtz's dictum that true sensations can never be overpowered and suppressed by intellectual and inferential processes. Next to this article comes a characteristic paper on "Association and Thought," by Mr. F. H. Bradley. The current psychological assumptions are too complicated for the essayist, and he seeks to simplify the science by reducing all its laws to one comprehensive principle. The attempt is ingenious and instructive, though it may be that the author, in reaching this principle, runs the risk of slipping into that territory of metaphysical hypotheses which he thinks it is the main business of the psychologist to shun. The remaining papers are—one on "Knowledge and Idealisation," by Prof. J. Dewey, and a second instalment of "Further Problems of Hypnotism," by Mr. E. Gurney.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE OLD EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE, NOW
ERECTED ON THE HOE AT PLYMOUTH.

STRONG guardian of the light, that hath withstood
Thro' myriad gruesome hours of curdling fear,
Blaspheming winds, while horrible death drew
near,

'Mid ravening ocean in her deadliest mood;
Till the pale Christ seemed heedless on the rood,
And vain the desperate prayers poured forth
from dear

Despairing lips ashore: thou standest here,
Thy battles o'er, with sightless eyes that brood.

Oh mighty one, set calm in all men's sight,
For symbol and sign of what brave souls dare
do,

When our hearts fail us, lo! we turn to you,
That held undaunted God's best gift of light,
Defying death, and terror's loathsome crew,
To aid lost souls in their despairing plight!

EVELYN PYNE.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

SOULELLET, P. Voyage à Ségon, 1878-9, rédigé par G. Gravier. Paris: Challengel. 7 fr. 80 c.

HISTORY.

BUSSON, A. Beiträge zur Kritik der steyerischen Reimchronik u. zur Reichsgeschichte im 13. u. 14. Jahrh. II. Die Wahl Adolfs v. Nassau. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CODEX diplomaticus Salernitanus. Hrsg. von F. v. Weech. 10. Lfg. Karlsruhe: Braun. 5 M.

GÜBEL, E. Die Westküste Afrikas im Altertum. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.

MIKLOEICH, F. Die Blutrache bei den Slaven. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 4 M. 20 Pf.

NATZMER, G. E. v. Unter den Hohenzollern. Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben d. Generals Oldwig v. Natzmer. 1. Thl. 1810-1832. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

BIEDERMANN, W. Ueb. die Innervation der Krebschewe. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 M.

FREY-GESSNER, E. Hymenoptera Helvetiae. 1. Thl. Einleitung u. Chrysididae (Goldwespen). Bern: Huber. 3 M. 60 Pf.

GORDAN'S, P. Vorlesungen üb. Invariantentheorie. Hrsg. v. G. Kerschstein. 2. Bd. Binäre Formen. Leipzig: Teubner. 11 M. 80 Pf.

PLANCK, M. Das Princip der Erhaltung der Energie. Leipzig: Teubner. 6 M.

WIENER, Oh. Lehrbuch der darstellenden Geometrie. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY.

ARISTOTELIS quae feruntur Oeconomica. Rec. F. Susemihl. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 50 Pf.

AUFELD, R. De libro *περί τοῦ πάντα σπουδαίων εἶναι ἐλευθερον*, qui inter Philonis Alexandrini opera fertur. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 80 Pf.

PLATTI, T. M., comediae. Tomi III. fasc. III. Rudens, rec. F. Schoell. Leipzig: Teubner. 5 M. 80 Pf.

SCHIFFER, J. Die zweite Version der mittelhochdeutschen Alexiadelegenden. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1. M. 20 Pf.

SCRIBONII LARGI compositiones. Ed. G. Helmreich. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 80 Pf.
STEFFENHAGEN, E. Die Entwicklung der Landrechtsglosses d. Sachsenspiegels. VIII. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE NAME "ISIS."

Oxford: Sept. 7, 1887.

I am surprised to see from Mr. Bradley's letter, in the ACADEMY of September 3, that it is still considered possible that Leland invented the name Isis for the Thames at Oxford, and the derivation of Tamesis from Thame and Isis. I thought at first that this might be only an oversight of Mr. Bradley's; but on referring to Phillips's *Geology of Oxford, and the Valley of the Thames* (p. 24), where the subject is discussed at some length, I find the same view set forth in these words:

"It is probable that Isis is a scholarly invention, a fancy of Leland, who, in his poem, entitled KYKNEION AZMA, or Swan Song, has very freely latinised many names of places on the banks of the river."

Mr. Bradley may be right or wrong in thinking that "philological purpose is always present with Leland"; but in this case it is certain that Leland was only using a time-honoured name and quoting an already venerable "derivation," the existence of which goes back to a date at least 300 years earlier—to a time indeed anterior to the earliest date associated with academic Oxford.

It is strange that, when so much has been written upon the history of Oxford and the Thames, and the names of both, that the information to be obtained from early maps has apparently not been exhausted. To one map of special importance I would call attention.

The *Abbreuiatio Chronicorum* of Matthew Paris is known to exist in a single MS. (Brit. Mus. Cott. MSS. Jul. D. VII.), which, according to Sir Frederick Madden, is undoubtedly the author's autograph. This MS. contains (fol. 50b.) a map of Great Britain, which upon the same high authority is the handiwork of Matthew Paris, and must have been constructed about or before the middle of the thirteenth century. This map, which has been reproduced in facsimile in the National MSS. of Scotland, Part ii., Plate v. a., presents many interesting and some curious features, one of the latter being that the Naze, at the south-east of Essex, is erroneously taken as the south-east angle of England, with the necessary result that the estuary of the Thames and the whole of Kent are pushed round into the south coast, and the Thames consequently is made to run south-east instead of east, as if it had flowed from Gloucestershire to a point which would coincide with the coast of Sussex. Making allowance, however, for this initial error, the general course of the river is delineated with much accuracy. There is the great southern bend from Oxford by Reading to Henley, and the lesser bow from Maidenhead to Brentford and London.

To the south-west of the mouth of the river, *i.e.*, making allowance for the initial error, to the south, lies the island of *Thanet*; the next name is *Septhe*, marked as a kind of semi-island between the Thames and the Medway; and then *London*, with *Walthe* to the north-east, and *cenobiū sci albanī*, the author's own monastery, occupying as large a space as London itself, to the north-west. About as far above London as this is above the mouth of the river, we see *Windlesho/res*, and about as far again, we come to *Oxon*. But a little below Oxford the river is represented as branching, the two branches flowing nearly in the same line with each other, but in opposite directions, which, when the general error is eliminated, are from west by south and east by

north. The eastern branch, which rises near *Dunestap* and *Sci Albani*, is named on the map *yse* (with dotted *y*); and the western one, which rises not far from *Bristol dū*, and the *Auene*, and has *ferendū* on its banks, is named *tame*. In other words, the upper Thames or Isis is named *tame*, and the Thame (for from its position, rising near Dunstable and St. Albans to the north of the Chilterns, its general course, and its confluence, it can be no other) is called *yse*. In a lined-in space opposite the junction of the two branches is included the following sentence:

"tame &
yse fa
ciunt tamisa
sicut Jor &
dan fluuium Jordanō."

It is possible that this is the actual source whence Leland obtained his information. An examination of maps subsequent to this, but earlier than Leland's time, would show whether any connecting links can be found. Whence Matthew obtained the name *yse* and whether, as Leland says, it really was the British name of one of the tributaries of the river, we do not know; nor do we know whether he himself first excogitated the etymology, or was merely reciting an explanation old even in his day. Dr. Murray has suggested to me that as one of the sources of the Thame is near Tring, at no great distance from St. Albans, the monks of that monastery may have known the name of this stream, and the fact that, though flowing in the opposite direction, it really becomes part of the Thames at length, and may have speculated on the connexion of the two named *Tame* and *Tamyse* or *Tamise*, and on the possibility of the other part of the river bearing another part of the name. This is, of course, quite possible; but it is, I think, evident that if the name *yse* was an invented one, the inventor was not the maker of the map, since he knew so little of the actual facts as to affix the name *tame* to the upper Thames, and *yse* to the Buckinghamshire stream—a strong proof that he at least did not associate the name *tame* with the river having its sources at Tring. It certainly looks as if he were merely recording, as something commonly known in his day, that two rivers, the *tame* and the *yse*, by their confluence formed the *Tamise* or Thames, and were reputed to give it its name, though he himself had no personal knowledge which was the *tame* and which the *yse*.

I must leave to those competent to discuss the derivation of *yse* the question whether it is, as Leland believed, a British name, or whether it can possibly be identified with an Old-English *Use*, "Ouse." But I confess to a strong disposition to think that this was a real name of the upper Thames. In opposition to the notion of Mr. Kerlake—that one and the same name was originally given to a river and all its branches—I find as a fact that the natural man usually gives a distinct name, not only to every branch, but to every distinct part, of a large river, which is clearly the natural and convenient way for the primary purpose of names. Instances will occur at once in the case of the Danube, Nile, Missouri, Orinoco, Niger, and Amazon. Even in our own country this is common, and a good instance was known to me at Mill Hill. There the various head-streams of the Brent have each a different name, *Dollis' Brook*, *Dean's Brook*, *Silk Brook*, &c.; not one is called the Brent. All the boys at Mill Hill School indeed knew from ordnance maps, &c., that the stream which rises between Moat Mount and Barnet Gate, sweeps round between Barnet and Totteridge, and crosses or rather takes possession of a bit of the road from Mill Hill to Finchley, was really the Brent; but to the natives it was merely "Dollis' Brook." And we know that several brooks with

distinct names actually claim to be the real Thames Head. That the river was called *Temese* as far up as Cricklade in the time of Cnut only exemplifies what always happens. It is foreigners—new-comers with more general views and wider knowledge—that extend the main name to what they consider the very head. It was Mill Hill scholars, not natives, that called *Dollis' Brook* the Brent. It is Europeans, not natives, that call the *Joliba* and *Quarra* the Niger, and carry the name of Nile up to the *Victoria Nyanza*. So, if the name *Tamesis*, *Tamesa*, *Tamisa*, or *Temese*, originally belonged only to the lower part of the river, below Oxford, or below Teddington even, new-comers and strangers would be sure to extend the name up as far as they could follow the stream. But the original distinct name of the upper part would also survive in local use, just as it does at the present day. We all know that the *Isis* is only part of the Thames, but we find it convenient to call it the *Isis* notwithstanding.

Be this as it may, it is something to have shown that the name *Yse* or *Ise*, the vernacular form of our "Isis," is no scholarly invention of the Renaissance or fancy of the Elizabethan antiquaries, but was used *bona fide*, as the name of a part of the Thames 300 years earlier; and that Leland was not etymologising or inventing names, but only quoting a name and a derivation that had been current at least since the times of the Angevin kings.

HAROLD J. R. MURRAY.

P.S.—I have referred to the name of the Thames above as *Tamesis*, *Tamesa*, *Tamisa*, *Tamise*, and *Temese*. Caesar has *Tamesis*, and Tacitus has *Tamesa*, which is also the form in the ancient map commonly called Ptolemy's. Latin dictionaries mark the *e* as short; but Prof. Rhys tells me that the Welsh form, *Tafwys*, can be got only from Latin *Tamēsis* or *Tamēsa*; a still later form, *Tamisa*, is the source of the French *Tamise*. The Old-English *Temese*, according to Dr. Murray, also comes immediately from *Tamisa*, but tells nothing as to the length of the *i*. Is it not the fact that our spoken name, *Tems*, is the Old-English *Temese*, *Temse*, while our written name is from French *Tamise*, with *Th* for *T* as frequent in names from French? Robert of Gloucester, about 1300, has *Temese*, and Wyntoun, about 1430, has *Tamyse*, *Tamys*. It would be interesting to see a catena of the historical forms of the word. Has anybody collected them?

H. J. R. M.

THE CELTIC NAME OF "OXFORD."

Oxford: Sept. 11, 1887.

It may interest some of your correspondents to know that three Welsh MSS., belonging to the earlier half of the thirteenth century, speak of Oxford as *Rhydychain*, *i.e.*, "ford of oxen." If the name of Oxford had been Celtic, is it likely that it should have been forgotten as early as 1220 by the Welsh themselves?

J. GWENOGVRYN EVANS.

"ON TEACHING ENGLISH."

Firth College, Sheffield: Sept. 12, 1887.

It is not indeed without great trepidation that a critic with small claim to be heard would venture to give unblushing publicity to views at variance with Dr. Bain's; and I should not have placed myself in the way of so powerful an opponent if I had not some confidence in my cause. My whole quarrel with Dr. Bain's method of teaching English is that, instead of doing what it professes to do, it is likely to discourage students and destroy whatever enthusiasm for a great author may be roused by the reading of him and the endeavour to understand him. For this reason Dr. Bain's *Teaching*

English seems to me a far more notable book than his revised *English Composition and Rhetoric*, though I am not surprised to learn that the labour spent on the former was less by ten times than that bestowed on the latter.

If Dr. Bain is really content with what he calls a "vulgar, grovelling, and utilitarian" view, and thinks that teaching English means merely teaching people how to speak their own language well, &c., why on earth does he take what are admittedly among the very greatest works of their kind and use them as shocking examples? Is it wonderful that he should provoke protests against such a base use of masterpieces? Is this the method likely to make English youth understand what great English writers have written? If Dr. Bain's work had merely been another "Every man his own Poet and Essayist," I should not have placed my skin in jeopardy of his beating.

How could a reviewer examine any but a very few of the pronouncements of his author? One could not do better to back one's opinion of the professor's method than by showing to what dreary absurdities of criticism that method seemed to lead; and appeal must necessarily be made to such parts of the 156 pages of criticism as best show what right by insight and sympathy the critic has to be the guide of English youths to a knowledge of their own tongue, or what is written in it. If the critic's critic finds that Dr. Bain has very little insight and sympathy, he must say so. I have at least as much fellow-feeling with the student as Dr. Bain; and I am very thankful that I read the authors he anatomises in his frigid way before their *dissecta membra* were tossed hither and thither by such critical tools. Dr. Bain is quite mistaken in supposing that I "detest analysis"; only analysis is not anatomy. Certainly it is not in the dissecting room or butcher's shop that men's eyes are taught to rest with pleasure on beauty of animal form. The power to break a thing up is notoriously not the power to combine its parts. Macaulay has a remark to make on this point which is very pertinent to the present discussion.

"In all the branches of physical or moral science," says he in his essay on Dryden, "which admit of perfect analysis, he who can resolve will be able to combine. But the analysis which criticism can effect of poetry is necessarily imperfect. One element must for ever elude its researches; and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry."

What that is I cannot well say; but I am sure that Dr. Bain's critical method turns the finest poetry into the most jejune prose.

Dr. Bain complains that I, in common with others, have objected to his treatment of Bacon. Now if, as he says, the sole question before us in regard to the Essays is "How far is the work fitted to be a textbook in the instruction of youth?" may I point out that his own book is entitled "On Teaching English," and that Dr. Bain's view of the ethics of Bacon's Essays has nothing at all to do with a proper understanding and enjoyment of them. Who cares for the consistency or inconsistency of Milton's theology when he reads *Paradise Lost*? Why, if anything is of importance outside an understanding of the Essays themselves, no lesson could be more informing than the contrast between the moral ideals of our own day and those which Bacon's treatment of his subject shows to have been common in the society in which he lived and was honoured. And surely that itself should make the Essays valuable in Dr. Bain's eyes. But no; Bacon was careless in his use of synonyms; and he has been superseded.

Whether Bacon meant *said* and *and* I leave to be decided by Bacon and those who take his essay as it stands. Whatever carelessness Elizabethan writers may betray in their use of

Latin-derived synonyms, they are not likely to have written *said* when they meant *asked* or *and* when they really meant *but*. To set a student to "correct" such things as these is to bid him put his eyes in his pocket and to transfer his brains, as Mr. Swinburne might say, to the ends of his fingers. Anyhow, one may prefer to be wrong in Bacon's company rather than right with his critic.

I must leave it to the readers of Dr. Bain, and I hope they will be many, to decide between us as to whether every one of his lessons might not be as well illustrated from current literature as from the great men whom Dr. Bain would amend for his class. I venture to hold that the greatest sin a teacher of English can commit (and he commits it too often) is to disgust his students with their author, making him a task-master in their eyes. If Dr. Bain does not condemn in general the use of un mutilated works of some of our greatest writers, the impression made by his book on myself and many others was very different from his intentions. In any case, his method seems to limit us to the class use of a very few, and those not the greatest, and to give us, for example, Sir Arthur Helps, whose writings I greatly respect, instead of Bacon, whose writings I respect much more.

P. A. BARNETT.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

Mitchelstown: Sept. 2, 1887.

As my critic, in his letters in the ACADEMY of July 9 and July 16, has not essayed to substantiate his statement that Maelruain of Tallaght was a bishop, his contention respecting the date of the Stowe Missal is proved to be baseless. I was, accordingly, prepared to find that his "share in this controversy" was brought to a conclusion. It was quite in keeping to leave Mr. Warren, who followed him so blindly, in the lurch.

"He fled full soon on the first of June,
But he bade the rest keep fighting."

His valedictory "views" shall, therefore, be dealt with summarily.

1. *Lelachit*. No attempt has been made to meet the fatal objection to this reading, namely, that it involves a fact unknown in Irish palaeography—a capital placed between small letters in the same word. What is here taken to be the cross stroke of a *t* is the contraction mark attached to *h*.

A root *luc* was unknown to Zeuss (*G. G.*, p. 869) and Nigra (*Gloss. Hib.*, p. 33). The following forms point to a root *lach*, rather than to Nigra's *luch*: *todlaigera*, *MI.* 38 c; *duntlaichersa*, *ib.* 44 c; *dorothlaigh*, *Trip.*, *Eg.* p. 5; *durothlaigestar*, *ib.* p. 18; *todlaigthe*, *MI.* 21 b; *atlaichthe*, *ib.* 49 a; *atlaigthe*, *ib.* 36 b; *atlaigthe*, *Trip.*, *Eg.* p. 32; *atligid*, *Wb.* 27 b; *atligthe*, *ib.* 14 c.

2. *Inturtur*. The impossibility of this reading is shown by the fact that the *t*'s are joined, signifying that the contraction is formed by syncope. The portion represented by the cypher overhead must accordingly be placed between both *t*'s in writing the full form. Now the contraction for *ra*, it is well known, consists of two curved strokes. As there are but two, not four, of such marks here, it is hard to see how anyone with the facsimile before him could conclude from my account, as this critic does, that the MS. has "the compendium for *ra* over each of the *t*'s." The lection, therefore, must be *intra*. The meaning is quite clear; the eucharistic bread was brought in processionally.

3. *Immabred*. The objections to this lection are the lengthening of the contraction, the absence of *n*, and the elision of *e*. Here are the respective solutions. "A line," O'Donovan writes, "drawn across the letters *b*, *l*, *h*, or *n*, denotes that the syllable is contracted, which

must be determined by the grammar or the sense" (*Ir. Gram.*, p. 431). Elided: *erbrath*, *Sg.* 220 a; *asobrad*, *MI.* 45 a; *adropred*, *Wb.* 15 d; *atamroipred*, *MI.* 44 c. *N* omitted: *araber biuth*, *MI.* 46 b, *araberat biuth*, *ib.* 50 d.

"The corresponding passage in the *Lebar Brecc*" is notoriously corrupt and unmeaning. The section following in the Stowe copy explains on whom the persecution was inflicted, namely, *on the prophets and others*. Now, who ever, until this critic arose, heard of such a prolepsis as the pronoun expressed in one sentence, and what it stands for placed in the next? And, admitting this, is it not a brilliant feat of scholarship to restrict the application of the pronoun by half? *Immabred*, of course, is the only possible reading—the persecution that was inflicted; a general statement, which immediately after is explained in detail.

4. *Occo*, "by them." *Occu*, I am told, is not *occo*. No doubt; nor is *etarro*, *etarru*; nor *leo*, *leu*; nor *treo*, *treu*. But, for all that, the *o*-forms can signify the same thing as the *u*-forms. "And, if it were, it could not possibly mean *by them*, using *by* to express the agent." But Mr. Whitley Stokes does not agree with this. "Adhanntar tenid occa, fire is kindled *by* him; dernad recles acesium, a cell was built *by* him" (*Three Homilies*, pp. 21, 111).

'Tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.

5. *Psalm digrad*, I am informed, could only signify "a psalm of two steps"; and not a psalm chanted antiphonally, as I explained in a note. By the same rule, *fer graith*, in the Tract, can only mean "man of step"; *noe ngraith cealsi*, "nine steps of the church"; and Communion was administered "to all understeps," *do huilib fogradaib*!

This liturgist now thinks *psalm digrad* means "psalm of degrees," one of the fifteen gradual psalms, *cxix.-cxxxiii.* (*Vulg.*). But, in his haste "to revert to his former version," he has overlooked the pertinent fact that the excerpts prescribed in the Missal are (taking them in the order given) *civ.* 4, *civ.* 1-3, *cxviii.* 14, *ciiii.* 32! He has been led, he tells us, to this precious result by the expression *xii. psalmi graduum*, in the Book of Armagh, 21 b 2, which he has lately noticed. "Ex uno disce." There is no such expression. The writer in the Book of Armagh, I am happy to say, was not such a Biblical blunderer. The reading is *xii. [quindecim] psalmi graduum*, as I verified with my own eyes three years ago.

But see how happy the illustration is; for the fifteen gradual psalms are mentioned in that place not in connexion with the Mass, but to be chanted after the 140th, 73rd, and 118th (*Vulg.*), in going to and returning from the reliquary (*Sargifagum*) of the martyrs every Sunday in Armagh.

6. I am asked where I find *nn* in *trinitas* to correspond with the *nn* (*nd*) of the Irish *trindoit*. I answer: nowhere. The *nn* in *trinnoit* arises from gemination of the liquid. My critic's Low-Latin *trintas* may fitly pair with his *gradum*, *grado*. For me, I am tied down to deal with actual, not hypothetical, vocables.

7. *Atnopuir*. "Grammar and the context" now, it appears, show that *it* stands, not for *calicem*, but for *panem*. But, mark the alternative conclusion—the consecration formula was not pronounced over the chalice!

"In Old-Irish *n* never means *them*." Here, again, Mr. Whitley Stokes says the contrary. "The author [of the Homilies] has obviously often drawn from older and purer sources [than Middle-Irish]. This is clear from his frequent use of the infixed pronouns" (*ubi sup.*, p. viii.). Of these infixed pronouns we have on the next page, under Pl. 3: "ro-n-bait, p. 32." At the reference the translation is "he baptized

them." It is unnecessary after this to give examples from Old-Irish MSS.

Obliæ (nom. gen.) and *obli* (dat. accus.) are the Irish for *panis*; (*de pane, panem* in the Tract. The forms are feminine. It is novel doctrine that the gender of pronouns is to be determined not by the native words which they stand for, but by the foreign equivalents.

Finally, as one living word is worth a thousand theoretical forms, had the writer intended to express the masc. sg., he would have employed *adidnopuir*, just as his countrymen, who glossed the commentary of St. Columbanus, wrote *adidnopair* (Ml. 66 b).

8. *Stellas*. With regard to this word, I think it necessary to reiterate my conclusion from data that have not been disputed. "*Stiall*, gen. *steill* (cf. *Niall*, gen. *Neill*), accordingly, not alone holds its ground, but, it may be added, is capable of application to *Nollaic Steill* (L. B., 10 a, 261 b)." The logic that evolves the conclusion that O'Donovan did not render *steill* by *fragment* is worthy of the cause. That great scholar translated the Irish original for Dr. Reeves, whom this critic would fain belittle. In the text, however, *notlaic steill* was not turned word for word into English, but expressed by "Epiphany." Thereupon, a note was appended, explaining the substitution of "Epiphany" for "Christmas of the fragment." What is this, let me ask, but a justification on O'Donovan's part for replacing the literal rendering by the conventional equivalent?

9. *Mails*. The necessity for the quotations from the Book of Armagh will be appreciated when it is borne in mind that (as this critic admits is possible) I did not say the Bishop of Ardagh was mentioned in that MS. The aptness of the extract from Whately will be fully realised when I state, what I assumed was well-known to Mr. Warren, that the Patrician Documents (Lib. Ar., fol. 2-20) were published, part in 1882 and part in 1884.

Of the two authorities adduced to prove that the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh was indeclinable, the "Four Masters" have been abandoned. The scribe of the second, Rawl. B. 512, was, however, we are now assured, a "careful and learned person."

Well, there is lying before me a transcript of the four opening pages of that MS., executed by a scholar whose competence this disputant will not attempt to gainsay. The following exhibit the "careful and learned person" as a Latinist: *eclesie aque* (*ecclesiaeque*), *populis Israel captus*, in *hoc mundum*, *litteriam* (*litteram*). His fidelity as copyist is shown in *peccaid* (as gen. sg.), *le* (corrupted to *re*), *dar* and *tre* governing the dative in place of the accusative.

Laeth a *taebi*, however, caps the climax. Mr. Whitley Stokes, I know, thinks it is correct. It is, he says, "literally *half of its side*, seems to mean parallel passage" (*ubi sup.*, p. 135). *Toibe*, as genitive of *toib*, will prove a novelty to Irish scholars. If, as I learn, my late opponent is the editor of the "Rolls edition of this work," I shall, at the risk of carrying a second *owl* to Athens, furnish him with the correct reading and rendering of the phrase. The lection is *leth atóibthe* (Sg. 29 b), and it signifies the *page* (lit. *half*) of adherence: the place from which the text that heads the homily is taken.

Once again, we are presented with nom. gen. dat. Mel: this time from the Liber Hymnorum. Had the examples been taken from the Hymus, they had, perhaps, been something to the purpose. But they occur in the Glosses! Let us take an instance from Trinity College, the older copy. The gloss on *Mac Caille* (l. 15, Brogan's Hymn) opens thus: *idon, mac mathair side do epscop Mel*. The scribe or glossarist, whichever you will, was, namely, such a "careful and learned person" as not to know that the gen. sg. of *mathair*, mother, was *mathar*, not

mathair. What a decisive authority to determine declensional forms of the seventh or eighth century!

I am challenged to produce an instance of *Mael* for *Mel*. To show the reality of these heroics, why has not the same demand been formulated with regard to *Moel* for *Mel*, and *Mail* for *Mel*; and, to go to the root, where has this disputant found me alleging that *Mel* is an Old-Irish form?

The assertion that the name of the first bishop of Ardagh was foreign I had to put aside as a mere dictum. In reply, I am told he was a "Strathclyde Briton—a son of one of St. Patrick's sisters." These particulars, however, are as well authenticated as the episcopacy of Abbot Maelruain of Tallaght.

10. *Ruen*. The founder of Lothra, I said, was called Ruan, the gen. being Ruain = Ruen. Whereupon I am challenged to produce a single instance of Ruen from an Irish MS. older than the fifteenth century. The reliquary containing the very MS. we are dealing with was redecorated and reinscribed in the fourteenth century. The author of the inscriptions, I suppose it will be admitted, knew the pronunciation of the patron's name. Well, he employs the genitive Ruain. (For the insertion of *i*, cf. *griain*, Lib. Ar. 18 a 2.) Now, is not this a formidable antagonist!

11. *Aedocht*, Lib. Ar. 17 a 2. "*A* is the poss. pronoun, 3 sg. written, as usual, as a proclitic before *edocht*." Here are the places containing the word. *Coibse Fetha Fio ocus aedocht*, 17 a 2; *birt (Aed) edocht*; *adopart Aed aidacht ocus achenel ocus a eclis*; *faccab Aed aidacht*, 18 b 1. Now, in the first place, the grammatical sequence of No. 1 is *coibse ocus aedocht F. F.*, where the absence of the pronoun before *coibse* proves the same with respect to *edocht*. Secondly, the proclitic is wanting in Nos. 2, 3, 4, though they require it quite as much as No. 1. Thirdly, if the author intended the *a* of *edocht* for a pronoun, he would not have written it as a proclitic, but placed the word apart, as in *a eclis*, to avoid misconception.

B. MACCARTHY.

P.S.—I omitted to note, at p. 198, that *Deus, qui nos*, placed by Moelcaich on the lower margin of fol. 14 b, is the first *Collectio* of a *Missa Dominicalis* (lxxix.) in the Gothic Missal. The sole variant is *et* before *a*. B. M. O.

SCIENCE.

SOME BOOKS ON ASSYRIOLOGY.

An Assyrian Manual. By D. G. Lyon. (Chicago: The American Publication Society of Hebrew.) Prof. Lyon's book is an encouraging proof that the study of Assyrian, however languishing may be its present condition in England, is beginning to be actively pursued in America. The establishment of a Chair of Assyriology at Harvard, and the lectures of Prof. Haupt at the Johns Hopkins University, have already begun to bear fruit. Those who are learning Assyrian can no longer complain of the want of a text-book, which shall not only supplement the instruction of a teacher, but also, if need be, take his place. A manual, or reading-book of the kind was much required. The reading-lessons at the end of my *Elementary Assyrian Grammar*, and in Mr. Budge's *Assyrian Texts*, carried the learner only a little way. I have learnt from experience that they were not numerous enough to do more than indicate the mode in which the inscriptions must be read, while the absence of a vocabulary was a serious drawback to their usefulness. This want of a vocabulary was naturally all the more felt in the case of a language which still remains without a dictionary. Prof. Lyon has consequently performed a useful piece of work in publishing his *Manual*,

and he has performed it in a thoroughly efficient manner. The texts are well selected, and graduated in difficulty; the notes upon them are just what are wanted; and the vocabulary, the compilation of which must have involved much labour, is worthy of all praise. The main and essential portion of the book can be heartily recommended. I cannot say as much for the introductory pages, which had been better away. The sketch of Assyrian grammar which they contain is meagre, and not always very clear, and the attempt to introduce a new system of nomenclature for the tenses of the verb is unfortunate. Nothing is gained by it, and that sense of distinctness is lost which is all-important to the learner. In a practical grammar, clear and intelligible terms are absolutely necessary, even though they may fall short of scientific exactitude. Generally, however, Prof. Lyon shows too little originality in his grammatical ideas. He writes as if the decipherment of the Assyrian texts had been the discovery of the Leipzig school, and as if outside that school there were no salvation. Thus he adopts the thoroughly erroneous transcription of the Assyrian *s*, which implies a strange ignorance of phonetic facts, and is founded on the use of diacritical marks, supposed to give a more scientific appearance to the system of transliteration, even though the precise phonetic value of them is unknown. Equally questionable is the endeavour to distinguish the long from the short vowels in the transliteration of Assyrian words. As M. Halévy has remarked, it is dangerous to try to be more exact than the Assyrians themselves; and where they have not indicated the length of the vowels, it is better for us also not to do so, at all events in the present stage of our knowledge. Moreover, what is imagined to be a long vowel is frequently only an accented one. But accentuation is a subject which does not seem to be in favour at Leipzig. I doubt whether the syllabary prefixed to the grammar will be of much use to the student. As soon as he has learnt the elementary characters it would be better for him to face the whole syllabary so far as it is known, rather than mere fragments of it. My own syllabary still remains the most complete yet published; but the twelve years that have elapsed since its compilation imperatively demand its revision and enlargement. If Prof. Lyon will undertake the task and find a publisher the materials I have collected for the work are at his disposal. In what I have said, I hope I shall not be considered to have spoken with undeserved asperity. But, in justice to my predecessors and contemporaries, I cannot but protest against the introduction into America of that besetting sin of many German scholars—the inability or refusal to read or take note of anything beyond their own school or clique. That the contrary practice is not inconsistent with the highest independence and originality is shown by the example of Prof. Haupt. Apart from the few introductory pages, however, I can warmly recommend Prof. Lyon's *Manual*. In a progressive study like Assyrian, it is, of course, inevitable that his vocabulary may here and there need correction and addition; *giparu*, for example, means "a corn-field," *gisallatu* is "a ravine," *kamānu* "to keep oneself," while the note of interrogation may be removed after "exalt" as the signification of *dalu*, Zimmern having made a curious mistake in his explanation of this word. But such corrections only prove that the study of Assyrian is in a healthy condition, those who pursue it having each a little store of knowledge of his own which he is ready to add to the common stock. The larger the number of students the greater will be the progress of our knowledge, and the publication of this *Manual* has removed one of the chief obstacles to their increase.

Les Inscriptions Babyloniennes du Wadi-Brissa. By H. Pognon. (Paris: Vieweg.) M. Pognon's contributions to Assyriology are rare, but always acceptable. He is a good Semitic scholar, and brings an independent judgment to bear on the interpretation of the inscriptions. In the present instance his contribution is exceptionally interesting. Four years ago he had the good fortune to discover inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar carved on the rocks of the Wadi Brissa, on the eastern slopes of the Lebanon, not far from the village of Hermel and the banks of the Orontes, and about two days' journey from Tripoli of Syria. The inscription on the right of the road is in what M. Pognon calls archaic cuneiform characters, that on the left in cursive characters. Close to the first is a basrelief, now destroyed, representing a man standing like the hero Gishdubar and seizing an animal by the leg. The second inscription is also accompanied by a basrelief in which a man is standing before a tree. The man wears a tiara "of a very curious form, which differs entirely from the Assyrian tiara." The inscriptions have been wantonly mutilated; but a second visit to the spot enabled M. Pognon to take squeezes and copies of what is left. These he has edited with a translation and a commentary. Those who may expect to find in them an account of Nebuchadnezzar's campaign against Judah will be disappointed. It is only in the ninth column of the cursive text that any reference is made to civil affairs; and here, unfortunately, only the commencement of the lines is preserved. Elsewhere, the king confines himself to pious invocations of the gods, and an account of the temples he built to them in Babylon with the help of the cedar-wood of Lebanon, together with a list of their festivals and the food and drink he offered to them. Among the wines is mentioned that of Helbon. In fact the inscriptions are little more than a duplicate of that engraved by Nebuchadnezzar on the northern bank of the Nahr-el-Kelb, near Beyrout, of which portions only are preserved. M. Pognon's translations are usually full of scholarly and acute observations. But his absence from Europe on consular business and his intermittent studies of the cuneiform inscriptions have prevented him from following closely the course of recent Assyriological literature or acquiring that intimate acquaintance with the inscriptions which only a long and continuous experience of them can produce. Hence it is that he makes such slips as the translation of *passuru* by "table" instead of "dish" and of *partsu* by "habitation" instead of "command," that he asks why *erinu* is rendered "cedar" in forgetfulness of the fact that the *erinu* is described as the tree of Lebanon, or that he confounds together ideographs and Accadian words, with the result of denying the existence of the latter altogether. What is still more curious is that he further confounds the use of ideographs and of those rarer values of characters which the scribes of the later period delighted to employ. Thus he tells us, first of all, that the representation of the word *sa-duk* or "daily sacrifice" by the two characters the more ordinary values of which are *di* and *ka* is an ideographic mode of writing, and secondly, that being an ideographic mode of writing, it is an "intentional disfigurement" of the Assyrian word! Why it should be a "disfigurement" at all, even supposing that it had been an ideographic mode of writing; is not easy to see. An Assyriologist who can speak thus has still much to learn. But we may hope that the interesting and well-arranged volume M. Pognon has just given us is an earnest that he will devote a larger portion of his scholarship and ability than he has hitherto done to the study of the Assyrian texts. In that case he will at all

events find that the representative of *saduk* in the way mentioned above is neither "Accadian," nor "ideographic," nor even "the intentional disfigurement" of an Assyrian word.

Tableau comparé des Ecritures Babylonnienne et Assyrienne. By A. Amiaud and L. Méchineau. (Paris: Leroux.) Messrs. Amiaud and Méchineau have accomplished a work for which Assyrian scholars will be grateful. One of the difficulties connected with the study of the Assyrian inscriptions is that the forms of the characters employed in them vary according to locality and age. The forms used in modern printed books are those of the official script of Assyria, which was practically confined to a single class—that of the scribes—and consequently changed but little from the fourteenth century before our era down to the date of the destruction of Nineveh. In Babylonia, however, where education was more widely spread, such a stereotyped official script did not exist. Handwritings were almost as numerous as they would be in our modern days, and add greatly to the difficulty of deciphering the texts which they embody. From time to time one of these handwritings became for a while an official script, and antiquarian zeal not unfrequently revived the obsolete and complicated forms of the archaic period. As might have been expected, such "archaistic" forms are often far more complicated than the real forms they proposed to imitate; the forms found, for example, on a cylinder of Antiochus Soter would have proved as puzzling to the Babylonians of the early epoch as they did to the readers to whom they were addressed. Such "Black-letter" forms of cuneiform script were used now and then in Assyria as well as in Babylonia, more especially after the conquest of the southern kingdom by the Assyrians. It was only in Babylonia, however, that a really accurate knowledge of the older forms of writing was retained; at all events we find the scribes of Nineveh sometimes confounding two Babylonian characters together when copying a Babylonian text, or frankly confessing that they do not understand the character before them. From this it will be seen that in many cases, if not in the majority, the greatest possible differences existed between the older and later forms of the characters as well as between the forms employed in Babylonia and those used in the royal library of Nineveh. It is only very gradually that Assyrian scholars have been able to identify the more unusual forms; indeed, there are still certain archaic characters which defy identification. More than one attempt has been made to give a list of the archaic and Babylonian varieties of the cuneiform signs. Lenormant published a list in autotype, and M. Ménant has printed another in his *Manuel de la Langue Assyrienne*. Useful as those lists have been, in the absence of anything more complete, they have not aimed at representing more than five varieties of each character, while they have necessarily been distanced by the progress of Assyriological research. The monuments of Tel-loh, which have been brought to Europe since the publication of the last edition of M. Ménant's work, have alone increased very largely our knowledge of the archaic forms of cuneiform writing. Mr. Amiaud has taken a prominent part in the decipherment of these monuments, and it is to his acumen that the identification of many of the characters found upon them is due. The volume, therefore, which we owe to him and his collaborator may be trusted to contain as many variant forms of a character as are known to-day. In looking through the book I have been struck by one unexpected fact. In most instances the oldest form of a character which we know is as widely different from the original picture represented by it as are the latest forms met with in Babylonian and

Assyrian texts. Not only is the character already cuneiform, the primitive curves and connected lines having become angular and broken, but it is generally quite impossible to tell any longer what is the object intended to be depicted. The hieratic characters of Egypt have departed less widely from their primitive pictorial forms than have the earliest specimens of cuneiform writing with which we are acquainted. And yet the monuments of Tel-loh, upon which these degenerated hieroglyphs occur, go back to the fourth millennium before our era, and still preserve a reminiscence of the vertical direction in which Chaldean writing, like that of China, originally ran. It is true that in some cases we can still trace the lineaments of the primitive hieroglyphs, and can thus learn, for instance, that the inventors of the writing were a circumcised race who worshipped the stars, regarded destiny as a flying bird, and symbolised the act of walking by the human leg; but as a general rule the almost entire obliteration of the original picture is complete. Can anything show more clearly the vast antiquity of the origin of writing and culture in the alluvial valley of the Euphrates? A. H. SAYOR.

THE FINNIC ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

At the meeting of the British Association at Manchester on Friday, September 2, Canon Isaac Taylor read a paper on "The Primitive Seat of the Aryans," in which he discussed recent theories as to the region in which the Aryan race originated, and advanced a new theory as to the relation of the Aryan and pre-Aryan races of Europe. A few years ago the theory advocated by Pott, Lassen, and Max Müller, which made the highlands of Central Asia the cradle of the Aryans, was received with general acquiescence, the only protest of note coming from Dr. Latham, who urged that the Asiatic hypothesis was mere assumption based on no shadow of proof. The recent investigations of Fick, Geiger, Cuno, Penka, and Schrader, have brought about an increasing conviction that the origin of the Aryan race must be sought not in Central Asia but in Northern Europe. These writers have urged that the evidence of language shows that the primitive Aryans must have inhabited a forest-clad country in the neighbourhood of the sea, covered during a prolonged winter with snow, the vegetation consisting largely of the fir, the birch, the beech, the oak, the willow, and the hazel, while the fauna comprised the beaver, the wolf, the fox, the hare, the elk, the deer, the eel, the lobster, the seal, and the salmon—conditions which restrict us to a region north of the Alps and west of a line drawn from Dantzic to the Black Sea. The primitive Aryan type seems to have been that of the Scandinavian and North German peoples—dolichocephalic, tall, with white skin, fair hair, and blue eyes; and those darker and shorter races of Eastern and Southern Europe who speak Aryan languages are mainly of Iberian or Turanian blood, having acquired their Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. The tendency in historic times has been to migration from north to south: the inhabitants of the fertile and sunny regions of Southern Europe, where the conditions of life are easy, having no inducements to migrate to the inhospitable North. Moreover in central Asia we find no vestiges of any people of the pure Aryan type, while the primitive Aryan vocabulary points to the fauna and flora of Northern Europe rather than to that of Central Asia. Fair races have a greater tendency to become dark in a southern climate than dark races to become fair in northern regions, as is proved by the fact that the dark complexion of the polar peoples, such as the Eskimo, the Lapps, and the Samoeds, has been unaffected by their sojourn for uncounted centuries in the North, while the noble classes in the Mediterranean lands were formerly lighter in colour than at present. A vast body of evidence, of which the foregoing is a brief summary, has been adduced to show that Northern Europe rather than Central Asia was the home of the undivided Aryan race. But the Aryans must have had forefathers from whom they were developed, and the inquiry

suggests itself—What could this race have been? A Semitic, an Iberian, an Egyptian, a Chinese, a Turkic, or a Mongolic parentage is out of the question; and Oahon Taylor proceeded to show that both from the anthropological and the linguistic point of view the Finnic people come closest to the Aryans, and are the only existing family of mankind from which the Aryans could have been evolved. The Tchudic branch of the Finnic family approaches very nearly to what we must assume to have been the primitive Aryan type. The Tchuds are either mesocephalic or dolichocephalic. They are a tall race, the hair yellow, reddish, or light brown, the skin white, while blue or grey eyes are usual. As we go eastward from the Baltic we find that the Ugro-Finnic tribes approximate more and more to the Turko-Tatar ethnic type, just as when we go southward the southern Aryans conform increasingly to the Iberian type. Hence in the Baltic provinces of Russia we discover what seems to be the centre of dispersion—a region where the ethnic characteristics of Finns and Aryans do not greatly differ. Of this fact only two explanations are possible. Either the Baltic Finns have been Aryanised in blood, while retaining their Finnic speech—a hypothesis supported by no evidence, and in itself improbable—or else we have here in their original seats a survival of the people from whom the Aryans were evolved. Anthropological considerations tend therefore to show that the Aryans are an improved race of Finns, while on the other hand the Finnic speech approaches more nearly than any other to the Aryan, and is the only family of speech from which the Aryan languages can have been evolved. The only argument for deriving the proto-Aryans from Central Asia was the belief that Sanskrit comes the nearest to the primitive Aryan speech. It is now believed that the Lithuanian, a Baltic language, represents a more primitive form of Aryan speech than Sanskrit, and hence the argument formerly adduced in support of the hypothesis that the Aryans originated in Central Asia becomes an argument in favour of Northern Europe. The separation of the Aryan from the Finnic races must have taken place at a period so remote that we cannot expect to find any marked identity in their vocabulary. The words common to the Aryan and Finnic tongues are, for the most part, loan words. But the words denoting the primary relations of life, the names for father, mother, son, daughter, brother and sister, can hardly be loan words; and these are substantially identical in the Finnic and Aryan languages. The same is the case with a few of the numerals, the pronouns, and the names for some of the primary necessities of life, such as the words denoting salt, shelter, food, and the rudest implements. But when we go back to the verbal roots which constitute the very basis of language, we find a remarkable identity between the Aryan and Finnic tongues. For example, the eighteen trilateral roots beginning with *k*, given in Skeat's Etymological Dictionary, are all found in Finnic with the same fundamental significations. It is quite incredible that this identity in the ultimate roots can be accidental. Both in Aryan and Finnic these verbal roots are combined with formative suffixes to form nominal stems. We have the same formatives with the same significations. The conjugation of the verb is also effected in the same way by the addition of identical pronominal suffixes to the verbal roots. The accusative, the ablative, and the genitive, which appear to be the three original cases, are formed in similar fashion by the addition of identical postpositions. The only fundamental differences between Aryan and Finnic grammar lie in the absence of gender in the Finnic languages, and in the wholly different formation of the plural. But Prof. Sayce has shown reasons for believing that the proto-Aryan speech possessed no gender, thus agreeing with its Finnic prototype; and he also believes that it possessed only the dual, the plural being a later development. But the dual is formed in precisely the same manner in the Aryan and Finnic languages, while the comparatively recent origin of the Finnic plural is proved by the fact that in the Finnic and the allied Turkic languages the plural is diversely formed. Hence the proto-Finnic speech agrees in every respect, both as to the grammar and the roots, with the proto-Aryan speech, and there is therefore no difficulty in the supposition that the one represents an archaic

stage out of which the other was developed. These considerations modify considerably our conceptions as to the way in which we may conjecture that the Aryan race originated. Instead of supposing a single Aryan tribe in Central Asia, which sent off successive swarms to the West and South, we may rather conceive of the whole of Northern Europe from the Rhine to the Vistula as occupied by a Finnic race, whose southern and western members gradually developed ethnic and linguistic peculiarities of that higher type which we associate with the Aryan name. The Baltic Finns are survivals of this race. The Celts, owing to their remoteness, diverged at an early time from the eastern type, while the Lithuanians and the Hindus preserved many archaic features both of grammar and vocabulary. The Slavs must be regarded mainly as Ugrians, and the South Europeans as Iberians, who acquired an Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. The time of the separation of the Aryan from the Finnic stock must be placed at the least 5,000 or 6,000 years ago. At that time the linguistic evidence shows that the united peoples possessed only the rudiments of civilisation. Of the metals they possibly knew gold and copper, but their tools were mainly of stone or horn. They sheltered themselves in rude huts, they knew how to kindle fire, they could count up to ten, and family relations and marriage were recognised. The sea was known to them, they used salt, and they caught salmon; but it is doubtful whether they were acquainted with the rudiments of agriculture, though they gathered herbs for food and collected honey. They possessed herds of domesticated animals, consisting probably of oxen and swine, and perhaps of reindeer, but the dog and the sheep seem to have been unknown. If this hypothesis as to the primitive identity of the Aryan and Finnic races be established, a world of light is thrown upon many difficulties as to the primitive significances of many Aryan roots and the nature of the primitive Aryan grammar. We are furnished, in fact, with a new and powerful instrument of philological investigation, which can hardly fail to yield important results. Comparative Aryan philology must henceforward take account of the Finnic languages as affording the oldest materials which are available for comparison.

The paper, of which the foregoing is a condensed abstract, will shortly be published in full.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSOS.

Settlington: Sept. 8, 1887.

At the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, Mr. Petrie exhibited his casts and photographs of the ethnic types depicted on the Egyptian monuments. These wonderful reproductions have, I think, solved one, if not two, important problems which have hitherto perplexed scholars.

Included in the collection were several representations of Hyksos chieftains, evidently faithful portraits. These "shepherd kings" are commonly believed to have been Semitic nomads from the neighbouring deserts. But their portraits prove beyond dispute that they were not Semites, but Mongols or Tatars. The high cheek bones and the broad, flat, dumpy noses unmistakably proclaim their origin.

History repeats itself. The story of the conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos is the story of the conquests of the Huns under Attila, and of the Moghuls under Genghiz Khan.

But this is not all. The casts afford a curious confirmation of Mariette's conjecture—that one of the Hyksos dynasties was Hittite. In Mr. Petrie's collection we have several portraits of Hittites, including both chiefs and soldiers. The royal race of the Kheta belonged to the Mongolic Hyksos type, somewhat softened by intermarriage, while the race over whom they ruled presents an ethnic type of quite another order. It would seem that, in their career of conquest, the Mongolic invaders subdued Syria as well as Egypt; and that their dominion, after it had

been overthrown in Egypt by the Ramesides, endured yet awhile in Northern Syria.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

RAYMUNDUS MARTINI AND THE REV.
DR. SCHILLER-SZINESSY.

Oxford: Sept. 12, 1887.

The last number of the *Journal of Philology* (Cambridge) contains an unphilological article by Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, on Raymundus Martini's *Pugio Fidei*. I propose to give a short abstract of it, the ACADEMY not having space for a thorough criticism, which must be reserved for another place.

Martini (Martin) is usually believed to have written (about 1270) a controversial book against the Jews, in order to persuade them to believe in the Messiahship of Christ. In this work, which bears the title of *Pugio Fidei*, he gives extracts from the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrashim, and chiefly from a later Midrash, by Rabbi Moses had-Darshan, of Narbonne (lived towards the end of the eleventh century). Of course, Martini (or his coadjutor) gave a Latin translation of the Hebrew, Aramaic, and Rabbinical passages which he quotes. The late Dr. Zunz, when speaking in his famous book, *Die Gottesdienstlichen Vorträge der Juden*, of Moses had-Darshan's Midrash, naturally made good use of Martini, whom he styled "ein tüchtiger Gelehrter," and believed in the genuineness of his quotations. The same did the late Dr. Pusey, in his introduction to *The Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah according to Jewish Interpreters* (edited and translated by Dr. Driver and myself), where "he does not doubt of Martini's ability."

Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, in the introductory piece to his article (which is rather a part of a sermon against missionaries than a literary notice), uses the following sentences:

"Now this *Pugio Fidei* contains, by the side of genuine matter [this is a late concession which the learned doctor makes], numerous and most shameless forgeries; a fact observed by others before us [only by his own pupils] and brought home to the English-reading public by two of the present writer's hearers, Messrs. Jennings and Lowe, in their *Commentary on the Psalms*. [In a note they are reprimanded for not having quoted the *ipsissima verba* of their teacher.] For this they were taken to task by the late Dr. Pusey. Now, Dr. Pusey, if he ever read the *Pugio Fidei*, certainly did not closely examine in the original the Hebrew and Rabbinical passages to be found therein. Nor could the late Dr. Zunz, who defends Raymundus Martini, have read the *Pugio* even in Latin (and, of course, much less in Hebrew), as we shall presently show. The others, both in England and abroad, who declare the contents of the *Pugio* to be genuine deserve no separate consideration, since their assertions rest on a second-hand foundation."

Who the German second-hand writer is, I do not know; by the English one is meant myself, who had the audacity to show (in my introduction to *The Book of Tobit*, Oxford 1878) that Dr. Schiller-Szinessy's pupils did not even know that Martini quotes the Midrash Rabbah of Moses Darshan, and not the well-known printed one. (The learned doctor, with his boasted accuracy, does not even quote the right title of Moses Darshan's Midrash.) I have proved that their suspected passages in quotations of Martini are to be found in MSS. That I write second-hand, if preceded by others, is perfectly true; but I quote the first-hand writers, while the author of the Rabbinical articles in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* coincides strangely with Dr. Graetz, in the article "Saadiah" for instance—indeed, where the information of Graetz ends in the second edition of his *History of the Jews*, which appeared in 1871, that of the writer in the *Encyclopaedia* ends also—and in "Raban" (where Eliezer ben Nathan of Cologne only exists by Graetz's conjecture) but

Graetz is nowhere quoted. I dare say the coincidence is a mere accident, for "les beaux esprits se rencontrent."

Now, I am not going to defend the late Drs. Zunz and Pusey: only a conceited pigmy in Rabbinical literature can ever think of charging them with not having read the Hebrew of Martini. Of course Zunz would not read the Latin translation for his purposes; and Martini may be called by him an able man from the material he gives, even if he makes blunders now and then in translation.

Let me come now to Dr. Schiller's charges, which are divided into classes. (1) "Six proofs of forgeries pure and simple." Now four of these passages are to be found in the Midrash MS., which is believed to be that of Moses Darshan, and I dare say that the others will also be found at the time when a detailed criticism of this article is given. What can one say about the following passage, which occurs in No. IV. of the forgeries, "If the Jews had a right to apply the term *haq-goel* to their Messiah, the Christians would have had an equal right to apply it to Jesus of Nazareth, their Messiah." (I confess not to understand this passage, nor could many of my friends understand it.) But the Jews apply the word *Goel* to their Messiah. Let the doctor be second-hand for once, and look at Levy's Dictionary of the Talmud *sub voc.* (2) The second heading is "Six proofs of the ignorance of the translator, pure and simple." The first one is indeed a grave mistake, if taken literally. Raymundus translates the word *be-Nahardea* (the name of a place in Babylonia) by "in Nahardea, id est in flumine conscientiae." But where is it proved that Martini did not know that it is a proper name, which he, as is the case in *Onomastica*, translates simply as a kind of play of words? Why, the learned doctor translates in No. 12 of the first and last part of his Catalogue the words *eber nahra*, by the Euphrates, while it means, as Dr. Steinschneider has rightly pointed out, the famous *Sambation*, the supposed dwelling of the ten tribes! For the other mistranslations, the doctor admits that eminent Jewish scholars (except himself) make similar blunders; then why should Martini not be excused on that ground? But for the strength of Dr. Schiller's argument, I need only quote his sneer at Martini, because he renders the word *Karu* (Ps. xxii. 17), by "piercing," while it means "digging." As a matter of fact, Martini gives *foderunt*. Does this word mean digging or piercing? That a Hebrew text read *Karu* for our Massoretic *Kaari* is clear from Field's *Hexapla*, but the learned doctor does not seek for such solutions. As to Martini quoting *Rashi* by the erroneous name of *Yizhagi*, it was mentioned by me on Mr. Schechter's information some years ago in the *Jewish Chronicle*, which the learned doctor reads, and even writes; but he does not quote second-hand. His conjecture that Paulus Christianus is the forger of the Rabbinical texts in the *Pugio* is a prophetic inspiration, for there is not the least proof of it. The same may be said of his solution of the enigmatical name of Rahman, which represents most likely an abridged name of a Midrashic author. The MS. at Vienna (*resp.* Prague) of which Dr. Schiller-Szinessy had a transcript, is, as Herr A. Epstein writes to me, an abridged composition of the great Midrash Rabbah of Moses had-Darshan; and almost all the passages quoted by Martini, and from him by Joshua Lorca (Hieronymus Santa-Fé), are to be found there. This will be proved in the long-expected edition of it, and, perhaps, ere long in another English periodical specially devoted to this kind of research.

To sum up, Martini is not a forger, but, perhaps, not such a great Rabbinical scholar as Dr. Schiller. The late Drs. Zunz

and Pusey did read Martini, and so has the second-hand English writer; but Dr. Schiller-Szinessy has read too much of him, so that his imagination takes the place of the reality. Martini made blunders, and so do others, except the learned doctor. From a few passages (they are not more than ten, even according to Dr. Schiller, with all his minute researches and his torturing of words), not yet found in lost Midrashim, no proof can be given that they are forgeries. Why should it be impossible to believe that a Jewish writer of a Midrash could deduce from a biblical passage that the Messiah was born of a virgin (which in reality the passage does not say, except in Dr. Schiller's mind), if the learned doctor himself says, in his Midrash on Isaiah liii., that there are two Messiahs—the one for the Gentiles and the other for the Jews—and that the passage (liii. 9), "and with the rich in his death," refers to Joseph of Arimathea. If this Midrash had been written in Hebrew, instead of in English, surely a future Dr. Schiller would find his namesake a forger. The same would be the case with another Midrash on St. Paul written in English (*Expositor*, 1886), in which it is said that the Jews believe (this Midrash is headed "St. Paul from a Jewish point of view") that St. Paul bent his head forward Molkte-like (*sic*), and that St. Paul knew the Kabbalistic measurement of the Almighty (an idea which sprung up in the eighth century), and that Moses was washed or baptized in the cloud. Such are the Midrashim composed by Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, which are certainly not less Christian than the above-mentioned passage of Moses had-Darshan. Is the passage on Ps. lxxx. 16, quoted by Martini from the Midrash of Moses Darshan, less offensive to Jewish doctrine than the above-mentioned passage, which the learned doctor does not consider a forgery, since he has not enumerated it in his list of forgeries, for the simple reason that it is to be found with slight variations in the Prague MS. (see the quotation from the MS. in Dr. Driver's article in the *Expositor*, 1887, p. 267, note 1). In general, I must caution theologians against Dr. Schiller's prophetic inspirations concerning Rabbinical matter. Where did he find, for instance, that Isaiah liii. was originally a prophetic lesson in the synagogue, except in his own imagination? And this fact is quoted by commentators on the New Testament as certain. Dr. Schiller believes still in the authenticity of the fraudfull books—the *Bahir* and the *Zohar*. This alone is sufficient to prove that all his other statements must be used with great caution.

Dr. Schiller says at the end that his article on the *Pugio* was intended for the twentieth volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, but was withdrawn in deference to Zunz. Why was it written then at all? Indeed, I congratulate the *Encyclopaedia* on its withdrawal, and I condole with the *Journal of Philology* for being victimised. I beg Dr. Schiller's pardon if I venture to advise him, in the interest of Rabbinical literature, to make haste with his Catalogue of 400–500 MS., for he will never be able to finish the eight or ten works (among which is the gigantic labour of a critical edition of the Jerusalem Talmud) which he has promised, besides his expected additions to his Hebrew catalogue, without examining the MSS.

A. NEUBAUER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. RUTLEY, having studied the structure of the Malvern Hills, contributed to the Geological Society in the course of last session two papers on this subject, which have recently been reprinted. The author concludes that the Malverns represent part of an ancient district consisting of igneous and volcanic rocks, asso-

ciated with tuffs and sedimentary deposits. He regards the gneissic rocks of this area as probably formed from the detritus of eruptive rocks. The pamphlet is illustrated by numerous figures, from the author's skilful pencil, showing the microscopic structure of the rocks of the Malvern Hills.

PROF. DITTMAR, of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, is about to publish a series of exercises in quantitative chemical analysis, with a treatise on gas analysis. The publishers are Hodge & Co., Glasgow.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) will contain an appeal by Prof. John E. B. Mayor on behalf of the *Archiv für Lateinische Lexicographie*; a proposed scheme for a classified catalogue of MSS. of classical authors in English libraries, by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson; a second letter on "Classical Education in France," by a French University Professor; and reviews of Weil's *Demosthenes* by Prof. Butcher, of Causeret's *Rhetoric of Cicero* by Dr. Sandys, and of Knoell's *Eugippus* by Prof. Sanday.

THE latest addition to the "Bibliothèque Orientale Elzévirienne" (Paris: Leroux)—a series as elegant in form as it is scholarly in substance—is *Les Origines de la Poésie Persane*, by Prof. James Darmesteter, of the Collège de France. As befits a series of papers which originally appeared in a daily journal, it is a popular summary of the title that can be recovered concerning the early poets who wrote in Persian before the classical epoch of Firdusi. Among these it is interesting to find the well-known name of Avicenna—the father of scholastic medicine. While drawing his materials from the exhaustive collections of Dr. Hermann Ethé, the French professor has illuminated them with his wide reading and fine literary taste.

M. HENRI CORDIER, professor at the Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes, whose memoir of the late Alexander Wylie appears in the current part of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, has also published recently a little paper in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile et du Collectionneur* (Paris: Maisonneuve) upon the Chinese Grammar of the Dominican Father Francisco Varo (Canton, 1702), together with a photographic reproduction of the title-page of one of the few copies known to exist. This particular copy was sold in Paris in 1882 for 1,500 frs. (£60); another copy, from the Sunderland library, is offered by Mr. Quaritch for £36.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Oeographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—Geo. Ross, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

A *Dictionary of Miniaturists, Illuminators, Calligraphers, and Copyists*: with References to their Works and Notices of their Patrons, from the Establishment of Christianity to the Eighteenth Century. By John W. Bradley. Vol. I. A to F. (Bernard Quaritch.)

CONSIDERING the immense numbers of illuminated and finely written MSS. in collections, both public and private, it is surprising how few of them contain any indication of the name of the illuminator or calligrapher by whom they were executed. Works containing notices of the chief painters, with references to and descriptions of their principal

productions, are numerous; but, with the exception of Dr. Vogel's "Nachweisungen" in the *Scraps*, we have no comprehensive work on the artists and scribes of fine MSS., except such as are scattered in the catalogues of the libraries in which they occur, or in works which give copies of their productions. Such a work has been undertaken by Mr. J. W. Bradley; and, when completed, it is intended to form three thick octavo volumes, which might well have been confined to two volumes by closer printing. As it is, one inch is left between two names throughout the volume, as, e.g., in p. 44 there are seven names with only eleven lines of text, and consequently so many intervening spaces are left blank.

The first volume only of the work is at present published. It contains notices, shorter or longer, of nearly eight hundred (1) calligraphers (ornamental writers, chiefly in the MSS. of the seventh to the tenth centuries); (2) illuminators, where the finely written MS. has the initials decorated with paintings (eleventh to fifteenth centuries); (3) miniaturists, where the text is illustrated by miniatures or pictures (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries); and (4) copyists (simple transcribers of MSS.). To these have been added the patrons of these different classes of book decorators, which has enabled the author to introduce notices of many MSS. which had belonged to these distinguished persons but of which the origin is unknown. The author has been at great pains in examining the various catalogues and other works containing descriptions of fine MSS.; and, further, by personal research has brought together, for the first time, a number* of artistic names. Thus, under the letter A we find as many as 166 entries, and 275 under the letter B. The list is, however, far from complete, since we find, e.g., in Fleury's work on the MSS. of Laon, among others, a scribe *Bovinis*, "scribit iste liber satis utilis arte Bovinis sub genesis titulo"; (MS. of Rhaban Maur, twelfth century); and a second, *Ericus*, writer of the treatise of St. Ambrose on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans (Fleury, p. 34).

Many of these notices are, it is true, very short, and confined to a few lines; but the articles on the more famous artists—such as Attavante, Julio Clovio, Fouquet, &c.—are extended to several pages, a list being given of most of the known works in which their productions are contained. Thus, under Attavante there is a list of thirty-one such works, among which it would seem that there is not one in England, since the Prayer-Book in the Soane Museum is rejected by Mr. Bradley. We are enabled, however, to refer to a volume in the possession of Mr. Arthur Evans, the title-page of which is elaborately painted by Attavante. Of Julio Clovio we possess in England the commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by Cardinal Grimani, in the Soane Museum; a missal dated 1537, in the collection of Mr. Holford; the Stuart de Rothsay MS. Book of Offices, British Museum, Add. MSS. 20,927; "The Adoration of the Magi," a drawing in the royal collection; a deposition

* We have taken the trouble to count the number of the notices which appear in this first volume, extending to 788 (exclusive of names which are referred to their synonyms, which will appear in the remaining volumes).

from the Cross in red chalk, in the Print Room of the British Museum; and an entombment in the possession of John Rutson, Esq., Newby Wiske, Yorkshire. Of Fouquet's drawings no specimen exists in England. Of the copy of Livy, with paintings by this artist, in the library of Tours we have an instructive as well as truthful appreciative criticism by Mrs. Pattison (Lady Dilke) (*The Renaissance of Art in France*, i., pp. 274-296). Of St. Dunstan there is a good account; but we must correct the inscription in the volume which the Saviour holds in his full-length portrait, which is to be read—"Venite filii, audite me, timore dñi docebo vos" (Strutt's *Horda*, pl. xviii.). Mr. Bradley gives us the reading of Dunstan's signature to one of the charters of King Eadred, dated 949, "Ego Dunstan indignus abbas rege Eadredo imperante," &c.; but neither he nor any other writer has noticed the very characteristic peculiarity of the inscription, which shows that Dunstan in commencing his signature had forgotten the ordinary formula "indignus abbas," and had written "abb" immediately after his name, then recollecting that he had omitted the "indignus," he rubbed out the "abb," still partially visible, and wrote "indignus," &c., over it. We may further notice that on p. 8 the date "saec. 11," is given instead of xi., as that of the calligrapher Ælfwine; and that the fragment of the great Bible of St. Denis (Bibl. Nat. Paris, MS. Lat. No. 2) is no longer in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 7551), as it was honorably restored to the Paris Library some twenty years ago by the proper authorities. We may also add that a full-length portrait of the Monk Eadwine (the writer of the tripartite Psalter in Trinity College, Cambridge), more than a foot in height, is published in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, the figure of the monk being surrounded in the original with the following Latin verses:

"*Scriptor.*

Scriptorum princeps ego nec obitura deinceps
Laus mea nec fama, qui sine mea littera clama.

Litera.

Te tua Scriptura quem signat picta figura
Praedicat Eadwinum fama per secula vivum
Ingenium cujus libri decus indicat huius."

I. O. WESTWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

London: Sept. 12, 1887.

Mr. Thompson Watkin having referred to me by name in his communication in the ACADEMY of September 3, I am bound to reply to the statement he has made.

It is true that I have expressed my belief that the walls of Chester are of Roman date; but it is scarcely exact to say that the tablet referred to, having the representation of two figures—one "an ecclesiastic in canonicals," is "circa the fourteenth century." If your correspondent will compare the technical details of the execution with those of the other sculptures found, which he has not yet denied to be Roman, he will have abundant evidence before him that this tablet is Roman also. The mode of execution in low relief is identical, and so are the peculiar tool marks. In addition, the sculpture, like so many other Roman works, is sunk into the stone with a frame as a margin to the composition. It is difficult to see how the face of a small basrelief can very much

resemble any figure found on mediæval corbels, especially since about one half is broken away. In any case, although I cannot explain the figures, I can see no such resemblance. In addition, the characteristics of mediæval sculpture, so familiar to us all, are wholly wanting. Writing of these figures, Mr. Roach Smith says:

"They are most decidedly Romano-British, and the costume is quite in accordance with the many examples we have of Roman provincial costume. I see in this figure [the ecclesiastic of your correspondent] a female with a mirror. I will not cite a *ditum* of my own, but I refer to the *Bulletin Monumental*."

This basrelief can, therefore, hardly "dispose," as your correspondent says, "of the assertion that the wall is Roman, as asserted by Mr. Brock." He goes on, however, to say "there being much other evidence to the same effect."

Since the recent discoveries at Chester are not a little remarkable, and since they afford so much new information, it may be of interest to your readers briefly to refer to their nature, while the above statement will be tested.

The walls have been found to be constructed of massive blocks of sandstone, put together so neatly, without mortar, that I failed in one place to insert a penknife blade between the joints. The thickness is about eight feet at the base. The blocks are fairly well squared and are of enormous size, some being more than five feet long. This construction has been revealed by excavation on three sides of the city, while it has been always visible at other points. Uniformity of design and execution has, therefore, been shown to exist generally in the construction of the wall, indicating that it was the work of one people. I say the Romans; but your correspondent, elsewhere than in the ACADEMY, has said: some Puritan builders of the seventeenth century for one portion, and during the Edwardian period for another. I understand, however, that he allows the stones to be Roman, but shifted in position from elsewhere at the periods named. Of such shifting I can find no structural traces whatever, while there are some which render any such belief untenable. We have found the original tool marks and the face remaining on the Roman portions of the wall which forms the base of the superstructure, the latter being of mediæval date and later. This disproves of the assertion that no part of the present walls can be earlier than the time of James I. owing to the actually supposed impossibility of the stone to endure much longer. We have also found that the wall at the Roodeye, stated to be only a few large stones laid on a quicksand to keep up a bank (as if any such construction could possibly do so!), is in reality a massive wall of unknown thickness and depth. Our excavation has been carried down on the face of the wall for thirteen feet below the modern level, when it had to be abandoned owing to the rise of water, but the base of the wall has not been reached.

Such is, in brief outline, the nature of the evidence now available to bear on the age of the walls of Chester, and I venture to think that it can hardly be said to tell against the Roman origin. At the close of the inspection by the members of the British Archaeological Association, to which your correspondent refers, our president, Sir J. A. Picton, summed up the evidences, and he expressed the opinion of everyone present that the walls were of Roman date. No contrary opinion was expressed either then or during the long period occupied by the visits to each of the excavations and some others.

Your correspondent reports the discovery of an inscription and suggests a reading. With

out referring to some different readings, it may be of interest to say that, instead of a single inscription, no less than seven have already been found, which are given in full by Mr. Frank H. Williams in the *Chester Courant* of September 7.

While I write, notice of another has reached me. In addition, there are six or seven portions of bas-reliefs, either with processions of figures, or single figures, one bearing traces of colour. There are also twenty moulded stones, portions of architectural members, such as cornices, copings, a keystone of an arch, a length of an architrave, &c. These have formed parts, originally, of various buildings, evidently of moderate size, and no mortar has been used in their beds any more than when applied to their second use as walling in the city rampart. The whole of this remarkable mass of inscriptions, sculptures, and moulded work, has been found entirely within the moderate area of the wall operated upon by Mr. Jones, the city surveyor, in showing the thickness of the wall for effecting some much-needed repairs to a portion of its extent. They tell, as has been pointed out by Mr. A. Rimmer, in favour of the Roman date; for where could any Puritan builder have found any such mass of Roman stones ready to his hand, even if he could build such a wall as this?

I hope that the notice of the discovery of so enormous a quantity of vestiges of Roman times will help to render the length of this communication not unacceptable to your readers.

E. P. LOFTUS BROCK.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS, ETC., AT CHESTER.

Liverpool: Sept. 12, 1887.

Shortly after the discovery of the tombstone of the *Praefectus Castrorum* at Chester, several other tombstones were found, built into the walls; and further "finds" of the same nature are every day taking place. At present I propose only to take four, of which the copies reached me at the same time. They are, first, a large sculptured stone, which, though much shattered, bears, like many others of its class, a representation of the defunct resting in a semi-recumbent position upon a couch, in front of which is a tripod table, and holding, as frequently is the case, a cup in his right hand. Below is the inscription:

D M
FVRI . MAXI
MI
MIL . LEG . XX . V . V .
ST ***** XXII
H . F . C .

i.e., D(ii)s M(anibus) Furi(i) Maximi Mil(itis) Legionis XX . V . V . St(ipend[io]rum) XXII. H(eres) F(aciendum) C(uravit). The abbreviation ANN. after Stipendiorum is frequently omitted. The upper portion of a very similar tombstone is the next. The defunct, as in the other, is lying on a couch, with the addition of the figure of a child at the feet. The inscription, however, has been on the lost portion, with the exception of D . M . for Diis Manibus at the commencement.

The third is of a different nature. It is somewhat like one found at Wroxeter in the last century, which had an ornamental head (a pediment containing the face of Medusa within a parallelogram, with dolphins at the angles) and three panels below, two of which were inscribed, and the third left blank. The Chester example has the head broken off, though there are traces of ornamentation; and below are two panels, only one of which has

been inscribed, and even the inscription in that is imperfect, thus:

•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•

It has probably been (expanded): (D)omit(ii) (Sat)urn(in)i Vix(it) (An)n(os) XII. The v and R are ligulate.

As yet I have not seen any of these inscriptions, and, therefore, can only rely upon the evidence of copies forwarded by friends. It is especially necessary to say this in the case of the remaining inscription, which is somewhat worn, and of which, though four copies have been sent to me, all vary in some particular. The most probable version of the extant letters would seem to be as follows:

D .
CINCIN * *
VETERANV
VIX . AN . LXXX
CVR * * AEL
CANDI

Of the second line, I have had the readings CINCINIV(s), CINCIN . F . , and CINCINEV . sent to me, while, as regards the fifth line, I have had CVRA . AEL . , CVRAV . AEL . , and CVRVA . AEL . It is evident that the inscription opens with the usual phrase, D(ii)s M(anibus), and that it commemorates a veteran of eighty years of age, while the monument was erected by a person whose cognomen was apparently Candidus. But as to the name of the deceased, there is doubt; CINCINIVS, for various reasons, I think it cannot be. In the fifth line, also, it is doubtful whether we have Cura, Curavit, Curam agente or Curante. The ends of the lines are broken off for apparently some distance. I hope to return to the study of this stone again, after inspecting it.

Among the latest discoveries is a stone which apparently names the second legion, LEG . II . AVG ; but, until I hear more, or inspect it, I refrain from putting either it or the remaining inscriptions in print.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours propose to hold an art union, the profits of which will be devoted to the advancement of water-colour art in this country. Pictures to be distributed in prizes have been promised from members not only of the Institute but also of the Royal Academy, numbering more than one thousand, and of the aggregate value of about £15,000, which is largely in excess of the amount ever offered in any previous art union. In addition to his chance in the drawing for prizes, every subscriber of one guinea will receive a reproduction in photogravure of Sir James Linton's picture, "The Declaration of War." A public exhibition of the prize pictures will be held in the galleries of the Institute during the month of October next; and the ballot for prizes will take place some time in June, 1888. Messrs. Cassell & Company have been appointed agents for the sale of tickets, and also for the distribution of the presentation prints.

M. NAVILLE is engaged in the preparation of a third edition of his memoir, *The Store City of Pithom and the Route of the Exodus*.

THE recent death of Sir Samuel Ferguson was a great loss to Irish archaeology and especially to the study of Oghams. In the year 1884 he delivered in Edinburgh the Rhind Lectures on Archaeology, the subject selected

by him being that of Ogham Inscriptions; but before the lectures were completely through the press he went to his rest, deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends whom his geniality and devotion to research had attached to him. The lectures are now before us, consisting of an octavo volume of 164 pages, published in Edinburgh by David Douglas. Not the least interesting portion of the work is that in which Sir Samuel gives a short sketch of the history of previous Oghamists, such as Windele, Horgan and Brash, all belonging to what he calls the Munster School, whose enthusiasm and energy he duly appreciates without accepting their conclusions as to the pre-Christian origin of the monuments for which they did so much; but in his generosity he makes too much of the more pretentious and more sterile method of studying Oghams inaugurated by the Bishop of Limerick. Sir Samuel is very sparing in his interpretation of the inscriptions, and, on the whole, a good deal more correct in his readings than Brash; but we cannot help thinking that he put too much trust in paper casts and photographs of them, if they are as liable to mislead in the matter of Oghams as in that of other kinds of lettering. We think that the value of the book is seriously lessened by extracting, from an illegible Ogham in Wales, a legend involving the history of Merlin's birth as "the mis-born son of the nun." We cannot readily believe that a people who wrote as little as those who used the Ogham character would commit that sort of thing to writing. Lady Ferguson's account, in the preface, of the varying fortunes of a hunt for Oghams is highly readable, though we gather from a map that there is something wrong in her account of her visit with Sir Samuel to Dunmore Head, and the untoward accident that carried the paper cast into the maw of the wild Atlantic.

MUSIC.

ROWBOTHAM'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

History of Music. Vol. 3. By J. F. Rowbotham. (Trübner.)

THIS third volume commences with the decline of Greek art, and the Sophists are named as the chief cause of that decline. It began, however, with Euripides, who introduced into his plays "Monodies"—songs or *scenas* sung by a single actor; for, however beautiful and melodious, they were generally not essential to the action of the drama. Lucian, indeed, tells us of Hercules "warbling away, with a calm disregard of his lionskin and his club." Then the chromatic style, introduced by Agatho, is regarded by Mr. Rowbotham as another nail driven into the coffin of Greek art. It is curious to note that the chromatic element favoured by Cypriano di Rore, and the Monodies of Galilei in the sixteenth century, were the foundation of modern musical art; but we must distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing, not to mention the different surroundings amid which Greek art declined and Christian art flourished.

After noticing in the second chapter the labours of the grammarian Aristophanes in the matter of prosody, the speculations of Ptolemy, and the "Monochord" theorems of Euclid, our author turns to Rome, and describes the pantomime, "the last stage of the Pagan drama," and also the musical manias of the Emperor Nero. But a new art was springing up among the persecuted Christians. At first they "muttered and mumbled," says the historian. In speaking of the absence of rhythm in the earliest Christian music he reminds us that the ancient Hebrew scriptures, and, still more, the rude translations, had nothing metrical about them. But we may note, in passing, that a

paper read by the Rev. C. J. Ball, at Vienna, at the seventh Congress of Orientalists in September, 1886, seems to show clearly that prosody "was not unknown to the singers of Israel." Of course, Mr. Rowbotham is perfectly correct so far as the translations are concerned. He traces Christian music step by step from the catacombs upwards. The early Christians set themselves against singing, which Jerome calls "the vanity of the theatres." At Constantinople, where "the people slipped into Christianity without well seeing how the change came," Pagan art undoubtedly influenced Christian song; and the Pagan elements of rhythm, of syllabic treatment of words, and of the fourth of the scale as the principal note, caused Augustine, while pleased with its effect, to speak of its danger in that it was opposed to genuine Christian music. Gregory may have adopted some of the Byzantine graces; but beyond this Mr. Rowbotham thinks there was little in common between Pagan song and Christian psalm.

Chap. v. deals with musical notation, and Mr. Rowbotham traces its history from the earliest times. The singularly clear manner in which he describes primitive signs and their developments shows how thoroughly he has mastered his subject. The upstroke / and downstroke \ of Aristophanes formed the basis of the Armenian notation; from this were evolved the Gregorian Neumes, and the "Spirits and Bodies" of the Byzantines. Our author does not pretend to explain every shape, for many changes may be accounted for simply by the carelessness or the caprice of penmen; but he traces generally the evolution of a later system of notation from an earlier one.

Chap. vi. is concerned with the introduction of Gregorian music into Spain, France, and Britain. Charlemagne, we are told, used frequently to attend the practices in his own private chapel, and conduct the singers with his staff. This reminds one of Frederick the Great, who used to attend the opera rehearsals with full score in hand, and call attention to any mistakes.

Mr. Rowbotham has naturally much to say about the famous Monastery of St. Gall, and about the Antiphony, supposed to be a genuine copy of the one written by Gregory for St. Peter's at Rome. The importance of the school of St. Gall justifies the long descriptions which are given of the services, and of the famous men who lived there. There was the Abbot Salomon, under whom music began to be copied in great quantities; the celebrated monk Notker, skilled in hymn-writing; and the bold and dashing Tutilo. Hymns, with their rhythmic movement, influenced Gregorian song; and the free proses became syllabic sequences.

Soon after the death of Notker came the one-thousandth year, but not the long-predicted Judgment Day; and "the world, disabused of its terrors, began to laugh." "Kyrrie Eleisons" begun to pass into carols, and hymns and sequences into popular tunes." We now read about the Feast of Asses, the Pope of Fools, and "other such travesties of religious rites." Then, with the dances of the peasants, triple time was born into the mediæval world. But more important than the birth of triple time was that of harmony. Or new birth, shall we call it? For Mr. Rowbotham who fully believes harmony to have been known to the ancients, says: "This style [accompanying the voice in fifths and fourths] we may either imagine to have sustained itself from classical times, or to have developed naturally in the growth of so many new things during the Dark Ages." And now he has to speak about Hucbald, and Guido, and Franco. A clear and detailed account is given of the notation and the crude harmonies of Hucbald. Mr. Row-

botham seems to have studied the Musica Enchiriadis to better advantage than any of his predecessors. There seems very little doubt—in spite of the assertions of Sir G. A. Macfarren—that consecutive fourths and fifths were really sung. Mr. Rowbotham speaks of the organ played with two hands as helping to develop harmony. But before and during Hucbald's time there was no keyboard at all. Still there might have been harmony, for we read of the slides being managed by the organist with the help of two assistants. In speaking about Guido and his inventions, our historian is fully aware that some critics have denied that the Benedictine invented anything at all; but he reminds us, and fairly too, that to controvert the statements of tradition is of inconsiderable importance to the due conception of history. He tells the story of Guido's life by the aid of monkish chronicles; and though much of it be fiction, the musical history of the period is impressed on the mind in not unpleasant fashion.

Just as Mr. Rowbotham had shown the various phases of notation in the earliest times, so now he patiently describes all the efforts made previous to Guido's time to simplify the signs and render them more precise; for in the *Neumæ*, it is justly observed, there was "a wide margin of laxity." And again, with fullness of detail, he discusses Franco, who did for values of notes what Guido had done for pitch.

Our historian is ever bent on showing the relation of things; hence, when he comes to speak about the popular songs of the wandering minstrels, he reminds us that they were modelled on hymns, as, in fact, had been the case a century or two earlier. Mr. Rowbotham has such a graphic pen that one readily excuses the space devoted to these wandering minstrels. He bids us follow one as he enters a village. The women are knitting before their doors, the men lounging about; the fellow sings, attracts attention, gets food and shelter in a cottage in return for his music, and afterwards joins in the evening sports, helping the dancing with a roundelay or jig. So the past is brought vividly before us. But the minstrels could do more than play or sing. "I," says the minstrel Robert le Mains, after narrating his musical and poetical accomplishments,

"can throw knives into the air, and catch them without cutting my fingers. I can do dodges with string, most extraordinary and amusing. I can balance chairs, and make tables dance. I can throw a somersault, and walk on my head."

The Guild Day of the Alsatian Lodge of Minstrels, as given by Mattheson in his *Critica Musica*, is told at length.

The chapter on the violin is extremely interesting. The ancestors of the modern violin, the Rehab, the Marabba, came from Arabia; but the Arabs borrowed from the Persians, and the latter probably from the Indians. Or, as our historian puts it, "Alexander the Great may have heard it [i.e., an instrument of the violin kind] from the Indian hamlets as he sailed down the Indus to the sea." Yet he speaks of the claim of the Saxons to an independent invention of a violin. But, even if he cannot trace any resemblance between the names of the instruments, ought he not to admit some connexion between Teuton and Persian? Mr. Rowbotham is in his element in discussing the glories of Bagdad, Cordova, and Granada. But when he has told his tales of Arabian magnificence and luxury, he comes to the Arabian scales, which have, he maintains, exercised so marked an influence on European music. The Greeks placed the semitone first in the tetrachord; but in the scale of the Middle Ages it occupies the second place, and in the diatonic system of the Arabians the third place. This

tetrachord and the hexachord of Guido Mr. Rowbotham considers to be the parents of the modern major scale.

And then we pass on to the troubadours. In their music our writer discovers the forms of the Rondo and the Fugue. And he touches, too, on the first rude elements of harmony outside the church. But he says nothing about the early Britons, and the glee-men of Saxon times whom Sir A. G. Ouseley describes "as the forerunners of the minstrels and troubadours of a succeeding age."

Has Mr. Rowbotham finished his *History of Music*? At the close of this third volume is written for the first time "finis." We hope he has more to tell us. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE prospectus of the thirty-second series of the Crystal Palace Concerts has just been issued. They will commence on Saturday, October 8, when Master Josef Hofmann will play a Beethoven Concerto. The hundredth anniversary of the production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" will be commemorated on October 29 by a performance of all its principal solo and ensemble pieces. English music will not be neglected. Mr. F. H. Cowen's new oratorio "Ruth" will be given on December 17. Besides this work, we notice a Concert Overture by Mr. G. J. Bennett and a New Suite of Ballet Airs by Mr. A. G. Thomas. Mr. Manns will, as usual, be the conductor.

THE Borough of Hackney Choral Association, of which Mr. E. Prout is conductor, will again give four public concerts during the coming winter in the Shoreditch Town Hall. The first of these, on Monday, October 31, will appropriately be devoted to Mr. Prout's new cantata, "The Red Cross Knight," which has been specially composed for the Huddersfield Choral Society, and is to be first produced by them a few weeks earlier. The other piece by an English composer is Mr. F. Corder's "The Bridal of Triermain," which was written for the last Wolverhampton festival. The prospectus further comprises Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "114th Psalm," Hadyn's Symphony in E flat, and Schumann's cantata "Paradise and the Peri"—which last has not been heard in London since its performance by this association in 1883.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

No. 803, *New Series*.

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LITERATURE.

"Œuvres Inédites de Victor Hugo."—*Choses Vues*. (Paris: Hetzel.)

Things Seen. By Victor Hugo. In 2 vols. (Routledge.)

It is very seldom that the researches of the most pious executors among the unpublished MSS. of the most eminent authors result in the production of works which add materially to our literary wealth. It is almost unheard of for such publications to possess at the same time independent value of their own, while they also increase at once our knowledge of a well-known writer and our admiration for his genius. The present volume, descriptive of "things seen" by Victor Hugo, is of this exceptional character. Its contents have either been selected with rare judgment and felicity by the editor, or they have been drawn from notebooks or memoranda of a special class, deliberately kept by the writer when in the prime of his faculties, for mixed autobiographical, historical, and literary purposes.

The most remarkable characteristic of these papers, and especially of the earliest in date (1838-45), is their extreme sobriety of style. There is, if anything, a laboured directness and simplicity of statement, an even exaggerated reserve, an over-scrupulous avoidance of comment or colouring, which, on the part of the author of *Notre Dame*, gives the impression of their having been written as a deliberate exercise or study in another genre than the one which was habitual or natural to him. In so far as the effort after a Defoe-like realism is over-strained or over-apparent, of course the literary value of the studies themselves is impaired; but, on the other hand, it is interesting to find that in the prime of his powers and reputation Victor Hugo was so far conscious of the "defects of his qualities" as to prescribe this sort of discipline for himself, and in most cases the effect appropriate to the style is after all fairly produced. Thus in the "Journal d'un Passant," describing the *émeutes* of May 12, 1839, the description of the things to be seen in the streets, just as they come—comic, tragic, or insignificant—succeeds in a dozen pages in giving one of the clearest pictures in French literature of the incoherence and aimlessness of most Parisian street-fighting, and how entirely the result of such outbreaks depends upon the chapter of accidents, altogether beyond the control of individuals or even parties.

Sometimes, as in the "Funérailles de Napoléon," the subject-matter is of itself interesting. The ceremony resolved on when Thiers was in power, and carried out grudgingly, with much display of gilt, tinsel, and plaster

statues, by his successor, was, perhaps, not in itself inappropriate to the memory of a hero, himself such a mixture of iron and clay. The poet naturally wished that such magnificence as there was should be real; and, when invited to a "private view" of the coffin, he urged the maker to apply for permission to use gold instead of copper gilt for the one word, "Napoleon," inscribed upon it, and easily prevailed upon M. Thiers to view the matter in the same light; but the additional cost was to be 20,000 francs, and Thiers' fall followed within three days. So Hugo remained in doubt whether the letters were after all solid gold or no. He could only affirm positively that the saddle used by Napoleon at Marengo was borne in the procession by the sober old property horse that had figured for the last ten years in all the military funerals of the capital; and that the minister of the interior was much grieved over the £16 a day which the state had to spend on candles for the chapel, while the coffin was lying in state at the Invalides.

The three reminiscences bearing date between 1843 and 1845 refer to things heard rather than seen. The first reports a conversation between Royer-Collard and Balanche, with Victor Hugo for audience, while the three were waiting for the Academy to begin a sitting. The talk is of Charles X., and the single-minded persistency with which he upset his own throne: "C'est Charles X. qui a renversé Charles X.," they all agree. "C'était toujours le Comte d'Artois, il n'avait pas changé." He prided himself upon this unchangeable character; and, with rather surprising openmindedness, he esteemed the only other Frenchman who had changed as little as himself since '89. He and La Fayette were the only men of the age; and Victor Hugo, who plays the part of chorus, agrees that their brains were made in much the same fashion, only they happened to have a different idea lodged in them. Royer-Collard then described a scene between Charles and his ministers in February 1830, which might have precipitated the events of July, but for the sobering effect of a remark of M. de Pourtalès, that if these were the orders for to-morrow, the king had better tell them at once his intentions *pour après-demain*. Royer-Collard concludes: "Au reste, tous ces détails là ne seront pas recueillis et ne seront jamais de l'histoire"; to which Hugo, mindful of the note-book now opened to the world, discreetly replies, "Peut-être."

Louis-Philippe's confidences respecting Mme. de Genlis are very curious. He and his sister, the future Mme. Adelaide, liked and admired her, in spite of the somewhat Spartan and very theoretical education which they received from her hands. When the accounts of governess and pupils are compared, it can scarcely be doubted that she deserves credit for having made the best of the somewhat middling material committed to her, while she discerned more clearly than anyone else the limits of her own success. Out of a naturally dull, tiresome, and cowardly prince she claimed to have made a clever, amusing, and brave man; but he was born *mean*, and she had failed to make him generous: "Libéral, tant qu'on voudra; généreux, non"—a verdict which is entirely confirmed by the poet's account of

his attitude towards his crazy, would-be assassins. The astuteness attributed in his day to Louis-Philippe was not much more profound than that of his successor. But it is amusing to find him imploring Hugo to believe that he is only an honest man, not half as clever as his enemies wish to make out; and we are indebted to him also for preserving Talleyrand's verdict upon Thiers, that it was his great misfortune to have been born in an age when he could not be made a cardinal. One of the touches which helps to give a sort of artistic unity to this volume of jottings is that, on almost the last page, we meet this cardinal *manqué* installed as Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif, and receiving the author, who comes to intercede for Rochefort and the *Communards*, though his wounded patriotism prevents his enjoyment of the eminence from being unalloyed.

The greater part of the volume in bulk is taken up by the entries between 1846 and 1850. These show the poet in the rather unfamiliar character of a criminal judge, associated with his dignity as *Pair de France*. Thus he has to sit in judgment on Lecomte and Joseph Henri, both what may be called three-quarter-witted criminals, who had fired on Louis Philippe. The former was of the surly, brutal type, more or less crazed with anger at dismissal from the royal forest service; the other, a shopkeeper, apparently actuated by the same sort of crazy vanity as Guiteau. In the case of Lecomte there were 232 peers voting, of whom 196 found the accused guilty of "parricide," 33 voted simply for death, and three followed Victor Hugo in voting for perpetual detention on the ground of insanity. The majority, it was said, wished to leave the *beau rôle* of clemency to Louis Philippe, whose native meanness showed itself in refusing to commute the sentence unless his responsible ministers advised him to do so, which they could scarcely be expected to do in the face of his own evident bias. The effect produced was evidently unfavourable; for at the next trial only 14 voted for death, 133 for penal servitude for life, while Victor Hugo's following rose to 13. On both occasions his short speeches, as reported by himself, were temperate and judicious. He refrained from dwelling on his abstract objections to capital punishment, and argued the case for holding both offenders to be irresponsible in such a way as to offend no prejudices and to rally round himself the nucleus of a respectable minority.

A visit to the Conciergerie in the same year supplies matter for an article which somehow pleases one better, published forty years afterwards, than if it had been written, as it easily might have been, to please an able editor of the day. His interest in the prison is manifold—historical, archaeological, social, and administrative. He finds the prison bread detestable, while the governor is delighted with the specimen sent every day for his own consumption by the fortunate baker who has the contract. Hugo suggested that it was possible one kind of bread might be delivered to the officials and another to the prisoners. The idea was new; but he had the satisfaction of learning that the bread was in consequence *vérifié et amélioré*. He talked to the juvenile offenders, who then, as now,

objected strongly to be sent for years to a reformatory for offences which would only entail a few weeks' imprisonment upon adults; and he found his benevolence rather thwarted by a lad who would tell him nothing but lies, and that he was going to appeal against his sentence. Still more distressing was the havoc wrought by ignorant architects and improvers in a famous thirteenth-century hall, with four vast chimneys in the corners, of which only one was left unmutilated. Victor Hugo revenged himself by writing on a central pillar the following commemoration of the three architects who had left their traces on the Palais de Justice, Saint-Germain des Prés, and Saint-Denis:

“Un sixaine vaut une longue ode
Pour chanter Debret, Peyre et Godde;
L'oisson gloussant, l'âne qui braie,
Fêtent Godde, Peyre et Debret;
Et le dindon, digne compère,
Admire Debret, Godde et Peyre.”

The society for the protection of ancient monuments might do worse than take a hint from this impromptu, and call upon some of its poet members to see if they could not make the way of transgressors hard to them with a few epigrams.

In these pages we find the Revolution of 1848 casting its shadows before in ways plainly recognisable by any impartial looker-on. In 1847 a more than usually magnificent fête is given by the Duc de Montpensier; and Victor Hugo notes, not without surprise, that the people, instead of accepting the luxury of the rich as “good for trade,” watch such manifestations of it with an angry envy, aggravating their own misery. Then followed a fatal series of scandals in high life: suicides, murders, and peculation among the highest civil and military functionaries and representatives of the old *noblesse* combine, with the utter silliness and brutality of fashionable amusements, to disgust the populace with their ruling classes; and Victor Hugo, who was brought judicially in contact with some of the criminals, was unfeignedly ashamed and alarmed for the country, even while still able to believe that the offenders were sufficiently sensitive to find the punishment of dishonour by itself a sufficient deterrent. In the trial of President Teste and General Cubières, however, we see that the poet still succeeded in keeping himself “head uppermost”; for, in spite of a strong impression at starting in favour of the innocence of the accused, he was convinced by the evidence as produced, and only thought the chief offender might be let off with the loss of civil rights, because he assumed that the torture of the trial must have been as great to him as to the honest men among the judges.

Between the Revolution of 1848 and the *coup d'état* Victor Hugo was to some extent *désorienté*, and the fact is reflected in his reminiscences. Personally and socially he was at his ease with all the leading statesmen and men of letters of the Restoration. Politically and socially his views were more advanced than those of any other man moving in the same circles; but he had too many other points in common with them to isolate himself, and he was never nearer to practical wisdom and practical influence than during this period, when the expression of all his sentiments was tempered by respect for the audience, which

he knew to be only partially sympathetic. As regards everything except first principles, he had less in common with the men of '48 than with the professional politicians they displaced; and it was worse still when exile threw him into the company of the least eminent of the survivors of these men. It is hardly too much to say that in 1853, the date of a curious story of a Bonapartist spy, the isolation of exile had already begun to tell upon the author's style and judgment in the way which caused his later works to be left too exclusively to the mercy of his imagination. It ought to be noted, to the credit of the exiles, that the spy gained their confidence by his poverty and dependence on their generosity, so that, when Victor Hugo refused to let him be executed, any more than Le Comte, they were able to protect themselves against further betrayals by getting him locked up for debt in the Guernsey gaol.

Among other miscellaneous passages of interest may be mentioned a visit to Villemain while suffering from insanity; and two “choses vues,” one of which the editors name as the origin of *Fantine* in *Les Misérables*, while the other may serve to excuse one of the impossible characters in *L'Homme qui Rit*. Nothing written in the earlier years is open to the kind of criticism invited by a phrase on almost the last page, where a young woman in the train from Versailles, who turns out to be an admirer, is described as “une âme charmante qui a de bien beaux yeux.”

EDITH SIMCOX.

The History of Newbury. By Walter Money. (Parkers.)

MR. MONEY is already well known as an authority upon the subject of the antiquities of Berkshire. The county has until recently been very much neglected by the writers of local history; and the author of the imposing volume before us is probably right in saying that the ground covered by his labours is unoccupied by any existing book. The revision of the texts of our ancient chronicles and the publication and rearrangement of public records have made it possible to compile a minute and accurate account of separate towns and districts which it would have been hopeless for the great antiquaries of the last century, with all their learning and energy, to attempt with any hope of success. The difficulties of the modern author arise from the copiousness of his materials. An exhaustive survey of all that his known or can be reasonably inferred as to the history of an ancient manor or borough would have to be drawn on so large a scale as to make it impossible for the general public to give its time or attention to the subject; and the interest even of the local reader might be painfully strained by a too perfect elaboration of the annals of his particular neighbourhood. The author of the *History of Newbury* has suffered to some extent from the overabundance of information. He has been compelled, as he states, to omit numerous extracts from the parochial register and corporation records which exist at Newbury in a very perfect state of preservation; and, on the other hand, he has been led by considerations of local interest to compile somewhat too minute a chronicle of the events which have

taken place in his neighbourhood during the last three generations.

The borough has been the scene of many interesting events, from the time when the famous Jack of Newbury kept a hundred looms going in his house, and marched to Flodden Field with a hundred white-coated retainers, to the day when Sir John Throckmorton won his bet that a coat should be made between sunrise and sunset out of wool which should have been growing that morning on the backs of two Southdown sheep. The coat was exhibited to the world in 1851, and the details of the strange feat are commemorated in a popular print. Perhaps the town is now best known for the part which it took in the Civil War. The battle of 1643, in which Falkland died, and the indecisive struggle of the following year, have been described by the author in a separate work, which met with a very favourable reception. The reader of this volume has the advantage of the author's experience, and will find all that he requires to know about this part of the war described with conciseness, but with full mastery of every detail. An interesting account is added of the visit of Charles II. to the battlefield where he had been present as Prince of Wales twenty years before, and of a somewhat later visit of Mr. Secretary Pepys, who came to Newbury

“and there dined; and musick; a song of the old Cavalier of Queen Elizabeth's, and how he was changed upon coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out.”

A century after his time Newbury was known to all the world as one of the busiest points on the old Bath road. Before the age of railways began, every traveller who used a mail-coach or had heard of a flying stage-chaise, was quite familiar with the “Globe” at Newbury and the “George and Pelican” at Speenhamland. It is to be hoped that the new line of railway, from which great things are expected, will restore to the ancient town some of that commercial importance which it retained for so many generations.

Mr. Money has devoted a great deal of attention to the ancient history of the locality. He begins, as in duty bound, with a description of the supposed site of the Roman station of “Spinae,” which is not unreasonably identified with the small village of Speen. Two of the military routes described in the Antonine Itinerary appear to have passed through this station on the way from the junction at Silchester to the fortress of Caerleon, passing by Bath and Gloucester. An excellent map of the remains of these Roman roads is accompanied by a summary of all that is really known on this difficult subject, but it is unlikely that any certain conclusion can ever be attained as to the exact facts of the case. After the English occupation was complete the Roman station seems to have disappeared, if we may judge by a charter cited from Kemble (but not quite correctly explained in the text), in which a King of Mercia granted to the Abbey of Abingdon, “Wickham, with all that undivided wood which is called Spene, Wohanlech, and Trinlech.” The “new burg,” which grew into the borough of Newbury, is not separately described in Domesday Book; Mr. Money, however, shows by record evi-

dence that it existed in 1079, and has good reason for believing that it was, at least in part, included in the description of the manor of Ulvritone. This manor belonged to "Ulward the White" before the Conquest, and was then granted to that Ernulf de Heding who afterwards, on a quarrel with William Rufus, threw up his great English estates and died crusading in the Holy Land. The devolution of the title to the Berkshire portion of these estates till they became the property of William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, is worked out with great care and ingenuity. This part of the subject is followed by an interesting account of a MS. poem of the thirteenth century, which gives a full description of the siege of Newbury Castle in the year 1152. This document contains a number of facts about the life of the great earl which were not previously known. It seems to have been drawn up by order of his son under the direction of an eye-witness of the siege. It was purchased for £380 by the late Sir Thomas Phillips at the sale of the Savile collection in 1861.

The history of the borough of Newbury is carefully traced down through various noble and royal owners to the time of James I., when it was finally granted on a fee-farm tenure to the mayor and corporation. A great number of other incidents are interwoven with the story, all described in an interesting way. Particular attention has been given to the story of the martyrdoms under Queen Mary; but the author has omitted the details of the earlier persecution in the reign of Henry VIII., which used to be described by Dr. Twisse, of Newbury, as the beginning of the Reformation. One or two other omissions may be noted, with a view to the requirements of another edition. It would be well to insert some notice of the natural history of the locality, especially with regard to the rare plants described by Ray, and the celebrated trout and crawfish mentioned by Coxe in his *Magna Britannia*. The tradition of the "Beaver Island" should be supplemented by a reference to the account in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1757 of the beaver-remains which were found in a peatmoss near Newbury.

CHARLES ELTON.

After Paradise, with other Poems. By Robert, Earl of Lytton. (David Stott.)

THERE is much in this book that recalls the author's striking and beautiful *Fables in Song*. It does not, I think, on the whole, maintain so high a level; but it has the same special merit, the same mixture of romantic thought with piercing *aperçus* from life and experience, reminding one of the finer work of the elder Lord Lytton—the same defect, as I venture to think it, of mingling real poetry with a hard and gritty humour, a crackling of thorns under a pot. No doubt this sort of thing can be done, and done successfully; but it requires a Byron or a Browning to do it; the wit and satire require to be more radiant, more spiritual and imaginative, than Lord Lytton's. There is poetry in epigrams, at times; but the working-up to an epigrammatic point is not in itself a poetical process; the machinery inevitably creaks a little, and the result is something which we do not readily forget, which yet we find it hard to love as poetry.

Let me give an example of what has been said. The poem from which the book takes its name is a series of legends of the life of Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Paradise. The first series consists of the legends of poetry, music, love, and the ideal. These are the reminiscences of past perfection, granted to man as consolations after "eternity has been cloven in twain," the infinite past from the infinite future, by the archangel's sword (pp. 23-4). Adam's last glimpse of Paradise melts into a dream. When he wakes to his life of exile, his dream is all but forgotten:

"Yet did its unremember'd secret claim
Release from dull oblivion's daily yoke
In moments rare. He knew not whence they came,
Nor was it in his power to reinvokè
Their coming: but at times thro' all his frame
He felt them, like an inward voice that spokè
Of things which have on earth no utter'd name;
And sometimes like a sudden light they brokè
Upon his darkest hours, and put to shame
His dull dependency, his fierce unrest,
His sordid toil, and miserable strife.
These rare brief moments Adam deemèd his best,
And callèd them all THE POETRY OF LIFE."

The grace and force of the expression almost conceals the triteness of the thought; but when, time after time, some Aesopian moral of this kind is palpably worked-up to, and finally presented to us, clear and plain, we see the trick too well, and what we begin to expect we begin almost to dislike. The "Legend of Music," (pp. 29-47) is the finest thing in the book. If I remember rightly, its main thought—man's power of making or recognising music in the blending but discordant clamours of beast, and tree, and fiends, and waves—has been touched and developed with great power in "Paracelsus." But here, though the language tends towards the extravagant and rhetorical, the thought is finely maintained, and, there is no "moral," save the quiet record of the triumph of Jubal. The "Legend of Love," and that of "The Ideal," might really be one poem, and the former would gain by the amalgamation. Here also the expression is incomparably better than the thought. Adam walks through the world, haunted by the contrast between the Eve at his side and the remembered Eve of Paradise.

"That phantom, faultless fair
(The unforgotten Eve of Paradise,
Beautiful as he first beheld her there,
Ere any tear had dimmed her glorious eyes),
Long after Paradise itself had been
By him forgotten, haunted Adam's gaze.
And Adam made comparison between
The faithful partner of his faultful days,
Who strayed, and sinned, and suffered by his side,
And that imagined woman. With a sigh,
Her unattainable beauty, when he died,
Adam bequeathed to his posterity,
Who callèd it The Ideal.

And mankind
Still cherish it, and still it cheats them all.
For, with the Ideal Woman in his mind,
Fair as she was in Eden ere the Fall,
Still each doth discontentedly compare
The sad associate of his earthly lot;
And still the earthly woman seems less fair
Than her ideal image unforget."

Yes, we know—it is the child's discovery—"The world is hollow, and my doll is stuffed with straw, and so, if you please, I should like to be a nun." But what have poets, who

should be climbing Parnassus, to do with melodiously running down it in this style? It is the very function of poetry to keep us mindful that dreams *are* realities, and the only realities. There are several touches of Browning in this book, but where is the touch of "By the Fireside," or "One Word More"?

The second series, entitled "Man and Beast," is, on the whole, slighter and more humorous in quality, yet not devoid of pathos—witness pp. 74-5, 88-90. The "Legend of Eve's Jewels" and the "Legend of Fable" (pp. 93-115) are exceedingly clever and graceful—the latter especially so; the Envoi to Aesop, unknown yet well known, is very neat. Here is its last stanza:

"Great Sire of Fable! age to age
Extends from north to south,
From east to west, thine heritage,
That grows from mouth to mouth.
And, with its growth still growing thus,
Thou art thyself grown fabulous."

Of the remaining poems, the longer ones seem to me the less good. "Prometheia" is didactic and half political; "Uriel" is powerful, but perplexing; so is "Strangers." "Transformations" has a reminiscence of Browning. The "Lines composed in Sleep," though they cannot compare with the marvellous "Kubla Khan," have yet a touch of the same strange dream-world. "Cintra" is a vivid record of that marvellous landscape. But of all these lesser poems the best is "North and South"—it might have been written by Mr. Arnold.

"Far in the southern night she sleeps;
And there the heavens are hushed, and there,
Low murmuring from the moonlit deeps,
Faint music fills the dreamful air.
No tears on her soft lashes hang,
On her calm lips no kisses glow,
The throb, the passion, and the pang
Are over now.
But I, from this full-peopled north,
Whose midnight roar around me stirs,
How wildly still my heart goes forth
To haunt that silent home of hers!
There night by night, with no release,
These sleepless eyes the vision see,
And all its visionary peace
But maddens me."

It is not great, but it is deeply felt, and therefore real, poetry.

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

Italian Sketches. By Janet Ross. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THERE are two ways of looking at Italy, as there are two ways of looking at most things in this world—the way of enjoyment and the way of criticism, the way of acceptance and the way of rejection; and, as nothing in this world is either perfectly good or perfectly bad, it follows that both points of view must contain some element of truth.

We reviewed lately a book called *Our Home by the Adriatic*, which was a good specimen of the antagonistic attitude; the book before us is an excellent example of the opposite method. It depends very much upon temperament which method we adopt as a writer, or which method pleases us as a reader. For our own part we believe that the method of acceptance is the more fruitful, as it certainly is the more enjoyable.

Mrs. Ross's love of Italy and the Italians is written in every line of her book; the

whole is inspired by affection and tempered by knowledge, and the combination gives to her work the suave and mellow quality which it possesses. Mrs. Ross's knowledge on practical points is indeed very great; it is based upon an experience of eighteen years passed in intimate relations with the Tuscan peasantry. Popular songs, music and all, caught from the lips of Florentine "cabbies," or of contadini in the Val d'Arno, strange bastard Greek chants still sung by the shepherds of Leucaspidè, minute descriptions of the way in which oil and wine are still made in Tuscany, a parallel between the agriculture of Vergil's time and the Tuscan farming of to-day, an account of the metayer system with its advantages and drawbacks—all enlivened by vivid sketches of the peasantry drawn from the life—form the main subject of this charming book. We even get an analysis of the waters of Casciana, though the last item in that analysis, "residuum of complex composition," placed at a very high figure, seems to leave a good deal for the chemist to discover. Mrs. Ross's translations are very good and spirited; take for instance, "Palumella" (p. 76). The difficulty of rendering these popular songs is well known, and the masterly way in which Mrs. Ross has caught the spirit and the lilt of the originals proves how much she is in sympathy with her subject. But perhaps nothing in the whole book better displays the author's intimacy with the people about whom she writes than the numerous proverbial sayings, so essentially Italian in character, which are scattered broadcast over her pages. The real secret of Mrs. Ross's success lies in her deep sympathy with the people about her, and the remarkable camaraderie of her nature. When on a journey hers is the "song of the open road"; and she is always ready for the frank enjoyment of the people she meets, and so full of a quick spontaneous sympathy that they soon unlock to this magic key. For instances of these qualities take the charming story of "La Gioconda" and the episode of the young sailor at Tarentum. These are traits of a temper which an Italian appreciates. He enjoys frankness and trust, and he likes sympathy. Let an Italian feel that you think him a rogue, and he will very soon give you good reason for doing so; while, on the other hand, in a large number of cases he is grateful for and will justify confidence.

The freshest and, in some respects, the best chapters of the book are those on Tarentum and Leucaspidè; two charming descriptive papers on a part of Southern Italy that is little visited—they fill one with a desire to go there. The whole work, however, can be safely recommended for its knowledge and its information to those who intend to visit either the Tuscan hills or the plains of Magna Græcia. H. F. BROWN.

TWO FRENCH BOOKS ON IRELAND.

Paddy at Home ("Chez Paddy"). By the Baron de Mandat-Grancey. Translated by A. P. Morton. (Chapman & Hall).

Pour l'Irlande. Par Emile Piche, Prêtre Canadien. (Paris: J. Mérsch; Dublin: Gill.)

M. DE MANDAT-GRANCEY styles himself "an apostolic Roman Catholic"; at the same time he

is a landlord. While, therefore, he has strong sympathy with the Irish as, in the main, a Catholic people, he does not like the National or (as he insists on calling it) the Land League; and, since his travels were chiefly in what are called congested districts, he also believes in the exploded panacea of emigration. That is why the Unionist press attribute to his lively and amusing book an importance greatly above its deserts. It is simply the *impressions de voyage* of an admirable *raconteur*. The story of bailiff M'Grath and his five plain daughters—two of whom got married to his police-protectors, the result being a requisition from the other three that the father should lodge a complaint against his sons-in-law and get them replaced by single men—is told with a raciness which M. About never surpassed. Then M. de Grancey, though he appears to believe that the Irish peasants are a pack of lazy liars, never says a harsh word of them, and is evidently delighted at the enthusiasm with which they always received the announcement that he was a Frenchman. He did not see much of Ireland—Dublin, Castle Connell, Limerick, Killarney, Kenmare, Tralee, Shaunganeen, where he spent his Christmas as the guest of the strictly boycotted Mr. Thompson. Besides, as he was passed on from one landlord and agent to another, he naturally heard only one side of the question; and, moreover, having made up his mind that Home Rule is impossible, he did not take the trouble to learn what is to be said on the other side.

Nevertheless, when Mr. Gladstone had claimed that the whole of the civilised world is on his side, it was a grand thing to show one clever writer who was strongly the other way. *Chez Paddy* accordingly received an amount of attention altogether disproportionate to its real importance; and Mr. Morton's translation was doubtless hurried on for political ends, otherwise he would have given for *bail* its English equivalent; for roadsteads he would not have written roads; nor would he have described the inevitable doom of the iniquitous Grand Jury system as "it is fatal." I am glad, however, that *Chez Paddy* should have been thus early translated; for, to those who read him in cool blood, M. de Grancey's evidence tells much more against than it does in favour of the present system. Of agents, for instance, he says (as in duty bound), "no other nation owns a body of officials who can be compared with them; yet, since they are not accountable either to government or to the electors, their despotic power is felt to be a grievance." It is "dangerous," too, for "unquestionably it must be hard," says this French landlord, who certainly has no excessive sympathy for the tenant class, "to feel oneself so completely in a man's power, however honourable he may be." Land is a necessary of life to the Irish peasant; and this the agent can not only take from him, but can prevent him from getting it elsewhere, "a whole county being in the hands of five or six men, all interested in keeping on good terms with one another." And thus, on the French landlord's own showing, an eviction may easily become, in Mr. Gladstone's words, a death sentence (p. 225). M. de Grancey sees clearly how different all this is from England, where tenants are at a premium, and where there

are other industries for a man to turn to; though when he disputes the title of the tenant to be considered part-owner he shows that he has not realised the altogether peculiar conditions of land-tenure in Ireland. In France, as in England, the tenant takes a farm on which the landlord and his predecessors have expended much capital. In Ireland the expenditure has been, in almost every case, made solely by the tenant and his predecessors, whom the landlords have been robbing, generation after generation, except where Tenant Right has afforded a sort of compensation. This disposes of the whole of our author's concluding chapter. It is admirably reasoned, but the clearest logic can not make up for wrong premises; and the "association between capitalist and cultivator," which is a fair description of farming in almost every other European country, is wholly misleading when applied to Ireland. A Kerry or Donegal farmer, whose father and grandfather turned a bit of bog into fair land, stands in precisely the same position as the present representative of one of those Scotch or English settlers who gradually turned "the Ards" in County Down into a garden. The difference is that "tenant right" encouraged the latter to put labour and capital into the work and protected him when he had done so; the former was, till 1870, wholly at the mercy of an agent, whose business was to extort more rent as soon as the improved bog had acquired greater market value. This is enough to account at once for the prosperity of the "Orange part of Ulster," and for the backwardness of nearly all the rest of the island. But M. de Grancey, Frenchman like, had his theory; and if facts did not square with it so much the worse for them. Thus, he actually supports his emigration fad by the monstrous misstatement (p. 298) that the population is increasing, whereas, if he had travelled in the North (as I am now doing) he would have heard the cry against depletion raised quite as loudly by the landlord class as it is by the Nationalists of Dublin. If his object was to be amusing, his book is a complete success; as a contribution towards solving the Irish difficulty its value is *nil*, unless his reminder that England has never succeeded in assimilating any of her subject-populations (contrasting strangely herein even with those cruel colonists the Spaniards), leads some Englishmen to reflect that, after all, to concede Home Rule to the manifest wish of seven-eighths of the Irish people may be the real solution of this difficulty—that the Union of love and gratitude is a better thing than the farce of a United Parliament. He makes few blunders for a Frenchman, though to place in the Queen's County Glenbeigh, which Mr. Adair so cruelly cleared some twenty-five years ago, is startling. But he was evidently humbugged (and had an amused suspicion that he was being humbugged) by the facetious guests of Mr. Trench, who would not let him sit near the drawing-room window lest a shot should come through, and who gave him his choice of revolver, bowie-knife, or tomahawk for defence in case of an attack. He is most successful in his criticism of Mr. Gladstone's Purchase Bill; but, as that bill is dead, nothing need be said but that the landlords will never have such a chance again. I wish he had discussed the respective advantages of

state-ownership and peasant proprietary; but, looking on the whole matter as an impossibility, he naturally does not care to do this. I am glad that his practised eye saved him from giving in to the fallacy that Irish land is all good and that the grass is valuable in proportion to its abundance. He looked at things as an intelligent agriculturist and he writes accordingly. On many minor points—*e.g.*, the morality of the peasantry, the untidiness of the women, and whether the priests are or are not exacting in the matter of dues, his testimony is worth attention.

But I have already given too much space to a book which, but for the way in which a political party sounded its praises, hardly deserved so crushing a reply as that given by Father Piche. He has been five years at Lurgan, and, therefore, writes with authority. His little book will commend itself to every fair-dealing reader, and should be taken as a corrective by those who having read *Ches Paddy* desire to hear the other side of the subject. It is startling to find that one of the baron's raciest stories—that about priests condoning murder, when the murdered is a bailiff—was told him by Father Piche. It is, of course, a "cock and bull" as old as the hills; but the baron took it quite seriously. I am glad the translator has discarded the hideous caricatures which provoke Father Piche's ire.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

NEW NOVELS.

A Secret Inheritance. By B. L. Farjeon. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Cast on the Waters. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Scheherazade: a London Night's Entertainment. By Florence Warden. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Daughter of the Tropics. By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

Dead Men's Dollars. By May Crommelin. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Gracious Lady's Ring. By Mary E. Hullah. (Hatchards.)

MR. FARJEON has scarcely maintained his usual level in his latest book. The theme he has chosen—that of hereditary insanity—is neither new, nor well adapted to artistic purposes; and it ought to be either one or the other to redeem its inherent unpleasantness. No doubt, much pains have been devoted to invest the treatment with some novelty, and there is careful workmanship throughout; but the story drags even more perceptibly in its completed form than it did when appearing as a serial. The contrivance for producing a new effect is that the insanity is of a kind which bisects the life of the patient. Habitually strong and clear in mind, benevolent in will and habit, cautious and orderly in demeanour, he inherits a tendency to be maniacally affected by fears for those whom he loves, and while in somnambulism, or rather trance, to commit crimes for their protection against their real or fancied enemies, being quite unconscious afterwards of his conduct, and actively contributing to fix the acts on others whom he honestly believes guilty. This is complicated with the

adventures of two pairs of twins in successive generations, who are endowed with the same occult power of knowing each other's acts when absent (at least, as regards one twin in each pair), and who repeat the experience of falling in love with the same woman, much to the interruption of their previously affectionate relations with each other. But Mr. Farjeon has not made his puppets live. They do not present any very definite individuality (though this is just what he has been striving for); and, what is somewhat strange, although most of the story is laid in France, no attempt whatever has been made to keep the local colour true. Save a Dr. Louis, even the names of the French characters are not French; and Nerac, which is a very fair-sized country town of historical note, is spoken of several times over as a mere village. If the adventures there described by Mr. Farjeon were a tithe as entertaining as those of M. Chicot, when Henry the Great kept his tiny court there as King of Navarre, according to the veracious chronicle of M. Alexandre Dumas, the improbabilities of the plot might be freely condoned; but the incidents are not lively enough to float the book as a whole.

Mr. Davidson's story opens with a prologue, separated by a long interval of years from the succeeding matter. It tells how two girl-babies, suddenly deprived of their parents, were left as waifs, and variously provided for; and the remainder of the story carries on their adventures to the goal of marriage. But the narrative portion of the book is not its most salient feature, which is rather a sketch of the sordid and wearing cares of poverty as affecting persons of a class above the artisan level, and notably a struggling author, taken advantage of by the sharks who infest the publishing trade not less than other industries. Also there is one character upon which Mr. Davidson has spent a good deal of pains: a happy-go-lucky man, totally without principle in money matters, and thus ready to act dishonestly in order to tide over any difficulty, yet much more weak than knavish, being perfectly willing to give away freely what he has dubiously acquired, and goodnatured after his slovenly fashion. The defect in the drawing is that the bad side is brought out very much more forcibly than the good one, which has to be taken mainly on trust; though this criticism has to some extent to be qualified by noting that Mr. Whiffin, the character in question, is one of those numerous persons who never get to understand the value of money, and thus fail to recognise the immorality of doubtful transactions connected with it, even when including abundant falsehood. There is promise in *Cast on the Waters*, but the plot wants neatness of juncture; and Mr. Davidson doubles one of the leading situations, where variety of treatment would have been more effective.

Scheherazade is a story with a good deal of crude, rough vigour, and with at least half-a-dozen cleverly planned situations; but it has one most serious artistic defect. A novelist is quite within his rights when inventing perfectly impossible plots and situations; but he is bound to make his characters speak and act as they would be likely to do if by any

chance they could be so placed. That Mr. Besant possesses this gift in an uncommon degree is known to all readers of his novels; but Miss Warden has not attained it yet. She has, however, drawn her heroine (a sort of blended study after Undine and Dora Spenslow) with much deftness and some sympathy; and, while there are passages in the book where the crudity is not far removed from coarseness, yet this is more in style than in idea, and there is capacity shown for doing much better if a competent adviser would teach her the literary and ethical value of restraint and reticence. The title is not very appropriate, a strain of East Indian blood in the heroine being the sole discoverable reason for it.

"A Daughter of the Tropics" is an adventuress in London, by birth a West Indian octoroon, with beauty and talents, not the least of which is a talent for making mischief, and a perfect willingness to exercise it. She appears on the scene in the capacity of housekeeper and secretary to Mark Kerrison, a dramatic author, whom she desires to make her husband also; and the plot chiefly turns on her employment of *chantage* to get rid of a young lady whom he prefers, both before and after he has married herself. Lola Arlington, the adventuress, obtains the necessary information partly through her own keen-witted observation, but even more through the occult powers of her great-grandmother, an aged negress, who sets up in business as a spaw-wife in Whitechapel, and is credited by the author with really possessing the supernatural powers to which she lays claim, and with being a priestess of the Vaudou cult, regarding which, however, the abundant details supplied are more sensational than historically accurate. The manner in which her plots recoil unexpectedly upon herself forms the apex of the story, which is written with some dramatic power, but lacks all charm of style.

Dead Men's Dollars is a story of successful search for sunken treasure, which the seeker desires chiefly for the sake of a girl who throws him over while he is away looking for it, though with the excuse that there was reason to suppose him drowned. How he is consoled at last is prettily told; and the volume is one that will serve to wile away a couple of hours pleasantly enough—quite as much as it aims at.

Gracious Lady's Ring is a homely story of German life—so German, indeed, that it reads more like a translation than an original English composition. It tells simply how an honest servant-girl falls under suspicion of stealing a ring and suffers imprisonment for the alleged crime, but has her innocence accidentally established some years after she has emigrated to America. The weak point of the story is that the circumstantial evidence is not strong enough to warrant a conviction, since the only facts proved are the opportunity for making away with the ring and its actual disappearance. It is not probable that German law exacts no more.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

SOME RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

Life of Monseigneur de Mérode. By Mgr. Besson. Translated by Lady Herbert. (W. H. Allen.) This book can be read with interest not only by Catholics, but by all students of modern European history. Mgr. de Mérode was first war minister and then almoner to Pius IX., and this record of his life throws much light on the tortuous policy of Napoleon III. at the Vatican. "The emperor protects us, as they shore up a house with the intention of demolishing it" (p. 121); thus Mgr. de Mérode aptly described the state of affairs at Rome in 1859. In September of the following year the Italian troops entered the Marches and defeated Lamoricière, the brave leader of the pontifical army, at Castelfidardo. As usual, Napoleon III. was disingenuous. "Do it, but do it quickly," he said to Cialdini, who asked for his authority to invade the Papal States (p. 145). At the same time his ambassador at Rome, acting on instructions from the minister for foreign affairs, telegraphed to the French consul at Ancona (then besieged by Cialdini)—"Orders have been given to embark fresh troops at Toulon, which cannot fail to arrive soon. The emperor's government will not tolerate this culpable aggression on the part of the Sardinian government." With good reason did Cialdini tell the pontifical general—"You have been deceived. We saw your emperor fifteen days ago at Chambery, and we know what we are about." Only on one occasion did the French emperor and Mgr. de Mérode meet, and that was in March, 1860. "Well, monseigneur, I don't hear that things are going on very well at Rome." The priest replied: "Ah, sire! in what country are things going on well?" The emperor twirled his moustache, and dismissed his inconvenient visitor (p. 127). On December 6, 1866, the last French soldier left Rome, and the protection of what remained of the Papal States was left to the little army which Mgr. de Mérode had formed. On October 26, 1867, Garibaldi laid siege to Monte Rotundo, five leagues from Rome. On October 29 a French corps landed at Civita Vecchia. The repulse of the Garibaldians at Mentana on November 3 was due to the bravery of the Papal Zouaves. But it is a fact of history that Napoleon never intended that the French troops should have aided the Pope at this critical juncture. When Garibaldi's invasion was first heard of, the French emperor gave orders for the embarkation of an expeditionary corps, then revoked them, then renewed them; and the army corps commanded by General de Failly had embarked and was on its way before a fresh counter-order reached Marseilles (p. 234). Montalembert married a sister of Mgr. de Mérode, and the letters of the great orator and writer form one of the most interesting portions of the book. We must content ourselves with two extracts:

"I found, a day or two ago, in the prophet Isaiah a text which seems to me to sum up in an admirable manner the whole history of the two Napoleons—*Posuimus mendacium spem nostram et mendacium protecti sumus*. I hope that the person who is employed to open my letters will take a note of this text and communicate it to his superiors" (p. 190).

In the same letter the great champion of the Catholic cause thus refers to his own daughter and sister taking the veil:

"For to the blanks which death creates around us as we go on in life, it is sad to have to add the other blanks left by those young lives who are gone to bury themselves in the cloister. This sadness may be disputed on higher grounds; but it will not yield to the most conclusive arguments, and we may say in truth, 'The heart has its reasons which reason does not recognise.'"

The energy of Mgr. de Mérode was by no means

confined to the Papal army. In every department of the public service he was the minister of reform and progress. Roads, streets, aqueducts, railroads, telegraphs, prisons, schools, convents, agricultural establishments, hospitals of every kind—all were transformed, created, or renewed by the unflagging zeal of this Belgian priest, who combined the enthusiasm of a modern philanthropist with that of a knight of old. "Those who see danger to the Church from the better instruction of the people are blind!" he would exclaim. His biographer justly says that Mgr. de Mérode did more in twenty years to overcome the priestly prejudice in Rome against education than had been done in the previous century. Numerous as were his services to the cause of education, his services in the cause of prison reform were even greater. We can only refer here to the wonderful improvements he effected in the prisons at St. Balbina and the Termini (pp. 94-104). Another biographer of Mgr. de Mérode has said that "the Piedmontese, who have so ruthlessly destroyed so many things, have not dared to change the prison system which he introduced." When Mgr. de Mérode was at Bologna with the pope in 1858, he asked to see the prisons. Fearful of inspection, the authorities replied that the keys could not be found. Instantly he sent for two masons, made a breach in the walls, and marched into the prison through the hole. We have quoted enough to show that this is an interesting book. We should have to quote much more were we to attempt to do justice to Mgr. de Mérode's varied and extraordinary gifts. Whatever may be thought of the object to which he devoted his life—the integrity of the Papal States—there can be but one opinion of Mgr. de Mérode's character. He was, in the best sense of the word, a prince of the church. The translation before us is creditable; but the book would have gained much in value had it contained a historical map and an index.

W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., LL.D.: his Life and Work, with Illustrations of his Teaching. (Nisbet.) This biography gives a careful and minute account of the work of the leader of Congregationalism in Scotland during the last fifty years. Mr. Ross does not, perhaps, pay quite sufficient attention to Dr. Alexander's influence on his party, but this may be because the man is himself more interesting and important than the body he belonged to. Dr. Alexander was for more than forty years pastor of what became St. Augustine's Church in Edinburgh, and for more than twenty years Professor of Systematic Theology in the Theological Hall of the Congregational Churches; but his power as a preacher and his genial character gave him more than a local or sectarian reputation. His extensive attainments made all his work thorough. Besides a wide and scholarly knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he was well acquainted with German, French, and Italian; and his culture found full expression in his sermons. He disliked the modern custom of preaching only on isolated texts or subjects, and insisted that a minister should systematically and regularly instruct his congregation in the meaning and scope of the books rather than the texts of their Bible. His sermons consequently demanded attention and even study; but those who sat under him were apt to find other preachers shallow and careless. Of his literary work the most arduous and valuable was the editing of the third edition of Dr. Kitto's *Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*, of which the most important articles were by himself; but his pen was rarely idle. Principal Donaldson contributes to Mr. Ross's biography a sketch of Dr. Alexander as a scholar, which is only too short. Few men have worked harder, or done so much work so well.

THE literature of the Wesleys increases apace. A memoir of the founder of Methodism is followed by a biography of the mother whose energy inspired him with zeal, and that in turn is succeeded by Mr. Telford's *Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley* (Religious Tract Society). As the sweet singer of Methodism, the latter name is honoured in every Christian community; and in the religious body which he laboured so actively to promote the memory of his hymns has all but banished the recollection of his other labours. Among the itinerant preachers who scattered themselves all over England sowing the seeds of Methodism, none laboured with more thoroughness than Charles Wesley, and Mr. Telford's volume will rescue this fact from the neglect which it has hitherto suffered. We notice in the pages which describe the journeys of Charles Wesley through the West of England a few inaccuracies of names which are probably borrowed from the manuscripts of the original journals; but these are of slight moment and do not materially detract from the excellence of Mr. Telford's labours. A more important difference of opinion confronts us in the opening chapter, describing the early years of the sweet singer's life. Hitherto his biographers have been almost unanimous in asserting that their hero was born in December 1708; but Mr. Telford, on the ground that, if such were the case, Charles Wesley could not have been fourteen months old, as is invariably stated, when the rectory house of Epworth was burnt down in February 1709, has altered the birthday to December 1707. In making this apparent correction of a seeming error he has overlooked, we cannot but think, the circumstance that at this period of our history the year terminated in March. Certainly, if all the dates are taken, as would naturally be done, in the old style, a child born in December 1707 would be precisely fourteen months old in February 1709. A glance at the parish registers of Epworth would probably settle the fact; and before Mr. Telford's life of Charles Wesley is again set up in type the question should be authoritatively answered. This memoir of the hymn-writer of Methodism is written with judgment and good taste.

Life of the Rev. William Morgan, Professor of Theology at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen. By his son, John Lloyd Morgan. (Elliot Stock.) Those who are interested in the history of Nonconformity in Wales will find this sketch of a leading Independent minister clear and useful. Mr. Morgan was for thirty-seven years pastor of the Independent Chapel in Union Street in Carmarthen, and for twenty-one years Professor of Theology at the Presbyterian College in the same town; but his life is chiefly remarkable for the vigour with which he fought the battles of dissenters on the questions of Church rates and education. In a controversy with Bishop Thirlwall he more than held his own, and won from his opponent a frank acknowledgment of his courteousness. The style of the biography is terse, but a little dry. Six sermons on various subjects are added at the end of the volume.

Only a Curate; or, Experiences and Reminiscences of Clerical Life. By E. G. Egomet. (Fisher Unwin.) If the author of this book intended it to be a record of his own experiences, he made a great mistake in not saying so. "The value of a story is its truthfulness," said Dr. Johnson; and Egomet would have added ten inches to his intellectual stature, had he stuck to facts, and dropped his *nom de guerre*. He is unquestionably an able man, but he cannot be described as an agreeable one. "I have always chosen an independent part," replied Egomet. "Truth and justice, honour and honesty, humility and piety, have been my guides as to what part and

path I should take in life." "Otherwise you might possibly have been a bishop," was the reply, with a smile. "Perhaps so; but I am satisfied with my present lot, having learned, like the apostle, 'in whatever station of life I am, therewith to be content.'" (p. 78). It is not customary for a gentleman, when asked whether he speaks French, to break forth into that language, yet such is the habit of this missionary from the backwoods (p. 235). Disrespect for colonial orders is possibly very improper; but it hardly seems an offence of sufficient magnitude, or sufficiently frequent, to justify the stress laid on it by Egomet. The "country parochial clergy" are, doubtless, very unapostolic in their lives; but is it fair to state of them, as the author does (p. 231), that he found "none like St. Paul, content with his lot"? We must also protest against the author's "regret that the temple of God [St. Paul's Cathedral] should be desecrated by"—a musical rehearsal (p. 53). This narrowness ill accords with the liberalism professed by the author in his interview with the Bishop of New York (p. 36). But consistency is not the author's strong point. He frequently contrasts the Church most disadvantageously with Dissent, and yet he dismisses disestablishment and disendowment as "a great misfortune and a great fraud" (p. 292). Like many another reformer, he regards the whole Church system as "corrupt, rotten and bad" (p. 98), but he thinks he can cleanse the State Church by abolishing all patronage. This is his panacea for all the ills that the establishment is heir to: "Vest all patronage in the diocese, by which I mean the bishop and his council, or cathedral chapter, in connexion with the parishioners of each church. Then let the bishop nominate, giving the people power to refuse, and so on, till both bishop and people agree. This will secure the minister most likely to promote peace in the parish, give satisfaction to the parishioners—and crowded churches will be the result where there are now so many empty pews" (p. 138).

Beecher Memorial: Contemporaneous Tributes to the Memory of Henry Ward Beecher. Compiled and edited by Edward W. Bok. (James Clarke.) This handsome volume consists of a series of letters, &c., written by divers persons—in America, England, and the continent of Europe—when the news of Beecher's death was yet fresh. While they afford much material for comment, we must content ourselves with pointing out one general moral—the very different position occupied by a popular preacher in the United States and in this country. Here the clergy, of whatever denomination, form a profession apart. None can combine successfully the influence of the platform with that of the pulpit; none can hope to gain the position of Beecher as the acknowledged spokesman of the nation. For this is the lesson taught by the book before us—that Beecher, by his faults and his weaknesses scarcely less than by his virtues and his strength, stands forth as the representative of the New England of to-day, recognised as such alike by theologians, politicians, men of letters, and journalists. It remains to add that the volume has been beautifully printed at the De Vinne press in New York, and that it is issued only in a limited edition.

Bekennnisse, Was sollen wir denn thun? Von Graf Leo Tolstoi. Aus dem russischen Manuscript übersetzt von H. von Samson-Himmelstjerna. (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.) Count Tolstoi's confessions show us a "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." A youth, belonging to the aristocracy, of gifts and of great sensibility, abandons the faith and the church in which he has been nurtured. He rushes into the excess of dissipation, but there is that within him which makes for righteousness. He throws himself into the study of

science and philosophy. He returns again to the church which he had deserted. This subject is not quite new, and it is treated in a manner which betrays the imitation of French and German models; but it has besides something of a peculiarly Russian flavour. It shows *finesse* of analysis; and the manner in which the successive mental states of our hero are made to pass by like the slides of a magic lantern is decidedly clever. The pictures bear the likeness of truth, except, perhaps, the one given on p. 10. The catalogue of offences which he professes to have committed would have brought a nobleman even in feudal Russia into the prison of SS. Peter and Paul, if not to Siberia.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Lotus and Jewel is the title under which Mr. Edwin Arnold's new volume of poems will shortly appear. The name chosen bears allusion to the two principal pieces in the work—"In an Indian Temple" and "A Casket of Gems." The former of these two discourses upon the mysterious philosophy enshrined in the sacred Hindu word *om*. The latter brings together, under a fanciful heading of eighteen letters, and in lyrical form, much recondite lore and many legends connected with precious stones. The volume also contains several minor poems, with translations from the Sanskrit of Kālidāsa and of the Mahābhārata. Messrs. Trübner & Co. will also publish at about the same time a reprint, with supplementary comments, of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Death—and Afterwards," a paper contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* in August, 1885.

THE Rev. W. W. Tulloch has completed a popular biography of the Prince Consort, which will form a companion volume to his story of the Life of the Queen, recently published. We understand that the Queen has allowed Mr. Tulloch to submit his work to Her Majesty before publication. The volume will be published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

THE same publishers also announce for publication in October the *Autobiography and Other Memorials of Miss Maria V. G. Havergal*, the sister and biographer of Frances Ridley Havergal.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in addition to his little volume on *Everyday Christian Life*, is engaged on a larger work in Church history, and will contribute an instalment of it to an early number of the *Contemporary Review* under the title, "Was there a real St. Anthony?"

MR. B. L. FARJEON'S Christmas Story will this year appear as the special extra number of *Good Words*, with illustrations by Gordon Browne. Its title is "While Golden Sleep doth Reign," and its scene is laid partly in London, and partly in Paris under the Commune.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH, of Bristol, will issue in the middle of October a translation of Max O'Rell's last book, *L'Ami MacDonald*. The translation is by the author's wife. Nine editions of the French original were exhausted within one week of its publication in Paris.

MR. REDWAY announces *The Dance of Death*, a small volume containing a series of curious woodcuts discovered some time ago in a northern printing office. The letterpress is by Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge.

The Amenities of Social Life is the title of a new volume of essays, by Mr. Edward Bennett, announced in Mr. Elliot Stock's "Olive Series."

A NEW volume of ballads and stories in verse by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, entitled *Poor Folk's Lives*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

THE sixth annual report of the American Dante Society (of which Mr. Lowell is president) contains a Dante bibliography for the year 1886, compiled by Mr. W. C. Lane. It also announces the completion of the Concordance to the *Divina Commedia*, upon which Prof. Fay, of Washington, has been engaged for several years. The text followed in the Concordance is that of Witte (Berlin, 1862), with the addition of such words in the edition of Niccolini, Capponi, Borghi, and Becchi (Florence, 1837) as differ from Witte's. The context and references are given for all the words of the *Divina Commedia* except the shorter and commoner pronouns, prepositions, adverbs, and conjunctions, and the more frequently recurring forms of the verbs "avere" and "essere." All these words and forms, however, are inserted in their proper place in the alphabetical index, so that the work, in addition to the usual features of a concordance, will present a complete list of the words and word-forms in the *Divina Commedia*. Words or forms more or less unusual used by Dante only in the verse-ending are marked with an asterisk; and words used only by Dante are marked with an obelisk. The work will form a volume of between 800 and 900 pages large octavo, and will be issued at the price of ten dollars (£2). Subscriptions in Europe will be received by Messrs. Trübner.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. announce a new series of cheap novels, to be called the "Unicorn" series. The series will commence with Mr. Edward Jenkins's *Jobson's Enemies*; the young Dutch novelist, Miss Wallis's *In Troubled Times*; Miss O. C. Fraser-Tyler's *Jonathan*; and *The Basilisk*, a joint production of Messrs. H. Pottinger Stephens and Warham St. Leger.

THE National Society announces the following story-books: *Under the Storm*, by Miss Charlotte Yonge; *Prentice Hugh*, by Miss Peard; *A Little Step-Daughter*, by the author of "The Atelier du Lys"; *A Promise Kept*, by Miss Palgrave; *Uncle Ivan*, by Miss Bramston; and *For Half-a-Crown*, by Esmé Stuart.

THE National Society also announce, as an addition to their Series of Scripture Prints, *The Entry into Jerusalem*, adapted from Gaudenzio Ferrari by J. E. Goodall.

MESSRS. MACNIVEN & WALLACE, Edinburgh, announce for publication: *The People of the Pilgrimage*; an Expository Study of "The Pilgrim's Progress" as a Book of Character, by the Rev. J. Aken Bain; *Lectures on Missions*, by the late Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson; *Personal and Biographical Sketches*, by the late James Dodds, of Dunbar, with a brief Memoir by his wife.

MR. CHARLES WORTHY will shortly publish with Mr. George Redway, *How to trace a Pedigree*; the Science of Heraldry explained.

A POPULAR work, entitled *All about our Railways*, will be issued by Messrs. Carr & Co. next week.

THE forthcoming issue of the *Agnostic Annual*, which will be published next week, will contain a paper by Mr. Samuel Laing, entitled "Agnosticism and Christianity." Among the other contributors are Prof. Leon Delbos, Gerald Massey, John Wilson, and Dr. R. Bithell.

THE English Dialect Society has just sent out to its members the belated 1885 publication, *Four Dialect Words: Olem, Lake, Nesh, and Oss*, by Mr. Thomas Hallam; and one work for each of the years 1886 and 1887, namely, *A Glossary of Words in use in the Wapentake of Graffoe, South-west Lincolnshire*, by the Rev. R. E. Cole; and *A Second Report on Dialectal Work, from May 1866 to May 1887*, by Mr. A. J. Ellis.

The remaining publications for 1886 and 1887 are all in the printer's hands; and they will be issued, it is expected, before the end of the year, thus once more bringing the society's work abreast of the subscriptions.

MISS CROMMELIN'S popular story, *Brown Eyes*, has been translated into German by Baroness Stockmer, and is appearing in the *Alte und Neue Welt* magazine, with excellent illustrations of Dutch costumes and scenery.

The only English journal published in Austria—the *Vienna Weekly News*—has just celebrated the first anniversary of its birth.

THE *Schiller-Stiftung* received last year, from a private gentleman named Goldberk, a bequest in the shape of landed property. This has recently been sold, and, after deducting all the incidental expenses, there remains a balance of 90,000 marks (£4,500).

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PROF. JAMES DARMESTETER has written for the forthcoming number of the *Contemporary* an article on "Afghan Life in Afghan Songs," which embodies some of the results of his visit to the North-west frontier of India. The same number will also contain a reply by Prof. Robertson Smith to Mr. R. S. Poole's recent article on "The Date of the Pentateuch."

MR. GLADSTONE has written expressly for the *Youth's Companion* a paper on "The Future of the English-Speaking Races." This will appear in the next volume, which will also contain an article by Lord Wolseley on "Young Men in Battle"; an article by Archdeacon Farrar on "The Education of a Roman Boy"; and several papers by Justin McCarthy on "Life in the House of Commons."

AN important article dealing generally with Mr. Hall Caine's novels will appear in the *Westminster Review* for October. We hear that it is by a writer whose name is not unfamiliar in the scholastic world.

THE principal contents of the *Century* for October will be "Ely Cathedral," illustrated, by Joseph Pennell; "Twelve Years of British Song," by E. C. Stedman; "Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom at Home in Kentucky," by J. L. Allen; "Interpretation," by Richard E. Burton; "The American Game of Football," by Alexander Johnston; and a portrait of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

WITH the November number, which begins its second volume, the *Lady's World* will be much enlarged and improved; and at the same time its name will be changed to the *Woman's World*. While attention will continue to be paid to dress and fashion, the more elevated regions of woman's work and thought will now have special space devoted to them. Another new feature will be serial stories, of which the first is "The Truth about Clement Ker," by George Fleming (Miss Constance Fletcher). The editor is Mr. Oscar Wilde.

A PAPER on the curious extemporary drama of the Italians, called the "Commedia dell'Arte," will appear in the October issue of *Walford's Antiquarian*, to which Mr. A. E. Waite, author of "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," also contributes an article on "The Tarot: an Antique Method of Divination."

UNDER the title of "A Diplomatic Penjdeh," Mr. Charles Marvin will contribute an article to the October number of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, denouncing the recent cession of the Kushk Valley to Russia, on the grounds that the country is fertile instead of desert, as alleged by Sir West Ridgeway, and that, contrary to the view of the Prime

Minister, it is of the highest strategical importance.

MR. G. MANVILLE FENN has been engaged in writing a new serial story for Cassell's *Saturday Journal*, which will be commenced in the first number of the enlarged and illustrated series to be published next Wednesday.

Illustrations, Mr. F. G. Heath's pictorial magazine, in commencing its third volume in October with a specially designed cover and pictorial section headings, will begin a series of illustrated articles on "Pretty Places," mostly by the editor; "The English Church and its Buildings," by the Rev. D. J. Mackey, Perth; "Musical Notes and Musings," by Mr. F. J. Crowest; "Garden, Field and Farm," by Mr. William Earley; "Fern Gossip," by the editor; and "Short Stories" and sketches, one of which will be "Our Neighbourhood," by Mrs. Pender Cudlip ("Annie Thomas"). Messrs. W. Kent & Co. are the publishers.

St. Nicholas for October will contain "An Ivy Spray," by Louisa M. Alcott; "The Low Countries and the Rhine," by Frank R. Stockton, illustrated; "The Boyhood of Whittier," by W. H. Rideing, illustrated; and "Cupid and the Mutineers," by Mary T. Safford.

FROM henceforth the *Journal* of the Bacon Society will be published by Mr. Redway. The society thinks the author of the *Novum Organum* was also the creator of Hamlet, and is determined to make its opinion general.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.'S first list of announcements includes "Authentic Biography of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher," largely autobiographic, by his son, William C. Beecher, and his son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs. Beecher; "A Story of the Golden Age," by James Baldwin, illustrated by Howard Pyle; "The Pioneers of the Alps," a collection of portraits of some of the leading guides, by Capt. Abney and C. D. Cunningham; "Waste-Land Wanderings," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott; "Handbook of the Organ," by G. A. Audsley, a comprehensive and practical treatise on the appointment and construction of church, concert-room, and chamber organs; "The History of Wool and Wool-combing," by James Burnley; "Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G.: his Early, Private, and Public Life," also an abridgment of his travels and explorations, edited by Francis Hitchman, in 2 vols.; "New Games of Patience," by Lady Adelaide Cadogan; "Wanderings on Wheel and on Foot through Europe," by Hugh Callan; "Three Principles of Book-keeping," by J. J. Chaplin; "Concordance to the Poetical Works of Cowper," compiled by John Neve; "On a Surf-bound Coast; or, Cable-laying in the African Tropics," by A. P. Crouch; "Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in the Northern Territory of South Australia," by Mrs. Dominic Daly; "Outlines of International Law," by George B. Davis, Assistant Professor of Law at the U.S. Military Academy; "Pictures of East Anglian Life," by Dr. Emerson; a new edition of Dr. F. Eismarch's "Handbook of Surgery"; a new edition of Evelyn's "Life of Mrs. Godolphin," edited by William Harcourt, of Nuneham; "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," twenty studies of children's heads, by Frank French, with poems by Margaret E. Sangster; "Fresh Woods and Pastures New," by the author of "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale"; "Happy Hunting-Grounds," by W. Hamilton Gibson; "Birds in Nature," text by J. E. Harting, with forty coloured plates of birds as seen wild in nature; "The Native

Flowers of New Zealand," illustrated in colours, by Mrs. Charles Hetley; "Living Lights: a Popular Account of Phosphorescent Animals and Vegetables," by Charles Frederick Holder; "Our Hundred Days in Europe," by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Our New Zealand Cousins," by the Hon. James Inglis; "Through Central Asia: with an Appendix on the Diplomacy and Delimitation of the Russo-Afghan Frontier," by Dr. Henry Lansdell; "Through the Yangtse Gorges; or, Trade and Travel in Western China," by Archibald J. Little, of Iohang; "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell, with illustrations by J. W. Alexander, Bruce Crane, F. W. Freer, B. S. Giffard, A. Kapper, H. S. Mowbray, Walter Sherlaw, and F. Hopkinson Smith; "The Boy Travellers on the Congo," adventures of two youths in a journey with H. M. Stanley "through the Dark Continent," by Col. T. W. Knox; "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by J. R. Lowell; "Austral Africa: Losing It or Ruling It?" by John Mackenzie, in 2 vols.; "Maidenhood: a Poem," by H. W. Longfellow, illustrated by J. Stanley; "Life of Commander M. F. Maury," by his daughter, edited by Clements Markham; "The Pytchley Hunt, Past and Present: its History from its Foundation to the Present Day," by H. O. Nethercote; "The Corsairs of France," by C. B. Norman; "Ran Away from the Dutch; or, Borneo from South to North," by M. T. H. Perelaer; "Pepper and Salt; or, Seasoning for Young Folk," prepared by Howard Pyle, and illustrated by the author; "Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses of the Past and Present Centuries," vols. i. and ii.; a new edition, in 3 vols., of Rambaud's "History of Russia"; "The Frozen Pirate," in 2 vols., by W. Clark Russell; "China: its Social Life," by M. Simon; "Skinner's Pocket Encyclopaedia"; "The Educational List and Directory of the United Kingdom, 1887-88," edited by William Stephen; "The Dusanter," sequel to "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," and "The Hundredth Men," by F. R. Stockton; "A Manual of Practical Dairy Farming," by H. Upton; "Nicholas Godfried van Kampen: Historian and Man of Letters," with extracts from his writings, in 2 vols., by S. R. van Campen; "North against South," by Jules Verne; "The Fighting Veres: an Historical Biography of Sir Francis Vere and Lord Vere, his Brother"; the hundredth edition of Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler"; "Their Pilgrimage," by Charles Dudley Warner, illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart; a new volume of the "Narrative and Critical History of America," edited by Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University; "Steam Yachts and Launches," by C. B. Kunhardt.

Novels.—"In the Web of Destiny," by A. L. Knight; "Yarmouth Coast," by Charles Gibbon; "The Maid and the Monk," by W. Stanhope, in 3 vols.; "Under the Stars and Under the Crescent," in 2 vols., by Edwin de Leon; "His Sisters," in 2 vols., by Herbert P. Earl; "Mohammed Benani: a Story of To-day"; "Hermosa; or, in the Valleys of the Andes," by Mrs. J. E. Martin, in 2 vols.; and "Raphael ben Isaac," by John Bradshaw, in 2 vols.

Art.—"The Art Carvings of Japan, Ivory and Wood," by G. A. Audsley and Michael Tomkinson, illustrated with fifty plates in heliogravure; Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, decorations by Alfred Parsons, and introduction by Austin Dobson; "The Italian Masters," by Prof. Attwell; Mr. Blackmore's "Springhaven," with illustrations by Alfred Parsons and F. Barnard; "Pen and Pencil in Asia Minor; or, Notes from the Levant," by William Cochran; Andersen's "Fairy Tales and Stories," a new translation by Carl Siewers; "Foreign Etchings," by celebrated artists of France, Germany, &c., from paintings by Rembrandt,

Titian, Palma Vecchio, Munkacsy, and others; and Dr. Franz von Reber's "History of Mediaeval Art," translated and augmented by J. T. Clarke.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Theological.—"The Psalms, Translated with Introductions and Notes," by Prof. Cheyne; "The World to Come: a Research as to Future Life," by the Rev. Joseph William Reynolds; "Thomas à Kempis: Notes of a Visit to the Scenes in which his Life was spent, with some Account of the Examination of his Relics," by Dr. Francis Richard Cruise, with portraits and illustrations; the "Life of Archbishop Laud," by Arthur W. Benson, with a portrait of the Archbishop after the painting by Vandyck in Lambeth Palace; "Aristotle and the Christian Church," an essay by Brother Azarias; "Dives and Pauper, and other Sermons," by the Rev. Arthur Compton Auchmuty; and three new volumes in the "Pulpit Commentary," viz., "Hosea and Joel," with exposition by Prof. Given, and homilies by Prof. Thomson, Rev. A. Rowland, and Rev. Dr. Thomas; "I. and II. Thessalonians, I. and II. Timothy and Titus, and Philemon," with expositions by the Rev. Dr. Gloag, the Bishop of Wells, and Rev. Dr. Eales, homilies by Rev. B. O. Caffin, the Rev. R. Finlayson, Prof. Crokerry, the Rev. W. F. Adeney, the Rev. W. M. Statham, and Rev. Dr. Thomas; and "St. John," with exposition by Prof. Reynolds, with homilies by Prof. Crokerry, Prof. Thomson, the Rev. D. Young, Rev. B. Thomas, and the Rev. G. Brown.

General Literature.—"Bric-à-Brac," being some woodbury-type plates done at Gower Lodge, Windsor; a second series of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," edited by Alfred W. Pollard for the Parchment Library; "Aucassin and Nicolette: a Love Story," edited in Old French and rendered in modern English, with introduction, glossary, &c., by F. W. Bourdillon; "An Analytical Index to the Works of Shakespeare," giving reference, by topics, to notable passages and significant expressions, brief histories of the plays, explanations of allusions and phrases, &c., by Evangeline M. O'Connor; vols. iii. and iv., completing the work, of "An Old Shropshire Oak," by the late John Wood Warter, edited by Richard Garnett; "Victorian Literature and other Studies," by Prof. Dowden; "Tertium Quid: collected Essays on various disputed questions," by Edmund Gurney, in 2 vols.; "Venetian Studies," by H. F. Brown; "Shakespeare, and other Lectures," by the late George Dawson, edited by George St. Clair; "Studies in the Poetry of Robert Browning," by James Fotheringham; "Ethical Forecasts: being Essays on Religious Evolution and Morality," by William F. Revell; "The Axial Polarity of Man's Word-embodied Ideas and its Teaching," by Arthur Young; "The South Isles of Aran (County Galway)," by Oliver J. Burke; "A Handbook of Home Rule," by various writers; "Home Again," a novel, by George Macdonald; "Little Peter: a Christmas Morality for Children of any Age," by Lucas Malet, with numerous illustrations by Philip Hardy; "Practical Hints on Shooting: being a Treatise on the Shot-gun and its Management, Game, Wildfowl, and Trap-Shooting, together with notes on Sporting Dogs and Ferrets, and other Information relative to Shooting," by 20-Bore; "Historical Record of the Third and Fourth Battalions of the Worcestershire Militia," by Capt. Robert Holden, with portraits; "History of the 2nd Punjab Cavalry," by Col. F. Lance, with numerous portraits; a new volume in the "Military Handbook" series, entitled "Field Works: their Technical Construction and Tactical Application," by Col. C. B. Brackenbury;

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MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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the "Blue Bell" series, in 6 vols., with coloured frontispiece, and cover printed in colours; the "Christmas Stocking" series, in 6 vols., with coloured frontispiece and lithographed cover; "The Christmas Box," an illustrated book for the young, full of pictures and stories; "His Little Royal Highness," a story for children, by Ruth Ogden, illustrated by W. Rainey; "Pictures and Song for Little Children," with pictures on every page; "The Old Corner Annual," a volume of stories in prose and verse, with six full-page coloured illustrations.

Boys' Books.—"Perils in the Transvaal and Zululand," by the Rev. H. C. Adams, illustrated by A. W. Cooper; "The Duke's Own," by Percy Groves, with twelve illustrations by Lieut.-Col. Marshman; "My Friend and my Enemy," by Paul Blake; and "Jack's Yarn; or, Perils of the Pacific: a Tale of the Sea," by Robert Brown, illustrated by R. T. Pritchett.

Girls' Books.—"A Country Mouse," by Mrs. Herbert Martin, illustrated by Caroline Paterson; "Restful Work for Youthful Hands," by S. F. A. Caulfeild; "Mademoiselle's Story," by M^{me}. Ryffel; "A Far Away Cousin," by Katherine D. Cornish, illustrated by Miss Stoddart; "Two and Two; or, French and English," by Mrs. Seymour, illustrated by Miss E. Rope; and "Captain Fortescue's Handful," by C. Marryat Norris, illustrated by Miss Scannell.

Babies' Books and Fancy Stories.—"Child Elves: a Fairy Tale, founded on Fact," by M. Le Pont, illustrated by Miss Laura Troubridge; "Little Margit, by M. A. Hoyer, illustrated by Mrs. H. M. Paget; "In the Land of Nod: a Fancy Story," by Ada C. Marzath, illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould; "The Little Wonder Box," by Jean Ingelow, a series of six little volumes, daintily printed and quaintly bound; "Baby's First Book: Reading and Pictures for the very little Young," compiled by Uncle Charlie; and "The Prize Story-Book Series," six story-books for children of both sexes from five to seven years of age.

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MESSRS. NISBET & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Theological.—"St. Paul in Athens: the City and the Discourse," by Dr. Macduff, with illustrations; "Word Studies in the New Testament: the Synoptic Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Peter, James, and Jude," by Dr. Marvin R. Vincent; "The Doctrine of the Lord's Supper: I. The Real Presence, II. The Eucharistic Sacrifice," by the Dean of Peterborough; "The Philosophy of the New Birth," by the Rev. J. E. Briggs; "Papers on Preaching," by Bishop Baldwin,

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For Young Readers.—"The Fugitives: or, the Tyrant Queen of Madagascar," by Mr. R. M. Ballantyne; "Daphne's Decision: or, Which shall it be?" "Mistress Matchett's Mistake: a very Old Story," "The Story of John Marbecke: a Windsor Organist of Three Hundred Years Ago"—his work and his reward, by Mrs. Emma Marshall; "Miss Con: or, All those Girls," by Miss Agnes Giberne; "Cross Corners," by Miss A. Warner; "Primrose Garth," and "Jack Horner the Second," by the Rev. Jackson Wray; "Nellie Graham: or, the Story of a commonplace Woman," by Ella Stone; "The Lads of Lunda," by Jessie M. E. Saxby; "The Old Violin: or, Charity Hope's Own Story," by Edith C. Kenyon; "Winning His Laurels: or, the Boys of St. Raglans," by F. M. Holmes; "A New Exodus: or, the Exiles of the Zillertal," a story of the Protestants of the Tyrol; "Lotta's Life Mistake," by Mrs. Evered Poole; and the following new volumes of their Juvenile Library—"Both Sides," by Jessie W. Smith; "Stephen Gilmore's Dream: or, Coals of Fire," by Jessie W. Smith; "Judith, the Stranger," by the Hon. Gertrude Boscawen.

THE S.P.C.K.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has in the press, and will shortly publish, the following: "Pictorial Geography of the British Isles," by Mary E. Palgrave; "Domesday Book," by Walter de Grey Birch. In the "People's Library": "Factors in Life," by Prof. Seeley, F.R.S.; "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries," by the author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family"; "God's Englishmen," edited by the Rev. C. W. Stubbs; and "The Continuity of Scripture," by the late Lord Hatherly.

Among the tales announced for early publication by the Society are: "Adam Gorlake's Will," by O. E. M.; "Promises and Vows," by Helen Shipton; "Kathleen," by O. Selby Lowndes; "Queer Chums," by C. H. Eden; "Ire, Pol, and Pen," by F. Frankfort Moore; "Bird Stories," by Harrison Weir; "Cecily's Birds," by the author of "Our Valley"; "Her Will and Her Way, and other Stories," by Mrs. Newman; "Mère Suzanne, and other Stories," by Katharine S. Macquoid; "A Steadfast Purpose," by Mrs. Isla Sitwell; "Foxholt and the Light that burned there," by the Rev. E. N.

Hoare; "Hawbrook Farm; or, Esther Gaunt's Wooing," by L. M. Lane; "Mrs. Barth's Girl," by F. C. F.; "Out in the Cold," by Annette Lyster; "The Christmas Present," by A. Eubule Evans; "True to Training," by F. E. Reade; "With Hooks of Steel," by Crona Temple; "A Tale of a Country Village," by Sibella E. Bryans; "A Treasure Lost," by C. E. Smith; "Minon; or, the Cat that the King looked at," by Phoebe Allen; "Nell's Bondage," by F. E. Reade; "Rex," by the author of "A Hero Poet"; "The Best Book," by the author of "Higher and Higher"; "The Goldmakers," by Esmè Stuart; "From the Bench to the Battle," by Lady Dunboyne; "Walter Morris," by F. E. Reade; "Was he a Fool?" by Julia Goddard; "A Minor Chord," by Niall Herne; and "Two of Them," by the author of "Mike and his Brother Ben."

The Society will also publish soon: "Great Truths and Holy Lives," by Elinor Lewis; "Dispensation of the Spirit," by the Rev. C. R. Ball; "An Office of Praise for the use of the Clergy," by the Rev. P. G. Medd; "Mind of Christ as exhibited in the XVIIth Chapter of St. John's Gospel," "Sermons for the People," vol. vii., and "The Church and her Ministry," by the Rev. E. H. Beale.

MR. WALTER SCOTT'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Great Writers."—"Keats," by W. M. Rossetti; "Shelley," by W. Sharp; "Smollett," by David Hannay.

"The Canterbury Poets."—"Ballades and Rondeaux," selected from English and American writers by J. Gleeson White, contributions by Austin Dobson, E. Gosse, W. E. Henley, Andrew Lang, John Payne, A. C. Swinburne, &c.; "Irish Minstrelsy," edited, with notes and Introduction, by H. Halliday Sparling; "Milton's Paradise Lost," with Introduction by Dr. John Bradshaw.

The "Camelot Series."—"The Prose Writings of Heinrich Heine," with Introduction by Havelock Ellis; "Reynold's Discourses," edited by Helen Zimmern; "Essays by Steele and Addison," with Introduction by Walter Lewin.

"Our American Cousins," by W. E. Adams, cheap and revised edition; "The Turkish Bath: its History and Use," by Dr. F. C. Coley; New edition of "The World of Cant"; "Nine Months on the Nile," by the Rev. Hampson S. Eckersley; "Chronological History of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Gateshead," vol. iii., 1581-1640; "The Thespian Papers," by Neville Lynn; "Elocution, with Select Recitations," by Rev. T. E. Walton Pearson and F. W. Waithman; "The Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend," vol. i.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Art Books.—The *Art Journal* volume for 1887, containing etchings by Axel H. Haig, E. Slocombe, Henri Lepuid, C. O. Murray (after Luke Fildes' picture, exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition, and after Seymour Lucoas); engravings after W. F. Yeames, J. Mac Whirter, G. Koller, the Hon. J. Collier, &c. The "Art Annual," 1887, The Life Work of J. L. E. Meissonier, by Lionel Robinson, containing a full-page photogravure of La Rixe and many illustrations, got up in similar style to the previous Annuals, on Tadema, Millais, and Leighton; "The Rhine: from its Source to the Sea," by Karl Steeler and others, with nearly two hundred illustrations; "The Amateur's Guide to Architecture," by S. Sophia Beale, with several hundred illustrations; "Glimpses of the Land of Scott," by David Hannay, illustrated by J. MacWhirter; "The Year's Art,

1888," compiled by Marcus B. Huish; "The Christian Year," printed in colours, with specially designed borders.

Children's Books, with numerous Illustrations.—"My Pleasure Book," "By the Winter's Fire," "Paul Luggershall," "Our Noah's Ark," "Short Stories for Sunday Readings," "Stories of Foreign Lands for Little Folk at Home."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A "JEU D'ESPRIT" OF DR. WATTS ON THE LATE LORD AND LADY PEMBROKE.*

(In the Goodrich Court Collection.)

I. SATED with Love's high feast great Henry lay Enfolded in y^e fair Maria's Arms, Fearless of prying eyes, that might betray His manly Bosom, or her softer Charms: When Vulcan y^e much envy'd Pair espy'd, Their beauteous Offspring playing at their Side.

II. Away he hies, rag'd wing'd wth Hast his feet, And fills y^e Air wth Curses as he goes, Returns, and wth him brings th' enchanted Net Which o'er them (dreaming nought of ill) he throws. By Jove, I have 'em fast once more, He cries, And straight convenes y^e other Deities.

III. Witness my wrongs, ye Gods, says he, half weeping, Repeated Injuries and fresh Disgrace! See where, oh Shame! my Harlotry is sleeping Clasp'd in her brawny soldier's strong embrace. When Mars, wth Cupid and y^e Cyprian queen, Step't forth to view that skulk'd till then unseen.

IV. Bless us! Whom have we here, Quoth he ag hast! Turn, Deities of War, of Love, and Beauty. No, Oaf, says Venus, reckon not so fast; Blind Dolt, how ill your Jealousie does suit ye. Here's none but Pem, his Boy, and virtuous Dame; Learn from henceforth that Like is not the Same.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE chief subject of the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for July-September is a full reprint of the proceedings of the Inquisition in 1490-1 against Jews and Christians who crucified a Christian child in a cave near la Guardia. Apart from subsequent exaggerations the fact seems to be proved. The motive is said to have been a belief that with the heart of a child thus crucified, and with a consecrated Host, a spell could be made to hinder the action of the Inquisition and to destroy Christians. A report by Javier de Salas on V. F. López's History of the Argentine Republic combats the theory of a prior Peruvian occupation founded on toponymical considerations, the interpretation of which is shown to be inexact. Fernandez Duro tells of a Spanish "admirable Crichton" who appeared in Paris, Ghent, and Burgundy, in 1445, vanquishing with equal ease the learned and the athletes, and therefore supposed to be the Anti-Christ. He makes it probable that this hero was Fernando del Pulgar, who had no such extraordinary fame in his own country. Jiménez de la Espada confirms, from the MS. of Fray Francisco de Aguilar in the Escorial, the destruction of Cortez's ships, making it, however, probable that they were scuttled and not burnt. Señors Saavedra and Fernandez-Guerra give some important Arabic and Latin inscriptions from the province of Cordova.

THE *Revista Contemporanea* for August opens with a necrology of Dionisio Chaulié, followed by an interesting account from his pen of

* Dr. Watts writes at the foot of this composition, "In imitation of Prior."

Ruperto Verdolaga—a Madrid street poet, pensioned at the close of his life by General Bulwer for an act of honesty at the battle of Talavera, 1809. Domingo Gascon supplements, with some valuable particulars, the account given of Martinez Salafraña by Menendez y Pelayo in his *Historia de las Ideas Estéticas*. Señor Guardiola y Valera lays the blame of the early atrocities of Pedro the Cruel on his minister, Alfonso de Albuquerque. J. S. de Toca invites Spanish agriculturists to join the Conservative party, and to work for an economical administration. Torres Muñoz notices favourably Delgado's Political and Economical Studies. Perez y Oliva continues his "Presas Marítimas," showing the gradual tendency towards the inviolability of private property at sea.

We have received No. 3 of *Euskara* (September 1), the organ of the Berlin Baskischen Gesellschaft. It contains a paper on Basque music, by W. Brambush, founded on the collections of Fr. Michel and Iztucta; also a mystic account of the origin of language, by José de Puiasola, in Spanish; and various short notices and reviews by the editor and others.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DELDEVSZ, E. M. E. La société des concerts, 1889 à 1895 (Conservatoire National de Musique). Paris: Firmin-Didot. 8 fr.
LEBOY-BEAULIEU, P. Algérie et Tunisie. Paris: Guillaumin. 8 fr.
LESSEPS, Ferdinand de. Souvenirs de quarante ans, dédiés à mes enfants. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 12 fr.
SEMPER, H. Donatello's Leben u. Werke. Innsbruck: Wagner. 6 M.
VIGNON, L. La France dans l'Afrique du Nord. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr.
ZALS, E. Die kurmalzische Porzellan-Manufaktur zu Höchst, Mainz: Diemer. 20 M.

THEOLOGY.

MANCHOT, O. H. Die Heiligen. Ein Beitrag zum geschichtl. Verständniss der Offenbarg. Johannis u. der altchristl. Verfassung. Leipzig: Velt. 5 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- GUNDLACH, W. Wer ist der Verfasser d. Carmen de bello Saxonico? Innsbruck: Wagner. 6 M.
HIEB, J. Herzog Ferdinand II. v. Tirol. 2. Bd. Innsbruck: Wagner. 12 M.
KELLER, O. Thiere d. classischen Alterthums in cultur-geschichtlicher Beziehung. Innsbruck: Wagner. 10 M. 80 Pf.
KÖSTER, A. Die Wormser Annalen. Eine Quellenuntersuchung. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 80 Pf.
RIGESTA episcoporum Constantiensium. 1. Bd. 2. Lfg. Unter Leitg. von F. v. Weech bearb. v. P. Ledewig. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.
RUELMS, Ch. Carte de l'Europe 1480-1486, annexée à un manuscrit de Ptolémée à la Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique à Bruxelles. Bruxelles. 30 fr.
STUDIEN. kirchengeschichtliche. Hermann Reu'er zum 70. Geburtstag gewidmet. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DEBERRE, Ch. L'homme avant l'histoire. Paris: J. B. Baillière. 8 fr. 60 c.
EBNER, E. v. Üb. den feineren Bau der Skelettheile der Kalkschwämme. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M. 20 Pf.
EITINGHAUSEN, A. v. Die Widerstandsveränderungen v. Wisnuth, Antimon u. Tellur im magnetischen Felde. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 80 Pf.
FRITSCH, G. Die elektrischen Fische. 1. Abth. Malopterurus electricus. Leipzig: Velt. 30 M.
KNOBLAUER, H. Üb. die elliptische Polarisation der Wärmestrahlen bei der Reflexion v. Metallen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 12 M.
MARTINAK, E. Zur Logik Lockes. Graz: Leuschner. 1 M.
SIMONKAL, L. Enumeratio florae transsylvanicae vesiculosa critica. Budapest: Kilián. 14 M.
STATYB, M. Die Aquitanische Flora d. Zsitthales im Comitae Hunyad. Budapest: Kilián. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BÜRGER, C. De Lucio Patrensi sive de ratione inter asinum Q. f. Lucianum Aputeique metamorphoses intercedente. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.
GRIMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 7. Bd. 10. Lfg. Bearb. v. M. Lexer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.
HOPPE, A. Englisch-deutsches Supplement-Lexikon als Ergänzung zu allen bis jetzt erschienenen englisch-deutschen Wörterbüchern. 1. Abthg. A—U. Glosse. Berlin: Langenscheidt. 8 M.
MASTERS, F. Die Anfänge der französischen Synonymik. Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MOLDENKE, Ch. E. Üb. die in altägyptischen Texten erwähnten Bäume u. deren Verwerthung. Halle: Reichardt. 6 M.

REISE, Ch. K. Vorlesungen üb. lateinische Sprachwissenschaft. 8 Bd. Lateinische Syntax. Neu bearb. v. J. H. Schmalz u. G. Landgraf. Berlin: Calvary. 12 M.
SPREGL, F. Die arische Periode u. ihre Zustände. Leipzig: Friedrich. 12 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ON TEACHING ENGLISH."

Aberdeen: Sept. 19, 1887.

I shall be content with a very few remarks in reply to Mr. Barnett's defence of his criticism of my two books on English. On many of the points, he so nearly repeats himself that my replies are as applicable now as they were to the original article.

I am not conscious of any inconsistency between my definition of English teaching after Locke, and the criticising of the great poetical authors. The criticism still keeps to the main chance of discriminating good and bad; and my fault is properly described not as inconsistency but as presumption.

I can only repeat that I consider Mr. Barnett perfectly right in pronouncing his conscientious judgment condemnatory of my 156 pages of analysed extracts. What I meant to say was that he erred in believing that the two extracts chosen, bearing upon two stanzas of "The Skylark," amounted to a proof of the badness of the whole.

He does not object to analysis, but only to anatomy or dissection, in dealing with composition. My reason for preferring analysis is simply this. While, in common with anatomy, it means dividing a complex object into its component parts, it supposes a previous synthesis the exact reverse of itself. Every literary work is put together, in the first instance, word by word. Words are its elementary atoms. It began in words, and may again be resolved into these if necessary. The careful writer has to take his work to pieces, that is to words, over and over again, and re-piece it till it satisfies him. The critical analyst in his word-to-word criticism merely puts himself into the position of the composer when he has finished a draft and is passing judgment on its quality. Anatomy, on the other hand, is the disintegration of what came into the world a finished whole. Nobody put it together out of the collection of an anatomical museum.

The objection of Mr. Barnett to dissecta membra seems to me to lose sight of the whole history and practice of criticism. I make the greatest allowance for the difference between my analyses and those of superior critics; but to insinuate that the method pursued is of my unprompted invention does me too much honour. It is quite true that criticism does not often go the length of taking single lines to pieces; but plenty of examples can be found to show that the practice is quite familiar to literature. Within the last month a distinguished critic employed it upon Keats, in the most remorseless fashion. It will be found in Coleridge, Campbell, Matthew Arnold, and many more that I could name. As to its shocking our feelings of admiration for great authors, that cannot be helped. Of course, I admit that it should be well done. But to make an objection of this kind is fatal to art criticism in every sphere. The greatest authors have survived all this, and even worse—namely, wholesale ridicule and travesty, from which none of them have escaped.

I have nothing to add on the Bacon question. I am at loss, however, to know what I have said to let it be supposed that I cared for the consistency or inconsistency of Milton's theology in Paradise Lost. What I cared for was its suitability and capability as a poetical subject; and that all his critics from Addison to Pattison have dealt with.

I will not weary you with more small details,

but will use my advantage in being permitted a second reply, to put myself right in a matter of more importance than any of these.

By his extremely narrow basis of criticism, by confining himself to the *Teaching English*, and to a small part of that, my reviewer has left your readers in entire ignorance of my purpose in bringing it out in company with the revised *Rhetoric*. A few sentences from the preface of the latter would have disclosed that purpose; but Mr. Barnett, while putting this work at the head of his article, has ignored its contents. The perversion of view thus arising is a serious matter to me. Mr. Barnett did not state, for example, that the long series of "anatomised" extracts is divided into two classes—those relating to the intellectual qualities, and those relating to the emotional qualities. He pounced at once on a passage under the last head, which seemed especially to grate on his sensibility, without hinting that there was an entirely different class of extracts, that could not give the same offence, although they might give some other. On entering on the emotional class, I give this warning: "These, by their very nature, are vague and indefinite; while the intellectual qualities are exact and scientific." But, in the preface to the new *Rhetoric*, I go much farther. I have there to give reasons for reproducing the work in two parts—the one for intellectual qualities, the other for emotional. Now, the principal reason is one that concerns the public chiefly. In my long connexion with teaching and teachers, I have found that many of these (good ones too) have based their preference for mathematics, as an education subject, on its remarkably definite character. This they think a recommendation, apart entirely from its application to practice. I have also been told by Cambridge tutors that the position of mathematics in the examinations there was greatly determined by the same peculiarity, one consequence being that comparative merits could be accurately appraised. Now, it was part of my intention, in compiling a separate volume on the intellectual quality of style, to provide teachers with a rhetorical text-book, treating of the department that approached nearest to the character of an exact science. The following sentences occur in the preface:

"It appears to me to be a possible thing to arrive at a definite code of prescriptions for regulating the intellectual qualities of composition. Granting that a certain progress has been made towards this consummation, the fact would seem to mark out the department as a fit subject for school discipline at the proper stage; not to mention its direct bearing upon the valuable accomplishment of writing well. The several topics embraced are mostly on a level as regards ease of comprehension; and the exposition is conducted with a view of bringing the pupil's own judgment into play."

It is on the fulfilment of this design that I desire the volume to be examined and judged. And as comparatively few of my critics have given the design the benefit of publicity, I find some compensation for Mr. Barnett's unfavourable estimate in being able to supply what I consider his most serious omission.

A. BAIN.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE NAME "ISIS."

London: Sept. 17, 1887.

Mr. Harold Murray's very able letter does not prove that the name "Isis" is older than Leland. Whether Leland or some earlier writer invented it, there is a strong probability that it is a mere Latinisation of Ise. It must be remembered that Leland himself says that Isis is the Latin for Ise and Ouse. Whether the form of the Latinised name is simply modelled after

Tamesis, or whether it is partly due to a recollection of the name of the goddess, can scarcely admit of being determined. Some maps give a river Isis in Brecknockshire, but I know nothing of the history of the name in that instance.

The reference to the old map of course shows that the name Ise, as that of one of the head-waters of the Thames, was known in the thirteenth century. But the map-maker's statement, that "the Tame and the Ise make the Tamise, as the Jor and the Dan make the Jordan," deprives my testimony of all value as evidence of the genuineness of the name. Jor and Dan are, as everybody knows, mere patristic figments; and Mr. Murray will not deny that the mediæval etymology of Thames is as false as the similar etymology of Jordan. Notwithstanding, he is disposed to think that Ise may have been a real name of the upper Thames. I consider this extremely unlikely, because (unless the mediæval etymology was true) it would be a strange coincidence if the two rivers which unite to form the Thames had really happened to bear names identical in sound with the two halves of the names of the united streams. I think any one who knows that it is philologically impossible that "Jordan" could be derived from Jor and Dan, would be a good deal surprised if it should be proved that, nevertheless, these were genuine names of the two chief head-waters of the Jordan. Of course, very strange coincidences do sometimes happen, and we must not confound improbability with impossibility. But as yet there is not a particle of evidence in favour of the unlikely supposition that the upper Thames was ever named Ise—except, of course, by etymologising writers and those who followed them. It is true that Ise seems to be a possible river-name. The maps give an Ise in Northamptonshire; and there are, if I remember rightly, two or three others in England. If the Anglo-Saxon form were Y's, it might descend from a prehistoric *Usia*, related to, though not identical with, Ouse. It has occurred to me that *Usia* would be a possible antecedent for Gwy, the Welsh name of the Wye; but the forms Wye, Wey, &c., seem difficult to reconcile with this.

The map referred to by Mr. Murray is certainly not the handiwork of Matthew Paris. Sir T. Hardy settled that question long ago; and it is something like a libel on the great historian of the thirteenth century to suppose him capable of so childish a performance. I am not judging it by the standard of modern knowledge. The beautiful thirteenth century map, of which there is a facsimile in another volume of the same collection, shows that some of the contemporaries of Matthew Paris could do excellent work in the way of cartography.

Mr. Murray's theory, that "the natural man" gives a distinct name to each main portion of a river, certainly seems in accordance with abstract probabilities. But it is difficult to find unequivocal examples that are really relevant to the present case. Mr. Murray's instances—the Danube, Niger, Nile, &c.—are rivers which pass through the territories of peoples speaking different languages; and, of course, each people had its separate name for the river. In the Old-English charters we do not, so far as I know, find any instance of a river having distinct names in different parts of its course. It is true, however, that the charters may be fairly considered to represent literary, rather than popular, usage in this respect. I do not agree with Mr. Kerslake that a river and all its tributaries were anciently considered as a unity, and had a common name; but his view appears to have this much of truth in it, that sometimes one and sometimes another of the head-waters of a river gave its name to the united stream.

There can be no doubt that the Celtic name of the Thames was *Tamēsa* or *Tamēsis*. As a foreign *s* was in Old-English represented in borrowed words by *t* (as in *pin* from *poena*), we can account for the early Old-English *Tamīsa*; and if the name was accented in the first syllable the *i* might be shortened, so as to yield the documentary *Temese*. Mr. Murray's conjecture, as to the origin of the divergence between the written and the spoken forms of the river-name, seems probable.

HENRY BRADLEY.

Dunstable: Sept. 19, 1887.

In reference to Mr. H. J. R. Murray's interesting letter in the last number of the ACADEMY, there is no tributary of the Thames at or near Dunstable. There is, however, a tributary of the Ouse close to Dunstable, and this stream is probably the Yse of the map in the thirteenth-century *Abbreviatio Chronicorum*. The popular name of the stream I mention was (when I was a boy, forty years ago) the Ouse—sometimes the Little Ouse or Ousle. On the ordnance map it is called the Ouzel. Celtic names occur close to the source, the hollows in the hills close by are called *combes*, and on the top of an adjoining hill is *Osley pond*, not named on the large scale ordnance maps. Nine miles from the source of the tributary (to the north, near Woburn) is a minor tributary now called *Crawley Brook*; but its old name was probably *Ouse Bourne*, for it rises at a village called *Husborne Crawley*. Another tributary of the Ouse (at Hitchin, near by) is the *Hiz*. We therefore have the Ouse, Ouzel, Hus, Hiz, and, as pointed out by Mr. Murray, Yse. Whether Isis is another form of these words is perhaps uncertain, but to me it seems probable.

WORTHINGTON G. SMITH.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

London: Sept. 19, 1887.

I have neither time nor inclination to expose many more of Dr. MacCarthy's errors in logic, grammar, and palaeography. But his letter of September 2 ACADEMY, September 17, 1887, p. 184) contains some misstatements made with such audacity that they are likely to mislead.

I called, and still call, the scribe of the Oxford Tripartite Life of S. Patrick (Rawl. B. 512) "a careful and learned person," meaning, of course, that he was a careful scribe, and learned in his own tongue. To impugn this statement, Dr. MacCarthy quotes, not from the MS., but from a transcript by some anonymous scholar, the following words as specimens of the scribe's latinity. I give the readings of the MS. on the right:

DR. MACCARTHY.	THE MS.
ecclesie aque	ecclesia[e]que
populis Israel captus	populus Israel captus
in hoc mundum	in hunc mundum
literiam	litri riam

The last-mentioned words are, of course, Irish; and the passage in which they occur is *inti na rofoglaind litri riam*, "he who never had learned letters."

Proceeding with his imaginative citations, Dr. MacCarthy asserts: "Laeth a taebi, however, caps the climax. Mr. Whitley Stokes, I know, thinks it is correct." With deference to Dr. MacCarthy's superior knowledge of my thoughts, I beg to say that I not only think, but know, that this quotation is incorrect. The MS. here has, quite rightly, *leth ataebi*—a phrase of which about three years ago I discovered the meaning. It signifies "context"—literally "side that adheres," *ataebi* being, not as Dr. MacCarthy supposes, a corruption of *atoibthe*, "of adherence," but the regular act. pres. ind. sg. 3 of the *i*-verb *atoibim*. Compare *atoibi* (gl. herenti), Ml. 57 d 18. In connexion with this,

Dr. MacCarthy says, with a sneer, "Toíbe, as genitive of *toeb*, will prove a novelty to Irish scholars." Will nothing ever teach him a little modesty? He, and other "scholars" like him, may find the form in question in the *Lebar Brecc*, 251 a, line 68: *isind achsaill toíbe deiss Iau*, "in the armpit of Jesu's right side."

I challenged Dr. MacCarthy to produce from a MS. older than the fifteenth century an instance of *Ruen* as the genitive of the name of Ruadán, the founder of Lothra. He now answers this challenge by producing from one of the four inscriptions on the reliquary containing the Stowe Missal what he calls "the genitive Ruacín." The inscription in question reads very clearly: "Orat̄ do-Gilla-Ruadan u-Macan don-comarba lasar-cumdaiged ("A prayer for Gilla-Ruadán, descendant of Macán, by whom [this shrine] was covered"). An engraving of it will be found at the end of the second volume of O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, where, as Dr. MacCarthy himself says (*Stowe Missal*, p. 1), "the shrine has been well depicted." Dr. MacCarthy's *Ruacín* may join his *imabred*, *lelachaich*, *sonsa*, *codling*, *boberim*, &c. (ACADEMY, Nos. 778, 795).

The result is that, after nearly five months, Dr. MacCarthy has failed to produce a single instance of *Maile* as the gen. sg. of *Mel*, the name of the first bishop of Ardagh, or of *Ruen* as the gen. sg. of *Ruadán*, the name of the founder of Lothra. The obvious explanation of *Maile ruen* as the gen. sg. of the name of *Mael ruen* of Tallaght therefore remains in force; and with this explanation Dr. MacCarthy's argument as to the antiquity of the Stowe Missal falls to the ground. The question whether *Mael ruen* was or was not a bishop depends on the answer to the question whether Dr. MacCarthy is or is not a better authority than the *Lebar Brecc* and the *Annals of Ulster* (see Mr. Warren's letter, the ACADEMY, July 9, 1887, p. 27).

Here is the documentary evidence that *Mael ruen* of Tallaght was a bishop:

"Moelruain o Thamlacta et Colman nomen patris eius. Broicsech nomen matris eius ocus eccep he féin ('and he himself a bishop')."—*Lebar Brecc*, p. 91, left margin.

"An. Dccxci. Maelruain Tamlactai, Aidain (?) Rathain, Aidan hua Concumba (!) Episcopi et Militis Christi in pace dormierunt."—*Annales Ultonienses* ed. O'Connor, *Rerum Hibern. Script.*, iv. 116.

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE ENGLISH PYRRHIC.

Hampstead: Sept. 20, 1887.

Nearly a year ago, in a series of letters in the ACADEMY, I endeavoured to draw attention to Shakspeare's accentuation of proper nouns. Prof. Elze, of Halle, in *Englische Studien*, agreed with my accentuation, "Córíoli" and "Córíolánus," but fell foul of my use of the word "pyrrhic." Prof. Elze's contention is that, as accent is an essential element in an English foot, there can be no foot without accent, and consequently the pyrrhic is an impossibility, in fact, an absurdity. Now I am not at all anxious to retain the name pyrrhic, if he, or anyone else, will suggest a better. What I contend is this: in lines consisting of disyllabic measures or feet, the syllables are conveniently taken in pairs and named iambus or trochee, and the exceptional pairs spondee or pyrrhic. By pyrrhic is meant a pair of syllables without stress, or two stressless syllables, or a stressless pair of syllables, "a stressless pair," "a beatless pair."

That such pairs do occur the following lines will probably be sufficient to show:

Shakspeare, "King John"—
"To the yet unbegotten sin of times," 4.3.54 (first place).

"Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars," 5.2.33 (third place).

Spenser, "The Faerie Queene"—
"The whites with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd," 2.6.14.9 (second place).

"Of God; of Grace; of Justice; of Free-will," 1.10.19.6 (fourth place).

Milton, "Paradise Lost"—
"By simply meek; that suff'ring for truth's sake," 12.569 (fourth place).

"To good malignant, to bad men benign," 12.538 (third place).

Will not some one invent a name for "the beatless pair," *alias* the pyrrhic, *pace* Prof. Elze?

There is possibly danger lest the occasional consecution of stressless syllables should be lost sight of if we have no name for the combination.

BENJAMIN DAWSON.

"BABY MINE."

London: Sept. 20, 1887.

A friend in New York has sent me a cutting from one of the newspapers of that city, from which I learn that a gentleman named Johnston, who is stated to have been the author of the popular song, "Baby Mine," was buried a few days previously at the cemetery of Woodlawn, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of sympathising mourners. The song entitled "Baby Mine" was written by myself more than a quarter of a century ago, and happened to hit the fancy of several musical composers in the United States (one of whom, I suppose, was the deceased Mr. Johnston), not one of whom asked my consent to its republication with their music. The song—as I learned last year from an American friend then travelling in England—became exceedingly popular in the United States, and has reached an almost unprecedented circulation, which he estimated, rightly or wrongly, at 200,000 copies. If an international copyright in literary property existed between the United States and Great Britain, and the property in brain-work was held as sacred as the watch or money in one's pocket, the coat on one's back, or the goods in one's warehouse, I should have been entitled to demand a royalty or percentage on the sale of this favourite composition, which at the small rate of two cents, or one penny per copy, would have amounted to the handsome sum of £833 3s. 4d., which, I need not say, I should have been very glad to have received.

Till our bakers and our butchers, our house proprietors, and our rate and tax-collectors, allow me to transact business with them on similar conditions, I shall not cease to be dissatisfied with the existing law—or absence of law—that prevails in the United States with regard to the literary property of Englishmen which American publishers of books and music "convey" to their own pockets without scruple or remorse.

CHAS. MACKAY.

"LATHE."

Brigg: Sept. 18, 1887.

Mr. Watkins is, I am glad to say, mistaken in his belief that the word *lathe* (a barn) is becoming obsolete in Lincolnshire. I frequently hear it from the lips of the young as well as the old.

I am pained to have to admit that newspapers and schools are injuring to some extent our local speech, but their evil effects are often exaggerated. The greater part of the children who are taught in the Bottesford Board School pass my garden on their way home. I have very frequently overheard their conversation when I have been unseen by them. It gives me extreme pleasure to be able to say that the most devoted conservative, could such a one have been present on these occasions, would have heard little that ought to have pained him. Unperverted instincts are still strong enough to lead our lads and lasses to fling

behind them, as soon as the doors of the scholastic torture-chamber are closed, the ugly words and speech-forms of the lesson-books, and to speak in the good homely fashion that they have learned from their parents.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

SCIENCE.

A LITHUANIAN PREACHER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Litauische und Lettische Drucke des 16 und 17ten Jahrhunderts" herausgegeben von A. Bezenberger.—IV Heft. Szyrwid's *Punktay Kazan* (Punktay Sakimu) vom Jahre 1629. Mit einer grammatischen Einleitung herausgegeben von R. Garbe. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht.)

Just four years ago Prof. Bezenberger's *Litauische Forschungen* was reviewed in the ACADEMY (No. 594, Sept. 22, 1883), and it was then pointed out that he would probably make a life study of the languages, literatures, customs, and antiquities of Lithuania and Lettland. This conjecture has so far proved correct, since almost all the papers or memoirs published by him during the last four years have reference either to Lettish or Lithuanian; and, further, the interesting series of "Litauische und Lettische Drucke," begun in the year 1862, is under his general editorship—a series which cannot fail to be of great use and service to students of these languages. Part IV. of the series, Szyrwid's *Punktay Kazan* (Puntay Sakimu), now lies before me, the special editor being Dr. Richard Garbe.

The volume begins with an Introduction by Dr. Garbe, containing a short biography of Constantine Szyrwid, writer of the *Punktay Sakimu*, and a grammatical and etymological account of the text. The title-page of the *Punktay Sakimu* is in Polish, and reads in English thus: "Headings (or Sketches) for Sermons from Advent to Lent, in the Lithuanian language, with a translation into Polish by the Priest and Theologian Constantine Szyrwid, Member of the Society of Jesus: published with the permission of his Superiors. Wilna, 1629." The dedication to the Bishop of Wilna which follows is in Latin; the text itself is in Lithuanian. The grammatical portion of Dr. Garbe's Introduction (pp. xii.-xlviii.) seems to me to be accurate, careful, and original; and not seldom light is thrown upon obscure points in Lithuanian orthography and accidence. The text I readily believe to be what the editor asserts it is, "diplomatisch getreu."

There are two copies in existence of the original *Punktay Sakimu*, which are both preserved in the Russian Imperial Public Library at Wilna. They bear the dates 1629 and 1644 respectively. The present text is a reprint of the 1629 edition. The original work consists of the Gospels for Sundays and Saints' days in Advent and Lent, printed across the width of every page. Below, the page is divided into two columns; and on the left in Lithuanian, on the right in Polish, are brief sketches for sermons on the Gospels given above. The Polish version is not given in Dr. Garbe's edition, nor are the marginal notes; as footnotes, however, are given all scripture references found in the margins.

Prof. Bezenberger, in his *Litauische Forschungen* (VI. Anm. 3), gives some account

of the author of the *Punktay Sakimu*, Szyrwid; and a further account of him is to be found in Włodczewski's *Wiskupiste* (Wilniuj, 1848). Constantine Szyrwid was a native of Lithuania. When he was eleven years old he entered the Jesuit Order, and in the year 1598 he took the customary vows of the society. From this time onwards he spent his whole life in teaching and preaching and writing. Living in a cloister in Wilna, he used on Sundays and Saints' days in the morning to preach in Lithuanian to the peasantry in the church of S. John; at mid-day in Polish to people of rank in the cathedral; and in the evening again in Lithuanian to the professional and trading classes in the church of S. Ignatius. When his friends warned him that he preached too long and too often, that he would injure his health, and wear out his strength, he used to answer, "What is my health good for, if not for work?" The following are the names of his books:—(1) *Clavis linguae lithuanicae Vilnae*, (2) *Dictionarium Polono-lithuanicum* (of which there have been several editions published), and (3) the present small volume *Punktay Sakimu* in Lithuanian and Polish. Szyrwid died at Wilna in the year 1631. It has elsewhere been pointed out by Prof. Bezenberger that Szyrwid was one of the few priests who spoke pure and true Lithuanian, in contrast to those Polish priests who preached, indeed, a sort of Lithuanian, but a Lithuanian made up of Polish words, to which Lithuanian terminations had been tacked on. His dictionary, it is true, swarms with Polish words; but this was inevitable. A large number of foreign words—and here foreign means Polish—were perforce used by Lithuanians to express ideas and notions which found no place in their own language. In like manner we come across Polish words in the *Punktay Sakimu*; this, too, was unavoidable—the Lithuanian language had little power of rendering Biblical or ecclesiastical phrases or words. But, to express simple, common ideas Szyrwid very seldom uses any save Lithuanian words. Foreign words, such as *staras* = old (Polish *stary*) 27, 13, occur very seldom; and words like *cielas*, *lynciuogas*, *padanas* had most probably before this time been adopted into the Lithuanian language.

Prof. Bezenberger and Dr. Garbe both maintain that Szyrwid wrote in "Ostlitaunisch" and not in "Zemaitisch." The evidence for this must be sought in the *Punktay Sakimu* rather than in the *Dictionarium trium linguarum*, since only late editions of the latter are now attainable, while the former bears the early date 1629. Speaking generally, however, the spelling and grammatical forms of the dictionary and the *Punktay Sakimu* agree pretty closely.

To fix the limits within which East-Lithuanian was spoken in Szyrwid's time is more than difficult: we have really no evidence at all. It is even difficult to define within what limits East Lithuanian is spoken in our own day. The assertion that it is spoken in the eastern parts of the region extending from Szaule (Szawle) and from the river Neveša eastward is sufficiently vague to be safe. So much, however, is known that Wilna is no longer to be included in the region where East-Lithuanian is spoken. From

the other dialects spoken in Russian Lithuania—"Szaule-Eirogalisch" and "Zemaitisch" (Samogitian)—East-Lithuanian stands out distinct and separate. Dr. Garbe gives in his introduction certain definite points of difference, while, however, he adds:

"Im übrigen halte ich mich nicht für competent die Beziehungen des Ostlitaunischen zu diesen beiden Dialecten genau abzugrenzen, da die wissenschaftliche Dialectologie des russischen Litauen noch im Argen liegt und namentlich in den Kalbos lėtuvizsko lėzuv'o nur oberflächliche Züge angegeben sind" (S. xlvi.).

In the *Beiträge zur Kunde der indo-germanischen Sprachen*, as well as elsewhere, Prof. Bezenberger has written various articles on the "Szaule-Eirogalisch" dialect, which I commend to the reader's attention.

As to the similarity between modern Lithuanian and Szyrwid's language, Dr. Garbe writes:

"Unleugbar hat der dialect seine alterthümlichen Züge; aber die charakteristischsten Eigenthümlichkeiten liegen nicht in der Bewahrung alt-litauischen Laut- und Formenbestandes, sondern stellen sich als sprachgeschichtlich jüngere Erscheinungen dar" (S. xlvi.).

He then enumerates some of the characteristic peculiarities of Szyrwid's time—namely: (1) the pronunciation of *e* after *a*; (2) the frequent appearance of *a* for *o*; (3) the contraction of a final *e* with following *a* to *o*; (4) the weakening of *a* to *u*, and of *e* to *i* through the influence of a following nasal; (5) the large use of the guttural *l*; (6) the frequent use of preterite for present stems; (7) the strong and marked influence of the Polish language (S. xlvii). Of these characteristic peculiarities, the East Lithuanian of our time has preserved 1, 2, and 5; 4 and 6 it has lost in part; 3 it has lost altogether; while, instead of Polish, White Russian is now the prevailing influence.

The interest of the *Punktay Sakimu* is of course linguistic, not literary. Still, it may be worth while to give here a rough literal translation of part of one of Szyrwid's abridged sermons or homilies. I take Punktas I. on the Gospel for the first Sunday in Advent, S. Luke, xxi. 25 (in the English Liturgy at present this is read as the Gospel for the second Sunday in Advent), it reads thus:

"Heading (or sketch) I. Eight comparisons between the judgment of God and the judgment of men. 1. Among men when they are at variance, and have a dispute, and cannot come to any understanding, the one summons the other before the judgment-seat. And so it will come to pass at the judgment of God, which he will hold on the last day. For from long ago, since the creation of the world, we have all been summoned to this dreadful judgment, through the words and writings of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. As to this, we read much in Holy Scripture. And the seventh man after Adam, namely, Enoch, prophesied of this when he said: 'Behold the Lord cometh, with ten thousands of his Saints, to execute judgment upon all.—*Jude. Epist.*, &c. 2. The judgment of men has a set place in which it is executed. So, too, God has appointed a place in which he will judge us. I will gather together all generations on the threshing floor of Josaphat, and I will try them. 3. Men appoint for their trials a set day, on which they contest or dispute. So God has appointed for his judgment the last day;

but of that day knoweth no man, not even the angels which are in heaven, but the Father only. 4. At the judgment of men there assemble the judges who are thereto appointed. So will it also be at the judgment of God, at which the highest and greatest judge is our Lord Jesus Christ. He is there, whom God appointed as the judge over quick and dead. Others who will sit with him, judging with him, will be the apostles and other servants of the great holiness of God, according to these words: Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. 5. At a trial instituted by men, it is often necessary to have complainants and witnesses. Although God has no need of these, for he knows all things, and sees who is guilty and who is righteous, yet he will accept of complainants and witnesses, and will hear them. The complainants will be man's own heart and the knowledge which he has in himself, whether he has transgressed or whether he has not transgressed, and the witnesses will be the holy angels, the devils, and other creatures" (S. 6).

I am glad to see that Dr. Garbe promises us a second part—to contain a reprint of the 1644 edition of the *Punktay Sakimu*, together with an index to both parts, and possibly some additional grammatical notes.

JANE LEE.

RECENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Palaeolithic Man in North-West Middlesex. By J. Allen Brown. (Macmillan.) This work embodies the substance of a number of papers which the writer has contributed during the last two or three years to various antiquarian and natural history societies. Its prime object is to study the origin of the old river-drifts in part of the Thames Valley, and to discuss the antiquity of those relics of human workmanship which they occasionally yield. In order to throw light upon his own investigations in the neighbourhood of Ealing, the author enters into a general dissertation on prehistoric matters; and for the purpose of deducing conclusions as to the probable state of culture of the early inhabitants of Middlesex, he has been led into a long discussion of the conditions of life among savages in various parts of the world at the present day. In this way his work has grown to a volume of 200 pages. To the student of prehistoric archaeology, however, the interest of the book centres in that part which deals with Mr. Brown's own observations. With plausible enthusiasm he has lost no opportunity of examining sections of the pleistocene deposits in his own neighbourhood; and has been led from his studies to regard certain black seams and bands of bleached stones in the high-terrace gravels as representatives of ancient land-surfaces, or old floors upon which palaeolithic man lived and worked. The gravel-pits at Creffield Road, Acton, have yielded evidence of three successive land-surfaces, from all of which worked flints have been obtained. On one of these seams, just beneath the brick-earth, Mr. Brown was fortunate enough to discover nearly five hundred flint-flakes, as sharp as when first chipped from their cores—the relics, he believes, of an ancient factory, or primitive workshop, where the river-drift men dressed their flints, and fabricated rude weapons and implements. The site seems to have been suddenly abandoned, perhaps through a flood which buried the flints beneath a deposit of silt, where they lay concealed until brought to light by Mr. Brown. It will thus be seen that the author's researches supplement those of General Pitt-Rivers, Mr. Worthington Smith, and other workers in the northern part of the Thames Valley, and that

his book forms an acceptable addition to the literature of prehistoric archaeology.

Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Vol. III. (Montreal: Dawson Brothers.) A quarto volume of upwards of 600 pages represents the work of this young and vigorous society during the year 1885. The papers here published deal with a great diversity of topics, since the scope of the society ranges on the one hand over literature, history, and archaeology, and on the other over most departments of natural and experimental science. It is notable, however, that in every volume of the *Proceedings*, a conspicuous place is assigned to geology and anthropology. In the present volume Sir J. W. Dawson has a paper on "The Mesozoic Floras of the Rocky Mountain Region of Canada," which may be regarded as supplementary to a memoir published two years ago in the first volume of the *Proceedings*, wherein the author described the Cretaceous and Tertiary Floras of British Columbia and the North-West Territories, so far as they are known. The President of the Royal Society of Canada for 1885 was Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, who contributes to the volume under notice an elaborate paper on "A Natural System in Mineralogy." This paper is necessarily of a highly technical character, but will be read with interest by students who are puzzled over the classification of the natural silicates. Dr. Daniel Wilson, who succeeded Dr. Sterry Hunt in the Presidential Chair, publishes two papers—one on "Palaeolithic Dexterity," and the other on "The Artistic Faculty in Aboriginal Races"—naturally drawing his most instructive illustrations from the work of the American Indians. It is interesting to note that the society some time ago appointed a committee to enquire into the forms of aid given in other countries to young men who desire to engage in literary or scientific work of an original character. The report of this committee appears in the present volume, and contains a mass of information relating to college fellowships and other pecuniary aids to research. As the seats of learning in Canada are too poorly endowed to provide the necessary funds, the committee recommend that a general appeal be made to friends of education for the purpose of assisting young men of promise throughout the Dominion in the prosecution of original investigations.

Mineral Resources of the United States, 1885. (Washington: Government Printing Office.) This is the third of a series of annual volumes issued by the Geological Society for the purpose of affording general information on the mineral productions of the United States. The preceding volumes were edited by Mr. A. Williams, jun., but the work has since passed into the hands of Mr. David T. Day. It appears that the total quantity of coal raised in the United States during 1885, exclusive of that consumed at the mines, was 95,834,705 long tons. Compared with the preceding year there was a decline in the output of coal, but an advance in value. The production of gold, silver, and copper, has increased; while the value of the iron and steel manufactured in the States has diminished. An interesting section of the present volume is devoted to the subject of "natural gas" or "rock gas." The yield of this inflammable vapour has increased tenfold since 1883, but it clearly cannot go on increasing without the subterranean stores becoming impoverished and ultimately exhausted. At a time when search is being actively made for sources of zirconia, for use in incandescent lights, it is worth noting that 2,000 pounds' weight of zirconia have been obtained from Buncombe County, North Carolina. Before dismissing the book, attention should be called to the low price at which it is issued. Here is an

octavo volume of upwards of 580 pages sold by the Government for forty cents!

Report on the Mining Industry of New Zealand. (Wellington: George Didsbury.) With the view of directing attention to the mineral resources of New Zealand, and assisting in their development, certain Parliamentary papers are here collected together and issued "by authority." At the head of these documents stands the annual "Mines Statement"—a speech delivered in the House of Representatives last session by the Minister of Mines, the Hon. W. J. M. Larnach. This address gives an admirable sketch of the present position of the mining industries of the colony. It appears that quartz-mining for gold and silver is steadily increasing, and that coal-mining is also making steady progress; while various other minerals are beginning to receive attention. Through Mr. Larnach's energy, mining schools have been established at various centres, and an interesting report on their work is contributed by Prof. Black. The Geological Department, with Dr. Hector as its director, has been recently placed under the Minister of Mines, who seems anxious to increase its efficiency by building a new museum. Reports on various details connected with mining are appended by Mr. Gordon, the inspecting engineer, and by the several wardens of the gold-fields.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LETTER "SH" ON INDO-SCYTHIAN COINS.

London: Sept. 18, 1887.

By an ingenious suggestion, Dr. Mark Aurel Stein (ACADEMY, September 10, p. 170) explains the shape of the special letter somewhat resembling *h*, which, as he has rightly shown, appears for *sh* on the Indo-Scythian coins, by the Greek *San* or *Sampi*.

But is not this explanation too ingenious and far-fetched? And is it a sound process which assimilates forms so distant in date and surroundings? For how could strangers in Central Asia, acquainted by mere chance with the current cursive Greek characters employed by the Greek kings, be acquainted also with so delicate a peculiarity as the phonetic value of an obsolete Greek character used only as a numeral? And how is to be explained the violent transition presented by the contemporary forms of the two letters? In comparing forms of letters, I am aware that the morphology of the shape, so to speak, must be taken into account as often as the material shape. But in the proposed assimilation the morphology does not help, and the bridge which separates the two shapes must be built up by a strong effort of imagination.

The Indo-Scythians had learned the current Greek alphabet after having known and employed the Aryan-Pali or North-Asoka alphabet, as is shown by the joint coinage of the Greek Hermaeus and the Indo-Scythian Kadphises I., which is bilingual. This body of characters gives, in my opinion, a much more natural prototype, for the desired shape of *h*, in the Aryan-Pali letter *ḥ* *sa*, with which the Indo-Scythians were well acquainted, and which probably represented the soft sound of *s* in their phonesis.

The slight difference of form between the Aryan-Pali *sa* and the Indo-Scythian *sh* consists in this: that the head stroke is an extension of the loop, while on the coins here spoken of it is a prolongation upwards of the perpendicular stroke or *hasta* of the letter. This peculiarity might explain why the engravers of the dies were not always faithful to the special shape, but have sometimes drawn it as a P. If these dies had been engraved by Greek artists,

acquainted with a peculiar shape of an obsolete letter of their own writing, they would not have made such a confusion.

T. DE LACOUPERIE.

THE AVESTA WORD "ASPERENÓ."

Munich.

The Avesta *asperenó* is usually supposed to be a word borrowed by the Iranians from a foreign language, either Greek or Semitic. It occurs only thrice in the published text of the Avesta (in the *Vendidad*, iv. 136, v. 169, vii. 50, of Spiegel's edition), and always in the compound term, *asperenó-masô*, "the amount of an *asperen*." In the Pahlavi version this compound is merely transcribed in the form *asperenô-masât*, which, in *Vend.* v. 169, vii. 50, is explained by a gloss that may be read *chīgūn dādan-1*, "like a dirham," whence it has been concluded that the *asperenô* was a small coin or weight, equivalent to a dirham, or about sixty-three grains. This gloss may also have been the authority on which the Farhang-i 'Otm-aévak explains *asperenô* by *dādan*, "a dirham." But, as it is now known that some of the commentators mentioned in the Pahlavi *Vendidad* lived in the period A.D. 500-900, we cannot be sure that this gloss is of any earlier date; and, if so, it merely implies that Pahlavi writers were aware of the existence at that time of an *asperena* coin or weight equivalent to a dirham.

The word *asperenô*, with its derivatives, occurs, however, seven times in the unpublished Avesta text of the Nirangistān, and is six times translated by one of the Pahlavi words *anaspōrk*, *anaspōrk*, "incomplete," or *anaspōrkāh*, *anaspōrkāh*, "incompleteness, imperfection, insufficiency," which point at once to a satisfactory Iranian etymology of the word. According to this explanation *asperenô* is a negative form *a + sperenô* (= *perenô*), indicating the existence of a root *spar*, "to fill," equivalent to *par*. Of this root *spar*, "to fill," we have many traces. Besides the common Pahlavi words, *spōr*, *spōrk*, "full, complete, perfect," and their derivatives, we have the Persian words *sipar-dan*, "to perfect, finish"; *sipart*, *sipart*, "complete, perfect"; *sipargah*, "completed, finished"; *asparish*, *asparish*, "completion, perfection"; and the Sanskrit words, *sphāra*, "increase, abundance"; *sphārita*, "extended"; *sphira*, "abundant, capacious"; in addition to Sāyana's explanation of *sprinavāma* by *pārayāma*.

As the Nirangistān is hardly accessible to European scholars, and not very intelligible to anyone, it seems desirable to quote the passages in which the word *asperenô* is found. They occur in two groups which, in a MS. of 250 pages, would be found about pp. 5 and 223. The first group begins (after speaking of a priest going to a house on priestly duty) in a Pahlavi commentary containing a variety of Avesta quotations, applicable to various attendant circumstances, one of which is stated as follows: "When there is not the loss, or gain, of a dirham in his property, it is *gaēthanām vā asperenô avōit*." Here the dirham has no connexion with the *asperenô*; but the passage implies that when the priest has nothing to gain by his visit he should still act according to the Avesta quotation, that is, he should assist *unremunerated* by the family. This is clear from the text that follows the commentary, although imperfectly expressed by the Pahlavi version. The text is as follows: "*Katārem āthravāna athaurunem vā pārayat gaēthanām vā asperenô avat*, [Pahl.] through which of these two (I mentioned previously), him who is a priest who shall proceed on priestly duty (that is, shall go to provide for a priestly assembly), or him who assists the *insufficiency* of those of the family (that is, shall provide the guardianship of the property), *gaēthanām asperenô avōit*,

[Pahl.] does one assist the *insufficiency* of those of the family (that is, may they provide a guardian of the property)?”

The second group begins with the following: “*Yēzi aṅtarem asperenō-vastrahē aiwyāonhayā-ōñti ratufryō*, [Pahl.] even they who gird inside of *incomplete* clothing are agreeable to the spiritual chiefs; *anasperenō-vastrahē aiwyāonhayāōñti aratufryō*, [Pahl.] if they so gird what is *not incomplete* they are not agreeable to the chiefs.” After some intervening matter comes the following: “*Yēzi asperenō-vastrahē aiwyāstem dādarayō ā anaiwyāsti streñti*, [Pahl.] if they shall hold *incomplete* clothing by girdling, they cover that which is for girdling; *yēzi āat nōit asperenō-vastrahē aiwyāstem dādarayō nōit anaiwyāstō*, [Pahl.] if they do not hold *incomplete* clothing by girdling, they do not cover for want of girdling. (It is that they declare where a man has walked naked with no sin.)”

From none of these phrases would it be possible to obtain a satisfactory meaning if *asperenō* were taken as a coin or weight; nor could the negative *anasperenō* be readily explained. But, as the possible coexistence of an *asperenō* coin or weight might be urged, it is necessary to explain how the meaning “incomplete” can apply to the occurrences of the word in the *Vendidad*. In *Vend.* iv. 136, the term *asperenō-mazō* is the lowest of a series of amounts which run upwards in the order of value of an *asperena*, an *anumaya*, a beast of burden or pack-bullock, and a man or slave. *Anumaya* is known to be an epithet of the *pasu*, “sheep or goat,” and probably means “bleating after.” If, in like manner, we take *asperena* as an epithet, meaning “imperfect, immature,” we can readily suppose that it stands here for “a lamb or kid,” thus satisfactorily completing the series of values of a lamb, sheep, bullock, and slave. The other passage, which occurs twice (in *Vend.* v. 169, vii. 50), refers to the sin of wasting garments on purposes which would render them impure, and teaches that such waste should be “not the amount of an *asperena*, not even such an amount, in measure, as a damsel shall throw away in waste.” Here the epithet *asperena*, “incomplete,” can hardly mean anything but “a rag”; and, singularly enough, the Pahlavi gloss which has been read *dādan-1*, “a dirham,” can also be read *yāgo-1*, “a rag” (Pers. *yāk*), so that the gloss can be quoted in favour of either meaning.

The conclusion I draw from these details is that it is now perfectly safe to strike *asperena* out of the very short and doubtful list of foreign words which have been supposed to exist in the Avesta. This would, no doubt, have been done long ago, if any scholar had thought of considering *asperena* as a negative form.

E. W. WEST.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A VERY handy edition of the Welsh story of Peredur has been issued by Dr. Kuno Meyer, of Liverpool, in a brochure of 84 pages octavo, published by Hirzel, at Leipzig. About 40 pages are devoted to the text, about half of which had passed through the press some time ago; so the editor is now able to add about two pages of corrections from Rhys and Evans' Oxford text of the Red Book of Hergest. But though this is a somewhat “large order” of errors for so short a text, it is far from representing all the shortcomings. We have taken the trouble to go through pages 12 to 16, and we have counted in them over 50 errors of all kinds, of which we find only about 20 corrected, which leaves rather over 30, that is to say, an average of about six uncorrected errors to each of the five pages in question. Dr. Meyer may be an excellent Irish scholar, and his Irish comparisons may be all that is desirable; we venture no opinion on that, but we fail to

appreciate him as a Welsh scholar. What, for instance, would make him suggest that such a word as *angerdd* (in the MS. *angerd*) should mean “equipment” we cannot make out. There are plenty of Welshmen in Liverpool who could have directed him to Dr. Pughe's dictionary, where he would find the word explained: “A hot steam, heat, strength, force, animal spirits, disposition.” Besides, if Dr. Meyer had thought it expedient to look at the preposition following the word *angerd* in the text, he would find that he would have to put his “equipment” in the knight instead of on him. Now and then we meet with a word of Dr. Meyer's own make, such as *difefawd*, which is his modern spelling of *dineuawd*, which is his misreading of *dineuawd*, a past tense form of *dineu*, “to pour or shed.” Here, also, the aid of the despised Dr. Pughe would have been useful. A still more hopeless case of helplessness is that of Dr. Meyer's *meddawt*, for what he reads *m dawt*; but the MS. has *meddawt* (divided by the ending of the line into *med-dawt*), which has to be transcribed after the analogy of modern Welsh spelling into *med-dawt*, “intoxication or drunkenness.” Such a word as Dr. Meyer suggests has no existence. In spite, however, of these and other errors which we cannot notice, Dr. Meyer has made considerable progress in his study of Welsh since he began with the Peredur, for in his original account of his object in publishing he wrote as follows: “I have collated Lady Guest's edition with the MS., and all the numerous mistakes and omissions of that edition are now for the first time corrected and supplied.” These “prave” ords are, we are happy to say, not reproduced; and we hope that Dr. Meyer has by this time learnt to know that Lady Charlotte Guest did not after all do her work so very badly, at any rate in comparison with his own somewhat briefer performance.

Correction.—In Dr. Neubauer's letter, entitled “Raymundus Martini and the Rev. Dr. Schiller-Szinessy,” in the last number of the ACADEMY (p. 189, col. 1, l. 25 from bottom), for “Yizhagi” read “Yarhi.”

FINE ART.

GREEK VASES OF THE SIXTH CENTURY.

Les Céramiques de la Grèce Propre. By Albert Dumont and Jules Chaplain. (Paris: Firmin Didot.)

THIS important work, which seemed likely to terminate abruptly on M. Dumont's death, is now being completed with discretion and skill by M. Potthier. The fourth *livraison* has just been issued, and it is announced that the first volume (*Vases Peints*) will be concluded in the fifth. We shall then possess a characteristically French account of this complicated subject, comprehensive and admirably arranged, the essentials emphasised and the details subordinated, the exposition lucid throughout; and, although occasionally contradicted by facts, never contradicting itself. We shall then consider this account as a whole; but, meanwhile, we may indicate the scope of the present *livraison*.

It deals with vases of the sixth century, and chiefly with those discovered at Caere; and it assigns them to four principal fabrics—Later Corinthian, Chalcidian, Cyrenaic, and Attic. This classification proceeds mainly on the evidence of inscriptions. It is a matter for serious regret that the deductions drawn by Prof. Kirchhoff from a comparatively small number of inscriptions, and published by him

as preliminary studies for a history of the Greek alphabet, should be accepted by so many writers in various languages as a final history of that alphabet. The broad distinctions based on the use of the non-Phoenician letters, Φ, Χ, Ψ, and of the Ζ, are no doubt settled; but the minor distinctions, based on the varying forms of individual letters, cannot be considered as proved until many more early inscriptions have been unearthed and examined. It should be clearly understood that the statement that a number of vases from Caere have inscriptions in the Corinthian alphabet merely amounts to this, that in the inscriptions on these vases there is a peculiarity in the forms of two letters which has also been observed in two or three inscriptions from the neighbourhood of Corinth. This coincidence hardly justifies the attribution of these vases to a Corinthian fabric, or even their separate classification. It merely raises the question whether these vases have other peculiarities in common which are not to be found in vases with inscriptions in the other “alphabets.” The corresponding question with regard to vases with inscriptions “in the Chalcidian alphabet” may, we think, be answered with some certainty in the negative. Some of them are, no doubt, in a style which is exceptional, and has been, therefore, called “the Chalcidian”; but others are in the ordinary Attic style. While other vases, again, which are in this “Chalcidian style,” have inscriptions in the ordinary Attic alphabet. As for the Cyrenaic vases, their inscriptions, as Dr. Klein has already pointed out, are “in the Laconian alphabet.” Sparta is, however, too unæsthetic for M. Potthier, and he leaves them provisionally at Cyrene. There are, we think, sufficient points of affinity between the so-called Corinthian, Chalcidian, Cyrenaic, and Attic vases treated in this *livraison* to negative the theory of widely separated fabrics; and, seeing that these vases were probably made about the time when the industrial population of Athens was in course of formation, it is not improbable that the inscriptions upon them in these various local alphabets—taking the theory of local alphabets as proved—were written by settlers from those localities who worked in the Cerameicos. Be that as it may, we are indebted to the authors for presenting the history of the vases of this period, as deducible from the evidence of the inscriptions, with completeness and precision, and for thereby bringing the question of the value of this evidence considerably nearer to a solution. We must, however, remark that the forms of the letters in the inscriptions are not always given with perfect accuracy; and also that the work would be more convenient if the references in the footnotes to illustrations in somewhat inaccessible publications were more frequently supplemented by woodcuts in the text. The coloured plates at the end, which are due to M. Chaplain, belong to the text of the next *livraison*. They are chiefly of polychrome Attic lecythi, and are satisfactory enough, but a trifle too sketchy.

As to the difficulties raised by Prof. Brunn in his *Problems* about the date of many of the vases treated in this *livraison* the authors display great discretion, mentioning his views in footnotes as things that cannot well be ignored, but still hardly require serious discussion. It

may be noted that Prof. Brunn, in drawing attention to Sig. Antonio Zannoni's account of the excavations at the Certosa at Bologna, has lately restated his views about archaic and archaistic vases, and advanced some new arguments in their support, complaining at the same time that his *Problema* has not received all the attention it deserved, and demanding a new and searching investigation into the whole history of Greek vases. We would venture to observe that, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, this investigation would be most fittingly undertaken by Prof. Brunn himself.

CECIL TORR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT CHESTER AND THE AGE OF THE WALLS.

Liverpool: Sept. 19, 1887.

Since my letter in the ACADEMY of September 17, I have had full particulars of some of the later discoveries there referred to; and I now send copies of eight inscriptions:

(1.) (2.)

L. ANNIVS. L. F. D. M.
TRO . MARCEL FLAVI
A. SATV
RNINA .

(3.) (4.)

D. M. D. M.
M. SEXTIVS . . . * * * * * INA
CLAV . BELLIO
CIA . CELEIA . A
* * ORVM . X * * *
* * * PEND

(5.)

D. M.	*
M/. AVR. NEPOS > LEG .	*
XX . V . V . CONIVX	SVB
PIENTISSIMA . F . C .	ASCI
VIX . ANNIS . L .	AID

(6.)

* * > LEG . V . MACED . ET
VIII . AVG . ET . II . AVG . ET XX . VV
VIXIT ANNIS . LXI . ARISTIO
LIB . H . F . C .

(7.) (8.)

D. M. DIS . MANIBVS
M. CLVVI . M . ATAN * * * N * *
ANI . VALENTINVS * * ATILANVS ANX
FORO . IVLII PROTVS . AN . XII
POMPEIVS
OPTATVS . DO
MINVS . F . C .

These are all tombstones. No. 1 is only the upper portion of the inscription, which reads: L(ucius) Annius L(ucii) F(ilius) Tro(mentina) (tribu) Marcellus, or, translated, "Lucius Annius Marcellus the son of Lucius of the tribe Tromentina."

No. 2 is a portion of a stone similar to No. 1 in my last letter, having represented upon it the defunct in a semi-recumbent posture, &c.; but only the lower part of the sculpture is visible. The reading is simply D(iis) M(anibus) Flavia Saturnina.

No. 3 is unornamented, but is on a large block of stone within a panel. From a rubbing sent to me, the letters I find are about 3 1/4 inches high, and finely formed. The reading is D(iis) M(anibus) M(arcus) Sextius (M[arci] F[ilius]) Clau(dia) (tribu) Belliccia(nus), Celeia A(dno-rum) X . . . (Sti)pendiorum i. e., "To the gods the shades. Marcus Sextius Bellicianus the son of Marcus of the tribe Claudia, a native of Celeia, — years of age, and — of service."

I have given the name of the father, obliterated on the stone, as Marcus, as it is the most likely rendering. The two c's in Bellicianus are, no doubt, the stonecutter's error. The age has probably been over thirty. Celeia was a town of Noricum (now called Cilly), and was styled a Colonia, bearing also the name of Claudia (see Orelli, No. 501).

No. 4 is only a fragment, as far as the inscription is concerned; but above the latter was the scene which occurs on so many of these stones—a female lying on a couch, with a tripod table in front.

No. 5 is very interesting. It is over 6 feet in height, and bears upon the upper part of its face the defunct in a standing position, with his wife upon his left. Beneath is the chief inscription, reading: D(iis) M(anibus). M(arcus) Aurelius Nepos > (centurio) Leg(ionis) XX. V(aleriae) V(ictricis) Conjux Pientissima F(aciendum) C(uravit). Vix(it) Annos L. "To the gods the shades. Marcus Aurelius Nepos, a centurion of the Twentieth Legion, the Valerian the Victorious. His most dutiful wife caused (this) to be made. He lived fifty years."

On the upper portion of the stone at the left-hand edge beneath the representation of an *ascia* (or, rather, what resembles two *asciae*) is the small second inscription. As there is an I in the last line which rises direct from the base of the A, being thus ligulate (I have thought ANI might be intended, which is quite possible, but it hardly seems so) I would read the whole as Sub *ascia* j(ussu) d(edicavit). It is the first instance that has occurred in Britain of the phrase "sub *ascia* dedicavit," though it is common in the south of France. Numerous examples occur in the Lyons Museum. Its exact meaning is still a mystery, though much has been written upon it. Two Roman tombstones (at least), discovered in Britain, bear representations of the *ascia*, but without the above phrase—one found at Colchester, the other at Lincoln. The meaning of "j(ussu)," introduced into this example, I take to be by order of the defunct himself. In the chief inscription on this stone at the commencement of the second line it will be noticed that there is a stroke ligulate with the M. It arises, I think, from the sculptor having originally intended to carve MAR (for Marcus) in a ligulate form.

No. 6 is only the lower part of what has been a large monument of apparently some pretensions. It is said that before the centurial mark > in the first extant line, the letters P. B. occur; but I cannot from a rubbing so read them, and it would be difficult to gather the sense, if they were there, without knowing what had preceded them. The remainder is clear, and reads C(enturio) Leg(ionis) V. M(acedonicae) et VIII Aug(ustae) et II Aug(ustae) et XX. V(aleriae) V(ictricis) Vixit Annis lxi. Aristio Lib(ertus) H(eres) F(aciendum) C(uravit) — "A centurion of the Fifth Legion (surnamed) Macedonica, and of the Eighth (surnamed) Augusta, and of the Second (surnamed) Augusta, and of the Twentieth (surnamed) Valeria Victrix. He lived for sixty-one years. Aristio (his) freedman (and) heir caused (this) to be made." The name Aristio has a German sound. As it seems almost certain, from continental inscriptions, that a vexillatio of the Eighth Legion was among the reinforcements brought over to Britain by the Emperor Claudius in A. D. 44, and also probable that a vexillatio of the Fourth Legion (likewise surnamed Macedonica) came over at the same time, it is possible that this monument may be of an early date, though its lettering is not so good as some of the inscriptions just found, and that the defunct served in all these legions in Britain. If so, a vexillatio of the Fifth Legion must also have been here. But it is more probable that he served in this legion on the continent.

A vexillatio of the Eighth Legion also came over to Britain in Hadrian's time. The ET in this inscription, three times repeated, is in each case ligulate.

No. 7, of which the termination is wanting, has several ligulate letters. F at the end of the second line is apparently wanting. ANI is ligulate, so are LE and TI in the same line; and though VS seem to be at first sight the letters after the T, there can be little doubt that NVS are ligulate. The second I in IVLII is a continuation of the upright of the L. The whole I would read D(iis) M(anibus) M(arcus) Cluuius M(arci) [(Filius)] Ani(ensia) (tribu) Valentinus Foro Julii. "To the gods, the shades. Marcus Cluuius Valentinus the son of Marcus, of the Aniensian tribe a native of Forum Julii." There were several places which bore the name of Forum Julii. From the tribe being the Aniensian, I am inclined to think the deceased was a native of Frejus. Had it been the Arniensian, he might have hailed from Friuli.

No. 8 is on a much shattered stone. It commemorates several slaves, to whom their *dominus* (or master) had erected this monument. The one last named was Protus, a youth twelve years of age. The master's name was Pompeius Optatus. Although the letters are ligulate and uncertain, I think that the third line (except the commencement, which may be ET ligulate) reads as I have given it, and consequently names Atilianus of ten years of age. I may, of course, be wrong here, and so wish it to be understood; but no doubt strict examination will bring out the correct reading. We have at the commencement of this inscription D(iis) Manibus in full, while it closes with F(aciendum) C(uravit). In the second line a person whose name commences with the letters ATTAN has been named. We have in this stone, also, the sole example in Britain of *dominus* occurring in the sense of "master."

Though I have not yet seen the stone, I am inclined to believe that the *ascia* is again represented on the edge of the second stone I described in my last letter, of which only the letters D.M of the inscription remain.

I must also notice to some extent the remarks of Mr. Brock in the ACADEMY for September 17. He starts by saying that I make the tablet I refer to, bearing two figures, to be "circa the fourteenth century." I do nothing of the kind, nor did I intend to. I do not pretend for a moment to be a judge of the exact date of any mediaeval sculpture; but I can certainly see when a slab is genuine Roman, and when it is of Christian times. My contention over this stone has been that it is post Roman and Christian, the male figure having ecclesiastical vestments. True, I say the face of the female "is of some beauty much resembling the faces found on corbels, &c., circa the fourteenth century"; but as to the date of the stone I say nothing. I leave its date for mediaevalists to decide. Few people who have seen the stone have denied the strong resemblance between the male figure and a mediaeval ecclesiastic. Many are positive on the point. Mr. W. de Gray Birch, who lately wrote upon it in the *Liverpool Daily Post* (in which paper I replied to him), says that he "at first relegated it to mediaeval times;" but as he is anxious to prove the wall just opened to be Roman, if he held to that idea, it would upset the theory. He adds that the vestments of the man "do in some measure represent the surplice and flowing stole of a bishop." The writer of the report of the Chester meeting of the Association in the *Athenaeum* says that it is "so exactly like the mediaeval representations of a bishop's vestments that at first sight one refuses to believe in its Roman origin." Mr. Roach Smith improves upon the matter by saying that the

tablet is certainly Romano-British, and that he sees in the male figure "a female with a mirror." "I will not cite" (he adds) "a dictum of my own, but refer to the *Bulletin Monumental*." I have not the least doubt but that by referring to the *Bulletin Monumental* I might easily find a basrelief of a female with a mirror; but as to finding a Roman basrelief containing a figure in stole and surplice, there is no such example.

Mr. Brock goes on to argue that, because the wall just laid open is composed of large stones very closely jointed, they *must* be Roman. Why so? Some explanation is necessary as to his reference to Puritan builders. My use of the term arose in this way. It was the north wall of the city, and a great extent of it, which, as is well known, was breached by Sir W. Brereton's forces in 1646. After the fall of the city, the Parliamentary forces would hastily rebuild it, as they were themselves liable to a siege at any moment. Learning by experience the powers of artillery, they would naturally get hold of the largest and most massive stones in their power to repair the breach; and we know (I refer to Ormerod, who in turn quotes from MSS.) that many large buildings, said to be temples, were at this time visible in a ruinous state in Chester. Their foundations, and such stones from them as had been buried since Roman times, would quickly be made available; and when the Royalists threw up intrenchments in the large Roman graveyard at Lady Barrow's Hey, many sepulchral stones like those now turned up would be found, and would be lying about when the siege was over. Since Mr. Roach Smith wrote (in the *Chester Courant* of September 7) on the tablet named above, it has been still more severely examined; but referring to only one writer, Mr. E. W. Cox (in the *Liverpool Courier*, September 14, *Liverpool Post*, September 15, and *The Architect*, September 16), this gentleman avers that the "ecclesiastic" has the cope and stole, and holds a chalice, or bowl, containing the consecrated wafer. The outline of a nimbus, he says, is visible. This outline of the nimbus, by the way, was pointed out to me as far back as August 9, by one of the Chester city officials. The other figure Mr. Cox takes to be that of a youth (not a female), and probably an acolyte. The tooling and countersinking, as both Mr. Cox and many others aver, and as I have stated in my letter to Mr. Birch, are certainly not peculiar to Roman date, but may be of any period. Mr. Cox considers the slab to have been taken from a tomb of late Gothic work. This fits in with the idea that it was the Puritan soldiers who raised this part of the wall (it seems to be admitted by all to be a reparation). Chester escaped at the suppression of monasteries, but the Puritans desecrated the churches to a great extent. And if this stone is mediæval, is not the fact of its being found at the base of the wall subversive of Mr. Brock's theory? The Roodeye stones are far out of the line of the original Roman *castrum*, as I have shown in my *Roman Cheshire*. They are in front of the estuary bank, behind which are villas and graveyards sloping down from the site of the Roman wall on the plateau above. I will refer Mr. Brock to my letter in last week's *Builder*, or to my *Roman Cheshire*. I have said the walls are built of Roman stones, brought from elsewhere at different periods. Why should not these stones have had masons' marks upon them when they were first used? These marks are no proof that the stones were purposely cut for their present position. As to the endurance of the stone, that is more in Mr. Shrubsole's way than mine. But I have specially said in *Roman Cheshire* that when buried, the sandstone will endure for ages; and hence I have looked for Roman foundations to be found, in fact, expect

they will be found with Roman concrete, for from large lumps of concrete met with, and the southern wall having been found to possess a massive foundation of concrete and boulders, concrete *must* have been used in the north wall, as in others. Mr. Brock seems to be unaware that the face of the wall, both at the Roodeye and the Kaleyards, was laid bare (to a still greater depth than the later excavations) some three or four years since, and all appearances noted and plans taken by competent persons.

He refers to Sir J. Picton. Well, I hardly know what to say about him. Last year he distinctly denied the walls to be Roman. Recently he averred they must be Roman, and stated that the "irresistible evidence of the excavations" should "set at rest" the question. Later still, on September 17, there is a letter from him in the *Liverpool Courier* to the effect that we should wait until further excavations are made; and he adds, "I pronounce as yet no opinion as to the date, or the builders."

From Mr. Cox's letter, it would appear that only one member of the party which accompanied the Association (besides Mr. Cox) descended the shaft at the point of excavation at the actual time of the visit. It is certain that Mr. Brock was the only speaker at any length on this excavation, except a few words from Sir J. Picton and the city surveyor. As to no contrary opinion being expressed, the fact was that, beyond the persons named, hardly any one expressed any opinion at all. The anti-Roman party were, by agreement, silent.

Mr. Brock concludes by referring to my not being aware of the number of inscriptions found. I was fully aware of these discoveries, as my letter, side by side in your columns with his, shows; but the readings, until accurate copies, or as nearly so as possible, are obtainable, I always refrain from giving. It may interest him to know that in the *Chester Courant* of July 20 I predicted that "hundreds" of Roman inscriptions were built up in these walls, and that I hoped the excavations would lay some of them bare.

In conclusion, besides myself, large numbers of persons who know much about the subject aver that there has not yet been found any Roman portion of the wall (except the buried foundation of the south wall in Bridge Street); but I hope the excavators will find part of it, for I am satisfied it is not entirely removed.

Mr. Brock's idea, expressed at Chester, that there had been large public buildings in Chester without mortar, and that the remains of these in Roman times had been built up, still without mortar, in the walls of the *castrum* to repair them, thus accounting for the friches, cornices, &c., found, is, I think, one of the most improbable of suppositions. That there were large Roman buildings constructed without mortar I do not deny, but they were of a very different class to this wall.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

Chester: Sept. 17, 1887.

The few hours that Mr. Brock has devoted to our local archaeology have not sufficed to prevent him from falling into serious error, and the so-called Roman wall on the Roodeye. For his information may I state that we have found on the Roodeye a Roman pig of lead at the depth of twenty-two feet, and that over the spot in question was deep water in Roman times? Hardly the place, one thinks, for the wall of a *castrum*. On the bank above and in the immediate rear of the wall we unearthed last year one of a series of Roman villas, while twenty Roman graves have been found close by. Graves and villas are not usually included within the walls of a Roman camp. I will mention only one other objection—the mortar

in the wall has none of the characteristics of Roman mortar.

Mr. Brock has seen on the Roodeye the remains of an old wall, but not the wall of the Devan *castrum*.

GEORGE W. SHRUBSOLE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS's "Portia," which was on exhibition in a private gallery during the past summer, has been purchased at the price of 2,000 guineas for reproduction, in colours, as the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

MR. P. M. C. KERMODE, of Ramsey, whose letters on the Runic inscriptions in the Isle of Man will not have been forgotten by readers of the ACADEMY, has done a useful and laborious work in compiling a catalogue of all the crosses and fragments of crosses in the island—seventy in number. To this he has appended a transliteration in Roman capitals of all the Runic inscriptions to be found on these crosses (twenty-one in number), together with the various readings and renderings of Cumming, Munch, Vigfusson, &c. We hope that Mr. Kermode will be encouraged to complete his more ambitious project of publishing a full description of the crosses, with a large plate of each face and edge of every one of them, from photographs that he has had taken by Mr. Paterson, of Ramsey. It should be added that the profits of the sale of this catalogue will be devoted to the discovery of other crosses which are known to be either hidden away in walls or buried under ground.

WITH reference to the *Documenti* illustrating the history of St. Marks, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of September 3, we are requested to state that the publisher (Ferdinando Ongania) has had an English summary of the contents of the large volume prepared by Mr. William Scott, an architect residing in Venice. This summary, which is entitled "A Glance at the Historical Documents relating to the Church of Saint Mark in Venice," is itself (with its woodcuts) an admirable example of Italian printing.

AGENCIES.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

No. 804, *New Series*.

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LITERATURE.

Life of Leo XIII: from an Authentic Memoir. By Bernard O'Reilly. (Sampson Low.)

Life of Leo XIII. By John Oldcastle. With Chapters contributed by the Archbishop of Westminster, T. W. Allies, W. H. Anderdon, and Alice Meynell. (Burns & Oates.)

The present occupant of the Holy See holds a very different position in the eyes of the English-speaking peoples from that filled by any former pope since the date when England was separated from the Catholic communion. The reasons for this are many—some complex and so hidden as to be unrealised by most of those who are influenced by them. Others are on the surface, and should be visible to all whose thoughts ever range beyond the controversies of the hour. The old bitter political Protestantism—which looked upon all those of the Roman obedience as traitors in heart, only waiting for an opportune time to hatch some new plot as foul as that which little boys still commemorate on the Fifth of November—is not dead, but so far gone in dotage that no one heeds the low mutterings of its impotent rage. We never hear of it now except when some provincial town has its quiet disturbed by an “escaped nun,” or some itinerant lecturer whose fierce harangues commonly do not even find a column to preserve them in the nearest local paper.

The religion of which the Pope is the head is still dreadful to many as representing a theological system which they conceive to be contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture; and to others because it is believed by them to be, as it undoubtedly is, an enemy of certain things which go under the name of liberty. Whether the liberty on which the Church wages war be of a kind which Englishmen understand or would value is a question on which we need not enter.

This change of feeling has grown up slowly. Those who are old enough to remember the “Papal Aggression” turmoil are aware that at that time there was no small danger of new penal laws being enacted. A generation has grown up since then, and vast and utterly unforeseen changes have taken place in every civilised land. Italy has become a powerful kingdom, and the pope is no longer a temporal monarch. Leo XIII. is the first pope for many ages past who, from the very beginning of his reign, has had to depend solely on his spiritual power. Men had been told, ever since the religious changes of the sixteenth century, that the papacy was a mere monarchy upheld for the convenience of the Catholic

states; that the spiritual authority was an imposture which was not exposed because it was to the interest of certain of the great powers of the Continent to give it their support. The changes of the last few years have demonstrated that this crude notion had no foundation. The governments which rule the Catholic populations of Europe are either violently hostile or passive spectators, yet we must go back to a period long antecedent to the Reformation before we find a pope exercising the unquestioned power now possessed by Leo XIII.

When the decree of papal infallibility was promulgated, late in the life of Leo's predecessor, it came as a shock to many Catholics and to almost all Protestants. The mind of Mr. Gladstone was exercised thereby not a little, as his pamphlets bear testimony. He was in that, as in so many other things, a type of his countrymen, given to reason on words he but half understood. On matters pertaining to theology it is not our purpose to enter. We may, however, be permitted to point out that it was an immense boon to many Catholics, as it defined the limits of a power which was before but vaguely apprehended. Had the papal throne become during the old state of things the seat of a vain or fanatical person untold dangers might have arisen. The conciliar decree makes it almost impossible that a catastrophe such as some members of the Latin communion and many outsiders have dreaded or longed for should take place.

To those who believe that freedom and order are among the greatest blessings that man can enjoy—sisters, not antagonistic forces—the election of Cardinal Pecci to the pontifical throne gave much satisfaction. He was known to be a pure-minded, honest ecclesiastic, seemingly without ambition, but with a habit of doing his duty in a plain, straightforward manner, without cowardice, bravado, or parade. He had, as governor of Benevento, when a very young man, made the people love him; and—what, perhaps, tells still more to his credit—he had incurred the hatred of the brigands by whom the country was infested and of the scoundrel-aristocracy who protected them. As Nuncio in Belgium at the court of Leopold I., he was placed in a most trying position. Leopold has earned the character of a good king. There are probably few Belgians who do not respect his memory. He was, however, promoted to the new throne by a series of intrigues which do little credit to any concerned in them. As the Protestant king of a country almost entirely Catholic, his position was unfortunate. The peculiarities of his own mind did not tend to soften the evils which a difference in religion was calculated to create. He was above all things doctrinaire. His mind was as incapable of seeing that much must be allowed for imagination and sympathy as was that of Guizot himself. To such a man as we know the Pope then was, it must have been no small trial to act as Nuncio at the court of a man whose ideal of life was in almost everything the opposite of his own. On one matter we may believe that there was cordial agreement. Those who take the least exalted view of Leopold must admit that he showed a desire to make those he ruled happy.

When the time came for Pecci to leave

Belgium, he crossed over to this country. Though the days spent in England were few, we are sorry that so little regarding them has been recorded. We can well imagine that certain things seen here—the flaunting vulgar wealth, the miserable poverty and brazen vice, contrasted, as it is, with so very much of ardent unselfish charity and deep religious feeling—must have made a lasting impression on the mind of the ardent and poetical Italian priest. Shortly after his return to Italy Pecci became Bishop of Perugia. To follow his government of that see, even in the most sketchy detail, is impossible. His lot was cast in evil times for an ecclesiastic whose faith in the religion which he had learned at his mother's knee had never been shaken. All accounts, even the most hostile, represent him as governing with moderation, fairness, and zeal. His desire was not to hide, but to stamp out, abuses. The secret societies were at work everywhere, and with them he could make no compromise. At length came the fall of the temporal power of the pope, the suppression of the religious orders and other confiscations, accompanied by a desire on the part of the Italian Government to subject the Church to the State. A condition of things had come about which placed every bishop who desired to do his duty in the most trying position. The Bishop of Perugia was now reckoned one of the foremost men in Italy. The war he carried on with the government is the more noteworthy on account of the excellent temper with which it was conducted. The bishop struck some very hard blows; but there was none of the bad language and false rhetoric which would certainly have been used by an inferior man. In style and manner those who differ most widely from his sentiments must admit that there is nothing but what is excellent.

It would seem to be a loss to the world that so much of the future Pope's life had to be occupied with fighting political battles which few but Italians can thoroughly understand. The eloquent denunciation of vice and those things which directly lead to a deterioration in morals must appeal to the hearts of all; and many in this country will be gladdened as well as surprised to find that Pecci always advocated a wide and liberal culture for all classes and both sexes. He had himself studied physical science in youth with ardour, and has always shown himself utterly opposed to those obscurantist fancies which have led narrow-minded folk to denounce many of the most important discoveries as the very smoke of the pit.

The future Pope had in childhood a happy home. This inestimable advantage, which is the lot of so few, evidently exercised a very marked effect upon his life. We know no one of our contemporaries who has said wiser and nobler things on domestic life and the duties of parents and children. In England, however much men and women may go astray, there are very few who consciously set themselves to uproot the foundations on which all civil society is built. In some other lands this is not the case. There are compactly organised bodies of men who have come to the conclusion that the laws which govern human life are capable of repeal, and that something higher and nobler than the

home may be evolved. That those who dogmatically hold this opinion are a numerous body in any Christian land we do not believe; but the poison in its diluted form has spread widely, and is the cause of much that is most hateful in modern life. The insane worship of money, the mad chase after the lower pleasures of life, and the consequence which follows—that all the higher and nobler virtues and desires are thrust on one side or treated as a mild form of insanity—may be directly traced to the unhappy homes in which so many of us have found ourselves when we first became self-conscious beings. The man who once said in our hearing that Father Damien was “a fool” for devoting his life to the lepers of Molekai was a specimen of a class, we fear a large one, which has no ideal of life higher than that of the Roman rabble, whose cry was for bread and games. Could we regard such as he as a survival from the ancient world—a specimen of a type of man long since passed away, he would be valuable as an anthropological curiosity. We fear, however, that such is not the case; but that a new type is being formed which will try to adapt all the appliances of modern civilisation to the gratification of the lower desires and the extinction of such things as are noble in man—a sort of being that will war with revolutionary fury on those faculties which make souls like Shakspeare and Saint Francis possible, for it must ever be borne in mind that if the heroic be blotted from the minds of men, poetry and art in any forms in which we care to know them will as certainly perish as the nobler virtues. The man or men who composed the Iliad and the sad lay of the Niblungs were no more absorbed in the lower pleasures than Saint Bernard or Mrs. Fry. Their thoughts differed in kind as well as in degree from the people who so complacently tell us that it is their full intention “to make the most of life,” and imply, without as yet having the courage to say so in plain words, that they and theirs can live in a fool’s paradise of ever-changing delights they care little for the unhappy toilers around them, so long as the existing organisations—the state, the church, or anything else—remain strong enough to keep suffering humanity from revolutionary violence.

It is evidently the opinion of Leo XIII., as it is of all persons who understand anything of the growth of the human faculties, that the earliest years of life mould the character for good or for evil, and that nothing can supply the place of a mother’s love or the mild, firm rule of a good and sensible father. As bishop and as Pope this subject has been dwelt upon by him again and again. We are in the fullest agreement with Dr. O’Reilly where he says that Leo XIII., when defending the institutions and morals of his own communion, “defends the dearest, deepest, most vital and sacred, interest of every Protestant country on the face of the globe, the essential liberty, morality, and happiness of every Protestant home in existence.”

Dr. O’Reilly, as a devout Roman Catholic, naturally says many things which his Protestant readers will not accept in the sense in which he means them. Those who acknowledge the papacy as a divine institution, and those who look upon it as a mere political growth—

the resultant of many favourable conditions long continued—are severed from each other by a line which no amount of good feeling on either side will obliterate. Modern revolutions have also complicated matters. The position of the state in Italy, existing, as it at present does, as a power bitterly hostile to the church, renders Dr. O’Reilly’s pages much less peaceful than we could have wished them to be; but no honest and sincere man, however strong his sympathies may be with the modern changes in Italy, can know the truth concerning much that has in recent days taken place in that land without feeling that an amount of harsh disregard for the interests of others has been exhibited by those in authority which is utterly without excuse. Those who hold the opinion that it was wise and just to confiscate the property of the religious houses will not be prepared to affirm that the interests of living people should have been sacrificed. Dr. O’Reilly—though he is, we gather, a fervent Liberal so far as politics are concerned—takes a very dark view of all the dealings of the Italian State with the Holy See. Whether we agree with him or not, the opinions of an accomplished American who knows the country well are worthy of the careful consideration of those who have derived all the knowledge they possess from partizan newspapers and the gossip picked up in hotels.

For English readers the most important part of the volume consists in the picture which it paints of a most interesting character. The devout child of devout parents, calm, strong of will, and of extreme mildness of expression. We rougher Teutons, had any of us been compelled by circumstance or conscience to write at length on many of the subjects that have employed the pen of Leo, would have used an amount of hard words such as could not fail to exasperate our antagonists. The great Italians of to-day are like their forefathers: they can smite with a gentleness which is very terrible. That the Pope is in the first rank of statesmen none can call in question who are in possession of the facts of his long career. The difficulties he has had to encounter have been enormous. The Italian State, the German Empire, and the French democracy have been at war with him. There is now peace with Germany and truce elsewhere. In all the wide world beyond the European continent, over Ireland, the Americas, and our own great Indian Empire, he is ever watchful. To some it will have come as an unmixed cause for thankfulness, to others as a horrible portent; but the fact is clear that he whom his followers call “the prisoner of the Vatican” exercises a far wider and more undisputed sway than any one of his predecessors.

We have but one fault to find with Dr. O’Reilly’s volume. Agreeing as we do with him in every point of importance, we are bound to say that we think his taste faulty in one particular. In writing of a living man, a reticence of praise is called for which is not required when speaking of the dead. The office and the man are distinct. It is a pity that we are sometimes reminded in these pages of the way laudatory persons think it becomes them to write of American presidents and English ministers who have happened to win the affections of the democracy.

We cannot find space to make remarks on Mr. Oldcastle’s book. There is hardly a fact worth knowing in it which is not contained in the larger volume. We have by no means a high opinion of the author’s style; and the eminent persons who have contributed to his pages are not seen at their best.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Underwoods. By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus.)

Even if *Underwoods* had not been preceded by *A Child’s Garden*, there would doubtless be many of Mr. Stevenson’s readers who would not be oblivious to the fact that he had written some charming verses. Those who have read the *Travels with a Donkey* can hardly fail to have been allured from the direct stream of narrative by such snatches of song as “The Caravanserai” or “The Country of the Camisards”; while the author’s “House Beautiful” and other poems have won admirers prior to their inclusion in the volume just published. But it is a different thing to charm a reader by an occasional lyrical outflow, and to win his loyalty by a collection of poems.

Mr. Stevenson has been complimented for his happy adoption of the title which Ben Jonson gave to his collection of fugitive poems and verses—I confess I fail to see on what grounds. The title has no particular relevancy to the contents of the book—certainly none, at least, to the latter portion of it, that written in “Scots.” If, instead of from Ben Jonson, Mr. Stevenson had appropriated from Herrick the collective name which that genial singer gave to his poetic offspring, there would have been less objection to urge. The same blithe spirit animates the poet of these new *Underwoods* as inspired the author of the *Hesperides*. There is no imitation of Herrick, yet this poet is more frequently suggested than any other. It is significant, moreover, that the best verses in Mr. Stevenson’s volume are those which positively or vaguely call to mind memories of the delicate music, the bland graciousness, of him who so long dwelt and lilted in “miry Devon.” This Herrick-strain is perceptible not only in the charming envoy:

“Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!”—

or in these opening lines of “The House Beautiful”:

“A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot:
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within!”—

or, again, in the poem “To a Gardener,” with its closing quatrain:

“And I, being provided thus,
Shall, with superb asparagus,
A book, a taper, and a cup
Of country wine, divinely sup!”—

not only in these, but even in such a paradoxical couplet as

“Dew, frost and mountains, fire and seas,
Tumultuary silences.”

Underwoods consists practically of two books: the one of poems in English, the other of poems in Scots. The two portions are as distinct as if they were the productions, say, of a contemporary Herrick and of a contemporary Burns. The attempt to criticise them as a poetic whole is absurd. This, of course, not because of the linguistic distinction, nor on account of the different metrical methods pursued in each; but because the dominant mental mood of the second portion of the book entirely differs from that of the first, because the aspects of life therein viewed are seen with other eyes, and are interpreted for us in a manner absolutely alien to what we have grown accustomed to ere we leave the English section.

Thirty-eight poems make up Book I. Of these, about a third are addresses to friends and relatives. Most of these rhymed epistles are touched with dainty grace, though their inclusion is a mistake in so far that it inevitably leads to the inference that the author's poetic store must be meagre indeed if these are his choice gatherings therefrom. It would be unfair to assert that any one of them is too slight for publication. It would, on the other hand, be unjust to state that they have any poetic warrant for their insertion in a volume wherein we naturally expect to find only the rarest flowering of a writer's mind, selected with the most careful discrimination. The best (excepting one) of these dedicatory pieces are those addressed to the author's father and to his friend, Mr. H. F. Brown. The first affects us by its filial reverence and by its graceful diction; the second pleases even more by its dexterous simplicity. In neither, however, is there a single noteworthy line—a word or phrase so especially fortunate that the reader at once recognises the coinage as the product of that occult faculty which we call genius. The exception referred to is the poem in admirable blank verse inscribed to N. V. de G. S. Here Mr. Stevenson shows that he can make as well as merely speak in verse.

"And from the shore hear inland voices call"

is one of the two, at most three or four, haunting lines which remain when the volume is laid aside. To have uttered even one or two lines memorable for their quintessential poetry, their subtle, inexplicable magic, is something in these days, when an infinitude of jargon passes for poetry. But one or two really noteworthy lines do not make a poem, much less many poems, any more than one snowstorm makes a winter.

A curious uncertainty is apt to arise in the mind of the critic while his ear is tickled with the delight of some such line as that quoted above. If he be wary, he will at once seek to determine whether the haunting words do indeed, howsoever remotely, derive from some ancestral line of potent music; or whether, in truth, they inherit nothing of their magic, and are, like the first pieces of a new coinage, fresh from the mint of their author's mind. If, on the contrary, the critic allow himself to dally with doubt, he will be apt either to make a sweeping assertion of plagiarism or, more probably, to lose all sense of haunting reminiscence. And it so happened, during the perusal of *Underwoods*, that now and again I was aware of tantalising echoes of

familiar verse. The most noteworthy lines in the book seemed at once to call to mind and to hold up a veil of obscurity before certain words, phrases, or poems. The epistle to N. V. de G. S.—is not Landor at once suggested, even though no single line has its prototype in the poetry of the author of "The Hamadryad"? Even the already quoted admirable line,

"And from the shore hear inland voices call,"

strikes me as distinctly Landorian, in its concision even more than in its balanced rhythm. In the same poem, does not the opening line,

"The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears,"

contain an echo of Shelley's monumental lines on "Time"? In the rhymed address to Mr. Andrew Lang (very charming in its graceful ease and frank personalities) the reader encounters the line:

"Or of the old unhappy gods."

Probably he is at once perturbed by some vague feeling that he has previously read this line. Then the mental atmosphere grows clearer, and while he remembers that Wordsworth's imagination was touched not by the olden gods, but by a Highland reaper, who sang as she stood amid the corn, he realises who it was that wrought such subtle music out of the simple words "old" and "unhappy":

"For old, unhappy, far-off things."

On the opposite page, in an epistolary poem entitled "Et Tu in Arcadia Vixisti," there occurs this fine passage:

"And perilous lands thou sawest, sounding shores
And seas and forests drear, inland and dale
And mountain dark."

What lover of English poetry but would at once hear beneath these lines the deeper, the supreme music of one of Keats's most exquisite lines? Genius seems to have the power to usurp the prerogative of using certain words, so that any writers who adopt them thereafter run the risk of designation as singers of borrowed strains. It is unfortunate for the bard who does not possess genius, and it is, perhaps, illogical and foolish; but the fact remains. Shakspeare would seem to have a prescriptive right to the word "wrought," since he used it so wonderfully of Othello when "perplexed in the extreme." None can write of "perilous" lands or seas without apparent infringement of Keats's literary patent in that felicitous adjective; nor can the contemporary verse-writer, howsoever dexterously, insert an "immemorial" without tempting his critics to remind him of Tennysonian echoes.

It is significant that the finest lines in this volume are so markedly reminiscent. They emphasise—to one reader at any rate—the inference that the author of *Underwoods* is a man of fine poetic culture, but not a poet. I have a very strong admiration for Mr. Stevenson as a story-teller and an essayist. His prose is virile, flexible, delicate, and rhythmical. These qualities combine to form a style which has a vital charm not excelled by that of any living writer. So fine an artist in words can well afford to be content with prose—the prose of the richest and most potent language in the world. No one could read Mr. Stevenson's recently published collection of stories

(*The Merry Men*, &c.) without being struck by his variety and resource of language. Four such radically distinct yet thoroughly original tales as "The Merry Men," "Olalla," "Thrawn Janet," and "The Treasure of Franchard," could hardly have been written by any other English romancist of the day. They can be read again and again for the mere pleasure afforded by their felicitous words and phrases. The writer, one feels, is a master of his art.

But in *Underwoods* there is nothing of this. To begin with, the reader realises that he brings to the perusal something of the same pleasurable expectancy wherewith he would take up any new tale or essay by Mr. Stevenson. Former pleasure has produced an intellectual prejudice, as it were, whereby the author gains greater benefit than is his due. In the next place, there is in these poems little or nothing either of that originality or of that satisfying beauty which conjointly characterise Mr. Stevenson's best prose. They are the production of an accomplished writer and a cultivated student of literature; but from first to last they carry no emblem of the royalty of poetry. As verses by a prose writer they deserve high praise, and, for their author's sake, a glad welcome. As practically the first poetic fruits of a writer who has had long literary experience, they hold out no golden promise, nor have they in themselves that which will preserve them from the avarice of time.

When we turn from the English to the Scottish poems we have to reckon, as it were, with a new author. The delicate air, the dainty fancifulness, the pleasant personalities and individuality of the first half of *Underwoods* belong to another sphere than the racy and vigorous vitality of the second section. In his admirable preface Mr. Stevenson, in acknowledging that he is no purist in his choice of Scottish, and while referring to his preference for the "Lallan tongue," admits that Burns has often appeared to him as a foreigner. Yet it is Burns rather than Scott whom he follows linguistically as well as in metrical methods. He speaks in good "Lallan" indeed; yet he only occasionally rivals Scott's "brave metropolitan utterance." He has the secret of the force and point of good Scottish; but not, as in his prose, that of its magic pathos and extreme beauty. Yet how admirably delineative are these bucolics—despite the townsman's slip in the second line of the second stanza:

"Frae the high hills the curlew ca's;
The sheep gang baaing by the wa's;
Or whiles a clan o' roosty craws
Cangle together;
The wild bees seek the gairden raws,
Weariet wi' heather."

"Or in the gloamin' douce an' gray
The sweet-throat mavis tunes her lay;
The herd comes linkin' down the brae;
An' by degrees
The muckle siller mune maks way
Among the trees."

It is in irony and satire, however, that Mr. Stevenson most reveals his affinity to Burns. What caustic speech, what happy freedom of expression—where English would be blasphemous or vulgar—what keen incisiveness in poems like "The Blast," "The Counterblast Ironical," and "Embro' Hie Kirk"! The

first-named must surely have been inspired by the Ayrshire singer.

"It's raintin'. Weet's the gairden sod,
Weet the lang roads whaur gangrels plod—
A maist unceevil thing o' God
In mid July—
If ye'll just curse the sneckdraw, dod!
An' sae wull I!

"He's a braw place in Heev'n, ye ken,
An' lea's us puir, forjaskit men,
Clamjamfried in the but and ben
He ca's the earth—
A wee bit inconvenient den
No muckle worth."

In the second the irony is too keen and bitter for the poet who would fain have seen the Deil sneak into some unfrequented neuk in Paradise. It is the production of a Scottish Heine.

"It's strange that God should fash to frame
The yearth and lift sae hie,
An' clean forget to explain the same
To a gentleman like me.

"It's a different thing that I demand,
Tho' humble as can be—
A statement fair in my Maker's hand
To a gentleman like me:

"A clear account writ fair an' broad,
An' a plain apologie;
Or the devil a ceevil word to God
From a gentleman like me."

But none other than Burns, again, could have inspired the third, wherein we hear how, among other forethoughts for His chosen folk of the Free Kirk—

"The Lord Himsel' in former days
Waled out the proper tunes for praise
An' named the proper kind o' claes
For folk to preach in."

Mr. Stevenson certainly deserves to see the fulfilment of his modest wish—the wish to have his hour as a native maker, and be read by his "own countryfolk in our own dying language; an ambition, surely, rather of the heart than of the head, so restricted as it is in prospect of endurance, so parochial in bounds of space." Scottish, it is too true, no longer prevails as a national language, though it still lingers among the peasantry and poor folk of remote districts. No poets since Burns have surpassed Tannahill, Motherwell, and that little known poet of the poor—David Wingate. Mr. Stevenson does not excel any of these; but as a maker of true and delightful Scottish poetry he deserves to be read and remembered.

Yet when I come to say a last word of *Underwoods*, it is to refer again to the first portion thereof. "The House Beautiful" and "Skerryvore"—"for love of lovely words"—I recall with growing pleasure. But, to my mind, better than any of its more ambitious neighbours, better than any poem either of those in English or of those in Scots, is the little piece called "A Requiem." The haunting music of this unvarnished, this simplest and homeliest of dirges, is not for either praise or blame. Some will feel all its subtle charm; to others it will seem nothing else than the fragment of a song; yet I believe it will outlive—it assuredly deserves to outlive—the whole of *Underwoods*, and perhaps, so greedy is oblivion, the greater portion of the author's prose.

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will

"This be the verse you grava for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."
WILLIAM SHARP.

TWO BOOKS ON FRENCH PRISONS.

In Russian and French Prisons. By Prince Kropotkine. (Ward & Downey.)

Prison Life in Siberia. By Fedor Dostoieffsky. Sole and Authorised Translation by H. Sutherland Edwards. (Maxwell.)

PRINCE KROPOTKINE'S work consists mainly of a reprint of the articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* when the Lansdell-Kropotkine controversy was raging. It will be remembered that Dr. Lansdell was sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society to distribute the Scriptures among Russian criminals in Siberia, and that he published his experiences in two ponderous volumes which gave a very rose-coloured description of Russian and Siberian prisons. Mr. Lansdell had got hold of the official side of the question, and had seen the prisons and exiles in the company of official superintendents, who had taken care to have everything prepared for his reception. Prince Kropotkine shows how this is done:

"All serious explorers of our penal institutions are unanimous in saying that one learns nothing from a mere inspection of a prison. 'Each prison undergoes a magical change when a visitor is expected,' says one of them. 'I did not recognise the lock-up which I had visited *incognito*, when I went afterwards to the same lock-up in my official quality,' says another. 'The prisoners never unveil to an inspector the horrors committed in the prison, as they know that the inspector goes away and the jailer remains,' says a third explorer."

In another place, Prince Kropotkine quotes from the *Russkaya Ryeck* the experiences of a Russian officer who was imprisoned under Loris-Melikoff:

"On one occasion we were visited by an inspector of prisons. After casting a look down the scuttle, he asked us if our food was good? or was there anything of which we could complain? Not only did the inmates declare that they were completely satisfied, they even enumerated articles of diet which we had never so much as smelt. This sort of thing is only natural. If complaints were made, the inspector would lecture the governor a little and go away; while the prisoners who made them would remain behind and be paid for their temerity with the rod or the black-hole."

That Dr. Lansdell was the victim of the kind of deception only too frequently practised by Russians on foreign travellers who are suspected of "taking notes" is pretty certain. Indeed a Russian official of high standing told a friend of the present writer as much; but I am inclined to think that the picture which Prince Kropotkine presents of Russian prison-life, though by no means highly coloured or untruthful, is likely to give an exaggerated idea of the brutality of the Russian government. In perusing the interesting pages of Prince Kropotkine's book English readers should not leave out of sight that the conditions under which the ordinary middle-class Russian lives are far from sanitary, and that consequently the privations he would be

subjected to in prison, severe and terrible enough, no doubt, even to him, would not be so unbearable as they would be for the average Englishman. But the cruelty consists in incarcerating refined young ladies and students in such dens. The treatment the prisoners receive at the hands of the governors is, of course, brutal and cruel, sometimes revolting in the extreme. This is not surprising. The men singled out for these appointments are not picked from the best classes of Russian officialism. They are generally uneducated good-for-nothings, who have gone through the mill of official corruption, and are lost to every sense of humanity. The way these monsters rob, flog, and otherwise ill-treat their unfortunate victims—who, it should not be forgotten, have forfeited their right to citizenship, and are dead in the eyes of the law—is ably described by the prince, who contents himself with giving extracts from official reports, private diaries, newspaper articles, and sober facts only.

Prince Kropotkine's experience of French prisons does not appear to have been much better. The petty tyranny of the prison officials is such as to drive a large proportion of the prisoners mad; and the treatment of juvenile offenders, in particular, appears to be criminal in its brutality. That the prisons of republican France should not be superior to those of autocratic Russia will not, perhaps, surprise English readers; but the conclusion at which the prince arrives will certainly set them thinking. He maintains that all forms of incarceration that are based on the principle of subjecting the will and character of the individual to a uniform mechanical system of repression tend to deprave the criminal and prevent him from becoming a useful member of society on his release.

Not content with this statement, however, Prince Kropotkine proceeds to lay down that, as all crime is a disease, and frequently but the result of an artificial state of society, imprisonment should no longer be regarded as a punishment, but as a sort of social hospital, in which the characters of the patients are to be educated into self-reliance and morality. The attitude assumed by Prince Kropotkine is thoroughly logical, and one, moreover, which has been adopted in theory at least by our own government. Indeed, if statistics prove anything, they certainly prove that our enlightened prison policy has resulted in a remarkable decrease of crime, notwithstanding the very great increase in our population; and for this reason I feel rather inclined to quarrel with Prince Kropotkine for his somewhat unjust treatment of our prison system, which he states is much inferior to that of France.

Whatever opinions readers may have on this very vexed subject, they will all agree that the prince has given a most vivid picture of Russian prison life. But the student of the Siberian convict system should read also the reminiscences of another victim of Russian autocracy, Dostoieffsky, now dead, whose *Notes from the Dead House* has been translated by Mr. Sutherland Edwards under the title of *Prison Life in Siberia*. Nothing can be more powerful in style and more intensely realistic than these ghastly experiences, told in simple language, and put into the mouth

of a repentant murderer. I take this opportunity of complimenting Mr. Sutherland Edwards on the elegant and faithful rendering by which one of the masterpieces of Russian literature has been reproduced to English readers.

E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

A Modern Zoroastrian. By Samuel Laing. (White.)

"If I am good for anything," says Mr. Laing, in the preface to this volume, "it is for a certain faculty of lucid condensation." Readers of his former volume on *Modern Science and Modern Thought* will probably not be indisposed to concede him a fair measure of this "certain faculty" without stopping to enquire how far "condensation" can, in the nature of things, be properly qualified by "lucidity." It may easily happen that inordinate and unscrupulous "condensation" may have its natural issue in "density" rather than in "lucidity"; and in my opinion this is precisely the effect of his present volume. Here Mr. Laing condenses a goodly number of the facts and processes of the material and moral universe, until he obtains as their outcome and expression a single general law of duality or mutually antagonistic principles. He terms this, "the all-pervading principle of polarity which manifests itself everywhere as the fundamental condition of the material and spiritual universe." Now with Mr. Laing's collection of instances and illustrations which seem to manifest these phenomena in the material universe I am not disposed to find fault. He has collected them with an industry and zeal not always attended with discrimination; but a little oversight of that kind might be forgiven a man bent, at all hazards, to prove a favourite theory. What I complain of is the inability to distinguish between a natural process or phenomenon and its verbal relation to us. Like many another scientist, Mr. Laing suffers himself to be borne along on the wings of a definition or mere verbal symbolism, not reflecting how imperfectly it may connote the real facts of the case. With his extended studies of most departments of science, Mr. Laing ought to be aware not only that many of the phenomena comprehended for convenience under the term polarity are as yet very imperfectly investigated, but that even when their determinations are most clearly expressed we are not in a position as yet to lay down any general truth respecting them. To take a single instance—the centrifugal and centripetal forces in the law of gravitation: it would surely be a hasty inference which would bring these under a supposed general law of polarity, thereby ascribing them to dual principles, instead of assuming them to be diverse phases of one and the same principle; and the same observation may be extended *mutatis mutandis* to almost every other illustration employed by him. In truth, Mr. Laing seems to have forgotten that the value of such a verbal symbol as polarity is purely hypothetical. Like the law of gravitation, evolution, and similar terms, it is used as a convenient class designation of certain similar phenomena, not as a definitive determination of truth. Much more must be learnt concerning its operations, with its determining causes, conditions, and

limits, before it can be fairly described as it is by Mr. Laing as the fundamental condition of the material and spiritual universe.

But the consideration of polarity as a primary law of the physical world is only a part of Mr. Laing's object. To quote his own words (p. 89): "It remains to show how the fundamental law of polarity affects the more complex relations of life and of its various combinations." Whereupon he proceeds to trace what he conceives to be its action in any department of human knowledge wherein he finds the least semblance of diverse or mutually conflicting principles, ending in its application to metaphysics and religions. I need hardly say that its crowning merit is claimed to be its complete solution of the mystery of evil. He says:

"The existence of evil in the world is as palpable a fact as the existence of good. There are many things which to our human perceptions appear to be base, cruel, foul, and ugly, just as clearly as other things appear to be noble, merciful, pure, and beautiful. Whence come they? If the existence of good proves a good Creator, how can we escape the inference that the existence of evil proves an evil one?" (p. 171).

But though Mr. Laing states thus explicitly this Zoroastrian conclusion of his speculations, I cannot perceive that he makes the use of it which a firm persuasion in its universal applicability would lead one to expect. In order to make his theory homogeneous, in order to prove that polarity in physics is identical with Zoroastrianism in metaphysics and theology, he ought to admit not only that this duality is the general law of the universe, but that it is conditioned and set in motion by antagonistic agencies. Is Mr. Laing prepared to contend that positive and negative electricity, the centrifugal and centripetal forces in gravitation, must equally with heredity and variation in species, predestination and free-will, beauty and ugliness, truth and falsehood, be ascribed to mutually conflicting powers? With this enlargement of his scope required by philosophical consistency, it would be interesting to learn, as to "the polarity of the sexes," which he would place under the dominion of Ormuzd, and which under the rule of Ahriman.

In short, Mr. Laing has been led away by the seductive influences of a specious definition and superficial analogy to put forth a theory of the universe which he is not only wholly unable to prove, but which runs counter to much of his own speculation. At present the tendencies of scientific enquiry—the conservation of energy, the capacity of each force for assuming the form of another, such phenomena as isomerism, &c.—all point in the direction of the ultimate unity of science, not of a Zoroastrian duality; and there are many phenomena in the moral and spiritual world which tend in a similar direction of an all-comprehensive one-ness. It is astonishing to me to find that Mr. Laing has failed to grasp other and, in my opinion, more philosophical reconciliations of the various antagonisms which he enumerates. *E.g.*, can he imagine the free play of any natural law or process in an infinite variety of circumstances which would not yield diverse results: nay, in which the results might not appear from a human standpoint to segregate

themselves into two kinds like the behaviour of iron filings brought into contact with the opposite poles of a magnet? I should be sorry to be thought capable of treating an important subject with undue levity, but I cannot say that Mr. Laing advances a single argument in favour of a dual and mutually antagonistic rule of the universe more cogent than the undoubted fact that the two ends of a walking-stick, in whatever position it be held, point in diametrically opposite directions.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

Major and Minor. By W. E. Norris. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Caswell: a Paradox. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Old Blazer's Hero. By D. Christie Murray. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Jacksons of Jackgate: a Cumberland Story. By Elma. (Remington.)

The Mesmerist's Secret. By Daniel Dormer. (Maxwell.)

The Park Lane Mystery: a Story of Love and Magic. By Joseph Hatton. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

What She Cost Him. By R. Langstaff de Havilland. (The London Literary Society.)

Mr. W. E. NORRIS has to our mind given the world, in *Major and Minor*, the best novel he has as yet produced. There is all the cleverness of character-drawing which he long ago accustomed us to expect from him. We still recognise the almost photographic minuteness of detail in his descriptions—especially those of scenery. There is no falling off in the supply of shrewd apothegms, or of passages in which, under the guise of quaint humour, food is afforded for serious reflection; and, added to all this, the story is a pleasant one. There is an absence of the painful element that struck one, for instance, in *Mademoiselle Mersao*; and one can read from title-page to finis without a suspicion of the heart-ache which must sometimes attack even the most hardened of novel-readers while going through a work by an acknowledged master of the story-telling art. Because, although Gilbert's treachery is sufficiently revolting, one feels all along that right must prevail in the long run; and when the catastrophe comes no one will be found to aver that the author has meted out too severe justice to the culprit. We think, by-the-by, that the one inartistic touch occurs in the presentment of "Segrave Minor." There is nothing about the man, as he is at first placed before us, to induce a suspicion that he will turn out so unutterably mean a hound; and one cannot easily believe that an English gentleman would so quickly sink to such depths of turpitude. However, it is perhaps a true study of the moral degradation which might befall a thoroughly selfish man, totally devoid of principle, and possessed by the sole idea of self-advancement. Brian, the disinherited brother, is a very lovable character; one of those dreamy, inconsequent men of whom we must all have known instances, and who engage all our affection and respect, even while we laugh gently at

their blunders—much in the same spirit that we laugh over the mishaps of that grandest of gentlemen, Don Quixote. It must be admitted, however, that "Segrave Major" was, despite his artistic temperament and blunt chivalrous honesty, very dull of comprehension, or how could he have failed to see that the heroine was in love with him from the first? Again, there seems to us something unreal in his depreciatory estimate of himself. Supposing that he *was* for a time "an impecunious composer of music," it is in the last degree improbable that the eldest son of one of the oldest West Country houses would seriously think of himself in that light only. It occurs to one that he was at least the equal of a young lady, however rich and beautiful, who was undeniably of *roturier* origin; while it is by no means improbable that he was of a great deal better blood than Lord Stapleford. Beatrice Huntley is an admirable and original study: the beautiful, wilful heiress, devoured by her unsatisfied longings after some higher phase of existence, yet, at the same time, frankly enjoying the whirl of fashionable society, as an honest girl in her circumstances, audaciously taking her own way to bring about what she held to be a good and desirable state of things, and too proud to defend herself even when the whole happiness of her own life seemed to depend upon her defence. We are not going to defend Miss Huntley's plan of campaign. It was distinctly of the guerilla style of warfare; and, for aught she knew, it might have proved most disastrous to the very person whom she desired to benefit, pretty Kitty Greenwood. Suppose, for an instant, that the latter had been really as sincerely in love with her unworthy *fiancé* as she believed herself to be. The probable result of Beatrice's scheme would have been to break the poor child's heart. Playing at Providence, with however good intentions, is rather a risky game. But there is not one of the *dramatis personæ* who is not excellently well studied. The generality of them are sympathetic, and all of them are living human beings. The two old cronies, Sir Brian and Admiral Greenwood, are extremely natural: the choleric old K.C.B., with his perpetual twinges of remorse and his warm heart; and the hearty old sailor who, when greatly moved, had sudden and involuntary recourse to a style of language formerly much in vogue in the Royal Navy. Equally good is Mr. Monckton, the so-called "ritualistic" priest—as if any form of worship were possible without ritual!—and he is the grand, manly fellow, to boot, who one would have expected to evangelise the wild fisher-folk of Kingscliff. Not the least impressive out of many striking scenes is that in which he appears as *deus ex machina* on Waterloo Bridge at Brian's most critical moment; and, for a piece of genuine comedy, commend us to his interview with Master Daniel Puttick. It must not be supposed, however, that the novel is one exclusively of character, although we have dwelt somewhat at length upon the personages. There is plenty of action; and some of the scenes—notably Sir Brian's death at the picnic and the parting between the hero and heroine in Park Lane—are eminently dramatic. The whole of the young musician's career in London, again, is

pourtrayed with the most delicate, though firm, touch, and must appeal to many a one who has fought the battle of artistic poverty. In fine, we consider *Major and Minor* to be distinctly one of the leading novels of the year.

The anonymous novel *Caswell*, which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published, is in many respects a remarkable book, and one which will appeal to more than one class of thoughtful readers. It will be studied with interest by those who busy themselves with the various forms of religious development which are a special phase of the present age. It presents food for reflection both to the psychological student and to those who more particularly affect general social philosophy; while it is sufficiently exciting in semi-romantic detail to arrest the attention of the lovers of sensation novels. Probably these last-named *purs et simples* will find a good many passages which will appear rather heavy reading, but then it is so easy to skip; and the life-histories of the hero, of Sampson, and of Delilah are so engrossing that such readers will find the unravelling of them worth a little extra trouble. To say that the story is a painful one is to almost understate the case; to deny that it is powerful would be as false as absurd. But we must take exception to the sub-title, for there is no "paradox" whatever about the personality of John Caswell. It is simply a case, such as must have been known to most of us who have lived in the world and studied our fellow men, of duality of existence, both moral and physical. It is common enough. It is that of a man, keenly sensitive, keenly sensuous, with ardent aspirations towards the highest mental and spiritual life, who, in spite of his more perfect sensibilities—perhaps because of them—is at perpetual warfare with himself. Even when barely free from the glamour of those influences which incline him to the higher standards of thought and existence, he will suddenly find himself impelled by the wild beast within him to wild debauchery, of which a more prosaic man can form no conception, any more than he can of the agonising remorse and repentance that will inevitably follow. It was quite right to represent the hero as ending as he does—a Catholic priest; to such natures the claims of strong belief are the only possible safeguard. Sampson is a terrible study; a portrait of a man ruined by his self-righteous bigotry and the influence of the ghastly Calvinistic dogmas which one would fain hope are gradually losing the credence of the people. Of the utter pitifulness of the result, poor, gentle old Mrs. Rayner furnishes a striking example. We must confess that Delilah seems to us rather a failure. She was really nothing more than a beautiful, vulgar girl, who deliberately fell to sin for the gratification of her own selfish longings for luxury, so that there is a lack of the sympathetic element. Still her death is terrible enough, in all conscience. The story is not without a lighter element. The satire of the author's description of the Linford bazaar is as delicate as it is witty; but, on the whole, the effect of the novel is rather "to purge the soul by pity and terror." At the same time we strongly advise all who can appreciate a thoughtful tale of modern life to read it.

As good a story as we have read for a long time is *Old Blazer's Hero*. One is always certain of something above the ordinary level when taking up a novel by Mr. Christie Murray; and this is, to our thinking, up to his best mark. One cannot help seeing that, although the book is in no sense that most objectionable of all things in fiction a "novel with a purpose," the author had one very definite idea in his head—viz., the intolerable evil arising from excess in drink. But the moral of Hackett and Blane's careers only suggests itself—Mr. Christie Murray is too good an artist, and too much a man of the world, to cram it down his readers' throats. "Old Blazer," we may state, was a mine rather addicted, it would seem, to catching fire; but on the occasion when Ned worthily gained his "to-name" it varied the monotony by getting flooded, and the whole episode is positively splendid. It would be difficult to conceive of a more dramatic scene than that where Blane saves Shadrach in the air-shaft. Except it might be the half-suggested scene on the ice when he "snatched his own salvation." The hero is a fine fellow. Even at the time of his lowest degradation one cannot help feeling more pity than blame for him. It is so terribly true what is said at p. 212:

"He was doggedly bent on going to the devil with all possible expedition—a condition of mind which is only possible for men of originally good quality. He made no excuses, offered to himself no palliations. The fiend had clapped him by the shoulder, and he, looking him in the face and recognising his ugliness, had elected to go with him."

For Mary we cannot pretend to care greatly. We think she would have been a trial to any man, and Ned deserved a better fate—even if he did not desire one. But, in schoolboy parlance, it is "a rattling good book."

Clever as it is, and interesting as is the story, one cannot help feeling a sense of disappointment in *The Jacksons of Jackgate*, because it ends all wrong, almost as mad-denyingly as *St. Ronan's Well*, and we do not know that we could put it much stronger. Eva had no business to be left in her unhappy plight, and Hugh had no more right to turn missionary than we have. Such a man as he is shown to have been would surely have made certain of the actual facts before giving up the pursuit of the one woman he loved. It strikes one that the Cumbrian code of morality was something of the strictest. Supposing that the poor girl's mother committed a fraud, how did that affect her character? Because the unhappy woman had never been brought to trial, and only some few intimates—who might just as well have held their cackling tongues—knew anything about the matter. The story is a good one, showing some power of character-drawing, as in the case of the party at Jackgate, and considerable acquaintance with both general literature and folklore. But why did Andrew Ling misquote the old saw? It properly runs, "When the gorse is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion." The broom is out of bloom during the greater part of the year.

Every persistent reader of contemporary fiction must have noticed the singular fact that novels seem to go in cycles, so to speak. We have had the shocking-accident novel—it

was generally on a railway—the scandal-in-high-life novel, the novel with a purpose, and others too numerous to mention. It was very curious to notice that when one of either kind appeared it was sure to be followed by half-a-dozen of the same description. Now we seem to have got into the mystical groove, and *The Memorist's Secret* cannot be said to be one of the best examples of its class. To begin with, the story is so inartistically constructed that the real gist of it requires to be revealed near the end by means of a delirious woman's raving. Then, even granting the possibility of such supernatural powers as are attributed to the villain of the piece, there seems no adequate motive for their employment; but the whole thing is unreal, and the people have no vitality. The plot is briefly this: a certain transpontine villain, Eustache Navette, marries, and, for no apparent reason, deserts, a beautiful English woman, Hester, who assumes another name, and sets up a school in Paris. He also murders the young Marquis de Mensonge, and is allowed to assume his victim's personality and estates without let or hindrance. Having a considerable "odious" power, he exercises it to keep an uninteresting young English lady called Edmie—why cannot novelists give their heroines rational Christian names?—and gets her to his castle; but he shoots himself by accident, and she is rescued. That sums up the main plot. Why, except for the purposes of rather inane sensationalism, should all the servants at a continental château have been Hindoos? And did it not occur to the author that in saddling Navette with the name of De Mensonge his feeble joke recoils on himself? Because, of course, the name of the true marquis must have been the same.

Yet another bogey story; and we cannot congratulate Mr. Joseph Hatton upon it. He can do, and has done, far better work than this. The idea is that a certain flagitious clerk contrives to project his own spirit into the dead body of his wealthy employer, and makes rather a good thing of it from a pecuniary point of view. However, finding that the experiment is, on the whole, unsatisfactory, he returns to his proper carcass, marries the right girl, and lives happily ever after. Had we been Hannah, we would have been content to lead apes rather than marry such a creature!

It is well-nigh impossible to understand what good end could be supposed to be answered by the publication of Mr. de Haviland's novelette. It is not specially clever; and the most rabid lover of sensationalism would attach to it no other name than that of repulsive. The moral seems to be that young barristers who are addicted to giving way to tears on the Thames Embankment should not pick up French women of doubtful antecedents, and marry them out of hand, else the consequences are likely to be disastrous. There is plenty of death, destruction, and shame in the book, and it may suit some tastes. It is rather too highly spiced for us. We may suggest to the author that he certainly should not say "Lady Pearl Penny-cuick," inasmuch as Sir Joseph's wife was a commoner's daughter; but, perhaps he meant "Pearl, Lady Penny-cuick."

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

"The Story of the Nations."—*Hungary*. By Arminius Vambéry, with the collaboration of Louis Heilprin.—*The Saracens*. By Arthur Gilman. (Fisher Unwin.) Prof. Vambéry is probably to Englishmen generally the best known of living Hungarians, and his name is sure to attract many readers to the present volume. The book does not profess to be founded on original research; in fact the author says in his preface that he makes no claim to any special knowledge of the history of his country beyond what is ordinarily possessed by educated Hungarians. The narrative, however, is well proportioned; and the style, though not brilliant, is lucid and unaffected. The history is brought down to the inauguration of the new constitution of Austro-Hungary in 1868. With regard to the political controversies of recent times, Prof. Vambéry adopts a neutral tone, which, perhaps, will satisfy few of his countrymen, but which English readers will probably not regard as a disadvantage. Mr. Gilman's volume on *The Saracens* is decidedly one of the best of the series. The author does not appear to have any knowledge of Arabic; but his work shows wide and careful study of the modern writers who have treated of the subject, and also of such of the original authorities as are accessible in translations. Perhaps his style is a little too ambitious; but it is spirited and attractive, and full justice is done to the picturesque aspect of the story. We have observed some inaccuracies of detail. The emperor Nicephorus, in his famous letter to Harūn, certainly did not describe himself as "King of the Greeks," nor would any Arabic historian represent him as doing so, whatever the translators may say. The derivation of "tariff" from the name of the Moorish general Tarif, implied on p. 326, is a vulgar error, which a very little Arabic would have enabled Mr. Gilman to avoid. The spelling "kalif" is on all grounds unjustifiable: if *khalifa* was thought too pedantic, it would have been better to keep to the traditional "caliph." It is possible that Arabic scholars might be able to discover errors of a more serious character than these; but at all events Mr. Gilman has produced the most readable and complete account of Saracen history that has hitherto appeared in a volume of the same size. The appendix includes an excellent bibliography, a table of the order of the suras of the Koran according to the scheme of Nöldeke, and a carefully compiled chronological table. In both volumes the illustrations are extremely unequal, some of them being very bad indeed. The maps are roughly executed, but those in Mr. Gilman's volume deserve praise for the clearness with which the essential points are brought out.

The Black Cabinet. By Count d'Herisson. Translated by C. H. F. Blackith. (Longmans.) We confess that the title of this book, savouring so strongly of the shilling dreadful, did not attract us, and a perusal of its 344 pages has not done much to efface this first impression. By far the most interesting portion of it (chaps. x. to xv.) has appeared before in a London newspaper. Count d'Herisson states that these six chapters were "published in an incomplete form in 1817." Not having access to the papers in which these letters of the English doctor from St. Helena appeared, we are unable to judge; but the book before us is made up rather of other books than of original documents. Having said this, we do not deny that its perusal will interest those who have a taste for historical gossip. The translator, too, has done his work well. Napoleon banished morality so completely to the planet Saturn that he will always remain an object of interest to psychologists, even when historians have nothing further to say about

him. It is curious to notice his anxiety to clear his own character not only from the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, but from the charge of giving opium to his plague-stricken soldiers at Jaffa, to save them from falling into the hands of the Turks, who would have mutilated them. Napoleon informed this doctor that he had only seven plague-stricken men at Jaffa, and that he delayed the departure of his rearguard until they were dead (p. 241). He represents himself as induced by Prince Bénévento (Talleyrand) to sign the order to arrest the Duc d'Enghien, and defends his conduct as a state necessity. He laid great stress on the fact that he never committed "useless crimes." On one occasion the Emperors of Austria and France were conversing together about the revolution of '93. "It came from far," said Napoleon; "yet it would have been easy to prevent its great catastrophe if my uncle's character had not been so essentially weak." It took the Emperor Francis some time to perceive that he was alluding to Louis XVI.—his wife's uncle (p. 230). When Napoleon felt death approaching, he wished to die with the rites of the Church. Marshal Bertrand, who had not threaded all the intricacies of his master's mind, was for stopping the "mummery." On hearing this, Napoleon said to Montholon—"What does that foolish Bertrand want? Let him leave me alone. If he does not believe, what is it to him that others have faith? If a mother were praying for her son, would he go and disturb her? After all, who knows the ties that unite this earth to the Divinity?" The translator believes that the well-known letters from St. Helena were written not by Dr. O'Meara, but by Mr. John Stoke, an English physician.

The Icelandic Discoveries of America; or, Honour to whom Honour is due. By Marie A. Brown. (Trübner.) This book has for its end the establishment of the thesis that Columbus stole his knowledge of a new world from Iceland; that the knowledge of this new world, originally discovered by Icelanders, had been kept secret by Rome; that Columbus should be made a saint, he being a liar, a slave-dealer, and a thief; that the truthful North is the natural antagonist of the lying South, and that we all suffer by neglect of Northern history and literature. An irrational hatred of Catholic Christianity, a belief in the historical authority of a certain Dr. Felix Oswald, and a curiously un-historic treatment of the subject of the discovery of Wineland, also run through the little volume. No historian, competent to judge the facts, now doubts the discovery of the North-American continent by Northmen from Iceland at the end of the tenth century. A MS. of Adam of Bremen even tells us that Harold (Hard-rede) set out on a voyage thither:

"Temptavit hoc nuper experientissimus Nordmannorum princeps Haraldus, qui latitudinem septentrionalis oceani percurtatus nauibus tandem caligantibus ante ora deficientis mundi finibus inmane abyssi baratrum retroactis uestigiis pene uix saluus euasit. Istud etiam dixit quidam nobilis Carthusiensis præsentium scriptura [scriptori] et est uerum. Sed iste locus [supp. a Thylensibus] in eorum idiomate Gimmende-grp [Ginnungagap] [supp. nominatus est] Miles uero capitaneus regis dicebatur Olyden [Hallden] Helgesson [Helgasson] nauta uero Gunar oaswen [rá-sweinn].—[Hamb. fol. 22. The names are restored by Dr. Vigfusson.]

What is not proved is the connexion between Columbus and any written account of these discoveries. Greenland had long been left to itself when he went North; and though the oral traditions of Wineland can never have been lost, they must have been as vague as the lapse of centuries could make them, for there is no proof whatever of the large circulation of either the Western or Northern written versions of Eric's Saga in Iceland in the fifteenth century. This little

book is no doubt well-meant, but it is superfluous; and it is one of those books that only tend to stop the way for a better one, and to discredit the cause it advances. Why should we necessarily try to degrade the Corsican-born Columbus because we wish we exalt the Icelander Leif Ericsson? Honour is due to both; but it is the honour of copying their perseverance, courage, and patience, not of screaming one's self hoarse over their anniversaries.

The Story of Iceland. By Letitia M. Maccoll. (Rivingtons.) This agreeable little book consists chiefly of well-selected extracts from the sagas and the Icelandic poetry. The poems are usually quoted in the prose versions of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*; the passages of the sagas are taken from the translations of Dasent, Magnússon, and others. There is not much in the volume that is original, even in the limited sense of being in the author's own words; but what there is is pleasantly written, though the language is now and then more childish than it need have been for readers capable of understanding the extracts. Altogether, the book gives a very interesting picture of the life and manners of the Icelanders both in ancient and modern days.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. SWINBURNE has almost finished a new drama, to be called *Lochrine*. The volume of selections from his poems recently published has already reached a second edition; but no alterations have been made.

MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY & SON will publish this month the Autobiography and Reminiscences of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., in two volumes, with portraits. It contains anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, as well as of many literary and artistic personages of the Victorian era.

The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Mr. J. E. Cabot, who was deputed by Emerson to be his literary executor, will be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in two volumes.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY will publish early in October *Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales*, edited by Prof. T. G. Bonney, containing contributions by Harold Lewis, William Senior, J. Penderel Brodhurst, C. C. Hodges, the Rev. G. F. Browne, Thomas Archer, Godfrey Werdsworth Turner, Edwin Poole, the Rev. J. J. Raven, J. J. Housden, and the Rev. T. Gregory Smith. The book will be fully illustrated.

OF Mr. F. Marion Crawford's two novels, which have lately been appearing in serial form, *The Crucifix of Marzio* will be issued immediately by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. considerably augmented. *With the Immortals* will not be republished in book form until the end of the year. Mr. Crawford contemplates adding several new chapters.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish, early in October, the new work by Prince Napoleon, entitled *Napoleon and his Detractors*, translated from the French by Raphael L. de Beaufort.

THE Queen has been pleased to accept the dedication of Mr. Alfred Austin's new poem, *Prince Lucifer*, which will be ready on October 7.

PROF. HENRY SIDGWICK has been at work on a revised edition of his *Principles of Political Economy*, which will be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHN & Co. announce a new book which throws a curious light upon

the perpetual pension question, as well as upon the politics, manners, and morals of Charles II. and his court. This is *Louise de Keroualle*, Duchess of Portsmouth in the Court of Charles II.; or, How the Duke of Richmond gained his Pension. It is translated from a work by M. Fornéron, which was compiled from the archives of the French Foreign Office, and contains some curious items of secret history. Mrs. G. M. Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, has written the preface.

Haarlem the Birthplace of Printing, not Mentz, is the title of a work by J. H. Hessels announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. STANILAND WAKE has written a book on totemism, serpent-worship, primitive marriage, and similar esoteric subjects, which will be published by Mr. Redway under the title of *Serpent-Worship, and other Essays*.

THE author of "Olrig Grange" has just finished a volume of short poems, being sermons in verse, which Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons, publishers to the University of Glasgow, will issue immediately under the title of *Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings*.

Scenes from the "George Eliot" Country, by Stephen Parkinson, is the title of a volume now in the press which deals more especially with the early life of George Eliot, and identifies characters in her novels with persons of whom she had knowledge in actual life, and places and scenery with portions of the Midland counties amid which she spent her youth and young-womanhood. The publisher is Mr. Jackson, of Leeds, and the book will be illustrated.

THE Hon. Roden Noel contributes a poem, entitled "The Life-Boat," to the forthcoming number of *The Scottish Church*. The same number will also contain "A Chaplain's Reminiscences," and an article on the poetry of Robert Ferguson.

"WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE" is the title of a new story by "Gavin Ogilvy," which is to be commenced in an early number of the *British Weekly*. The papers on "Books which have influenced me," by Messrs. Ruskin, B. L. Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Archdeacon Farrar and others, will be republished next week as a *British Weekly* "extra."

MESSRS. ISBISTER announce the second volume of Dean Plumptre's *Dante*, completing the work; *Everyday Christian Life*, by Archdeacon Farrar; a cheap edition of *John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Work*, by the Rev. Dr. John Brown; *The Self-Revelation of Jesus Christ*, with an Examination of some Naturalistic Hypotheses, by Dr. John Kennedy; *Natural History Object Lessons*, by George Ricks; and the following volumes of a new series of prize and gift books: *Leaders Upward and Onward*, *Brief Biographies of Noble Workers*, edited by Henry C. Ewart, with eighty illustrations; *Round the Globe, through Greater Britain*, edited by W. C. Proctor, with eighty illustrations; *The Romance of Animal Life*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, with eighty illustrations; *Britta, a Story of Life in the Shetland Isles*, by George Temple, with illustrations by Lockhart Boyle.

MR. DAVID NUTT's forthcoming publications include an entirely re-written edition of the Rev. C. W. King's *The Gnostics and Their Remains*, ancient and mediæval, with extensive additions both of text and illustrations, full indices, and a bibliographical appendix by Joseph Jacobs; Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie's *Beginnings of Writing and Ideology of Language*; an Elementary Grammar of the German Language, for the use of Wellington College; an edition of *Deutsche Liebe, aus den Papieren*

eines Fremdlings, by Prof. Max Müller, with English notes; a new and thoroughly revised edition of Bremiker's *Logarithms*, with a supplementary table of natural functions and circular measures of angles to each minute of arc, by Prof. A. Lodge; Mr. W. H. Hutton's *Simon of Montfort and his Cause* (1253-65); and Mr. T. Archer's *The Crusade of Richard I.*, in the "English History from Contemporary Writers" series.

DR. FURNIVALL's edition of the first part of Robert of Brunne's *Chronicle*, A.D. 1338, is just out, in two volumes, in the "Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials." This *Chronicle* is mainly an Englishing of Wace's historical romance, with a few additions from Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c. The second part of the *Chronicle* was long ago printed by Hearne; and its original, by Pierre de Langtoft, was edited for the "Rolls Series" by the late Thomas Wright.

THE Rev. W. Quick has just reprinted 500 copies of the *Positions* (a treatise on the education of the mind and body), by Richard Mulcaster, high-master of St. Paul's School. The book may be obtained from the editor, Earlswood Cottage, Redhill.

MR. W. J. ROLFE, of Boston, U.S.A., contemplates a volume of annotated selections from Shelley in his series of "Modern English Poets." Mr. Rolfe's new volume of Milton's *Minor Poems*, with notes and introduction, is just out. It will probably be followed by like editions of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*.

PROF. BRANDL asks Dr. Furnivall to notify to English Shelley-students that the first homage paid to Shelley by any German author of renown is that by K. Gutzkow, in his essays entitled *Götter, Helden, und Don Quixote*, 1838. This work begins with a brilliant panegyric of Shelley, pp. 3-19.

THE Rev. T. P. Wadley notes from the Record Office "41 Eliz., Sept. 1, 1599: licence to Robert Burdett esq. to alienate a messuage in Packwood, co. Warwick, called Shaxpere's house."

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE CLAR- ENDON PRESS.

Theology, &c.—"A Study of Religion: its Sources and Contents," by the Rev. Dr. James Martineau; "Lectures on the Book of Job," by the Dean of Westminster; "A Concordance to the Septuagint," edited by the Rev. Edwin Hatch; "Essays on Biblical Greek," by the Rev. Edwin Hatch, being essays delivered as Grinfield Lecturer; "A Primer of New Testament Greek," by the Rev. E. Miller; "Old-Latin Biblical Texts, No. III.: The Four Gospels from the Munich MS. (g) of the Sixth Century," edited by the Rev. H. J. White, under the direction of the Bishop of Salisbury; "The Peshito Version of the Gospels," edited by the Rev. G. H. Gwilliam.

Greek and Latin.—"The Politics of Aristotle," edited with introduction, notes, &c., by W. L. Newman, vols. i. and ii.; "Selections from Polybius," edited by J. L. Strachan-Davidson; "Scholia in Iliadem Townleyana," edited by Dr. Ernest Maass, in 2 vols.; "An Essay on the History of the Process by which the Aristotelian Writings arrived at their present Form," by the late Richard Shute; Homer's "Iliad," books xiii.-xxiv., edited for the use of schools by D. B. Monro; Lysias's "Epitaphius," edited, with introduction and notes, by Snell; "Sounds and Inflections in Greek and Latin," by J. E. King and Christopher Cookson.

Oriental.—"Thesaurus Syriacus," edited R. Payne Smith, fasc. viii.; "A Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the Bodleian Library," by

Dr. H. Ethé; "A Catalogue of the Muhammadan Coins in the Bodleian Library," by Stanley Lane-Poole.

General Literature.—"Collected Essays," by Mark Pattison, late rector of Lincoln College, in 2 vols.; "Unpublished Letters of Ricardo to Malthus," edited by James Bonar; "Selections from Clarendon," by the Dean of Salisbury; "Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson," selected and arranged, with preliminary essay, by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill; "Celtic Heathendom," by Prof. Rhys; Ferrault's "Popular Tales," edited from the original editions, with Prolegomena, by Andrew Lang; "A Middle-High-German Primer," by Dr. James Wright; Becker's "Friedrich der Grosse," edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. C. A. Buchheim.

History, Law, &c.—"History of Agriculture and Prices," vols. v. and vi. (1583-1703), by Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers; "The Landnáma-Boc," edited by G. Vigfusson and F. York Powell; "The Gild Merchant: a Contribution to English Municipal History," by Dr. C. Gross, in 2 vols.; "The Laudian Code of Statutes," with introduction by C. L. Shadwell; "The Anglo-Indian Codes," vol. ii., edited by Whitley Stokes.

English Language and Literature.—"An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary," based on the MS. collections of the late Dr. Bosworth, edited and enlarged by T. N. Toller, part iii.; "A Selection of Anglo-Saxon Documents," edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by Prof. Earle; "A Concise Dictionary of Middle English," by the Rev. A. L. Mayhew and Prof. W. W. Skeat; "A History of English Sounds," by Henry Sweet, new and revised edition; "A Second Anglo-Saxon Reader," by Henry Sweet; Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth," edited by W. Aldis Wright; Bunyan's "Holy War," &c., edited by Precentor Venables; "Select Works of Sir Thomas Browne," including "Urn-Burial," "The Garden of Cyrus," &c., edited by Dr. W. A. Greenhill; "A New English Dictionary, founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society," part iv., edited by J. A. H. Murray.

Mathematics, Physical and Mental Science.—"Mathematical Papers and Memoirs of the late Henry J. S. Smith, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford," in 2 vols.; "Geometry in Space," by R. C. J. Nixon; "The Graphical and Statical Calculus," by L. Cremona, authorised English translation by T. Hudson Beare; "A Manual of Crystallography," by Prof. Story-Maskelyne; "Geology: Chemical, Physical and Stratigraphical," by Joseph Prestwich, vol. ii.; "A Catalogue of British Fossils," by R. Etheridge; "Forms of Animal Life," by the late Dr. Rolleston, new edition by W. Hatchett Jackson; "A Class-Book of Chemistry," by W. W. Fisher; "Technical Geography," by Alfred Hughes; "The Theory of a Physical Balance," by James Walker; "Select Biological Memoirs," translated under the superintendence of Prof. J. Burdon-Sanderson; Ecker's "Anatomy of the Frog," authorised English translation; "Lectures on Bacteria," by A. de Bary, translated by the Rev. H. E. F. Garnsey, and edited by Prof. I. Bayley Balfour; "Logic," by Hermann Lotze, translated by Bernard Bosanquet.

Also, in the second series of "Sacred Book of the East": Vol. xxx., Grihya-Sūtras, Rules of Vedic Domestic Ceremonies, translated by Hermann Oldenberg, part ii.; vol. xxxii., Vedic Hymns, translated by F. Max Müller, part i.; vol. xxxiii., Nārada, and some minor law-books, translated by Julius Jolly; vol. xxxiv., The Vedānta-Sūtras, with Śaṅkara's Commentary, translated by G. Thibaut.

The following works will be the next to appear in the "Anecdota Series": Japhet ben Ali's "Commentary on Daniel," from a MS. in

the Bodleian Library, by D. S. Margoliouth; "Mediaeval Hebrew Chronicles," edited by A. Neubauer; "Lives of Saints from the 'Book of Lismore,'" edited, with translation, by Whitley Stokes; and "The Chronicle of Galfridus le Baker," of Swinbroke, edited from the Bodleian MS. by E. Maunde Thompson.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

General Literature and Theology.—"Life of the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, of Lincoln," by his daughter, Elizabeth Wordsworth, and Canon Overton; "The Office and Work of a Priest," by the Bishop of Lichfield; a new edition of "The Works of Bishop Kaye, of Lincoln," in 8 vols.; "The Christian Ministry," by the Rev. Charles Gore, Principal of the Pusey House, Oxford. The following additions to the "Oxford House Papers":—"Christianity and Evolution," by the Rev. A. L. Moore; "Purity," by Canon Scott Holland; and "Christianity and Slavery," by Mr. H. Hensley Henson; two new volumes of the series of "Stories of European Countries for Young People," edited by Mrs. Arthur Sidgwick, viz.:—"Spain," by J. F. Huxley; and "Denmark," by the editor; a new and much enlarged edition of Canon Hockins' "John Wesley and Modern Methodism"; "The Faith of the Gospel: A Manual of Christian Doctrine," by Canon A. J. Mason; a volume of lectures and sermons on "Christian Economics," by the Rev. W. J. Richmond; "A Handbook of the Convocations," by the Rev. J. W. Joyce; a new and enlarged edition of "Preces Veterum," by Mr. J. F. France; "A Companion to the Psalter," by the Rev. J. Gurnhill; "Brian Fitz-Count: a Tale of Wallingford Castle in the Olden Times," by the Rev. A. D. Crake; "Life of Henri Dominique Lacordaire," by Mrs. H. L. Sidney Lear—a new edition, forming a volume of the "Christian Biographies"; "Clifton College Register," September, 1862, to July, 1887, compiled by Mr. E. M. Oakeley, with a Historical Preface by the Head Master; "A Critical Essay on the Revised Version of the New Testament," by Major R. Stuart; "The Progress of the Church in London during the last Fifty Years," by the Rev. W. Walsh; a new volume of sermons by Canon Knox Little, entitled "The Light of Life"; "Christ or Ecclesiastes": Sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, by Canon Scott Holland; "A History of Hellas," from the earliest times to the death of Alexander, by Dr. Evelyn Abbott; "A History of England," by Dr. J. F. Bright: Vol. IV. "Constitutional Monarchy from 1837 to the present time"; "The Social History of England," by Mrs. Creighton, forming a new volume of the "Highways of History"; "Essays on Beda's Ecclesiastical History," by Mr. H. Hensley Henson; "An Introduction to Economic History and Theory," by Mr. W. J. Ashley; a translation of Leger's "Histoire de l'Autriche-Hongrie," by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill, edited by Mr. W. J. Ashley; "A Short Text-Book of Political Economy, with Problems for Solution and Supplementary Reading," by Prof. J. E. Symes, of University College, Nottingham.

Educational Works.—"The Prometheus Vincutus of Aeschylus," edited by Mr. M. G. Glazebrook; "A History of Latin Literature," by Mr. E. C. E. Owen; also, by the same author, "Lectures on Latin Grammar"; "Selections from Latin and Greek Poetry for School Repetition, &c.," edited by Mr. E. H. C. Smith; "First Exercises in Latin Prose," by Mr. E. D. Mansfield; "Elements of Greek and Latin Comparative Grammar," by Mr. T. C. Snow; "Easy Selections from Plato," edited by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick; "Cicero Pro Cluentio," edited by the Rev. W. Yorke Fausset; "Livy, Books XXXI. to XXXIII.," edited by Mr.

George Nutt; "Livy, Book XXXIV.," edited by Mr. A. K. Cook; "Cicero's Verrine Orations: De Supplicis," edited by Mr. A. C. Clark; "An Easy Abridgment of Caesar's De Bello Civili," with Notes, &c., by Mr. Herbert Awdry; "A Latin-English Dictionary," by the Rev. C. G. Gepp and Mr. A. E. Haigh; "Rivington's Annotated Greek Texts: Xenophon," with Introduction, Notes, Vocabulary, &c.; "A History of Greece," for the use of middle forms, by Mr. C. W. C. Oman; "A History of England," for the use of middle forms, Vol. II. from the death of Henry VII. to the present time, by Prof. Mackay, of University College, Liverpool; "A Skeleton Outline of the History of England," for beginners, by Mr. A. H. Dyke Acland and Prof. Cyril Ransome, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds; "Shakspeare's The Merchant of Venice," edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching; "Shakspeare's King Richard III.," edited by the Rev. W. H. Payne Smith; "Scott's Rokeby," edited by Mr. B. W. Taylor; and "Milton's Samson Agonistes," edited by Mr. C. S. Jerram, forming new volumes of the "English School Classics"; "A History of the Early Empire of Rome," for lower and middle forms, by the Rev. W. D. Fenning; "An Elementary Treatise on Chemistry," by Mr. W. A. Shenstone; "A Text-Book on Heat," by Mr. L. Cumming; "An Elementary Text-Book on Heat," by Mr. H. G. Madan; "Elements of Dynamics (Kinetics and Statics)," by the Rev. J. L. Robinson; "The Harpur Euclid," by Mr. E. M. Langley and Mr. W. S. Phillips; "The Elements of Plane and Solid Mensuration," by Mr. F. G. Brabant; "Geometrical Drawing," for schools, by Mr. W. N. Wilson; "A Key to Mr. J. Hamblin Smith's Exercises in Arithmetic"; "Questions on General Information," by Mr. T. O. Sturges-Jones; "Elementary Chapters in Comparative Philology," by the Rev. G. W. Wade; "A Primer of Elementary Law," by Mr. C. E. Jolliffe; "A French Grammar," by M. Eugène Pellissier, consisting of Accidence and Syntax, with Exercises; "Scenes from Corneille's Le Cid," edited by M. Eugène Pellissier, forming the first of a series of "Scenes from French Plays"; "A Class-Book of French Translation, Composition, and Grammar," by M. Eugène Pellissier; "An Introduction to French Literature and French Prose Composition," for advanced classes, by Mr. H. C. Steel; "A First French Writer," for lower and middle forms, by Mr. A. A. Somerville; "Short Stories in French," and "Easy Pieces for French Exercises," by Mr. G. Gidley Robinson. The following works by Mr. F. V. E. Brughera:—"A First French Reader"; "Molière's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Violet le Duc's Le Siège de la Roche Pont"; "Molière's Les Fourberies de Scapin and Le Tartuffe," edited by Mr. A. H. Gosset; "Mérimeé's Colomba," edited by Mr. C. H. Parry; "Malot's Sans Famille," edited by Mr. W. E. Russell; "Daudet's Le Petit Chose," edited by Mr. A. F. Hoare; "Dumas' La Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe," edited by Mr. Cornell Price; "Dumas' Lydéric," edited by Mr. A. K. Cook; "Dumas' Les Hommes de Fer," edited by Mr. J. D. Whyte; "Victor Hugo's Hernani and Ruy Blas," edited by Mr. H. A. Perry; "Voltaire's Charles XII.," edited by Mr. R. H. M. Elwes; "A Book of French Dictation," by M. George Petilleau; "An Easy French Reading Book of Interesting Stories," by Mr. W. E. Russell; "A German Exercise Book," by Mr. W. G. Guillemard; "Schiller's Wallenstein," edited by Mr. R. A. Ploetz; "Schiller's Maria Stuart," edited by Mr. J. L. Bevir; "Selections from Börne's Works," edited by Dr. Hermann Hager; "Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm" and "Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea," edited by Mr. C. C. Perry; "Von Sybel's Die Erhebung Europas gegen Napoleon I.," edited by Mr. G.

Sharp; also, by the same author, an "Elementary French Exercise Book," "A First Book of German Exercises," by Mr. G. J. R. Glüncke; "Hoffmann's Tales from History" and "A Manual of German Composition," by Mr. H. S. Beresford Webb; "An Elementary German Reading Book," by Mr. G. C. Macaulay; "An Italian Grammar," with Exercises, and "A First Italian Reader," by Mr. H. E. Huntington.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

General Literature.—"Lotus and Jewel," a new volume of Oriental poems by Mr. Edwin Arnold; "Death—and Afterwards," by Mr. Edwin Arnold, reprinted with supplementary comments from the *Fortnightly Review*; "Poems and Epigrams," by the late Dr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, with a short memoir by his son; the conclusion of Sir W. W. Hunter's "Imperial Gazetteer of India," forming fourteen volumes in all; "Women and Work: an Essay on the Relation to Health and Physical Development of the Higher Education of Girls and the Intellectual or more Systematic Effort of Women," by Mrs. Pfeiffer; "The Death of Roland: a Poetical Romance," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham; "Alassio: a Pearl of the Riviera," by Dr. Joseph Schmeer; "History of Canada," vol. i., including the period previous to the descent of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico by De la Salle in 1682, by Mr. William Kingsford; "The Icelandic Discoveries of America: or, Honour to whom Honour is due," by Miss Marie A. Brown; "The Sinclairs of England"; "The India Delta Country: a Memoir chiefly on its Ancient Geography and History," by Major-Gen. M. R. Haig; "Japanese Fairy World: Stories from the Wonder-lore of Japan," by Mr. W. E. Griffin, illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio; "Folk Tales of Kashmir," by Rev. J. Hinton Knowles; "Concordance to the Divina Commedia," by Prof. E. A. Fay, of Washington; the "Bankside" edition of Shakspeare, on behalf of the Shakspeare Society of New York; and "Domesday Studies," in two parts, on behalf of the Royal Historical Society.

Philosophy, &c.—In the English and Foreign Philosophical Library—a second edition of Dr. W. Pole's "Philosophy of Music," with amendments and additions; Fichte's popular works, "The Nature of the Scholar," "The Vocation of Man," "The Doctrine of Religion," "The Science of Knowledge," and "The Science of Rights," translated by A. E. Kroeger, with a memoir by Dr. William Smith; also "The New Catholic Church, with Thoughts on Theism, and Suggestions towards a Public Religious Service in Harmony with Modern Science and Philosophy."

Natural Science.—"South African Butterflies: a Monograph on the Extra-tropical Species," by Roland Trimen and Col. J. H. Bowker, vols. i. and ii., containing the Nymphalidae, Erycinidae, and Lycaenidae, with a map and nine coloured plates; "A Short Practical Treatise on the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Cholera," by Deputy Surgeon-Gen. Bellew; "Air Analysis: a Practical Treatise on the Examination of Air," with appendix on Coal Gas, by J. A. Wanklyn and W. J. Cooper.

Philology, &c.—Brugmann's "Elements of a Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages," vol. i., translated by Dr. Joseph Wright; "The Rig-Veda Sanhita," vol. v., translated by W. F. Webster; "The Bhagavad Gītā," with commentary, translated by Mohini M. Chatterji; "A Note on Indo-European Phonology," with special reference to the true pronunciation of ancient Greek, by D. B. Murdoch; "The Origin of Greek and Latin Roots," by the Rev. James Byrne; "A Ten-

tative Chronological Synopsis of the History of Arabia and its Neighbours from B.C. 500,000 (?) to A.D. 679," by Dr. J. W. Redhouse; "A Language Study based on Kantu; or, an Enquiry into the Laws of Root-Formation, the Original Plural, the Sexual Dual, and the Principles of Word-Comparison," with tables illustrating the primitive pronominal system restored in the African Bantu family of speech, by the Rev. F. W. Kolbe; "A Dictionary of the Kongo Language as spoken at San Salvador," in two parts, English-Kongo and Kongo-English, by the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, with an Introduction by Dr. R. N. Cust; "A Grammar of the Kongo Language," with an Appendix of Tales, Proverbs, &c., by the Rev. W. Holman Bentley; "The Fortunes of Words: Letters to a Lady," by Dr. Federico Garlanda; "The Philosophy of Words: a Popular Introduction to the Science of Language," by Dr. Federico Garlanda.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE EARL'S RETURN," by Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), illustrated with photogravures and engravings from drawings by W. L. Tabor—the edition is limited to 250 copies; "Palestine Historical and Descriptive; or, the Home of God's People," by the Rev. W. L. Gage, illustrated with upwards of 150 engravings and maps; "Great Events of the World in Prose and Poetry," edited by Rebecca Warren Brown, with steel frontispiece, &c.; "Pioneer Life and Frontier Adventures," being an authentic record of the romantic life and daring deeds of Kitt Carson and his companions from his own narrative, by DREWITT C. PETERS, Lieut.-Col. and Surgeon, U.S.A., fully illustrated; "Grimm's Fairy Tales," a new translation by Mrs. PAUL, with numerous original illustrations and sixteen coloured plates specially designed for this edition; "The Arabian Nights," a revised edition from the translation by the Rev. G. F. Townsend, illustrated with numerous engravings and sixteen coloured plates; a new edition of "Pepper's Cyclopaedic Science Simplified," with coloured frontispiece, &c.; a finely printed edition of Capt. MARRYAT'S "Poor Jack," uniform with the new edition of "Masterman Ready"; illustrated editions of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe"—both volumes contain twelve coloured plates and illustrations in the text by Ernest Griset and others; a new volume by Silas K. Hocking, uniform in style with "Her Benny," &c.; "A Long Delay," by Thomas Keyworth; cheaper editions of Lady BARKER'S "Stories about Christmas Cake," "Sybil's Book," and "Ribbon Stories"; of Mrs. Valentine's "Kate Duncan"; and of "Katie," by D. Richmond. The following new books for boys will be added to the "Gordon Library," viz.: "Ebb and Flow," by R. André; "The Major's Campaign," by Capt. J. Percy Groves; and "The Pursued," by W. J. Gordon. Homer Greene's stories of mining life, entitled "The Blind Brother" and "Dick the Door-Boy"; "Young England's Nursery Rhymes," after water-colours by Constance Haslewood, printed by Emrik & Binger; "Jappie Chappie, and how he loved a Dollie," by E. L. Shute, with full-page coloured pictures, and many humorous vignettes.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"A DICTIONARY OF LOWLAND SCOTCH; or, the Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language," second edition, revised and greatly enlarged, by Charles Mackay; "Sobriquets and Nicknames," by Albert R. Frey; "Lost Beauties of the English Language; a Dictionary of

Old English," by Charles Mackay; "Morocco: the Land, the People, a visit to the Interior," with six maps, by H. de la Martinière; "Rosmini's Method in Education," translated by Mrs. W. Grey.

The Specialist's Series.—"The Telephone," by W. H. Preece and Dr. Julius Maier; "Galvanic Batteries," by Prof. George Forbes; "Sewage Treatment, Purification, and Utilisation," by T. W. Slater; "Management of Private Electric Light, Installations, and Accumulators," by Sir David Salomons, third edition, revised and greatly enlarged; "Electric Instrument-Making for Amateurs," by S. Bottone.

School Books.—"A Key to Penrose's Easy Exercises in Latin Elegiac Verse"; "The Public Examination French Reader, with a Vocabulary to every Extract," by A. M. Bower; "Spekter's Fäbilen für Kinder," edited, with a phonetic introduction, a phonetic transcription of the text, a grammatical summary, words, and a complete vocabulary, by Prof. F. Lange; an "Elementary German Reader," an "Advanced German Reader," and a "Progressive German Examination Course," by the same author; "Vilmar, Die Nibelungen," edited by C. Neuhaus; the second volume (Spanish-English) of Ponce de Leon's "Technological Dictionary"; "A Compendious Russian Dictionary (Russian-English and English-Russian)," by E. Dolbechaff, in co-operation with Prof. C. E. Turner of St. Petersburg.

MESSRS. BEMROSE & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"God without Religion: Deism and Sir Fitz-James Stephen," by William Arthur; "Official Report of the Church Congress," to be held at Wolverhampton (1887); "Comfort for Small Incomes," by Mrs. Warren, new and revised edition. "Jubilee Reader" (Standards V. and VI.); "The Dog: its Instincts and Usefulness"; "Elephants, and all about them"; "The Horse and its Master"; "The Piper of Hamelin, and other Stories about Rats." "A Manual of Wood-carving," containing upwards of 130 original and selected designs, by W. Bemrose, new and revised edition; "Manual of Buhl-work and Marquetry," with ninety coloured designs, by W. Bemrose, new and revised edition; "The Corporation Plate, Insignia of Office, and Seals, &c., of the Cities and Corporate Towns of England and Wales," by the late Llewellyn Jewitt, edited, and completed with large additions, by W. H. St. John Hope; "Coal Tar Tree Chart," illustrating the various chemical products derived from coal and coal tar, designed in the form of a genealogical tree, including all the more important compounds, together with those formed by chemical treatment, and leading upwards to the varied and beautiful dyes known as the coal tar colours, compiled by Mr. Benjamin Nickels, size 34 by 26 in.; "Map of North Warwickshire, South Staffordshire, and East Worcestershire Iron and Mineral Districts," showing the railways, private railway sidings, the names of firms whose works are situated upon railway and canal, the canals, public wharves, and basins on the canals recognised as depôts for the receipt and dispatch of traffic by the railway companies, gas works, tramway routes intersecting the districts, chief turnpike roads, scale of 3 in. to a mile, size 4 ft. 6 in. by 5 feet; "Three Centuries of Derbyshire Annals," as illustrated by the records of the quarter sessions of the county of Derby, from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Victoria, edited by the Rev. Dr. J. Charles Cox.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

LOVE'S SLUMBERS.

"Quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviscitur!"
Love hied him to the Court and flung him down
Upon a gold-fringed pillow—tired-out Love—
His impish train their light-winged fancies
wove
Round hyacinthine locks and white-rose crown;
Love turned—oft dozed—woke oft—with anxious
frown,
For swift steps that to Lydian music move,
And bawling knaves, and eager wheels that
drove,
Or youth or beauty past, his slumbers drown.
Love fled where babbling streams long sleep
might rock;
'Mong green meads, where the lark prevents the
sun,
And guileless swains come, slept Love on a
fleece,
Or soothed with tuneful pipe the silly flock;
And Love still haunts Arcadia, set at one—
Kind Love—twin hearts, breeding delicious
peace.

M. G. WATKINS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for October wisely puts in the foreground another vividly written article by Prof. Westcott, on the Revised Version of the New Testament. Dr. David Brown follows with his painfully interesting reminiscences of Edward Irving. Whether these are in place in a journal of critical and historical exegesis may be doubted; but their intrinsic value will induce scholars to pardon the irregularity of their admission. The other articles present no features of special interest except to homilists. "Ichabod" will be the regretful verdict of many readers. Perhaps, however, an exception may be made for a brief note by Mr. Chase, on the word *vab* in Eph. ii. 21.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ANDERSEN'S, H. C. Briefwechsel m. dem Grosseherzog Carl Alexander v. Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach u. anderen Zeitgenossen. Hrg. v. E. Jonas. Leipzig: Friedrich. 4 M.
- BABELON, E. Le cabinet des antiques à la Bibliothèque Nationale. 1^{re} Série. Paris: A. Lévy. 3 fr.
- BORDEAUX, R. Traité de la réparation des églises. Paris: Baudry. 7 fr. 50.
- BURTY, Ph. L'âge du Romantisme. 4^e Livraison. Camille Rogier. Paris: Monnier. 4 fr.
- GÉLINET, L. Le Grand-Duché de Luxembourg vis-à-vis de la France et de l'Allemagne. Paris: Jouvet. 3 fr. 25 c.
- GOETHE'S Briefwechsel m. Friedrich Rochlitz. Leipzig: Biedermann. 8 M.
- HEYFELDER, O. Transkaspien u. seine Eisenbahn. Hannover: Helwing. 8 M.
- KELER, O. Reisebilder aus Ostafrika u. Madagaskar. Leipzig: Winter. 7 M.
- KOCHETZKY, M. v. Deutsche Colonialgeschichte. Leipzig: Froberg. 12 M.
- MICHEL, E. Gérard Terburg (Ter Borgh) et sa famille. Paris: Rouam. 3 fr.
- NEUMANN, W. Grundriss e. Geschichte der bildenden Künste u. d. Kunstgewerbes in Liv-, Est- u. Kurland. Reval: Kluge. 6 M.
- RING, V. Deutsche Colonialgesellschaften. Berlin: Heymann. 8 M.
- SAMPTÉ, A. Les chemins de fer à faible trafic en France. Paris: Baudry. 16 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ALBERTI, G. Le corporazioni d'arti e mestieri e la libertà del commercio interno negli antichi economisti italiani. Milan: Hoepli. 6 fr.
- CHAMPOLLION-FRÉAC. Chroniques Dauphinoises et documents inédits pendant la Révolution. Paris: Picard. 6 fr.
- GESCHICHTE der europäischen Staaten. Geschichte der schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft. 1. Bd. Von J. Di-rauer. Gotha: Perthes. 9 M.
- LARGAJOLLI, D. Della politica religiosa di Giuliano imperatore e degli studi ortodici più recenti. Piacenza: Marchesotti. 1 fr. 50 c.
- NAPOLÉON, le Prince. Napoléon et ses détracteurs. Paris: Oilmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
- PRETIT, E. Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne de la race capétienne. T. 2. Paris: Picard. 8 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BÖTTCHER, E. Orographie u. Hydrographie d. Kongo-beckens. Berlin: Haude & Spener. 3 M.
- DENAYEE, A. Les Bactéries schizomycètes. Brussels: Manceaux. 3 fr. 50 c.
- GRBSTÄCKER, A. Das Skelet d. Döglings Hyperoodon rostratus (Pont.). Leipzig: Winter. 18 M.
- HÄHN, G. Kleine Pilzkunde. Gera: Kanitz. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- HARNACK, A. Leibniz' Bedeutung in der Geschichte der Mathematik. Dresden: v. Zahn. 1 M.
- JÄESCHE, E. Werden, Sein u. Erscheinungsweise d. Bewusstseins. Heidelberg: Welsch. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- KATZENELSON, N. Üb. den Einfluss der Temperatur auf die Elasticität der Metalle. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- LEHMANN, O. Das Problem der Willensfreiheit. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- STERNBECK, H. Unrichtige Wortaufstellungen u. Wortdeutungen zu Raynouard's *Lexique roman*. 1. H. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF WORDSWORTH.
Eastbourne: Sept. 28, 1887.

Subjoined is an exact copy of a letter from Wordsworth to Edwin Hill Handley, who had submitted some verses of his to the poet for his opinion upon them. The original was given many years ago to a member of my family by the recipient, and is now in my possession. It has of course never been published. There is a word or two I cannot read, so have I left a dash. The writing of the original is singularly rough and careless, though the expression is so polished.

A. F. WHEELER.

"Rydal Mount, Kendal, October 4th, 1830.

"Dear Sir,—I lose no time in replying to your communication, and will proceed to the point without ceremony or apology. I protest, on your behalf, against the competence of the tribunal whose judgment you are content to abide by. A question of this moment can be decided only by and within the mind that proposes it. Allow me to say that you have reversed the order of judicial proceedings by appealing from the higher (higher assuredly 'quoad hoc') to the lower power. What more then shall I say? That your interesting letter evinces extraordinary power would be obvious to the dullest and most insensible. Indeed, I may declare with sincerity that great things may be expected from one capable of feeling in such a strain and expressing himself with so much vigour and originality. With your verses upon — Abbey, I am in sympathy when I look on the dark side of the subject; and they are well expressed, except for the phrase—'Supercilious damn' (if I read aright), which is not to my taste. And now for the short piece, that contains the "thoughts of your whole life." Having prepared you for the conclusion that neither my own opinion, nor that of anyone else, is worth much as to deciding the point for which this document is given as evidence, I have no scruple in telling you honestly that I do not comprehend those lines; but, coming from one able to write the letter I have just received, I do not think the worse of them on that account. Where any one to show an acorn to a native of the Orcaides who had never seen a shrub higher than his knee, and, by way of giving him a notion or image of the oak, should tell him that its 'latitude of boughs' lies close folded in that 'auburn nut,' the Orcadian would stare, and feel that his imagination was somewhat unreasonably taxed. So is it with me in respect to this germ. I do not deny that the 'forest's monarch with his army shade' may be lurking there in embryo, but neither can I undertake to affirm it. Therefore let your mind, which is surely of a high order, be its own oracle.

"It would be unpardonable were I to conclude without thanking you for not having abstained from expressing your sense of the value of my imperfect, and comparatively unworthy, writings. The true standard of poetry is high as the soul of man has gone or can go. How far my own falls below that no one can have such pathetic conviction of as my poor self.

"With high respect, I remain, dear sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH."

PARIS AND TRISTAN IN THE "INFERNO."

Melbourne, Victoria: Aug. 17, 1887.

There has always been a doubt as to whether Dante intended the Paris of *Inferno*, v., 67, to be the lover of Helen, or the Paris of mediæval romance. The chief argument in support of the latter is that, in the passage referred to, Paris is coupled with Tristan, the hero of the mediæval story of Tristan and Isolt.

It is probable, however, for several reasons, in spite of the collocation, that Paris of Troy, "Sir Paris far renowned through noble fame," was intended; and the following passage from Chaucer's *Legende of Goode Women* (Prologue) is interesting to readers of Dante as seeming to support this view:

"Hyde, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere;
Ester, ley thou thy mekenesse al adoun;
Hyde, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere;
Penelope, and Marcia Catoun
Make of youre wifhode no comparysoun;
Hyde ye youre beautyes, *Yeonde and Bloyne*,
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne."

So far as I am aware, this curious parallel, which was pointed out to me, has not before been noticed.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE NAME "OXFORD."

Nottingham: Sept. 17, 1887.

I have waited for a fortnight to see if any one would expose the nature of the "facts" that Mr. Kerslake fondly imagines justify him in pouring out the vials of his wrath upon Prof. Skeat, Mr. Bradley and myself; and I should not now join in the fray had some one else been willing "to hold himself in contact with the cloud of supercilious and irrelevant positivisms" in which Mr. Kerslake enshrouds himself. But the "facts" upon which Mr. Kerslake takes his stand, as the triumphant destroyer of phonological laws, are of so peculiar a consistency that I feel compelled to draw attention to them.

Mr. Kerslake's ideas of the value of evidence are, to say the least, peculiar. He has the most intense scorn for any documentary evidence, such as Domesday, that conflicts with his pet theories, and yet he is content to entrench himself behind mere assumptions, which he labels as "actual facts." And, while railing at the dogmatism of the scientific etymologists, he is most dogmatic in the enunciation of these "actual facts." From the tone of his remarks one would imagine that these "actual facts" were as well established and as much above question as the multiplication table, whereas they are pure assumptions. They may be probable or improbable, but they are nevertheless assumptions and not facts. Because the "prescript voice-names" of rivers are much older than any of our written documents, the latter are, when they clash with more modern forms that favour Mr. Kerslake's guesses, quite valueless and contemptible. Although he admits that local names may be "qualified," or "slightly varied by caprice of tradition" (in plain English, may become corrupted in the course of centuries), he yet prefers, when it suits him, a modern form to an older one that must come, even on his own lines of reasoning, "from an issue much nearer the source." With all his contempt for "documentary evidence," he does not hesitate to appeal to it when, as in the case of *Exan-ceaster* (where he comes to grief through his inability to discriminate between a stem and an inflection), it seems to favour his theories. In short, Mr. Kerslake is a most eccentric adversary; for so many of his principles are "in perverse conflict" with one another that it is impossible to pin him to any one. It is quite in character that he should, shortly after

indulging in a sneer at my "contemptuous and irrelevant verbosity," treat us to an utterly irrelevant and incomprehensible *farrago* of mixed metaphors about "ripple images," &c., and should scold Mr. Bradley, Mr. Mayhew, and me with an energy worthy of Thersites himself. After these inconsistencies, it is matter for small wonder that he chooses a word of admittedly French origin as a text for a warning against "having our birthright in our own speech adjudicated from us" by such incompetent blunderers as Prof. Skeat, while he is himself endeavouring to make out that a large portion of "our own speech" is Celtic.

I propose to leave the etymological side of this subject out of sight; for Mr. Bradley has effectively settled Mr. Kerslake's latest contentions. But I am really surprised that even Mr. Kerslake should plead that it has "become time that a little of the popular or jury principle should be infused into these matters." If Mr. Kerslake's idea were ever carried out, what a glorious time the perpetrators of "ingenious etymologies" would have! One shudders at the thought of what the standard dictionary of the future would be with its etymologies settled for ever by plebiscite. Perhaps a final text of Shakspeare, as settled by the "intelligent electors," would be an advantage, for it would save us from the flood of frequently foolish emendations with which we are inundated; but the omniscience of the "British democracy" would scarcely be equal to the task of editing the *Ormulum* or Piers Plowman. It is surely a novel theory, even in the poor, ill-used science of etymology, that the opinions of those who have studied the subject scientifically are to be overwhelmed by the votes of men absolutely ignorant of the merest rudiments of the science. Yet this is the consummation that Mr. Kerslake sighs for! But, as a fact, there is to-day a great deal too much of "the popular or jury system" introduced into etymology. A man entirely ignorant of chemistry or botany wisely lets those subjects alone, as Prof. Skeat has well said; but "a man entirely ignorant of the first principles of etymology does not leave the subject alone, but considers his 'opinions' as good as the most assured results of the most competent scholars" (*N. & Q.*, 7th S., iv., 31.) And, if his etymology be ingenious, picturesque, or paradoxical, he will have a larger following among the people than the competent scholar. S. Jerome might have had the tribulations of the scientific etymologists in his mind when he wrote a passage whose opposite character must be my excuse for borrowing it from Ducange (*Praefatio*, § 78):

"Felices," inquit Fabius, 'essent artes, si de illis soli artifices judicarent.' Poetam non potest nosse, nisi qui versum potest struere. Philosophos non intelligit, nisi qui scit dogmatum varietates. Manufacta et oculis patentia magis probant artifices. Nostra quam dura sit necessitas potest animadverti, quod vulgi standum est iudicio; et ille in turba metuendus, quem, cum videris solum, despicias. Hoc praeteriens tetigi, ut eruditus contentum auribus, non magnopere curemus quid Imperitorum de ingenio nostro rumusculi jactitent" (*Ep.*, 26, c. 4).

Dr. Johnson defines a "fact" as "a thing done; something not barely supposed or suspected, but really done; reality, not supposition; not speculation." Now, it is quite impossible to square most of Mr. Kerslake's "actual facts," even when they are "in the native matrix of their own surroundings," with this definition of an ordinary fact. His "facts" are speculations, or inductions that have assumed in his mind the consistency of facts. Mr. Bradley has shown that Mr. Kerslake's "indisputable and typical evidence," his "decisive fact," that "Eurauch = York is situated on that part of the river Eure which

had already, even in prehistoric times, become the Ouse," is only, at the most favourable estimate, a plausible guess. It is, moreover, an assumption, not a fact, that the river-names *Eure* and *Ouse* are identical, and that one had changed to the other, "even in prehistoric times."

Another of Mr. Kerslake's "facts" is that Oxford "already [that is, when it received its English name] contained three churches of Celtic dedication." This is not a fact, but an assumption; and, similarly, it is not a fact, but an assumption, that S. Aldate = S. Eldad; and it is an improbable assumption, not a fact, that S. Ebbe = S. Abban. Now, I maintain that even if these dedications undoubtedly referred to Celtic saints, and if Mr. Kerslake could prove that these dedications existed before the Norman Conquest, it would still not convert his assumption that these dedications existed in (say) the sixth century into an "actual fact." But his dogmatism is so excessive that he considers this "actual fact" strong enough to condemn any documentary evidence that should conflict with it, "even though it should include a paradigm of an Anglo-Saxon grammar"; and he triumphantly holds this up as "another example of the conflicts of philological certainties with actual facts"! In the light of such "actual facts" it is easy to understand Mr. Kerslake's contempt for "documentary evidence." Of a verity such "facts" have only "a treacherous footing in the shifting quicksands" of erratic speculations.

With such ideas of what constitutes an "actual fact," it is not surprising to find Mr. Kerslake's inductions rest upon very shaky foundations. The Abingdon history (vol. ii., p. 155) contains a list of saints' relics possessed by that monastery in 1116. Mr. Boase refers to the fact that this list includes relics of three Breton saints—Winwolaus, Judocus, and Sampson—as evidence tending to prove that a Celtic infusion existed in the population of Oxfordshire. Mr. Kerslake adopts this argument, and gives us some more "facts," viz., that these saints were "Dannonian," and not Bretons, that Columbanus, of Luxeuil, was a "S. Columba of Cornwall," and holds that "when these relics were enshrined there, their names must have been held in local veneration." That is, because a monastery had bought, begged, or stolen the relics of a particular saint, it is "a sound historical induction," or, possibly, even "an actual fact," that that particular saint had a local connexion with the district. If he should happen to be a Celtic saint, it is proof conclusive of a Celtic element in the population. This will appear a most astounding method of manufacturing "actual facts" to anyone acquainted with the miscellaneous character of monastic relics. I do not think a better proof of the absurdity of this contention could be cited than the case of S. Amphibalus, whose relics were enshrined at St. Alban's, who was supplied with the regulation life and miracles, and whose "name must have been held in local veneration when his relics were enshrined there." Yet it is all but certain that S. Amphibalus is merely the *amphibalus* or cloak of S. Alban, whose own existence is not free from doubt. Similarly, the name of S. Ives was undoubtedly "held in local veneration" when his relics were enshrined in Romsey Abbey, and when the village of Slepe changed its name to that of S. Ives. What historic "facts" we might work out from these circumstances, "when certain prejudices" in favour of documentary evidence shall have exhausted themselves! But we find, when we act on these "prejudices," that the very existence of S. Ives depends upon an abbot's interpretation of a simple countryman's dream! See the Ramsey History, p. 114; and we have the

evidence of Malmesbury (*Gesta Pontificum*, 319) that, when these supposed relics were found, "provinciales nec locum sepulchri, nomen Sancti norant." If we turn to the Abingdon list, we shall find that the abbey possessed, in addition to relics of most of the Apostles, portions of the anatomy of S. Cuthbert, who can never have been in Oxfordshire. S. Columba of Iona, and of various Frankish saints, such as Wandregesil, Audoen, Medan, Geneviève, Radigund, Gaugeric, &c. Nothing but the most reckless romancing could lead any one to assert that these saints ever preached the Gospel in Oxfordshire; and there is no reason why Winwolaus, Judocus, and Sampson should be separated from their fellows and exhibited as Celtic evangelists in Oxfordshire. The importation of the relics of Breton and Norman saints began as early as the reign of Æthelstan, who procured, through his friendship with Rollo, the relics of various Breton and Norman saints (Malmesbury, *Gesta Pontificum*, p. 198). Ælfgifu-Emma, the widow of King Æthelred, purchased at Rouen the body of S. Audoen. She gave his trunk to Canterbury (*Idem*, p. 419)—a circumstance that probably accounts for the Kentish dedication to this saint. Malmesbury Abbey became possessed of his head in a very immoral manner (*Idem*, p. 420). This Norman traffic in saints' relics which aroused Malmesbury's indignation, probably accounts for the Breton relics at Abingdon. But, shadowy as is the evidence derived from the accident of a monastery possessing some odd bones of a particular saint, it is comparatively substantial compared with another source of Mr. Kerslake's "facts"—the dedications of churches. There are three dedications to S. Audoen in England; but who would have the audacity to state as an "actual fact" that he preached the Gospel at these places? Following up Mr. Kerslake's system of discovering early historic facts "in the native matrix of their own surroundings," I find that this district must have been converted by S. Leodegar, for we have at Basford a dedication to this saint that can be traced back quite as far as the Oxford dedications. But there are the awkward considerations in the way of this "actual fact" that this turbulent Frank was not addicted to converting the heathen; that he was, so far as we know, never in England; and, finally, that this district was probably converted to Christianity before he was old enough to have participated in the work. If "the conquests of the next fifty years" are to proceed on Mr. Kerslake's favourite lines, the nineteenth century will have little reason to fear a comparison with its successor as regards historical and philological work. I am quite content that Mr. Kerslake should accuse me of wishing to "seal up the very sources of knowledge [!] for the future" by the use of these so-called "laws" of philology. He has brought the same charge, in almost the same words, against Zeuss, when the results of the misguided grammarians' studies came into "disastrous conflict" with some of Mr. Kerslake's "actual facts," so that I am incurring Mr. Kerslake's ban in excellent company.

W. H. STEVENSON.

SCIENCE.

A Dictionary of the Welsh Language. By the Rev. D. Silvan Evans. Part I. pp. 420 (Carmarthen: Spurrell.)

THE appearance of the first part of Mr. Silvan Evans's dictionary forms an era in the history of Welsh lexicography. The volume before me takes in the whole of the letter A, but not more; so it will be seen that the work is on a large scale, at any rate as compared with

anything hitherto attempted of the same kind in Wales. The author's main object is to give a complete list of the vocabulary of Welsh literature, and to fix the meanings of the words given by reference to the passages where they occur. The etymological remarks in it are reduced within narrow limits, which I think is, on the whole, wise and prudent, since it is early as yet to attempt to treat of the origin of Welsh words in anything like an exhaustive manner. Welsh etymology is a subject which can only be successfully attacked with the aid of the other Celtic languages, and more especially Old-Irish. But the discoveries recently made in Irish philology have been so fast following one another that one has as yet scarcely had time to appreciate their full bearing on the study of the kindred dialects. In the meanwhile Mr. Silvan Evans pursues with vigour and precision a work to which his whole life has been devoted, and one for which he is far the fittest man living. When it is finished, it will serve, among other things, to deliver the student from the distrust and feeling of insecurity which must haunt everybody who has occasion to use Pughe's dictionary.

But even subject to the limitations under which Mr. Evans regards himself working, the volume is by no means wanting in very interesting and instructive etymologies. Take, for example, that of the Welsh word *augrym*, which now means a "sign" in the widest sense of that term; Mr. Evans traces it back to the Old-English *augrim*, or *algrim*, which meant "arithmetic," and was called in late Latin *Algorismus*. This in its turn is traced to "Alchoarizam magister Indorum," that is to say, Mohammed ben Musa, who, in the ninth century, wrote a treatise on algebra, which was translated into Latin. Having traced the word to its origin, Mr. Evans follows it down in Welsh through all its modifications of meaning and use to our time. Among words interesting from the point of view of early culture may be mentioned *adail* "to build," *adeilad* "a building," which is analysed in a way that shows the word to have originally referred to the making of a structure of wattling rods, such as are sometimes still used for the roofs of outhouses, and such as I have sometimes seen when old houses in the principality are being pulled down. The volume contains several articles bearing on Welsh mythology, such as *abred*, *afano*, and *Ananrod*, in which the reference to Arthur's court should, however, be cancelled. The terms relating to Old-Welsh law are comparatively numerous; but one of the most interesting of them is that of *Aill* or *Aillt*, which Aneurin Owen renders "villain" in his edition of the laws. I have no doubt as to the etymology of the word; in fact, it is proved by Mr. Evans's quotations. The word is of the same origin as the verb *ailio* "to shave," and *ellyn* "a razor," and an *aillt* was a man whose head had been shaved or tonsured as a sign of his being a bondsman or thrall. Whether the term *Mab Aillt* was synonymous with it, or denoted a grade higher and nearer that of a freeman, is a point which I cannot at present decide. What is otherwise known about Celtic tonsure has been touched upon in my *Celtic Britain*, pp. 73-5; but the term *Aillt* shows that the subject has far more

historical importance than has hitherto been supposed.

It is useless, however, to select articles of interest from a volume whose almost every page contains several, so I will only add a remark to the effect that it gives a good many words borrowed from Latin. The writer of the leading article in the *Times* on Prof. Sayce's address at Manchester has been made, by a slip of the pen, to speak of the total absence of Latin from the speech of Wales, to which I might answer that I have years ago published a long list of such words. Many of them date from the Roman occupation, and occasionally they throw valuable light on the pronunciation of ancient Latin. Take, for example, from the volume before me the Welsh word *addurn*, "ornament," borrowed from the Latin *adorno*. One would in vain ask the average student of Latin whether the *o* of *orn-* in that word was long or short, even if he could be made to distinguish between the length of the vowel and the length of the syllable, or, what comes to the same thing, between *örn* and *örn*. But one knows from the laws of Welsh phonology that the Latin word must have had *örn* before the Welsh word could become *addurn*, and not *addorn* or some like form. Conversely, as it happens to be handed down that the Latin *aratrum* was *arättrum* and not *arättrum*, it is impossible, as some will still have it, to derive the Welsh *aradr*, "a plough," from Latin—not to mention that the other Celtic forms of the word are equally impossible to trace to a Latin origin. However much it may be the fashion to look down on the Aryan farmer of prehistoric times, and however hard it may prove to fix the place of his first home in Europe or Asia, comparative philology, it seems to me, leaves one in no doubt that the Western Aryan at any rate was a farmer of some kind. This digression brings me back to where I started from—namely, the subject of the Welsh words of interest from the point of view of early culture; but it would take up too much space to give here a summary of Mr. Evans's article on *aradr*.

I will only add that I hope it will not be long ere the publication of another part of the dictionary will bring articles of similar interest under the notice of the readers of the ACADEMY. Such a work can only proceed slowly if it is to be done well; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the author may enjoy health and life to finish an undertaking which, besides proving a great boon to Celtic scholars, cannot fail to be an everlasting monument to his diligence and devotion.

J. RHYB.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE "DE VERBORUM SIGNIFICATU" OF VERRIUS FLACCUS.

Oxford: Sept. 26, 1887.

In the first volume of the *Breslauer Philologische Abhandlungen*, Dr. Reitzenstein has recently published an essay entitled "Verrianeische Forschungen," in which he has made valuable contributions towards settling the question of the method pursued by Verrius Flaccus in the composition of his lexicon. This essay deserves the serious attention of all scholars interested in the subject; but I have to complain that Dr. Reitzenstein has, in his introductory remarks, treated me with considerable injustice.

In the preface to his edition of Paulus and Festus, Müller observed four points in the arrangement of Verrius's books as we have them in their abridged form. (1) Each book may be divided into two parts, in the first of which regard is paid not only to the first letter of each word, but also to the second and third. (2) The same word is often interpreted twice over, the writer sometimes giving different explanations in the different places. A word so repeated may occur in the first and the second part of each book, but never occurs twice in the first part. (3) In the second part of every letter we find a series of glosses illustrated from Cato, some from Plautus, and some remarks on religious law arranged together. The quotations from the contemporaries of Verrius Flaccus, Veranius and Antistius Labeo, are to be found at the end of the letters under which they occur; and, like those from Cato, were inserted by Festus from other works of Verrius Flaccus. (4) At the beginning of some letters we find words of religious signification placed apparently by way of good omen, as *Augustus* at the beginning of *A*, *Lucetium Jovem* at the beginning of *L*.

I published two essays on Verrius Flaccus in the first numbers of the *American Journal of Philology*, which I afterwards revised and reprinted, without any important alterations, in my *Lectures and Essays* (1885).

The question between Dr. Reitzenstein and myself only affects Müller's third proposition. With this I expressed disagreement, saying with regard to the quotations from Cato, that it was reasonable to suppose that, as Verrius wrote a book upon Cato, his numerous quotations from that author were the result of his own researches, not taken by Festus from Verrius's book, and afterwards inserted in the abridgment. Dr. Reitzenstein complains that I do not prove my theory. I do not see how it can either be proved or disproved, though I think that Dr. Reitzenstein has succeeded in strengthening the presumptions against Müller's view, which has the support of Gruppe and Hoffmann.

Turning to Müller's notice of the Catonian and Plautine quotations, I said (p. 214):

"The facts elicited by Müller are undeniable, but they are not all. There is another phenomenon which has apparently escaped his notice, and which goes far, in my opinion, towards justifying us in raising the question whether he has hit on the true explanation of the arrangement of the articles in Festus. There are some traces even in the epitome of Paulus, and many more in the large work of Festus, of the fact that Verrius arranged his instances under each letter in successive series, each of which contained glosses headed by citations from the same author. Müller noticed that many of the letters in Festus and Paulus are concluded by a series of examples from Plautus and Cato. But I wish to point out that not only in the second part, and at the end of the letters, but in the first part, and throughout them, there are distinct traces not only of Cato and Plautus, but of many other authors, having been used in the same way."

I endeavoured to prove this by statistics showing the existence of such series of glosses, and added (p. 217):

"It should also be observed that the citations from the poets usually come together, and the same is true of those from the orators, and the books of historical or religious antiquities."

Verrius, I went on to say, probably

"took one author at a time, or commentaries on him, and arranged the notes which he made or extracted in alphabetical order, and the whole of each letter is an aggregate of such separate series of authors. Verrius did not strictly observe an alphabetical order beyond the first letter of the words. His book still bore traces of its origin from separate commentaries, treatises, and monographs. Under every letter there are the clearest

indications, where the hand of the epitomator has left anything but the barest skeleton, that the same authors were cited in single series."

Under the term "authors" I meant, as anyone reading my essay will see, to include not only poets, orators, and historians, but writers on law, antiquities, and religion.

Dr. Reitzenstein dismisses my theory as unworthy of consideration; but I must observe (1) that he does not represent my position accurately; (2) that, rightly understood, my position is essentially the same as that to which his own researches have led him.

1. He says that my reasoning is self-contradictory and leads to no results, because side by side with my own theory I maintain the correctness of Müller's ("er daneben die Behauptungen Müller's als richtig anerkannt"). I do nothing of the kind. I agree, and, so far as I know, everyone else agrees with Müller, that the books of Festus may roughly be divided into two parts; but I expressly said that Müller's other hypothesis as to the arrangement of the books was not based on a sufficient induction, and was, therefore, untenable. My own hypothesis, again, is not exactly what Dr. Reitzenstein represents it to be. I did not go so far as to say that Verrius arranged his books in "regularly recurring series of citations from the same authors" ("in regelmässig wiederkehrenden Reihen"). Dr. Reitzenstein calls my enumeration "flüchtig," by what right I do not know. I can assure him that it cost me a great deal of labour, and that it was thoroughly revised before the essays were reprinted. No doubt, had I been writing a separate book on Festus, I should have strengthened my case by full quotations of the glosses in question; but from various circumstances I was obliged to consult brevity, and to leave my readers to verify my statistics with Festus before them.

2. But what is Dr. Reitzenstein's own theory? His whole argumentation tends to prove the existence, as the basis of Verrius's work, of sets of "gleichartige Glossen in unmittelbarer Verbindung," for which common authorities must be assumed. Again, on p. 22, he says, "Die einzelnen Glossen des uns vorliegenden Werkes bezeichnen oder verraten sich überaus oft als Anzüge aus zusammenhängenden Darstellungen." This is essentially my own theory; but there is a difference between Dr. Reitzenstein's way of going to work and mine. I started from a statement of the number of times the name of an author (say Ennius) occurs within a short space, and inferred from the repetition of the name the previous existence of a series of glosses to the author in question. Dr. Reitzenstein sets himself, by a comparison of glosses under different letters, to prove the existence of homogeneous groups of glosses under each letter, referable to the same authorities. He goes further, and endeavours to analyse some of these groups into smaller ones. He assumes, also (p. 67), that Verrius made the extracts for his different books at the same time; his extracts, I suppose, from his various authors or commentators. He finds no more difficulty than I do in holding side by side with this that each letter in Festus is divided into two parts; but, like me, he asserts the existence of these similar "groups" of glosses, each referable to one authority in both parts (p. 28). I maintain that in its main outlines my theory anticipates his own, though differently stated and differently led up to; and I am unable to see, therefore, why he should treat it as unworthy of discussion.

H. NETTLESHIP.

THE LETTER "SH" ON INDO-SCYTHIAN COINS.
London: Sept. 25, 1887.

Will you grant me space for a short reply to Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie's remarks on the

character $\beta = sh$ of the Indo-Scythian coins and the derivation I had proposed for it?

I do not wish to dwell at length upon the professor's introductory remarks. As they seem to imply a much more accurate knowledge of a most obscure epoch than sober historical criticism can ever hope to recover from the few documents at present at our disposal, the arguments based on them cannot seriously affect my explanation of β . The Scythians, whom Prof. de Lacouperie represents as "strangers in Central Asia, acquainted by mere chance with the current cursive Greek characters," had, as a matter of fact, settled in Hellenised Bactria more than two hundred years before the character which I suppose to be Greek Sampi, utilised for Scythian requirements, made its first appearance on the coins of Kanishka (after A.D. 78). As regards the professor's palaeographic objection, based upon "the violent transition presented by the contemporary forms of the two letters," I will only remark that it is just the contemporary form of Sampi which remains to be discovered.

After the clear evidence of the coins had convinced me of the existence of β as a separate letter in the Indo-Scythian legends, it was inevitable that, in my endeavours to find an explanation for this curious character, I should look to the Ariano-Pali alphabet. The apparent resemblance between β and the Ariano-Pali σ (Ψ) had not, of course, escaped me; but, for reasons which to my mind still appear conclusive, I felt obliged to reject the idea of historically connecting the two characters.

If β had been borrowed from the Ariano-Pali alphabet, not only would this be an isolated example of Arianian influence on the Greek writing of the Indo-Scythians, but it would be most difficult to explain why β should bear a shape so different from that of the contemporary Ariano-Pali σ , which we can follow up by means of coins and inscriptions from the first Scythian invasion of Bactria down to the later times of the Indo-Scythian empire.

But, apart from this objection, the direction of the writing has to be taken into account. Ariano-Pali writing runs from right to left; the Indo-Scythian Greek legends (almost without exception) run, like ordinary Greek writing, from left to right. As the well-known palaeographic principle of shifting the shape of the characters to the opposite side when the direction of writing changes was observed in Indo-Scythian writing,* the Ariano-Pali σ could not have retained in the Greek legends the original position of its component parts, but would have appeared rather like ρ .

As to the phonetic argument of Prof. de Lacouperie, that "the Ariano-Pali letter σ . . . probably represented the soft sound of s in their [the Indo-Scythian] phonesis," it is enough to point out that the β of true "Scythic" words, like KOPANO (Kushan) and BAO (Shâh), is rendered by the character for sh , not by the character for s , in the Ariano-Pali legends of Kadphises and Kadaphes, and also in the inscriptions of Huvishka.

In conclusion, I may remark that the statement of Prof. de Lacouperie, as to $\beta = sh$ being sometimes drawn as P , rests on a misunderstanding. In my original contribution to the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* I had mentioned a few cases in which β appears to represent the sound of r . But of the opposite change I know no example; and Prof. de Lacouperie will find it easy to verify this statement by an inspection of the coins in the British Museum.

M. AUREL STEIN.

* Compare the reversed characters on the rare coins of Huvishka and Vâsudeva, Nos. 15, 34, and 14-18 in the British Museum Catalogue, which have legends running to the left.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE subject of Prof. Church's introductory lecture, to be delivered at University College, London, on Tuesday next, October 4, at 3 p.m., is "Ausonius: Professor, Consul, and Poet." The lecture is open to the public without payment or ticket.

Corrections.—In Miss Lee's article in the ACADEMY of last week, on "A Lithuanian Preacher of the Last Century" (p. 206, col. 2, l. 4 from bottom), for "threshing floor of Josaphat" read "valley of Jehoshaphat." Also in the "Philology Note" (p. 208, col. 2, l. 21) for "m dawt" read "medawt."

FINE ART.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE DATE OF THE PENTATEUCH.

British Museum: Sept. 29, 1887.

I shall be much obliged if you will insert these few lines in reference to the charges of inaccuracy which Mr. Robertson Smith brings against me in his reply to my article in the *Contemporary Review*, "The Date of the Pentateuch"; the reply in the new number being entitled, "Archaeology and the Date of the Pentateuch."

What I wrote as to the mention of "Pul" in the First Book of Chronicles, he does not understand. I admit that my statement is involved. I should have written, not that "Pul" was alone mentioned by the chronicler, but that by him he was alone mentioned in such a manner as to be undoubtedly distinct from Tiglath-Pileser. Further, I should not have maintained that the discovery of the name of "Pul" in a cuneiform list of kings was, other evidence considered, sufficient to prove his separate identity; in other words, that the Assyriologists did not sanction the view I hastily advocated.

Mr. Robertson Smith says that my argument for the minute accuracy of the biblical narrative of the oppression and Exodus, based on Mr. Naville's discovery of the store-city Pithom, moves in a vicious circle. He argues that the fact that Tel-el-Maskhuta is Pithom, not Rameses, destroys the reasoning of Lepsius, that the builder of Rameses, Rameses II., was the great oppressor. Nothing of the kind. Lepsius's argument rests on an identity of name. Naville's discovery proves that the founder of Rameses was also the founder of a store-city Pithom.

Mr. Robertson Smith says that I "forget to mention" that the supposed Israelite names in the list of Thothmes III., occur in "a list of the districts of Palestine which His Majesty conquered at Megiddo," &c. I did not forget that the title reads "Congregatio gentium Ruten superiorum quos clausit rex in urbe Megiddo." (De Rougé, *Rev. Arch.*, N.S., iv. 346; so also Groff, *Rev. Egypt.*, 1885, 95). The rendering "conquered" is impossible.

Mr. Robertson Smith closes with some very strong remarks on my last paragraph. I admit that it is open to misconception by the general reader, which I regret. My intention was to draw attention to the extraordinary scantiness of records *in situ* in Palestine and Phoenicia, and the consequent want of evidence, like that of Greece and Assyria, of a literate people. I was justified in omitting coins, but I was not in omitting the inscription of the Phoenician bowl dedicated to Baal-Lebanon; but if by the inscription of Arak-el-Emir, my critic means the five letters discovered by Count de Vogué, which the scarcity of Palestinian lapidary

records has dignified with the name of inscription, I think I was justified in passing this "inscription" by. We are all fallible, even the critics. It was, therefore, with some satisfaction that I read the following remarks of my critic:

"Hosea began to write before the extinction of the Dynasty of Jehu, and Assyria came into no direct contact with Israel till after that event. The rulers of Israel had, no doubt, as the Assyrian monuments appear to imply, already had occasional relations with the court of the great king; but the first mention of Assyria in the history of Kings (2 Kings, xv. 19) is in the reign of Menahem. Under the dynasty of Jehu Damascus was the all-engrossing foreign power to which every one's eyes were directed."

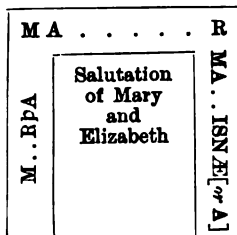
How about the Battle of Karkar, in which Ahab and Benhadad II. fought Shalmaneser, and the tribute of Jehu recorded on the same Assyrian king's black obelisk? It is impossible to understand the politics of the houses of Omri and Jehu without giving full weight to the Assyrian evidence. On this subject Mr. Robertson Smith should be the last man to write without due thought. He and I saw each other's articles in proof. It would have been a great advantage if we had sent our corrections to each other.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

THE RUTHWELL CROSS.

Edinburgh: Sept. 17, 1887.

While in the south of Scotland recently, I visited Ruthwell to see its famous cross, and in the course of my examination I had the good fortune to discover several more runic letters. These letters occur on the raised borders surrounding the panel supposed to contain the salutation of Mary and Elizabeth, and are as shown in the following diagram:



The borders of the next panel, containing the archer, also show traces of letters, but they are too illegible to make out. On the west side the letters which Prof. Stephens and Mr. Hough read "idægiscæf" are clearly "dægis gæt" with part of the perpendicular stem of another letter after *f*. I next examined the top stone to see what remained of the inscription there. The name Caedmon has all but disappeared, being represented only by five faint perpendicular strokes. The other two words, "mæ fæuþo," are quite distinct, with the exception of the last *o* in *fæuþo*, which is not so clear.* Mr. Sweet, in his *Oldest English Texts* objects to this reading of the words as being impossible forms of the pronoun and verb, but nevertheless they are there. No other points of any importance were discovered.

GEO. F. BLACK.

A ROMAN PATERA FOUND AT SOUTH SHIELDS.
South Shields: Sept. 26, 1887.

A few days ago I purchased from the finder a fine Roman *patera* of bronze, six inches in diameter. It had been found at low-water

* In Vigfusson's *Icelandic Prose Reader*, p. 444, the inscription on the top stone is given as "kadma ma fa(or) æuþo." It is difficult to understand where he gets the first five letters, and, besides, he omits the *p* in *fæuþo*.

mark on the Herd Sand, South Shields—a stretch of sand dry at low tide, on the south side of the mouth of the Tyne. The handle is missing, but the shield-like outline where it was affixed remains. In the inside of the saucer-shaped vessel and around a central boss is the inscription—

APOLLINI ANEXTIOMARO M A SAB
which Prof. Hübner, in a note on the subject to be read at the next meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, expands "Apollini Anextio Maro M(arcii) A(ntonii) Sab(ini) servus). Apollo Anextius occurs for the first time. He considers it a local divinity like Apollo Maponus, &c.
ROBT. BLAIR.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT CHESTER.

Liverpool: Sept. 26, 1887.

Since my letter in the ACADEMY of September 24 (in which I referred to the probable existence of a representation of the *ascia* on the second stone named by me in my letter in the ACADEMY of September 17), I have had the stone examined by Mr. Shrubsole, and find that my idea is confirmed. Not only is the *ascia* there, but also what appears to be a *malleus* or mallet. Instead of "two *asciae*," I should have said that there were on the stone No. 5 in my last list (September 24) "an *ascia* and a *malleus*."

It seems also that on the stone No. 3, in list of September 17, there exist on the side representations of what appear to be two *asciae*, a *malleus*, a *ligo* or spade, and a *scalper* or chisel; and we have thus the whole of the implements necessary both for digging the grave and cutting and inscribing the gravestone. This seems to prove that the phrase "sub *ascia* dedicavit," to which the implements refer, was not confined to digging the grave only, as as some have considered, nor solely to sculpturing the stone, as others have thought, but to both combined; and thus the tombstones just found are valuable as illustrating the phrase. The *ascia* occurs also on an uninscribed stone found, on which is said to be the figure of a man hurling a javelin.

The letters P V B appear to commence the first extant line of the inscription No. 5 in the list of September 24. They may possibly refer to the *tribus* of the defunct Pub(lilia), though in that case they are not in the normal position; but they more probably refer to some office he held, e.g., he may have had *Publicani* under his orders. But in the absence of the lost context, it is difficult, if not impossible, to give their real meaning.

Work has for a short time been suspended at the excavation on the walls, but more inscribed stones are, I hear, in sight, and only want dislodging. The question, however, arises, whether the gain to epigraphy be great or not, is it not vandalism to destroy the charm of the walls? Whether they date from A.D. 400, or from A.D. 1646, they are still ancient; and their disintegration, by removing some stones, and recutting the others, takes away every vestige of antiquity.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

[With reference to the ligulate M in the inscription No. 5 in Mr. W. Thompson Watkin's letter in the ACADEMY of September 24, the Rev. J. Hoskyns-Abrahall writes that "this is a well-known representation of the *praenomen* 'Manius.'"]

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE *Art Annual* for 1887 will be devoted to the life and work of Meissonier. The text is from the pen of Mr. Lionel Robinson; and there will be a full-page photographure of "La Rixe," as well as illustrations of many other pictures.

THE autumn exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain will open on Monday next, October 3, in the gallery of the Royal Water-Colour Society, Pall Mall East. The exhibition will remain open daily from 10 a.m. till dusk until November 14. On each Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, it will also be open from 7 to 10 p.m.; and on every Monday evening transparencies will be shown with the society's optical lantern.

THE next examination for certificates and diplomas by the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework will be held at St. Michael's Schools, Picnic, on Saturday, October 29, at 11 a.m. For further particulars apply to the Secretary, 36 Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, N. W.

THE STAGE.

AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

THINGS have not gone very brilliantly with the Théâtre Français of late; and a rapid passage through Paris, towards the end of September, is not likely to permit one to see an "epoch-making" performance. Mdlle. Weber's, in "Hernani," might have been that, but is not, so it seems. For myself, I saw nothing fresher last week than "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier"—the most admirable, it is true, of those comedies in which Jules Sandeau has collaborated with "the Molière of our day." But "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier," however admirable, is not quite so characteristic as one or other of the plays which we owe to Emile Augier's unaided observation and fancy; nor is its interpretation, as a whole, at the present moment as remarkable as it has been aforesaid. Much fascination of manner would always be needed to reconcile us to "Le Gendre" himself—Gaston, assuredly, is but a single remove from a rogue, and we are invited to consider him a gentleman. When such a demand as that is made upon us, there is nothing like the personal charm of a performer to enable us to get over the difficulty, or to pass it unnoticed. M. Delaunay—Gaston's earlier representative—had, for many men and for most women, just that personal charm. To sigh so delicately, one must be full of feeling; to move so graciously, one must be full of virtue—Delaunay led the judgment captive. But the eternal youth—though at last it was but the painted youth—of the French comedian ornaments or makes possible the part of Gaston no longer. The son-in-law of Monsieur Poirier—the aristocrat in facile conflict with the bourgeois—is played by M. Worms; and M. Worms has knowledge, discretion, a measure of fervour: everything, perhaps, but the alpha and omega—everything but charm. Accordingly, there are moments when the character of the son-in-law is disclosed, not only as unsympathetic, but as revolting; and only a small share of such interest as the whole performance retains is due to M. Worms. Delaunay has retired, but Got remains. Monsieur Poirier, the typical bourgeois—solid, affectionate, limited, to whom money-getting is, indeed, a vocation and art but an *agrément*—was always one of the strongest, perhaps, indeed, the very strongest of M. Got's rôles; and M. Got, though he does not throw apparently quite the old energy into the new creation of new

parts, is as forcible and as finished as ever when he finds himself in his old ones. For those who have never seen him act Monsieur Poirier it is as necessary that they should hasten to do so while yet the vigour and delicacy remain intact, as it was that the playgoers of my youth should see Frédéric Lemaitre while yet it was possible for this prince of the melodrama to go without error and with all the familiar verve and devilry through the part of Robert Macaire. In the future, Got's name will be associated with the bourgeois of Emile Augier as irrevocably as that of "Frédéric" with Macaire, that of Jefferson with Rip Van Winkle. The part does not require passion, and Got has never been greatest in passion. But it wants conviction, flexibility, a minute observation of the man of the suburban villa, a perfect intelligence and experience in turning that observation to account; and the result is now, and has been for a score of years or thereabouts, the production, by M. Got, of a genre picture as finished in every detail of gesture, raiment, and expression, as the genre pictures of Wilkie and of Webster. Got's Monsieur Poirier is never very seductive; but it is a masterpiece, nevertheless.

The parts which are next best played are those which are to-day in the hands of M. Barré, M. Roger, and Mlle. Blanche Baretta. Barré has held his part—that of Monsieur Poirier's sensible and broad-minded friend—for a long while already; and he has made it as effective, as sympathetic, and as true as it is possible for it to be. It is the happy lot of the gentleman impersonated by M. Barré to bring back from the ways of prejudice and folly both Monsieur Poirier and his son-in-law; and you have only to see M. Barré in the part for two minutes to feel that he is potent in such a mission. Roger, a minor actor—never extraordinarily good, because he is a minor actor, and never extraordinarily bad, because he is an actor at the Français—plays Vatel, the cook. Vatel is an artist whom the *cuisine bourgeoise* revolts; and it is as an artist of sensibility—a cook and not a servant—that M. Roger manages to represent him. I am told the part has been played still better. That is quite possible; but it is played well. To Mlle. Blanche Baretta falls the only woman's character: that of the virginal young wife of Gaston. When the piece was first performed at the Français—ten years after the Gymnase had produced it—was it not Madame Favart who portrayed the sufferings, the generosity, the womanliness of this young lady? At the Gymnase itself it had been Rose Chéri, an actress wholly simple and sympathetic, who died young, and who could never have become old. Well, Mlle. Baretta is not quite as well fitted as Rose Chéri must have been to present a character which is practically that of an *ingénue*. She has not, perhaps, that degree of simplicity; not quite that youthfulness of spirit. Still, her performance of the part is anything but inefficient. She knows her business, to begin with; is essentially "jeune dame," and is all the better for not being a "grande dame." She has the charm of quietude—can be as still upon the stage as Mrs. Kendal—and wears her dresses admirably. An actress not of genius at all, but of sympathetic talent; and one who even in a part of difficulty may be seen without complaint.

But I said at the beginning, these were not very brilliant days for the Théâtre Français. With Delaunay gone, in something approaching old age; with Sarah Bernhardt gone, in the very splendour of her art; with Coquelin gone, to shine alone elsewhere; with Got creating nothing new with distinction; with the great actor and actress of the future still undeclared and unsuspected; with the wanted genius still missing—under these conditions, as a matter of fact, it is only the enormous prestige, the old tradition of the Théâtre Français which allows it to keep its place. Looked at bluntly, the present place cannot seem to be quite the old one. The Français remains desirable to belong to; interesting always, of course, to visit. But the gulf that separated it from other theatres seems to be narrowing; or, if it is wide still, it is wide not so much by reason of the extraordinary excellence of the performance of any single play as by reason of the existence of the great *répertoire*—the theatre's capacity to present not one thing startlingly, but so many things very well.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

EXCEPT for the production of "Pleasure" at Drury Lane—an immense spectacle, no doubt, with the actors as inevitable accessories—the London theatrical season has as yet made no sign. For revivals are hardly a sign. Of these there have been two, at the least. "A Winter's Tale," in which Miss Mary Anderson appeared in the Midland Counties in the summer, has been put on by her at the Lyceum, with a cast not incompetent, not notably worse than usual, but still not distinguished. An esteemed writer ("W. H. D. A."), who went into the Midland Counties for the purpose, gave to the readers of the ACADEMY, months ago, his impressions of Miss Anderson as Hermione and Perdita. They were not very favourable, and we ourselves have no wish whatever to hold forth on the mistaken diligence of the lady's effort. Miss Anderson should have less zeal, and should attempt only the possible. The Haymarket has another revival. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has assumed intelligent command of a house lately associated with disaster and that had ceased to be interesting. "The Red Lamp" is moved thither from the Comedy, for the most part, with the original cast, but with Miss Achurch just now in the part first played so very ably by Lady Monckton. And Miss Achurch is an actress of very high promise—of resource, of feeling, of charm. There is yet a third revival, or removal rather, though it is not a very recent one. At Poole's Theatre—pending the rebuilding of the Court in its south-western suburb—Mr. Clayton, deserted both by Mr. Cecil and Miss Norreys, presents "Dandy Dick."

Two events are within measurable distance. We will mention what they are, and then the business of chronicling the more important movement at the London theatres will for the moment be done. M. Coquelin, who has just been acting in Bordeaux and Lyons, promises us a visit within about three weeks time. He will appear in a piece of which he reserves the rights, which was written for him, and which fits him—or, to say the very least, fits his ambition—to a T. Alas! it is but at the Royalty—one of the least inviting playhouses in London—that this most noteworthy comedian will appear. The second event will be the re-appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake somewhat later. We shall welcome this with warmth; so indeed will the greater part of the town.

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Cardiff, September 6th, 1887.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660-1690. By John P. Prendergast. (Longmans)

It is now almost forty years since Mr. Prendergast, searching for documents which should help to elucidate that important event in history known as the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland, was at last, after many disappointments, led to the discovery in the Tower of Dublin Castle of that portion of the records of the Commonwealth government which, covered with the dust of many years, had survived the ravages of the Restoration era, and which now, carefully bound and placed within the public muniment office, presents an almost inexhaustible mine of information to those who have the curiosity and courage to enquire into that memorable episode, which, rightly understood, is the key to the whole of modern Irish history.

For the Cromwellian settlement possesses a two-fold significance. It is at once the consummation of a policy and the inauguration of a new epoch. Ever since the days when the first tentative efforts had been made to reduce the O'Mores and O'Conors to "civility and good government" by ousting them from their woods and bogs in Leix and Offaly and by planting their lands with English colonists, it had become year by year more and more the settled conviction of English statesmen that the only way to govern Ireland and prevent the constant succession of rebellions there was by the establishment of a strong English landlord interest in the country. In the opinion of the Long Parliament the rebellion of 1641 had been due, not to the plantation policy in itself, but to the timidity with which it had been carried into execution. The policy of planting Ireland with Englishmen culminated in the Cromwellian settlement, the history of which was for the first time, in all its details, graphically depicted by Mr. Prendergast. But the Cromwellian settlement also marks the beginning of a new epoch—the epoch of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. The state of things then established and essentially confirmed by the Restoration Acts of Settlement remains practically undisturbed to the present day. And for this reason it is important that we should be made thoroughly acquainted, not only with the Cromwellian settlement, but also, in all its details, with the Restoration settlement, for the elucidation of which, we are informed by Mr. Prendergast, there are even more abundant materials at hand, presumably in the Great Carte Collection (which it is to be hoped the University of Oxford will shortly recognise it as their duty to calendar),

than there were in the case of the Cromwellian settlement. In the work before us Mr. Prendergast, though not attempting what we should describe as a *history* of the period, throws not a little light on this subject by means of family sketches, which are, indeed, so full of general interest that our only regret is that he has not entered into it more fully. Unfortunately his excuse, that "the history of Ireland is distasteful to the English public," is unanswerable.

At the time of the restoration of the Stuarts the situation of affairs in Ireland may be thus briefly summed up. With the exception of the province of Connaught, or rather of that portion of it which had been assigned to those Irish proprietors whose claims the Commonwealth government could not altogether ignore, the whole of Ireland was in the possession of loyal Protestant Englishmen, viz., Commonwealth soldiers who had been forced to receive lands there in lieu of their arrears of pay, and "adventurers"—i.e., gentlemen, members of parliament, London merchants, and the like, who had advanced money to the Long Parliament for the suppression of the Irish rebellion (which had been diverted from its original purpose to furnish an army against Charles I.) on security of the confiscated lands. Thus, it is evident the Cromwellians were, so to speak, masters of the situation. But the Cromwellians were divided into two parties: the extreme Commonwealth men like Ludlow and the regicides, who, for their safety, independent of any principles they held sacred, could admit of no compromise with the restored Royalists; and the "moderates" or turncoats, as their enemies would have described them, and perhaps not unjustly—like Sir Charles Coote, Lord Broghill, and Sir Theophilus Jones—who, foreseeing the doom that was about to overtake the Commonwealth, were anxious to secure their own properties by making reasonable terms with Charles II. The latter, it is needless to say, though at first they did not realise their own strength, being the more powerful, carried the day. The condition of their support—security for their possessions—was conceded by Charles in his letter from Breda, and confirmed by the Act of Settlement. Sir Maurice Eustace, and the Irish officers who had loyally trailed their pikes for Charles on the continent, after fighting valiantly for him at home, might well exclaim against the manifest injustice of a compact whereby traitors, and not loyalists, were to be rewarded; but unless Charles was prepared for their sakes—for the sake of his promises—to venture on a fresh reconquest of Ireland, the restoration of the old proprietors was simply an impossibility. The ultimate consequences of the compact were, however, not as yet anticipated, and for the nonce all was bright and hopeful. By the Declaration of November 30, 1660, the English were to keep all they had acquired, the Irish to be restored to all, or nearly all, they had lost. Of course, as Mr. Prendergast puts it, the thing was a mere "juggle."

"If," said Ormonde, "the adventurers and soldiers must be satisfied to the extent of what they suppose intended them by the Declaration, and if all that accepted and constantly adhered to the Peace in 1648 be restored, as

the same Declaration seems also to intend, there must be new discoveries made of a new Ireland, for the old will not serve to satisfy these engagements."

But, in truth, the services that the Irish had rendered to the monarchy were as yet too fresh in the memories of all to allow them to be openly neglected; and accordingly it was pretended that there would be an immense fund for repressing such Cromwellians as should be put out for king's friends by the estates of fanatics and regicides, by forged debentures, and false admeasurements. The fallacy soon became manifest, and the Declaration of November 30, 1660, was followed by the Act of Settlement of September 27, 1662, classifying and restricting the claims of the Irish who were to be restored to their estates. But even this arrangement, disqualifying though it did numbers of Irishmen who had faithfully served the king, proved unsatisfactory. For when the court for hearing claims was opened, so numerous were the claims to innocency that the Cromwellians, trembling for their estates, prepared to resist any attempt to extrude them from their newly acquired possessions. In the House of Commons they even ventured to charge the commissioners for hearing claims with having a design to destroy the English Protestant interest in Ireland. And so, though it had only sat seven months, and though scarcely a tithe of the claims had been heard, the "Court of Irish Innocents," as Mr. Prendergast aptly calls it, was closed on August 21, 1663. Two years afterwards the Cromwellians consented, in order that a final settlement might be obtained, to surrender a third of their estates so as to enlarge the fund for reprisals. This concession formed the basis of the Act of Explanation of December 24, 1665. For a moment, but only for a moment, were the hopes of crowds of expectant Irish widows, orphans, and soldiers raised. But when the final court of claims closed, it was found that only sufficient land remained for the satisfaction of those "innocents" whose claims had already been heard. Six thousand Irish who had filed their claims of innocence found the door finally closed on them, and thus ended one of the many tragic scenes in Irish history. Well might Swift, with bitter irony, describe the Irish as the most loyal fools in Christendom! The sufferings of some of these "innocents" whose claims could not be heard "for want of time," and of the ensign men, to whose services both at home and abroad Charles acknowledged himself deeply indebted, are heartrending. But the limited space at my disposal will permit me to give only one of these incidents of family history, which, as I have already said, give to this book its chief interest:

"Col. Charles MacCarthy Reagh, of Kilbrittan Castle, near Bandon, in the county of Cork, was once the owner of a principality. . . . Col. MacCarthy had married the sister of the Earl of Clancarty, Ormonde's brother-in-law. He was named among the ensignmen as having served the king in foreign parts; but, finding no provision made for the ensignmen in the Act of Explanation, he besought Ormonde to save from utter ruin an ancient loyal family related to his Grace. He (Col. Charles MacCarthy), his wife and their seven children, were (he said) in a most sad and deplorable condition

himself and his wife and some of his children being forced for want of means or habitation to repair to Dublin, where they were then destitute even of necessary clothes to appear in, not having penny or penny's worth to relieve them; but, in the words of truth (added Col. MacCarthy), in a condition ready to perish with starving; and such of them as were in the country, he said, had no other being or subsistence than wandering from house to house looking for bread."

Luke Sedgrave, of Killeglan, whose civility and loyalty were attested by Sir Thos. Harman, captain of Ormonde's Life Guard, was unable to have his claim of innocence heard for lack of time. Killeglan had been set out to Henry Cromwell for his arrears, and the Duchess of Ormonde had besought the king on her knees that he might be allowed to retain all his lands in return for his kindness to her and hers during Oliver's reign. Luke Sedgrave being dead in 1675, his widow, "a virtuous woman of a constantly loyal family," according to the Bishop of Ferns, "wandered with her children in poverty without jointure or relief."

The question naturally suggests itself—What became of all these unsatisfied claimants? Some, no doubt, returned to the Continent and enlisted in foreign armies; some became tenants on the lands that had once been their own; some, too, were "ranging, the Lord knew where, having not a bit to put in their mouths;" while others, driven wild by the treatment they had received, took to the woods and turned torie. One of the many deplorable effects of the English rule in Ireland has been the creation at intervals of a class of social outlaws—tories or rapparees, as they have been called at different times—who have ever been ready, in revenge for the injuries they have received and in the expectation of recovering their old positions and estates, to foment, and to take a desperate part in, any movement that offered to convulse the state. During the stern and vigorous government of the Commonwealth the tories had practically been exterminated; but shortly after the Restoration a new race sprang into existence, the offspring, for the most part, of the dispossessed gentry, who were "nussled up" by their priests and followers in the belief that they would one day recover their ancestral lands, and who for more than thirty years continued seriously to menace the peace of the state. The most stringent laws were passed against them. Wherever they were found they were shot down without mercy. But all, seemingly, to no purpose. "Would to God," said Orrery in 1664, "we had some vent for the many loose people who, having served abroad, will not work at home, and, therefore, live upon robbery to the great detriment of the public." On January 16, 1666, the year of the great tory rebellion, Sir Thomas Harman informed the Earl of Ormonde that a hundred of them, under the command of one Anthony Kirwan, had appeared at Leighlin Bridge in the County of Carlow. Some twenty years later the town of Macroom was pillaged and burnt by a body of tories in retaliation for the prosecution and execution of some of their kinsmen by its inhabitants. At the time of the Revolution they played an important part, and formed no inconsiderable portion of James's army. In 1695 a law was made whereby any tory killing

two other proclaimed tories was entitled to a free pardon, for all former crimes except murder; and, in 1718, the like immunity was extended to any tory who had killed one of his fellow tories. These laws only disappeared in 1776. Some of the incidents in this tory warfare, narrated by Mr. Prendergast, are full of interest: that, for example, of Redmond O'Hanlon or Count O'Hanlon, "the incomparable and indefatigable tory," who seems to have enlisted the sympathy of the daughter of the redoubtable Dr. Henry Jones, Bishop of Meath and Scoutmaster General under the Commonwealth. But, stranger even than those of O'Hanlon, were the adventures of the "Three Brennans," tories of the county Kilkenny, who, after robbing his majesty's good subjects of £18,000 and upwards, escaping from the gallows in Ireland and the jail in Chester, and committing various other depredations, among them robbing the lord lieutenant himself, were eventually received into protection. The whole story reads more like one of Harrison Ainsworth's romances than a sober page of history. The tory race died hard; and it is no wonder, as Mr. Prendergast remarks, that the name of tory and the sport of tory-hunting should have become familiar words in Ireland. He himself, as he tells us, well remembers how his grandfather used to sing for the amusement of his children:

"Ho! brother Teig, what is your story?

I went to the wood and shot a tory,

I went to the wood and shot another:

Was it the same or was it his brother?

"I hunted him in and I hunted him out,
Three times through the bog and about and about,

Till out of the bush I spied his head,

So I levelled my gun and shot him dead."

Mr. Prendergast says that Irish history is distasteful to English readers. Perhaps it is; though, at the same time, I think there are not wanting signs of a more careful and more appreciative study of it on the part of English historians; and to them, and even more to the political student, such books as the *Cromwellian Settlement* and these present historical sketches of Ireland from 1660 to 1690 are simply invaluable. R. DUNLOP.

THE ELIZABETHAN NOVEL.

Le Roman au Temps de Shakespeare. Par J. J. Jusserand. (Paris: Delagrave.)

M. JUSSERAND's high reputation as one of the very first English scholars of France will lose nothing by the present volume. He is perhaps best known as an accomplished and agreeable guide to the highways of Old England, more particularly to that most famous of them which Chaucer's pilgrims thrived with their unbroken chain of tales. He now offers us his guidance along that highway of literature in which the *Canterbury Tales* themselves form the brilliant and alluring starting-point, but which is otherwise of second-rate attraction, and rarely even by native pilgrims trodden from end to end. The Elizabethan novel, which forms the central subject of M. Jusserand's study, has in fact suffered much the same fate at the hands of the literary historian and of the contemporary reader. It has been overshadowed by the Elizabethan drama, for which it prepared both the mate-

rials and, in some degree, the method. With its sporadic and spasmodic brilliance, its starchy enthusiasms, its academic passion, its tormented eloquence, it was a *Fehlgriff*—a tentative and, in the main, infelicitous effort of the Elizabethan genius to find its natural medium; and the drama, which offered that medium, drove it from the field. The novel was in fact beaten in the struggle for existence. Its most fascinating page was closed, at the best, in very good time for the afternoon visit to the play; and it paled at length before a form of art which, in its most unlearned mood, was more like life than the romantic Arcadia of Sidney, and which was able, moreover, to borrow for itself the woodland charm of pastoral, and the high debates of Euphuism, and animate them with that fire of nature and of passion of which neither Lyly nor Sidney knew the secret. Moreover, the authors followed the readers. Lyly followed up his first dazzling success in the novel with a series of plays; and Greene and Lodge presently initiated their master in making the same transition to an art which, in addition to its other attractions, was better paid.

The matter is well and clearly arranged in six chapters, the first and last of which, on the romance "before" and "after" Shakespeare, serve as prologue and epilogue to the discussion in the intervening four of Lyly, Greene and Lodge, Sidney and Nash. The first chapter sketches—but only sketches—the "origin" of the romance. This is not the best part of M. Jusserand's book; for his gift is rather literary than historical, and the historical treatment of the romance offers peculiar difficulties. It is not a closed and well-defined domain, like the drama, but an expansive territory, opening on every side into allied regions, from which it is only divided by an invisible line. M. Jusserand is perhaps inclined to draw this line within too narrow limits, and to ignore too much all that lies without it. He has the French instinct for drawing distinctions rather than the German instinct for discovering relations; he shows more eye for congruity than for kinship, and treats his subject rather as a curiosity from which all alien matter is to be carefully detached than as an organic growth which is understood the better by help of the soil that clings about its roots. It is obvious, for instance, that the distinction of verse and prose is not at all of primary importance in the history of the novel; in other words, that no historian of the modern narrative in prose can rightly ignore its mediæval representatives in verse. Yet M. Jusserand is more than half inclined to insist upon this distinction. He gives us a few inevitable pages, it is true, on the Middle-English romance-cycles, and even carries us back "presque au déluge" in order to announce that "l'étrange poème de *Béowulf*" is the "oldest of English romances." On the other hand, the Middle-English *conte* is illustrated not from Chaucer or Gower, not even from such earlier scattered specimens as the *Lady Siris*, but from a brief and insipid prose anecdote of Richard Rolle of Hampole. That so accomplished a student of Chaucer should have thus sternly ruled him out of court may be heroism, but it is hardly scholarship. And when we are told that his *Troilus and Cressida* "si elle était en prose, serait le premier vrai roman d'Angleterre," we are

forced to remember that this honour has already been conceded to the Old-English epic poem, the language of which is certainly far more remote from prose than Chaucer's, far more persistently imaginative in detail, if also far less luminous and coherent in the mass. In spite of qualities of style which give it an imperishable place in the history of English poetry, *Troilus and Cressida* is assuredly inseparable also from the history of the English romance; it belongs to it as closely as Clough's *Mari Magno* to the contemporary novel.

It is probable, again, that the original destination of these chapters, as introductory to the classical period of the English novel, has been not altogether favourable to their success as an independent treatment of the novel of Elizabeth. M. Jusserand frankly announces that he is here concerned only with such literature as has left its lasting mark—with the "ancestral" books whose "grandsons and daughters," as he prettily puts it, are still alive and cherished among us. This method has its obvious advantages and disadvantages. Lyly appears in a new and suggestive light as a precursor of Richardson, whose didactic pedantry and insensibility to the poetic aspect of love he shared, while wholly wanting his power of construction and his pathos. And we probably owe to M. Jusserand's desire to find an Elizabethan parallel for Fielding and Smollett some part at least of the admirable chapter in which, for the first time, justice is done to Nash's *Jack Wilson*. Yet the historical link between the two groups is in reality of extreme tenuity. The fashionable novels of the sixteenth century enjoyed, in the eighteenth, at the best, a barren *succès d'estime* in the literary world; and they were fortunate if they found their way to those purlieus of St. Aldermay's where their dainty phrases were reprinted on coarse paper and in coarser type, to be laboriously spelled out by servants and apprentices. Richardson's *Pamela* takes its title from a book to which it assuredly owed little else; and in *Clarissa*, characteristically enough, it is a cook who is found reading Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*. And, on the other hand, the continual juxtaposition of the finished eighteenth century types with the pale and rude Elizabethan sketches tends to obscure the relation of the latter to their own time. The Italian novels which, from Lyly's birth to the appearance of *Euphues*, held literary England under their spell are barely referred to. The popular prose romances are deliberately ignored. The *Euphues* and the movement which it led must, indeed, be considered as in some sense a literary revolution against the former, pitting the pseudo-stoicism of Guevara's *Aurelius* against their ardent sensualities, and his affectation of rural sentiment against their complacent worldliness. Lyly's own conceptions of plot are nevertheless perceptibly coloured by them; and this is still more obvious in Lodge and Greene, the *dénouement* of whose *Philomela* is closely copied, as every reader must have noticed, though we do not remember to have seen any such notice recorded, from the well-known *Titus and Gysippus* of the Decameron. We must express a wish, by the way, that M. Jusserand had given us the more detailed account of Greene's novels, of which he is so eminently capable. This has never yet been done, for the Russian biography familiar to

Mr. Grosart's subscribers is not, on its literary side, much more than a full summary of their contents. But we are, after all, inviting M. Jusserand to follow a way along which he has politely but decidedly declined to go; for it must be admitted that Greene, as a whole, is not precisely "cherished," even by the most literary of contemporary cooks.

Our cavillings, it will be seen, concern rather M. Jusserand's method than his performance. We wish he had given us something more; but what he has given us is, in its way, exceedingly good, and unapproached by any account of the same subject, as a whole, known to us elsewhere. It is full of unobtrusive scholarship and lightly borne learning. It combines the ease and crispness which we expect of a good Frenchman—and for the most part find—with the accuracy which we find less often, and do not, perhaps, very definitely expect. We trust it may shortly appear in translation.

C. H. HERFORD.

Our Hundred Days in Europe. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Sampson Low.)

IN his essay on *Addison*, Macaulay speaks of certain privileges enjoyed by good writers, one of which he holds to be that when "from one cause or another," they fail, they "shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors, but shall be merely reminded by a gentle touch like that with which the Laputian flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake." Dr. Holmes seems to have been himself troubled with doubts about the quality of his latest book. After completing the very first chapter he begins his apologies:

"The reader who glances over these papers, and, finding them too full of small details, and the lesser personal matters which belong naturally to private correspondences, turns impatiently from them, has my entire sympathy and goodwill. He is not one of those for whom these pages are meant. Having no particular interest in the writer or his affairs, he does not care for the history of the 'migrations from the blue bed to the brown' and the many Mistress Quicklysisms of circumstantial narrative. Yet all this may be pleasant reading to relatives and friends."

Not feeling quite assured that even this will suffice to justify his book, he returns to the subject later on, and devotes a portion of the concluding chapter to an explanation "Why this record is printed." These papers, he says with emphasis, "are written for friends rather than for a public which cares nothing about the writer." The words with which he closes the book indicate the still lingering doubt: "I hope I need never regret giving to the public the pages which are meant more especially for readers who have a personal interest in the writer."

To tell the truth, there was very good cause for Dr. Holmes's anxiety. Had he printed his book for private circulation or indicated in some unmistakable way that it was a work of limited interest, and thus warned off unwary buyers, he would have been excused; for the author of the "Breakfast Table Series" has far more friends and readers who have a "personal interest" in

him than could be reached by private correspondence. But, as it is, the book having been announced in the usual way, and published and offered for sale in America and England as a new and important work by Dr. Holmes, assuredly the general reader has a good right to complain. I myself have a very hearty interest in the author of such-valued books as *The Autocrat* and *Elsie Venner*; and his doings and welfare cannot be indifferent to me. But I must say this book about his visit to Europe thoroughly disappoints me. I did expect that so acute an observer of men and manners would say instructive and entertaining things about my fellow country-men and women, even in his semi-private correspondence. He was in England fifty years ago; and, coming again after such an interval, surely his imagination should have been stirred by the changed England of to-day, so that he would carry away some valuable and suggestive impressions to be put on record. Certainly, he tries to recal emotions—about Stratford-on-Avon and Stonehenge, for example—which, no doubt, he felt when he was on the spot; but, making "copy" for the *Atlantic Monthly*, his attempt to work them up again in his study at Boston, is far from successful.

What, then, has he to tell us? That he went into London society and was made a great fuss over; that after society had gone out of town he wandered about the streets, looked into the shop-windows and did a little shopping; that he visited Salisbury, Brighton, Stratford-on-Avon, Edinburgh, Paris, &c., and that he felt always that he was being treated as a distinguished visitor. He was received so cordially and entertained so well that we cannot wonder that England and English life are pleasant in his eyes. If his visit was not precisely as it is described by his American publisher—"a triumphal procession through literary and social England"; if he was not "for the time the one man whom England delighted to honour," at any rate, in a limited circle, he was one of the minor lions of a season. From his particular point of view his visit was certainly a success. He was introduced to the Prince of Wales and the "lovely youthful-looking Alexandra," and travelled in their special train to Epsom; the Princess sent her album for him to write a verse in; he attended a garden-party given by "the always affable and amiable" Princess Louise; he chatted, unawares, with Prince Christian, and because he was not snubbed, thought to himself—"You are a Christian prince anyhow if I may judge by your manners." The lords and ladies of high degree with whom he had intercourse include an archbishop and a duke, several marquises, bishops, barons and baronesses, whose names are all enshrined in his book. Finally, an invitation reached him to "meet her Majesty" at a garden party; alas! too late: he was on his way home. "I know full well," he remarks, "that many readers would be disappointed if I did not mention some of the grand places, and bring in some of the grand names that lend their lustre to London society." As it is, they will surely be satisfied. He was quite in his element, for "it is really much easier to feel at home with the highest people in the land than with the awkward commoner who was knighted yesterday." Henceforth, his

old enemy, the New England deacon, who says "Haöw's your haälth," will be quite intolerable to him.

Is there, then, nothing in this book worthy of our excellent autocrat? Yes, here and there we have glimpses of his old genial and instructive humour, which show us what the whole of the work should have been, and indicate that the present failure is not due to any decay of the author's powers. True, he often closes his eyelids and startles his household by saying, "Now I am in Salisbury," or, "Now I am in Stratford" (p. 194); but for my own part I only regard what appears at first sight to be nervous apprehension on their part, as evidence that his friends are of the same impressionable temperament as the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus. Dr. Holmes certainly ranks among "good writers"; as certainly he has failed in his present work. Bearing well in mind the treatment recommended by Macaulay, I have thought it right to take upon me the humble office of the Laputian flapper, and, by a gentle touch, to warn him that it is high time for him to wake.

WALTER LEWIN.

Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. By Henry T. Finck. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

THE title of Mr. Finck's work is a little misleading. The word romantic is commonly associated with something exceptional and abnormal; and romantic love is a name generally appropriated to the passion entertained for one another by two persons who are separated by great material or social obstacles, and who, by their high qualities, prove themselves on a level with the difficulties of the situation, thus justifying the intensity of the feelings that have drawn them together. From the very nature of things, such love must always be as rare in real life as it is abundant in literature. It is the prerogative of daring and delicate natures, which are neither the best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence, nor to transmit their characters to a numerous and healthy progeny. Out of harmony with the society into which they are thrown, "gey ill to live wi'," as old Mrs. Carlyle said of her son Tom, they are often unable to bear the restraints of married life even when mated with the companion of their choice, and not the less so if that companion is as high-spirited, as exacting, and as intolerant of opposition as themselves. Still more, if the passion is directed towards unlawful or unattainable objects, is it at war with the very conditions of a healthy and progressive civilisation.

Mr. Finck, on the other hand, understands by romantic love the passion which precedes and leads up to, but never survives, the marriage of any two young people whose union is the result of mutual choice and affection. It is essentially pre-nuptial—"the adoration of a maiden by a youth." We are never told, in so many words, that the passion cannot be felt by a widower or for a widow; but the whole tenor of the work seems to imply that such is the author's opinion. Anyhow, romantic or not, the feeling in question is ordinarily found among marriageable young people; and we may admit that only as enter-

tained by or for them is it very intimately connected with the general interests of mankind, though from this point of view Mr. Finck seems considerably to exaggerate its importance and novelty. He describes it as "one of the greatest (if not the greatest) moral, aesthetic, and hygienic forces that control human life" (i., p. 46); and as "almost as modern as the railway, the telegraph, and the electric light" (i., p. 288). Only allow young people to mix freely together, and to choose their mates according to purely personal preferences, and the result will be a beautiful, healthy, high-bred, intellectual, and happy race.

This philosophy is evidently inspired in about equal proportions by Darwin's theory of sexual selection (with some assistance from Schopenhauer), and that extremely good opinion of their civilisation and its products entertained by most Americans; for I suppose it may be assumed that Mr. Finck is American either by birth or adoption. His name indicates a German extraction, and there is a good deal of the German passion for systematisation about his method of working. Unfortunately, instead of the rigour of German logic and the profundity of German knowledge, it is accompanied by a looseness of reasoning, a superficiality of information, and an inaccuracy of statement which politeness forbids us to associate with any nation in particular. Thus, in analysing the emotions which, when combined with the sexual instinct, go to make up romantic love, and which by a very fanciful analogy with Helmholtz's theory of sound-colour he calls its "overtones," Mr. Finck reckons among the number "gallantry" and "self-sacrifice," which are not emotions at all but dispositions of the will, and "hyperbole," which is a belief; while hope, a most prominent and distinctive element, is altogether omitted.

In all cases we may readily concede to the author that gallantry and aesthetic admiration, the "overtones" on which he lays most stress, are very important elements of amorous passion in its intensest manifestation; and also that of these two gallantry is a comparatively modern development. How modern is another and very interesting question, to the solution of which Mr. Finck's historical scholarship seems scarcely adequate. A writer who evidently believes that King John of France was taken prisoner at Agincourt (ii., p. 204) inspires us with little confidence as an authority in this line. Still more unsafe is it, in dealing with the past, to take as our guide one who betrays a manifest tendency to exalt the present at the expense of every former age. Undoubtedly love occupies a very subordinate place in biblical and classical literature; but why, without any knowledge of Hebrew, make the English translators responsible for the fervid splendour with which the Song of Songs gives utterance to that sentiment (i., p. 113)? The passage quoted to illustrate this assumption (chap. viii., vv. 6-7) is most faithfully, and even literally, rendered in the Authorised Version with the exception of a single clause, where the words translated, "jealousy is as cruel as the grave," really mean "passion is as inexorable as Sheol"; and, as this misconception dates at least from the Septuagint, there can be nothing specially

modern or English about it. In the section on Greek love we miss any reference to the famous chorus, "Ἔρως ἀνικατὲ μάχαν"; in that on Roman love the beautiful line of Tibullus,

"Non ego sum tanti ploret ut illa semel,"

which expresses more chivalrous feeling than all the poetry of Ovid put together, is similarly ignored.

That the modern respect for women originated in the later Middle Ages, and was even pushed to extravagant lengths during that epoch, Mr. Finck does not attempt to deny; but a writer on romantic love might well have given a somewhat deeper study to the causes of so vast a revolution. In the thirty pages devoted to mediæval love there is not a trace of original research; and the farrago of quotations from contemporary essayists, of which these pages are chiefly made up—as, indeed, is much the greater part of the whole work—does not even embody the best available information on the subject. Apparently the author's attention has never been drawn to that most interesting and suggestive chapter of the *History of Civilisation in France*, where Guizot connects the chivalrous feeling towards women with the exalted and commanding position occupied by French *châtelaines* in feudal times during the frequent absences of their lords—a phenomenon altogether independent of Christianity and even antagonistic to its influence. Following up the line of reflection thus opened we may see that gallantry and respectful behaviour towards women—so far from being, as Mr. Finck holds, a generalisation from the conduct of lovers towards their mistresses—has, contrariwise, been imposed on lovers by a change in the position of the sex due to political and economical forces. And if we are to expect a continuation of the same movement it will probably be effected less by the sentimental intercourse of boys and girls than by the further political and industrial emancipation of women, which is just what Mr. Finck contemplates with most alarm and disgust.

So much for gallantry. Let us now turn to aesthetic admiration, which, according to Mr. Finck, is already the most prominent element in love and is destined to still greater importance in the future. Where unrestrained intercourse between the young of both sexes is permitted wives will be chosen for their beauty, which, together with the good constitution of which it is most frequently an index, will be transmitted to the children, by which process a healthy, handsome, and happy race will in time be formed. Even couples without much to boast of in the way of good looks, having been drawn together by the attraction of complementary qualities, will neutralise each other's bad points and leave behind them a progeny superior to themselves. Here we have the well-known doctrine of Schopenhauer without his pessimistic principle that in love-matches the happiness of the parents is sacrificed to the physical perfection of their offspring. For, as our author shrewdly observes: "Is it not more conducive to conjugal happiness to know that one has lovely children and that the race is increasing, than to have ugly children and to know that the race is dying out?" (ii., p. 72). America, and to a less extent England, are the standing

verifications of this view. To which country the aesthetic palm should be adjudged is a question never very clearly decided, but each in turn comes in for lavish praise. "The Americans have the most beautiful children in the world" (ii, p. 72). "The English are beyond all dispute the finest race in the world, physically and mentally" (ii, p. 430). In each instance love-matches have to be thanked for the result. The beauty of the lower classes in Italy and Spain is due to the same cause; while an effective counterproof is supplied by France, where both romantic love and personal beauty are rarer than in any other country. Mr. Finck, indeed, omits no opportunity of trampling on the unfortunate French nation; and he even goes the length of saying, what is shamefully untrue, that "the only love depicted by French novelists and playwrights is the adulterous love of a faithless wife" (i, p. 310). After all, however, these distinctions are purely relative, since "pretty girls are so rare that they are almost sure to be spoiled by flattery" (i, p. 249); and "most women are ugly and ungraceful" (ii, p. 198) even in England and America. Perhaps the selective process has not been in operation sufficiently long to work out its full possibilities; but is it not just conceivable that part of the rapturous homage now paid to beauty may be due to its extreme rarity, and would, if it became much more common, be transferred to other distinctions?

Of course, nobody will deny that the habit of marrying for beauty has a tendency to embellish the race. It is another question whether this result is mainly secured by sexual selection; whether, among the highest races, sexual selection is mainly determined by personal beauty; whether, if so, it is a tendency that deserves to be encouraged. Mr. Finck himself seems to agree entirely with Mr. Wallace, as against Darwin, in attributing the aesthetic superiority of the males among the lower animals not to the aesthetic choice of the females, but to the greater vigour developed in an incessant contest for their possession. He also holds that health is a prime cause of good looks among human beings, and mental refinement another. He would admit that the physical and intellectual superiority of one nation or class over another has sometimes been won through causes unconnected with its marriage customs. Thus the great moral and material advantages enjoyed by the English and Americans, and denied to most, if not to all, continental Europeans, may, for all he shows to the contrary, have more to do with their greater beauty, supposing it to exist, than has their freedom from chaperonage.

To many persons this whole view of love, as mainly determined by admiration for personal beauty, will seem a somewhat degrading one. Such a phrase as that "the capacity for feeling romantic love is dependent on intellectual culture, and increases with it" (ii, p. 56), will not do away with the general impression conveyed by the whole work that mental culture possesses no erotic value except through its power of gradually embellishing the features—an influence which, by the way, might cease to tell were the physical perfection of women to become much more than at present the leading motive for

selecting them as wives, for good looks are the result of many causes besides intellect, whereas intellect, if it affects the looks at all, can only affect them for good. But, after all, pretty women, present or future, can easily atone for their deficiency in brains by marrying men of genius; for our author agrees with a famous *Fortnightly* reviewer in holding that geniuses are as plentiful as blackberries, and recommends them to heiresses as desirable husbands. At the same time, to judge by the instances cited in the very entertaining section on "Genius in Love," girls who value their happiness had much better follow Mrs. Carlyle's advice on the subject. Meantime, as we further learn from these pages, women persist in showing a marked preference for athletes or officers, however stupid they may be. Nor on Mr. Finck's principles can their taste be condemned. In the interest of the race it is surely just as reasonable that husbands should be chosen for their strength and presumed courage as that wives should be chosen for their beauty.

Mr. Finck's low view of love is in perfect keeping with his low estimate of women. There may be a touch of irony in the case made out against them as a prescription for hopeless love (i, p. 415); but, scattered up and down the two volumes, one finds sarcasms enough on feminine heartlessness and folly to satisfy the most thoroughgoing misogynist alive.

Nearly the whole of the second volume is filled with a discussion on personal beauty, chiefly composed of very sensible, but it is to be feared very useless, strictures on the crazes of fashion. As to the practical advice for improving one's appearance, it seems a rather impertinent interference with the operation of sexual selection, being principally directed towards the removal of defects which will, after all, be transmitted to offspring. Mr. Finck promises all girls who follow his advice that they will be "gobbled up before twenty-three by eager bachelors" (i, p. 311). But, in the interest of posterity, it seems undesirable that a plain girl who wears false ears (ii, p. 271) should be preferred to a pretty girl who does not, even should the former possess the additional merit of having discarded her dress-improver and stays.

ALFRED W. BENN.

Russian Lyrics in English Verse. By the Rev. C. T. Wilson. (Trübner.)

THE number of those who furnish us with translations from Russian seems almost daily on the increase. We have had Russian novels by the score, both in English and French versions; and M. Vogüé, in his *Roman Russe*, has given us some excellent criticisms upon them. Translators of Russian poetry are now occasionally making their appearance. The Germans have been before us in this respect, and have produced several—to mention only Bodenstedt. But among us they have been but few, counting from the very weak versions of Sir John Bowring, published as far back as 1822, to the translation of a Russian minor poet by Mr. Hart-Davies, reviewed recently in the *ACADEMY*. The new competitor in the field offers us a volume of Russian lyrics.

The title of the book is, indeed, a promising one; and, on glancing over the list of authors

from whom specimens are taken, we cannot find fault with the selection, although two or three famous names—that of Derzhavin, for instance—are omitted, and some rather insignificant postasters find an entrance. But, although we are pleased with the representative authors chosen by Mr. Wilson, we cannot say much in praise of the style of his translations. They are, as a whole, prosaic, and not calculated to give a favourable impression of Russian literature to outsiders. The versions of the fabulist Krylof—we adopt Mr. Wilson's spelling of the Russian names to avoid confusion—are exceedingly flat. Could anything be conceived more pointless than the conclusion of the fable entitled "The Grandee"?

"In court, but yesterday, I saw a judge,
To whom a passage straight to heaven none
would grudge."

When we turn to Mr. Wilson's versions from Jukovski, we find, to begin with, that he has changed the metre of "Svetlana," which he styles, strangely enough, a humorous poem. By this alteration he has done away with much of its special excellence, for the versification of this fantastic story is charming. Even Sir John Bowring, dull though he be, has succeeded better. The same must be said of Mr. Wilson's translation of Pushkin's "Bridegroom," which is an attempt to imitate the Russian national tales. Here, again, the metre is completely changed. The extract from the longer poem, "Poltava," giving an account of the battle, is turned into blank verse, and that of rather a weak kind. The striking poem, "The Demons," is hardly recognisable. Baratinski and Yazikof are now but little read in Russia, and their names might safely have been omitted.

In Koltzëf—as Mr. Wilson writes the name—we come to one of the most truly national writers ever produced by Russia. As his poems are redolent of the soil, they necessitate unusual skill, if we are to have a faithful version. The metre at the outset is a stumbling-block. How reproduce in English the short, unrhymed lines in which they are generally written, so forcibly reminding us of the old Russian popular songs? Mr. Wilson has not attempted it. He gives the song of the ploughman—one of the most delightful lyrics in the whole range of Russian poetry—in somewhat spiritless octosyllabics, and is even more unsuccessful with the "Peasant's Misgivings"—a poem extremely difficult to translate, it must be confessed.

When we come to the extracts from Lermontof, we cannot feel that the poet has been adequately rendered. The fine, vigorous lyric, "The Dispute," so rich in Oriental colouring, is hardly to be recognised. Let us take the following verses as a specimen:

"Beneath the shade of mulberries,
Where foams the luscious wine,
The Persian lets upon his dress
The falling nectar shine.
There, seated on his couch at ease,
He smokes the narghleh,
And does round the Teheranite
Where pearly fountains play."

The italics are our own. In addition to the want of harmony conspicuous in these lines, we must challenge the translation "mulberries." The original is *chinar*, which we take to mean a plane-tree. The "Cradle Song of the Cossack Mother"—so celebrated

t throughout Russia—appears in a less unpleasing garb; but it cannot be considered a successful version.

Omitting some trivial authors who have gained no great reputations, we come to Nicholas Nekrasof, the last poet of conspicuous merit who has appeared in Russia. Mr. Wilson has tampered a great deal with "The Field Unreaped." Instead of the two short lines of which each stanza of the original consists, we get stanzas of six lines, and the style of the poem in consequence is wholly changed. It is possible that some of our readers may remember this production of one of the most realistic of the Russian poets, who does not hesitate to paint in striking colours some of the less pleasing features of Russian life. He is gradually attracting the attention of students out of his own country, as is shown by the publication last year at Boston (U.S.) of a version of his pathetic tale in verse, "Red-nosed Frost" (*Moroz, Krasni Nos*). The remarkable poem by Nekrasof, entitled "The Hospital," appears in blank verse in Mr. Wilson's book.

The last author whom we shall notice is Nikitin, who in so many particulars of his career resembled Koltzef. Indeed, these uneducated, and in many instances peasant, authors form a strangely interesting feature of Russian literature. We notice in the July number of the Russian magazine, *Starina*, some striking verses by a new poet of very humble position, named Drozhzhin. Mr. Wilson has naturally attempted "The Grandfather," by Nikitin; but he has not succeeded in rendering the spirit of its Wordsworthian simplicity. It belongs to the category of such lyrics as the "Simon Lee" of our English poet. The first verse strikes us as rather harsh:

"With head quite bald and snow-white beard
Sits grandsire old;
Before him bread and cup, which doth
Cool waters hold."

The effect of these lines is rather weakened in the translation, for the poet means that the poor old man has only bread and water for his meals. There is no qualifying adjective to "water" in the original. Mr. Wilson makes it appear as if he was taking something cool on a summer-day.

We are truly sorry to have been able to say so little in favour of this book. We are quite willing to give the author all credit for accuracy. He is evidently well acquainted with the Russian language; but he has clearly not been admitted into the fellowship of the Muses, and we cannot help thinking that a prose version would have been better.

Mr. Wilson seems to take his account of the authors he introduces to his countrymen from some Russian book. They strike us as rather meagre; and the English reader will require further explanations. When we see the inadequate result to which so much careful study and linguistic knowledge has led our author, we cannot help thinking that there is a great deal to be said for prose versions of poetical works, if they are written with elegance and spirit. We have all seen what Prof. Butcher and Mr. Lang could do with the *Odyssey*. It was, no doubt, from a feeling that the fables of Krylof—which Mr. Wilson so rashly attempts—could not be adequately rendered in verse that Mr. Ralston was

induced to publish his excellent prose version. We respect his reverential powers of abstinence and self-restraint the more when we see the failures of others.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

Like and Unlike. By M. E. Braddon. In 3 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

A Real Good Thing. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Earth Trembled. By Edward P. Roe. (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

Under Suspicion. By Edith Stowe. (Fisher Unwin.)

Passions Subdued. By Louisa Lacy. (London Literary Society.)

Three Lucky Shots. By Oscar Park. (Spencer Blackett.)

Gordonhaven. By an Old Fisherman. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

In *Like and Unlike* Miss Braddon returns to her early style—and more's the pity. Her object is to contrast two brothers, Adrian and Valentine Belfield, and to give in Valentine a wildly passionate and essentially animal nature, to some extent purified and ennobled—though, unhappily, when it is too late—by the pure love which a poor girl, with a gipsy temperament and a disreputable mother, whom he has failed to seduce, cannot help giving him. Miss Braddon unquestionably accomplishes her object, although at the cost of her readers' pleasure. Valentine is as striking an individuality as even she has drawn, and as repulsive. Incapable of altruism even to a conventional extent, holding and acting upon Rochester's theory of feminine virtue, he sets himself deliberately to subjugate every woman he comes across. Unfortunately for himself, he conquers his brother's fiancée, marries her, and finding that, on being neglected by him, she has transferred her affections to another man, strikes and unintentionally kills her. The result is a complication of mysteries and misunderstandings quite of the old *Lady Audley's Secret* type. The company that we are introduced to in *Like and Unlike* is by no means good. Lord St. Austell, the habit-and-repute seducer, is a shade worse than Valentine Belfield, and Valentine's wife's sister, Mrs. Baddeley—a heartless mercenary coquette of the Anglo-Indian kind—is worse than either. Adrian Belfield, who is at once so like and so unlike his brother, and is as unselfish as that brother is the reverse, is a trifle too chivalrous. It may not be weak of him to give up Helen Deverill to his brother, but it is decidedly weak of him to be willing to take the consequences of his brother's brutal homicide upon himself. Happily there are in *Like and Unlike* two women who are not quite the slaves of Ouidaish passion—Lady Belfield, Valentine's too indulgent mother, and Madge, his good angel and saviour. Happily, too, these are not only the best, but the best-drawn characters in the story. Miss Braddon shows here no falling-off in point of style or of skill in plot-construction. Her English becomes at times positively Corinthian in its "nervous-

ness"; but, such as it is, it is seen at its best in *Like and Unlike*.

Mrs. Edward Kennard cannot be congratulated on her latest "sporting novel." It is intolerably long; the plot drags sadly; and the table-talk is excruciatingly slangy. Then there is a character in *A Real Good Thing* that is quite unworthy of her—a Miss Georgie Beaumont, who has the culture of a stable-boy and the soul of a courtesan, and who, when a chance comes her way, "displays her charms"—of course—with "indecent liberality." There are, however, some good country scenes and country "spins" in *A Real Good Thing*. The hero, "poor old Hopkins," is a strong character; and unselfish Kitten Morrison and her parsimonious father are cleverly contrasted. Kitten's wooing of "poor old Hopkins," when he is (or seems to be) physically ruined for life, is too commonplace an incident. All things considered, *A Real Good Thing* has just missed being a complete failure.

Mr. Roe's story of life in Charlestown before and during the great earthquakes is twice as long as it should be; but no other fault can be found with it. It is a very artistic attempt to utilise, for the purposes of fiction, not only the recent earthquakes in the Southern States of America, but the loves and hates produced by the Civil War. The two girls, Ella and Mara, are exceedingly well-drawn, and so are their lovers, George Houghton and Owen Clancy; although it is hardly possible to conceive of such a sensible fellow as Clancy being bound, even for a time, by silken chains, to such a selfish and sensuous coquette as Miss Ainsley. Southern patriotism and prejudice after the war are cleverly reproduced in the straightforward Captain Bodine and Mara Wallingford's relentless duenna, Mrs. Hunter. The best characters in the story, however, are the negroes, selfish old Uncle Sheba, his wife, and his son-in-law, Kern Watson. Their almost Poyserish conversation, and their primitive religiosity, are perfect in their way, although there is too much of both. The earthquake scenes, too, are skilfully and not too stagily managed.

Under Suspicion is a rather commonplace, but carefully written and not unpromising story of a Welsh earl who comes among his people in the guise of a working man. It also contains a bad baronet and a charming girl, with a weak papa and the delightfully Tennysonian name of Essylt; and "plain John Chandler, just retired from the grocery business," but one of nature's noblemen, all the same; and Aunt Timothy, troubled with many things—such as calculating how much benzoline is required to take out a grease-spot. That is all that need be said of *Under Suspicion*. Miss Stowe will probably write a better story than this some day—one better constructed, simpler in its aims, and free from pseudo-aristocratic personages.

Passions Subdued looks like the effort of a Sunday-school teacher to tell a good story for the benefit of her pupils. The sentiments are very correct, and so is the English, in the thin sense that a pupil's is who has profited by dictation lessons. The story, however, is too prosaic and pettily realistic. Brough Duval—he might very well have dispensed

with the initial "B"—is an energetic young Scotchman, who, being left, by the death of his father, with the task of bringing up and supporting his younger brothers, proceeds from college to a shop in London, the profits from keeping which are so great that he is able to take one of these brothers into partnership, and to make the other (who has the ridiculously un-Scotch name of Alonzo) a lawyer. But he has a temper like that of a country dominie; and as he finds it extremely difficult to keep his hands off his brother and even his wife, it is not easy to see how Miss Lacy comes to give her account of his career the title of *Passions Subdued*. Altogether this story is a queer mixture of "the Lord's work," bad temper, and the somewhat sordid details of London shop-keeping. It was hardly worth Miss Lacy's while to write it.

There is some vigorous, although here and there a trifle too "tall," writing in *Three Lucky Shots*, a sensational story, which belongs to the American school of Green and Lynch. The impossible incident upon which it turns—"the instantaneous photographing" of what appears to be a murder, but is, strictly speaking, a suicide—does not look quite new, for there was something of the same sort in Boucicault's *Octoroon*. But the introduction of a mysterious cipher and the difficulty of discovering the key to it have the appearance of novelty even in American sensational fiction; and the author manages both cleverly enough, although he pulls his strings in too jerky a fashion. Mr. Oscar Park is also too fond of expressing emphasis by adjectives, and it is not easy to see what he gains by repeating them so often. The word "dingy" makes seven appearances in about half-a-page.

Gordonhaven, which consists of scenes and sketches of fisher-folk on the shores of the "Pearly Firth" in the north of Scotland, deserves the hearty commendation it receives in an introduction from so very high an authority on Scotch humble life as the author of *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk*. It presents, under a very thin disguise of fiction, a number of facts bearing on the life, sacred and secular, of a fishing village, where perhaps, provided Presbyterianism runs high enough, the sacred and the secular commingle more than they do anywhere else at the present day. As a study of customs and "characters"—of superstitions, adventures, joys, grievances, "revivals," and what not—*Gordonhaven* supplies an undoubted want in modern Scotch literature. The writer has a keen eye for oddities in human nature, and a turn for satiric expression. The sketch of "Feel Robbie," a young man of weak intellect, is remarkably good. The Scotch in *Gordonhaven*, although it is as much a variety of dialect as Mr. Stevenson's "Lellan," is unexceptionable, the English not quite so. A plain writer on plain people and plain things should not use such a word—unlovely in any case—as "mobocracy."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Through Cyprus. By Agnes Smith. (Hurst & Blackett.) Miss Smith needs no introduction to the numerous admirers of her *Glimpses of Greek Life*. Her new work, which tells the story of her travels in Cyprus, is written in the same pleasant and simple style. She does not profess to be an archaeologist, or a zoologist, or a sociologist, or even a politician. She is merely an intelligent traveller, able to converse with the natives in their own language, to sketch the scenery she passes through, and to describe what she has seen and done with freshness and ease. She has consequently produced a book which the general reader will find full of interest, though the special student must look elsewhere for the information he wants. The earlier part of the volume is occupied with an account of Cairo and its sights, which does not present anything very novel. The real interest of the book begins when the author and her companion had left Beyrout for Cyprus, preceded by servants, tents, and a canteen. The idea of travelling through the island with tents was a new one, but the experiment proved on the whole to be successful. On two or three occasions Miss Smith was driven by bad weather to seek a better shelter than that provided by her tent, but the storms she met with were not much worse than those encountered by most travellers in Palestine. Her chief difficulties were with the Cyprian muleteers; but these also she managed to overcome, by the exercise of a little tact and patience, and her preliminary prudence in taking with her a Syrian "Arab" to look after the tents. Those, however, who have travelled in Cyprus will easily understand the horror of the Cyprian muleteers at the size of the canteen they were ordered to convey. The illustrations attached to the volume are good, and the printing is excellent. There are very few misprints or oversights, such as "El Kaniset" for el-Keniseh (p. 44), "Brugsch Pasha" for Brugsch-Bey (p. 40), and the German *im* for the English "in the," on p. 15. We hope Miss Smith's work will have the effect of inducing Englishmen, and Englishwomen also, to travel through an island which is full of interest, and enjoys an exceptionally good climate during the winter and spring.

Sketches of Life in Japan. By Major Henry Knollys. (Chapman & Hall.) It is not easy to write anything very novel about a short visit to Japan. A "fugitive traveller with a limited time at his disposal," as Major Knollys calls himself, must have extraordinary gifts of observation to be able to add to impressions of the "beaten tracks" of a country so often and so well described. We all know about jinrikishas or "rickshaws," as this author calls them, with their wonderful runners, of the tea houses with their fascinating Hebes, of the difficulties in procuring edible food, of the fleas and the sliding screens, of the cleanliness and good nature, the shamelessness and simplicity of the people, which strike all travellers. We have read so many times of their festivals and their flowers, their lanterns and fireworks, their inundations and conflagrations, and have performed so often the journey to Nikko, that our curiosity is not greatly roused at the announcement of a new book of travels in Japan. Almost the only novelty we can expect in a book like this of Major Knollys is the freshness with which the often described sights may strike a new mind. To say that Major Knollys' book will be interesting to those who have not read many similar narratives, and will not be dull to those who have read them all, is under the circumstances a panegyric. The journey out is often rather weary reading; but Major Knollys started from Hong Kong, and was fortunate enough (from a literary point of

view) to get into the middle of a typhoon, so that he had no difficulty in making a spirited beginning. Coaling at Nagasaki, a hurried visit to Osaka, a description of Yokohama, and a trip to Miyanosita, the journey to Nikko, an account of Tokio and Kioto, furnish material for plenty of bright description in the rest of the book. So far as his travels are concerned, and the comments interspersed, there is not much to add to what we have already said. He finds the Japanese a pleasant contrast to Chinamen, he thinks some of the women almost as beautiful as Italians, and he has the courage to express very plainly his unfavourable opinion of the architecture and carvings of Nikko and his disgust at Japanese temples and priests and priestesses. All this will be found amusing enough to the ordinary reader; but, to those more versed in things Japanese, the interest of the book will rest mainly on the Major's account of the Japanese army, which he thinks very creditable, and in his very plain, not to say sickening, account of cremation at Kioto.

The New Chum in the Queensland Bush. By Walter S. S. Tyrwhitt. (Oxford: Vincent; London: Simpkin Marshall & Co.) This lively and amusing book contains in a small compass most of the information likely to be wanted about Queensland. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, does not paint that colony in very attractive colours. To an Englishman the ordinary landscape of the Queensland bush is ugly and uninteresting to a degree; but the worst side of it is the climate. English people are apt to abuse theirs; but if they could

"realise what six months' rainlessness can do in a hot country they would, once and for all, cease to complain about their own moist climate. A serious drought in Australia is, I think, without doubt, the greatest trouble that either farmers or graziers can have to contend with. In England, there are fine rivers and running streams everywhere. Not within the memory of man did an English river of any size ever absolutely cease to run. In Queensland, to see running water at all is quite exceptional. Even the largest rivers are seldom navigable for more than a few miles above the sea. Up country, a river means in ordinary times nothing better than a long chain of stagnant holes at the bottom of a huge river bed."

Then come the mosquitoes and other nocturnal insects that make the night hideous; but the day is made, if possible, more intolerable by swarms of flies. The author enters his protest against the custom of sending patients far gone in consumption out to Australia. This is positive cruelty. In less serious cases of consumption and for asthma the Australian climate often effects a cure, but such cases also might well be cured nearer home. If a fault is to be found with Mr. Tyrwhitt's book, it is the entire absence of dates. There is none to the title-page or preface. He does not tell us when he went to Australia, when he left it, or if he is still there. We only learn, incidentally, that he passed three years in the Queensland bush. He concludes with this advice, addressed to all who think of emigrating to Queensland:

"Lastly, to all classes, I would say, beware of lecturers on the Colonies, who let their enthusiasm run away with them until they produce utterly false impressions in their hearers' minds. Distrust high-flown descriptions wherever you meet them. How many people have gone out to Australia expecting to find an earthly paradise will never be known; and the higher the expectations, the greater the disappointment. It is the great size and half-developed state of the country and the want of population that makes it better than England for the working classes, not that it is more productive or pleasanter to live in."

Life on the Congo. By Rev. W. H. Bentley. (Religious Tract Society.) This little volume of 126 pages is an excellent text-book for those interested in the Congo. Its information is by no means confined to the missions of Central

Africa. We should like to have heard something of the Mohammedan Missions, if any extend so far south; but we do not imply by this remark that Mr. Bentley writes in a narrow or sectarian spirit. Quite the contrary is the case, and Mr. Bentley's modesty about his own exploits is manifest throughout. The introduction is written by the Rev. George Grenfell, the well-known explorer of the Upper Congo. The book contains a sketch map.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE conclusion of Mr. Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*—which the author never contemplated carrying beyond the death of Lord Raglan—is now at press, and may be expected during the coming winter. Vol. vii. will take up the story where the last volume dropped it—how many years ago?—just after the battle of Inkerman, and will come down to the substitution of Marshal Canrobert by Marshal Pélissier in the command of the French Army. Vol. viii. will cover the remaining period down to the death of Lord Raglan.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS intend to issue a new series of *Records of the Past*, the first two volumes of which will appear next year under the editorship of Prof. Sayce. He has received promises of assistance in the work from Mr. Le Page Renouf, Prof. Maspero, Mr. Budge, Mr. Pinches, Dr. Oppert, M. Amiaud and other distinguished Egyptian and Assyrian scholars. The new series of volumes will mainly differ from the well-known series edited by the late Dr. Birch in containing fuller introductions and notes, more particularly of a historical and geographical nature; and attention will be specially drawn to the illustrations of Scripture afforded by the monumental records of the ancient East. It is proposed to publish translations of Egyptian and Assyrian texts in the same volume.

THE widow of the late Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray is preparing his memoirs for publication. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. will publish the book, which will be in two volumes.

MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY & SON announce the autobiography of the late Sir Douglas Forsyth, an Anglo-Indian officer, who is perhaps best known for his mission to Yarkund and Kashgar. The volume has been seen through the press by his daughter, Miss Ethel Forsyth.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHN & Co., will publish very shortly a brochure, entitled *Better Dead*, which, by reason of its *bizarre* humour, is likely to attract considerable notice. The hero regards social questions from a novel and somewhat startling point of view, having reached a profound conviction that society should be weeded out like a turnip field; and a number of prominent politicians and other notorieties are amusingly hit off. The titlepage will bear the name "J. M. Barric."

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce three books of African travel:—*Twenty-five Years in a Waggon in the Gold Regions*, by Mr. Andrew A. Anderson, in 2 vols., with illustrations; *The Tshi-speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast: their Religion, Manners, Customs, Laws, Language, &c.*, by Major A. B. Ellis, of the First West India Regiment, with map; and *South African Sketches*, also by Major Ellis.

THE next volume in the series of "Philosophical Classics for English readers" will be *Spinoza*, written by Principal Caird, of Glasgow.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON announce a series of volumes, called the "Expositor's Bible," under the editorship of the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *Expositor*. They will consist of lectures upon the several books of the Bible, popular in form, but containing

the latest results of critical scholarship. The first of the series, to be published this month, is *St. Mark*, by the Dean of Armagh. This will be followed by *Colossians and Philemon*, by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren; *Genesis*, by the Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods; *I. and II. Samuel*, by Prof. Blaikie; and *Hebrews*, by Principal Edwards. Among future contributors to the series are the names of Prof. Cheyne, Dr. Plummer, Bishop Barry, Bishop Alexander, Principal Rainy, and Prof. Milligan.

TWO new novels are announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock—viz., *Cyric Danely*; or, the Blue Hill, and *Only an Advertisement*.

THE piece from *The Ingoldsby Legends* chosen for illustration this year by Mr. Jessop is "The Vulgar Boy; or, Misadventures at Margate." It will be published in a few days by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

It is said that *The Choice of Chance*, a title which has puzzled the reviewers, is by Miss Mary de Morgan, the author of "On a Pinchusion."

DR. FURNIVALL has at press, for his Shakspeare Quarto Series, the facsimiles of the first editions of "The Contention" (1594), "True Tragedy" (1595), and "The Troublesome Reigne of King John" (1591).

A NEW and permanently enlarged series of the *Quiver* will be commenced in the November part, the price remaining the same as heretofore. The quantity of letterpress will be increased from 64 to 80 pages a month, and the magazine will be printed on paper of improved quality, in new type.

WE are asked to make a correction in the list of books about to be published by the Clarendon Press. The work on which Prof. Rhys is engaged will deal with the Arthurian Legend, not the wider subject of Celtic Heathendom.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

FULL term begins at Cambridge on Tuesday next, October 11; and at Oxford on Friday and Saturday of the same week.

DR. PEILE, university reader in philology, and author of *Greek and Latin Philology* (which has passed through several editions), has been elected to the Mastership of Christ's College, Cambridge, vacant by the recent death of Dr. Swainson.

THE election to the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity, which was likewise held by Dr. Swainson, has been fixed for Wednesday, October 26. The electors are the doctors and bachelors of divinity who are also members of the senate. Among the candidates is the Rev. Dr. F. J. A. Hort, now Hulsean Professor of Divinity.

WE understand that the reformed pronunciation of Latin, as set forth in the Cambridge Philological Society's pamphlet, *The Pronunciation of Latin in the Augustan Period* (Trübner), will be widely adopted in Cambridge during the present term.

WE hear that Prof. Peter Peterson, of Bombay—author of an edition of the *Hitopadesa* recently reviewed in the ACADEMY, and perhaps still better known for his elaborate series of reports upon Sanskrit MSS. in Western India—is a candidate for the new deputy-professorship of Sanskrit at Oxford.

PROF. MARSHALL will deliver a course of lectures at Cambridge during the coming term on "Foreign Trade, Money, and Banking," of which he has issued the following syllabus:

"The causes which determine the course of foreign trade; the terms on which it is carried on and the

underselling of one country by another. The excess of England's imports over her exports. The theory of money. The influence of the depreciation of silver on the trade with the East. International currency. Bimetallism. The organisation of credit. The English banking system and stock exchange."

PROF. ANDREW SETH has been appointed to the combined professorship of English Literature and Logic at St. Andrews University, vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Spencer Baynes.

MR. WILFRED GILL, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, will deliver, at 13, Kensington Square (King's College Department for Ladies), on Tuesday next, at 11 a.m., an introductory lecture (free), to a special course, on ancient moral philosophy. The subject will be: "Greek Philosophy in its Bearing upon Modern Thought."

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

General Literature.—"Athletics and Football," by Montagu Shearman, with numerous illustrations from drawings by Stanley Berkeley, and from instantaneous photographs by G. Mitchell, in the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes," edited by the Duke of Beaufort and Alfred E. T. Watson; "The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G., G.O.B., D.C.L., LL.D., &c.," from his private and official papers, by Stanley Lane-Poole, with three portraits, in 2 vols.; "The Literary Remains of Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S.S. L. & E., late Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh," edited by Sidney Colvin, with a memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson, in 2 vols.; "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," by Andrew Lang, in 2 vols.; "Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose," done into English by Andrew Lang, from the French of Charles Deulin, illustrated by Am. Lynen; "The Marriage of Near Kin, considered with respect to the Law of Nations, the Result of Experience, and the Teachings of Biology," by Alfred H. Huth, new edition; "Biographies of Words," by F. Max Müller, a series of articles reprinted from *Good Words*, with considerable additions, and a full discussion of the question of the original home of the Aryans; "An Inquiry into Socialism," by Thomas Kirkup, author of the article on "Socialism" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; "Picturesque New Guinea," by J. W. Lindt, with fifty full-page photographic illustrations reproduced by the Autotype Company, strongly mounted on guards; "Studies in Naval History: Biographies," by Prof. John Knox Laughton, of King's College, London; "The History and Antiquities of Pudsey, in the West Riding of the County of York, with a Short Account of Fulneck, and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Natives," by the late Simeon Rayner, of Pudsey, edited, with a biographical sketch of the author, by William Smith, illustrated by photographs, steel and wood engravings; "England and Napoleon in 1803: being the Despatches of Lord Whitworth and others," now first printed from the originals in the Record Office, edited, for the Royal Historical Society, by Oscar Browning; "From a Garret," and "Dreams to Sell: Poems," by May Kendall; "Poems of Many Years and Many Places, 1839-1887," by A. Lifelong Thinker and Wanderer; "Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with map and numerous illustrations by J. Pennell.

Science.—"A Manual of Operative Surgery, having special reference to many of the Newer Procedures," by Arthur E. J. Barker, of University College, London, with fifty-eight woodcuts in the text; "A Treatise on the

Diseases of the Dog: being a Manual of Canine Pathology—especially adapted for the Use of Veterinary Practitioners and Students," by Prof. John Henry Steel, of the Bombay Veterinary College; "Astronomy for Amateurs: a Practical Manual of Telescopic Research adapted to Moderate Instruments," edited by J. A. Westwood Oliver, with the assistance of Messrs. Maunder, Grubb, Gore, Denning, Franks, Elger, Burnham, Capron, Backhouse, and others, with several illustrations; "A Course of Lectures on Electricity, delivered before the Society of Arts," by George Forbes; "A Text-book of Elementary Biology," by R. J. Harvey Gibson, of University College, Liverpool; "Modern Theories of Chemistry," by Prof. Lothar Meyer, translated from the fifth edition of the German by Prof. P. Phillips Bedson, of the Durham College of Science, and Prof. W. Carleton Williams, of Firth College, Sheffield; "The Testing of Materials of Construction," embracing the description of testing machinery and apparatus auxiliary to mechanical testing, and an account of the most important researches on the strength of materials, by Prof. William Cawthorne Unwin; "A Handbook for Steam Users: being Notes on Steam Engine and Boiler Management and Steam Boiler Explosions," by M. Powis Bale.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE British Army: its Regimental Records, Badges, Devices, &c.," by Major J. H. Lawrence-Archer, with numerous illustrations. This volume has been prepared with the object of supplying in a handy and abridged form, and at a comparatively moderate price, the regimental records of every regiment of the British army, with illustrations of all the badges of corps, so that each regiment which already has its own history *in extenso* may place alongside of it an epitome of the history of the whole of the others; "The Story of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*," done into English prose by J. E. Raabeth; "Genealogy of the Pepys Family, 1273-1887," compiled by Walter Courtenay Pepys, 250 copies only; "The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-49 in Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Germany," with some examination of the previous thirty-three years, by C. Edmund Maurice, with an engraved frontispiece and other illustrations; "Canute the Great: a Cup of Water," two new plays by Michael Field; "Schumann's Early Letters," translated by M. Herbert, with a preface by Sir George Grove; "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," with a list of ciphers, monograms, and marks, new edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged, by R. E. Graves and Walter Armstrong, Part IX. (Par-Rub); "Sophocles' *Electra*," with introduction and notes by Dr. F. A. Paley; "Grimm's Teutonic Mythology," vol. iv., containing additional notes and references by J. S. Stallybrass, and completing the work; "The Building of the British Islands," a study in geographical evolution, with maps, by A. J. Jukes-Browne; "Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture," by Roberts Beaumont, assistant-lecturer in the Yorkshire College, Leeds, forming the fifth volume of the "Technological Handbooks"; "The Epistle to the Romans," with notes, critical and practical, by Prebendary Sadler; "Sermons on Old Testament Characters," by Canon Lloyd; "Frau Wilhelmine," by Dr. J. Stinde, translated by Harriet F. Powell, the concluding volume of "The Buchholz Family"; "Mrs. Sharpe," by the author of "Shadrach," in 3 vols.; "Poor Jack," by Capt. Marryat, with forty-six illustrations by Clarkson Stanfield, taken from the original woodblocks; "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," by the

late Sir Samuel Ferguson, two series; "Mathematical Examples: a Collection of Examples in Algebra, Trigonometry, &c.," compiled with a view to the needs of Army and Indian Civil Service Candidates, by J. M. Dyer and R. P. Smith. And the following additions to Bohn's Libraries: "Seneca's *Minor Essays*," newly translated by A. Stewart; "Victor Hugo's *Dramatic Works*," edited by Mrs. Newton Crosland; "Hoffmann's *Works*," translated by Major Ewing, vol. ii.; "Dunlop's *History of Fiction*," with introduction and supplement, bringing the work down to recent times, by Henry Wilson, in 2 vols.; "Ebers' *Egyptian Princess*," translated by Miss E. Buchheim; "Heaton's *Concise History of Painting*," new edition, revised by W. Cosmo Monkhouse; "Lucian's *Dialogues of the Gods, the Sea Gods, and the Dead*," translated and edited by Howard Williams; "The *Early Diary of Frances Burney (Mdme. d'Arblay)*," with notes.

MESSRS. JOHN F. SHAW & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"IN CONVENT WALLS: the Story of the Despensers," by Emily S. Holt; "His Adopted Daughter; or, A Quiet Valley," by Agnes Giberne; "City Snowdrops; or, a House of Flowers," by M. E. Winchester; "The Shepherd's Darling," by Brenda; "In the Dashing Days of Old; or, the World-wide Adventures of Willie Grant," by Dr. Gordon Stables; "Right Onward; or, Boys and Boys," by Ismay Thorn; "Goldengates; or Rex Mortimer's Friend," by M. L. Ridley; "Armour Clad; or, Arthur's Victory," by G. P. Dyer; "Cousin Dora; or, Serving the King," by Emily Brodie; "Over the Hills and Far Away," by Mrs. Stanley Leathes; "Dickie's Secret," by Catharine Shaw; "The Story of Little Hal and the Golden Gate," by M. M. Butler; "Joyce Tregarthen; or, Obedience better than Sacrifice," by Mrs. Clutton-Brock; "Will Foster of the Ferry," by Agnes Giberne; "Mr. Bartholomew's Little Girl; or, the Lost Image Regained," by L. Marston; "Barney: a Soldier's Story," by the author of "Young Ishmael Conway"; "Dora Ashley; or, the Patience of Hope," by M. Irwin; "Tim's Treasure, and how he Found it," by Alice Lang; "Acting on the Square," by H. Boulwood; "Charlie's Success," by M. Seymour; "His Servants who Serve," by Eleanor Grant; "Left Behind; or, a Summer in Exile," by J. Chappell; "One Day; or, Viola's Wanderings," by M. Chapman; "A Large Thought in a Large Word," a new packet of the "Something for Sunday" series, forty-eight outline texts on card and paper, by Catharine Shaw. Three New Issues are to be added to "Shaw's Home Series": "Little Freddie," by E. Everett Green; "Aunt Hester, and Why we Loved Her,"; "Nobody's Lad," by Leslie Keith. The annual volume of "Our Darlings," edited by Dr. Barnardo, containing coloured illustrations, pictures on every page, and attractive stories.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

CUPID'S DECADENCE.

In ancient days, when all was young,
And Love and Hope were rife,
Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,
And lived a country life.

He rose betimes at break of day,
And round the country harried:
Upstirring hearts that were unwed,
And soothing down the married.

But then, on wider mischief bent,
He hid him to the city;
And finding much to suit his taste,
He stayed there—more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,
Bedight with golden stars;
They feasted him on golden grain,
And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness
In richest cloth of gold,
And set him up in business,
Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,
Forgetting his nativity;
Since then he's gone from bad to worse,
From Cupid to cupidty.

ELLIOT STOCK.

THE "HENRY IRVING SHAKSPERE."

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON announce a new illustrated edition of the works of Shakspeare, under the joint editorship of Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Frank A. Marshall, with the assistance of other Shaksperian scholars for special plays. The illustrations are by Mr. Gordon Browne.

In addition to his share in the editorial work, Mr. Irving contributes a general introduction, the object of which is to show that Shakspeare was a practical playwright, and that his plays were designed above all things for the stage. He proves how little warrant there was for the mutilation to which the dramas were subjected during the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth centuries, and takes up a strong position in favour of giving them the completest possible setting.

The text is given entire, without garbling or mutilation. It has been subjected to critical and careful scrutiny; and in doubtful or corrupt passages the best readings of former editors have been adopted, or new and preferable readings substituted, the grounds for and against all changes of importance being fully set forth in the notes. To each play is appended a synopsis of original emendations adopted in it or proposed by the editor. A new feature is that each play is printed so as to furnish readers with an acting edition, arranged by Mr. Irving on the principle of preserving as much of the correct text as can be presented within a reasonably limited time. A simple line in the margin indicates the passages which are not essential for public or private representation.

The introduction prefixed to each play is divided into three sections: the first of these takes up the literary history of the play; the second treats of its stage history, giving some account of the chief occasions on which it has been performed, with the names of the principal actors; the third consists of critical remarks on the subject, construction, and characters of the play, with an estimate of its merits as compared with others of Shakspeare's dramas.

The notes to the plays are very numerous, difficult passages being discussed in them, and, if possible explained; while a great many subjects useful to the full understanding of the text are also elucidated. Many points are made clear that have been left untouched by former commentators; and the needs of the general reader, and not merely of the Shaksperian student, have been always kept in view. Rare words and phrases are illustrated by quotations from Shakspeare himself or his contemporaries; and passages from the old writers who have furnished the poet with some of his materials are often reproduced verbatim. The notes to the historical plays, or those in which historical personages largely figure, comprise brief biographical accounts of such personages. All the more important notes are placed at the end of each play, but there are also many foot-notes given on the pages below the text. These comprise explanations of words which are obsolete or used in peculiar significations; also translations of Latin, French, Italian, or other foreign words employed. Peculiarities of pro-

nunciation are often pointed out in the footnotes, special attention being devoted to the requisites of rhythm and metre.

To each play is appended a list of words that occur only in that play—a feature that has a very interesting bearing on the literature with which Shakspeare's mind was imbued at various periods of his career, and, indirectly, on the question of his being joint-author only of some of the plays. Each play is also furnished with a time analysis, showing the probable period of time covered by each scene and act, and the length of any intervals supposed to elapse in the course of representation.

The illustrations have been drawn expressly for this edition by Mr. Gordon Browne, and are reproduced in facsimile of the original drawing. They will consist of thirty-seven full-page etchings, representing one of the more important scenes in each play, and above 550 designs placed in the text at the passages they illustrate. In further illustration, sketch maps will accompany certain of the plays, showing the countries in which, and the chief places where, the action is supposed to occur.

The edition will be issued in eight volumes, small quarto, the first of which is announced to appear on November 15. An *édition de luxe*, limited to 150 copies, will be issued concurrently, choicely printed on highly finished paper, royal quarto, with India proofs of the etchings. Every copy will be numbered, and orders will be accepted only for the entire set of eight volumes.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BULOW, O. Die Lösung der sozialen Frage. 1. Thl. Der Racen-Ursprung der gesellschaftl. Frage. Berlin: Boethoer. 6 M.
- D'HERVILLE, E. Aventures d'un petit garçon préhistorique en France; récits des temps primitifs à la portée des enfants. Paris: Lib. Mondaine. 9 fr.
- DEOUER, H. Alger et le Sahel. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
- JÄGER, E. Die Agrarfrage der Gegenwart. 3. Abth. Berlin: Puttkammer. 6 M.
- MISNER, Ch. Souvenirs d'un dragon de l'armée de Crimée. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
- PFIZMAIER, A. Die elegische Dichtung der Chinesen. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M. 60 Pf.
- RAPPOLD, J. Sagen aus Kärnten. Augsburg: Amthor. 3 M.
- SCHUMANN, A. Aargauische Schriftsteller. Aus den Quellen dargestellt. 1. Lfg. Aarau: Sauerländer. 3 M. 20 Pf.
- VERZICHTNIS, thematisches, der bisher im Druck erschienenen Werke v. Johannes Brahms. Berlin: Simrock. 15 M.
- WAGNER, J. K. Fauststudien. I. Goethe's Ideal u. Leben (Faust II., Scene 1). Mephistopheles u. Ariel. Breslau: Zimmer. 1 M. 60 Pf.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- BOIS, H. De priore Pauli ad Corinthios epistula. Erlangen: Deichert. 4 M.
- LAGARDE, P. de. Purim. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Religion. Göttingen: Dieterich. 3 M.

HISTORY.

- KARGE, P. Die russisch-oesterreichische Allianz v. 1746 u. ihre Vorgeschichte. Nach russ. u. oesterreich. Quellen. Göttingen: Peppmüller. 2 M. 50 Pf.
- LINDNER, Th. Die Veme. Paderborn: Schöningh. 12 M.
- SALIS-MARSCHLINS, M. v. Agnes v. Poitou, Kaiserin v. Deutschland. Zürich: Rudolph. 1 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HEINITZ, F. E. 9. Beitrag zur Geologie Mecklenburgs. Güstrow: Opitz. 2 M.
- GLOSNER, M. Das Prinzip der Individuation nach der Lehre d. heil. Thomas u. seiner Schule. Paderborn: Schöningh. 3 M.
- GRÖT, R. v. Üb. die in der hippokratischen Schriftenammlung enthaltenen pharmakologischen Kenntnisse. Dorpat: Karow. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- HEBLEE, O. Elemente der philosophischen Freilehrlehre. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.
- KOBBE, F. Üb. die fossilen Hölzer der Mecklenburger Braunkohle. Güstrow: Opitz. 1 M. 75 Pf.
- KRUKENBERG, C. K. W. Vergleichend-physiologische Studien. 2. Reihe. 4. Abth. 1. Thl. Heidelberg: Winter. 3 M.
- LOCKE, L. Üb. die jurassischen Diluvialgeschlebe Mecklenburgs. Güstrow: Opitz. 1 M. 25 Pf.

- ORTMANN, A. Flora Hennebergica. Weimar: Böhlau. 3 M. 80 Pf.
- RADAKOWITZ, N. Zur Erkenntnis der Idee d. Menschen. Göttingen: Dieterich. 10 M.
- SCHERING, E. Carl Friedrich Gauss u. die Erforschung d. Erdmagnetismus. Göttingen: Dieterich. 4 M.
- SCHRAM, R. Tafeln zur Berechnung der näheren Umstände der Sonnenfinsternisse. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 10 M.
- SCHMIDT, H. Flora v. Elberfeld u. Umgebung. Elberfeld: Fassbender. 2 M.
- SOMMER, H. Individualismus od. Evolutionismus? Berlin: Reimer. 3 M.
- VOIGT, W. Theoretische Studien üb. die Elektrizitätsverhältnisse der Krystalle. Göttingen: Dieterich. 5 M.
- WETZSTEIN, R. v. Monographie der Gattung Hedra-canthus. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 M. 50 Pf.
- WITKOWSKI, G. J. Histoire des accrochements chez tous les peuples. Paris: Steinhell. 25 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

- BIBLIOTHEK, altfranzösische. 11. Bd. Die Werke d. Trobadors N. At de Mons. Hrg. v. W. Bernhard. Heilbronn: Henninger. 5 M. 80 Pf.
- BÜTTINGK, O. Sanskrit-Wörterbuch in kürzerer Fassung. 7. Thl. 1. Lfg. St. Petersburg. 4 M. 80 Pf.
- CAPPELLER, O. Sanskrit Wörterbuch. 4. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.
- COMMENTARIA in Aristotelem graeca. Vol. IV. pars 1. Porphyrii isagoge et in Aristotelis categorias commentarium ed. A. Busse. 9 M. Vol. XVI. Joannis Philoponi in Aristotelis physicoorum librorum libros tres priores commentaria ed. H. Vitelli. 20 M. Berlin: Reimer.
- DERNEDDE, R. Üb. die den altfranzösischen Dichtern bekannten epischen Stoffe aus dem Altertum. Erlangen: Deichert. 4 M.
- ENGELBRECHT, A. Hephästion v. Theben u. sein astrologisches Compendium. Wien: Koenig. 2 M.
- LESSE, E. Fehler u. Lücken in der Le Sermon Saint Bernart benannten Predigtsammlung. Berlin: Weber. 2 M.
- SWOBODA, R. De Demosthenis quae feruntur proemii. Wien: Koenig. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "EMBELIF."

Melbourne, Victoria: Aug. 23, 1887.

This word *embelif* occurs in Chaucer's treatise on the "Astrolabe," and apparently not elsewhere. Chaucer speaks of *embelif orisonte*, *embelif cercle*, *embelif angle*, in opposition to *rihte orisonte*, *riht cercle*, *riht angle*. The meaning of the word is obviously "oblique," "slanting."

Prof. Skeat, in the glossarial index to the edition of the "Astrolabe" prepared by him for the Early English Text Society, declares himself unable to conjecture to what language it belongs, and adds: "It looks like an extraordinary corruption of the word *oblique*."

In the early French romances (e.g., in the *Lancelot du Lac*) I have frequently come across an old word—*beli*, *belic*, or *belif*—used as a term of heraldry, in the sense of "slantwise." This word is derived by Paulin Paris from Latin *obliquus* (the form *belif* being accounted for by the consonantalisation of the *u*—*obliquus*); and this etymology has been accepted, I believe, by M. A. Darmesteter, and other recent authorities. Surely *embelif*, then, is simply the French *en belif*, from Latin in *obliquo*.

If this be the case, it is primarily an adverb; and it is noteworthy that Chaucer several times so employs it: e.g., in part ii., § 28, he says: "These same signes . . . ben cleped tortuous signes or kroken signes for they arisen *embelif* on oure Orisonte."

With regard to the word *belic* or *belif*, I may add that Cotgrave, Littré, and others, explain it as meaning *red*, *gules*—"Terme de blason. Couleur rouge, dite aussi gueules," says Littré, without giving any etymology. That this is incorrect is shown not only by the derivation of the word, but also by the fact that one reads of "bandes de *belic blanches*." The expression "bande de *belic*" seems to mean simply what we call in heraldry a "bend," without any reference to colour. PAGET TOYNBEE.

Cambridge: Oct. 5, 1887.

Permit me to add that the above etymology has been kindly pointed out to me more than

once since the appearance of my edition of Chaucer's "Astrolabe" in 1872, though I have taken no opportunity of publishing it. My difficulty consisted in not recognising the preposition *en* as forming a part of the word.

Mr. Fitzedward Hall long ago sent me a quotation, showing that the word occurs again in Lydgate, though I dare say he took it from Chaucer. Lydgate uses the phrase "and by *embelif tournynge*"; the original of which is to be found at fol. cxxxvii., back, of De Guilleville's "Romant des trois pelerinages," ed. 1500—"et par *obliques tournemens*."

Further information is to be had by consulting Godefroy's Old-French Dictionary, s.v. *belif*. He gives quotations for the phrases a *belif*, *de belif*, and *en belif*, all in the sense of "across." Thus "ii. voies *en belif* la terre," i.e., two ways across the land, occurs in Raoul de Boun, *Le Livre des Reis de Britannie* (see P. Meyer, *Bullet. de la Soc. des A. T.*, 1878, p. 110). WALTER W. SKEAT.

[The radical is treated in the *New English Dictionary*, under the form *Belief*, with two quotations for a *belief*, as an adverbial phrase, in sense "obliquely, aslant, scarfwise," and with a reference to Chaucer's *Embelife*. According to Dr. Murray a *belief* represents Old French *à belif*, *belif* (late Latin type **bis-liquus* = *obliquus*), cf. French *belong*, Mediaeval Latin *belongus* = Latin *oblongus*.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE IRISH MSS. IN THE FRANCISCAN CONVENT, DUBLIN.

London: Sept. 22, 1887.

In No. 5 of the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* (March 1, 1887) Herr Prof. Doctor Heinrich Zimmer, who presently fills to overflowing the chair of Sanskrit in the University of Greifswald, for the second time does me the honour to mention my name; and in a manner which for the second time leaves nothing to be desired on the score of gratuitous personal impertinence.

To-day I will only deal with a certain proposition based upon the postulate *da er wenig davon verstand*, and will on the spot, and in Dr. Zimmer's own individuality, demonstrate not merely what *wenig davon verstehen* is, but the full force of *durchaus und durchaus gar nichts davon verstehen*. This learned person has ever since 1881 been fairly running amuck: it is now high time that, as he passes in his wild career, he should be lassoed, brought up short and in some small measure put upon his defence.

In the library of the Franciscan Convent, Merchant's Quay, Dublin, there is a very fine copy on vellum of the famous *Agallamh na Sindrach*, or "Dialogue of the Ancient Men." Bibliographical details being beside the present question, it will suffice to say that this MS. has all the appearance of having been written in the fifteenth century. It contains many marginalia, apparently written by successive proprietors or readers, and of these memoranda one bears date 1584 (not as Dr. Zimmer prints, 1589). But at the end of the codex are several short compositions in the cursive hand of the early seventeenth century. Let us consider Dr. Zimmer's treatment of one of these, which in the above-mentioned paper he prints thus: *Mo mheallacht ort a Phinn, darlind atáoi goholc mar nach (?) bhfuaruistu regles, ata in lebran fein goholc*. Here is what the MS. shows *lucé claríus*, to use the doctor's own stock phrase:

"Mo mheallacht ort a phinn.
dar linn atáoi go hola.
mar nach bhfuaruistu thu re glís.
ata in lehrán fein go hola."

This quatrain, which is in the spoken language of the present day, he has taken for a bit of prose. He has run the words together to please himself, instead of leaving them as the scribe

and composer wrote them and I here print them; while, for the word *mallacht* "a curse" he substitutes *meallacht*, the abstract noun of the adjective *meallach* "gratus, amenus." Other discrepancies I pass by, and come at once to a delicious little commentary appended to the Irish stanza. This I take the liberty to translate:

"If you consider that numerous episodes of the text treat of the gallant adventures of Finn Mac Cumall, of Ossian, of Calte and of other heroes, you will comprehend how an austere minded friar could, in a fit of ascetic zeal, suffer himself to be so far carried away as to use the words 'be cursed *O Fingal*, [the italics are mine] and to call the MS. 'a bad book.'"

Now for a modest super-commentary.

The Irish lines literally rendered = "my curse on thee *O pen*. In my opinion thou art bad. As I did not get hold of thee to mend thee. The little book itself is bad" (i.e., the book has suffered). Here a *phinn*, the vocative of *peann*, "a pen," has been taken for a *Fhinn*, the vocative of *Fionn*, a proper name. A truly portentous blunder on the part of one who not only professes to be a master in Israel where abstruse philological problems are involved, but to possess practically and fluently the living language, seeing that a *phinn* is pronounced a *finn*, whereas a *Fhinn* sounds a *Inn* ("fh" being everywhere quiescent). The attempt to hold up the Ossianic heroes as a gang of eighteenth century *coureurs de ruelles* is rich in the extreme; in fact, among the many "pot-shots" that Dr. Zimmer has made in the Irish preserves he has never made a more egregious miss than at this little poem. That is saying a good deal, but so it is. To cap the whole matter, there is in the same collection a paper MS. written in 1626-27 by Hugh O'Dogherty and Niall O'Kane, members of the Irish Franciscan community in the Low Countries. Of this volume one portion is a transcript of the aforesaid vellum MS. (No 12), the rest consists of Ossianic poems. Those two good brothers of St. Francis were not, I fear, quite up to Dr. Zimmer's standard of propriety, for, though their book contains various marginalia, there is nothing to show that either of them "turned a hair" during the writing of it, and for the best of reasons: there was nothing in their subject matter to call forth any manifestation of *asketischer Eifer*. Again, inside the end board of this MS. is a memorandum in Irish which I here translate: "Of this book the poor brother, Donall Maglone, had (permissu superiorum) the use in the year of the Lord's Age 1792."

The Ossianic poems in this codex number sixty-nine. Dr. Zimmer prints the initial lines of all, and a careful collation of his paper with the original MS. shows that he has given fifty-one out of sixty-nine inaccurately. In some instances his errors are very serious, e.g., for *clabhán caill* "a cradle or crib of hazel" of the MS., he prints *clabhán cuil* "a cradle of incest"; for a *bhend na nuabharr* we get *abend nan uabar*, the former meaning "O hill of the bright summits," the latter "O hill of the pride"; and the mistake is intensified by putting *uabar* "pride" in the gen. pl., which is as much against usage as "prides" would be in English. These all are no slips of the pen; they proceed from ignorance of the language. A man may do a good deal, and do it well, with the "prehistoric accent" and other abstruse matters, but translating is quite another affair. Dr. Zimmer has here printed a great many marginalia from these two Franciscan MSS. I have translated one of them for him and challenge him to translate the others, immediately and without appealing to the good nature of my friend Mr. Hennessy, or of any one else who really "knows Irish."

With one portion of Dr. Zimmer's paper I am happy to be able in the fullest sense of the word to agree, and that is where he acknowledges the great kindness and courtesy of the Franciscan brethren on Merchant's Quay, which (not for the first time) I too experienced last month, when I chanced to spend a few days in Dublin.

STANDISH H. O'GRADY.

"VARIÆ LECTIONES."

Oxford: Oct. 2, 1887.

In your reviewer's very kind notice of *A Second School Poetry Book* (ACADEMY, September 10) he refers, nevertheless, to the "unpardonable blot" of *gods for birds* in Lovelace's poem "To Althea." The poem was copied from Southey's *British Poets*, which has the reading *gods*; and that this was not an oversight on Southey's part is shown by an English Anthology of the last century, whose compiler (I do not know whether for the first time) suggests *birds for gods* and *linnet-like confined for like committed linnets* as improvements on the reading of the edition of 1649 (I presume the first), published nine years before the author's death. And I see that Mr. Palgrave, in his last edition of the "Golden Treasury," has substituted *gods for the birds* of the previous editions, with the following note: "*Gods*; thus in the original; Lovelace, in his fanciful way, making here a mythological allusion. *Birds*, commonly substituted, is without authority."

Kingsley's line, "Was never salmon got that shone so fair," in which, I remember, *got* was quoted as a misprint in your review of the first book, was copied from the complete edition of Kingsley's poems published by Messrs. Macmillan, and was, I am told, so written by him, and afterwards altered without his sanction.

Near for *ne'er* in Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" is, of course, a misprint, and I am much obliged to your reviewer for pointing it out.

M. A. WOODS.

The reviewer confesses his fault. He can only offer the following explanation, for what it may be worth.

As to Lovelace's poem, he had consulted Prof. Henry Morley's anthology of Cavalier and Puritan song entitled *The King and the Commons* (1868), the compiler of which somewhat ostentatiously avers (Introduction, pp. xxi.-xxii.) that, in order to avoid misprints and the liberties of previous editors, "where he did not himself possess original editions to quote from, he looked for them in the reading room of the British Museum." And yet he gives (p. 51)

"The birds that wanton in the air."

It must be admitted that "gods" agrees better with the conceit in the two first lines of the same stanza:

"When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates."

A curious example of the fatal facility of misquotation may be found in the case of this very poem in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* (p. 581), where Mr. Edwin Arnold is represented as entitling it "To Althea in Prison," ascribing it to Lord Lovelace, and making both the second and fourth lines of the first stanza end with "gates." However, Mr. Edwin Arnold does give "gods."

As to the line in "The Sands of Dee," the reviewer had consulted the collected edition of Kingsley's poems published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1884, uniform with the Eversley edition of the novels. This has (p. 103) the common reading:

"Was never salmon yet that shone so fair."

Here again it must be admitted that "got" has a Kingsleian smack.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 10, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Anatomy, Introductory," by Prof. John Marshall.
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 13, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "Twenty-four new species of Rotifera," by Mr. F. H. Gosse; "Observations on the Metamorphoses of Amoebae and Actinophrya," by Mr. C. R. Beaumont.
FRIDAY, Oct. 14, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," I., by Prof. John Marshall.

SCIENCE.

A NEW CRITICAL THEORY OF THE "CULEX."

"Studien auf dem Gebiete der Römischen Poesie und Metrik." Von Dr. Richard Hildebrandt.—I. *Vergil's Culex*. (Leipzig.)

THIS work appears to be the first instalment of a series of more or less elaborate studies on Roman poetry. In it, for the first time, I believe, the *Culex* is subjected to a minute examination of the thorough-going German kind, as will be obvious to anyone who compares its 176 pages with the slight discussion given to the same poem in Ribbeck's *Appendix Vergiliana*. The only work known to me which can claim to speak with equal minuteness on any of the Vergilian opuscula (I do not include here the *Aetna*) is Näke's admirable monograph on the *Dirae*, published posthumously in 1847. But the scope of Näke's work is wholly different from the scope of Dr. Hildebrandt's. Näke was no sceptic. He accepted the view of Scaliger that the *Dirae* was by Valerius Cato, and was in no sense of the word a follower of the destructive school of criticism. Dr. Hildebrandt, on the contrary, deals with the *Culex* as the theologians of Germany have dealt in successive schools with the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. His book may fairly be compared with these, and may, therefore, be thought in some senses to mark a new period in the development of criticism as applied to these opuscula.

Suetonius tells us that Lucan in the preface to one of his works, when comparing himself with Vergil, ventured to say "et quantum mihi restat ad Culicem!"—words which, whether explained with Ribbeck "how much younger am I than the author of the *Culex*," or, with Hildebrandt, "how far inferior is my work to the *Culex*," prove that a poem known as *Culex*, and ascribed to Vergil's youth, was read and considered to be genuine in the time of Nero. Statius, in the preface to his first book of *Silvae*, ranks the *Culex* with the *Batrachomyomachia* as the juvenile performances of two great poets; and in his *Genethliacon Lucani* speaks of certain works of Lucan as composed *ante annos Culicis Maroniani*, i.e., before the age at which Vergil wrote his *Culex*. Martial, viii. 56.20, and again xiv. 185, mentions the *Culex* as preliminary to the *Aeneid*.

It is certain, therefore, that, as early as the first half of the first century A.D., a poem called *Culex* was in circulation which was ascribed to Vergil's youth. This agrees with the statements of Servius (Prolegom. to *Aeneid*), and Suetonius, if he be the author of the *Vita Vergilii* known as Donatus's, that among the works popularly attributed to Vergil was a *Culex*.

Was this poem, which was read by Lucan, Statius, Martial, Suetonius, Servius, identical with the *Culex* that has come down to us in many MSS., some of them as early as the

ninth century? Dr. Hildebrandt's reply to this question is that our *Culex* contains what was the original poem, plus a vast amount of posteriorly superinduced padding. He traces in the 414 verses of the extant poem two distinct hands—one the genuine Vergil, as we may imagine him in early youth; the other a Christian of a much later, perhaps a post-Augustinian, time. The genuine portions are marked by a careful, almost photographic, reproduction of nature and natural objects; the superinduced additions by a pedantic, lamp-laboured, tasteless accumulation of mythological stories and personages. What there is in them of nature-description is got from books. The language, too, is faulty and might come from an imitator of Vergil, never from Vergil himself—even at the age of sixteen. Christian influences are discernible, and the doctrine of Purgatory is not obscurely adumbrated. And these forged additions form by far the larger part of our extant *Culex*. The genuine poem of Vergil which lies embedded in them consists of ninety-six verses only; a centre and two side-wings, which are symmetrically grouped 24 + 48 + 24.

The first side-section consists of two segments, each of twelve verses, 45-57 (omitting v. 50), 98-109. The centre or nucleus, which comprises the main action of the poem—i.e., the approach of the serpent, the description of its body, its preparation for attacking the goat-herd, the waking of the goat-herd by the gnat's timely sting, the tumult of the goat-herd's feelings, his energetic and instantaneous defence by means of a strong sapling, the death of the serpent, the renewed and now secure sleep of the goat-herd, the appearance to him in a dream of the gnat's ghost—all this, narrated in language which (with some trifling alterations) is not unworthy of the author of the *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Aeneid*, comprises vv. 157-201, 206-209. The second side-section, like the former, is made up of two segments: vv. 210-212, 223-231, and vv. 385-387, 390— $\frac{2}{3}$ of 395 with $\frac{1}{3}$ of 411 (i.e., a compounded verse), 412-414. This second side-wing contains (1) the complaint of the gnat, which had lost its life in saving the life of the goat-herd, and now craves the reward of this kind interference; (2) the construction by the grateful goat-herd of a tomb, accompanied by an appropriate inscription. Both (1) and (2) consist of twelve verses each.

This result will not astonish anyone familiar with much German and some Dutch criticism; nor, indeed, with Peerkamp's almost forgotten analysis of the *Odes* of Horace. I have found Dr. Hildebrandt's similar analysis of the *Culex* interesting. It is marked throughout by care, patience, and a fair amount of research; but convincing it is not. It is very difficult to imagine, e.g., any poet, much more the young Vergil, rushing so very literally *in medias res* as to begin with the abrupt, "Propulit e stabulis ad pabula laeta capellas Pastor," &c. Compare this with what our *Culex* actually gives us, "Lusimus, Octaui, gracili modulante Thalia." Most readers of poetry will probably side with me in preferring this to what Dr. Hildebrandt would offer us. But he is not content with cutting away our existing exordium of twenty verses; the invocation to Apollo, Pales, and Octavius which follows it is condemned also, partly as inconsistent in its grandiloquence

with the self-disparaging tone of the first exordium, and partly as an obvious imitation of the opening lines of the *Aetna*. To this criticism I must demur. The two invocations perhaps bear traces of being known, the one to the author of the other; but there is nothing to show that the invocation of the *Aetna* preceded that of the *Culex*, though no doubt the *sancto puer* of *Cul.* 28 could hardly have been written by young Vergil to young Octavius. It might, I think, have been written soon after the battle of Actium; it might well have been written ten years later. To say that it has a Christian look, and that its author thought of Vergil's relation to Octavius as of S. John the Baptist to Jesus Christ, is to trifle with criticism. Meanwhile, let us be grateful to Dr. Hildebrandt for fixing our attention on a point which may help us to a different theory from his, viz., that the *Culex* was not by Vergil, young, middle-aged, or old, but by a junior contemporary, familiar with all Vergil's works, and writing at a time when Augustus, if not yet actually deified, was habitually treated as divine.

Again, I cannot feel the difference which Dr. Hildebrandt draws between the faultless 96 genuine, and the 318 spurious, verses. Take, for instance, the passage *O bona pastoris* (58-97), in which the life of the country is eulogised, and to which the famous counterpart in *Georgic* II., *O fortunatos nimium* obviously supplied the leading motifs. Our critic finds this ideal picture in our *Culex* so far removed from the actual life of goat-herds as to be quite inconsistent with the exact, minute, almost severe, drawing from life of the real *Culex*. He might just as well say that the minute directions about planting trees in *Georgic* II. could not have been written by the author of the idyllic, utterly unreal picture of country happiness with which the same *Georgic* ends. Or, again, to take a specific instance, the verse *Tondebant tenero uiridantia gramina moreu* is pronounced spurious (1) because there could have been no green grass on the hills at midsummer, (2) because goats do not bite tenderly, but with a sharp jerk. I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous if I ask Dr. Hildebrandt whether his observation of the goat and its ways is actual, or got from books, because the most exact descriptions given by the profoundest observers of nature can only be general—place, time, conditions of weather or body, produce variations which are exceptional and particular. Can anyone believe that an Italian, to whom the goat is a familiar object, would speak of its cropping the herbage with a tender bite if he had not witnessed it? I confess that to me the fact of such a description occurring in a poem elsewhere remarkable for its accuracy of observation, far from suggesting any such inference as Dr. Hildebrandt draws from it, would be a reason for distrusting those mere general impressions which alone books can convey.

But there is so much to say that I must reserve what else I have to object for the pages of the *Classical Review*.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. ix, No. 4. (Baltimore.) In this number we have abstracts of xxv. to xxxii. of Prof. Sylvester's lectures on "The Theory of Reciprocants" (pp. 297-352). This present course is promised to be concluded in a subsequent number. Our previous notes have sufficiently indicated that these lectures form a remarkable contribution to the higher mathematics, and that they have already led to much good work among the younger mathematicians in the University of Oxford. The memoir that follows (pp. 353-380), "Sur une Classe de Nombres remarquables," by M. Maurice d'Ocagne, is on a class of numbers which the mathematician comes across again and again, and which, like Bernoulli's and Euler's numbers, "jouent un rôle important dans maintes formules d'analyse." Arrange the numbers in rows and columns (as on a chessboard), then the fourth and fifth rows are 1, 7, 6, 1; 1, 15, 25, 10, 1; where $15 = 2 \cdot 7 + 1$, $25 = 3 \cdot 6 + 7$; $10 = 4 \cdot 1 + 6$, and so on, the law of formation being now obvious. Many interesting results are collected in the memoir. The number (and volume) closes with "Extraits de Deux Lettres adressées à M. Craig par M. Hermite (sur la Formule de Fourier, sur une Formule de Gauss, and sur une Formule de Weierstrass)" and "Two Proofs of Cauchy's Theorem," by F. Franklin.

Higher Algebra; a sequel to *Elementary Algebra for Schools*. By H. S. Hall and S. R. Knight. (Macmillan.) This, as its title indicates, is the advanced volume promised by our authors on the appearance of their school textbook, and is as admirably adapted for college students as its predecessor was for schools. It is a well-arranged and well-reasoned-out treatise, and contains much that we have not met with before in similar works, though the writers admit their indebtedness to Dr. Todhunter's treatise. For instance, we note as specially good the articles on convergency and divergency of series, on the treatment of series generally, and the treatment of continued fractions. The subject of probability is very intelligibly treated on the lines of Whitworth's *Choice and Chance*; and much more matter is introduced, for which our authors are indebted to the advice of the Rev. T. C. Simmons, whose contributions on this branch of algebra are well known to readers of the *Educational Times*. Determinants have their now usual niche, and a good part of the book is taken up with those parts of the theory of equations which of late years have crept into scholarship examination papers. A clearly written text, a large store of well-chosen examples, good print, and handy size, leave little, if aught, to be desired by the student. The book is almost indispensable, and will be found to improve upon acquaintance.

Elementary Trigonometry. By the Rev. T. Roach. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) This work does not call for any special remark. The author has "endeavoured to explain carefully each step, and to slur over no difficulty," and so, we would hope, do other writers. We cannot say that the book is better than any other on the same subject; but it is a good textbook, and the matter is clearly put. There is, as in most other similar works, a large store of examples, many of which are given as parts of the examination papers in which they were originally set. The appearance of the volume is such as we are used to in works from the Oxford Press.

Four-Figure Mathematical Tables: comprising Logarithmic and Trigonometrical Tables, and Tables of Squares, Square Roots, and Reciprocals. By J. T. Bottomley. (Macmillan.) A handy and compact collection likely to be very serviceable to physicists and

others. At the end is a collection of useful formulas and constants. We would suggest that a few lines should be devoted to the powers and reciprocal powers of π .

Exercises in Arithmetic. By J. Hamblin Smith. (Rivingtons.) These are "arranged and adapted to the sections" in the same author's treatise on arithmetic, and form a useful means of testing a pupil's knowledge after he has read the bookwork corresponding to any particular exercise. Answers are given at the end.

TRÜBNER'S "ORIENTAL SERIES."

THE following new volumes are announced by Messrs. Trübner & Co. as in preparation in their "Oriental Series":

A second series of "Linguistic and Oriental Essays," written between the years 1847 and 1887, by Dr. R. N. Cust, hon. secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, with six maps; a second series of "Miscellaneous Papers relating to Indo-China and the Indian Archipelago," reprinted for the Straits branch of the Royal Asiatic Society from the *Journals* of the Royal Asiatic, Bengal Asiatic, and Royal Geographical Societies, &c., edited by Dr. R. Rost, librarian to the India Office, in 2 vols., with several special indexes; an English edition of "Alberùn's India," containing a preface, translation of the Arabic Text, notes, and indexes, by Prof. Edward Sachau, of Berlin, in 2 vols.; "Essays on the Intercourse of the Chinese with Western Countries in the Middle Ages and on Kindred Subjects," by Dr. E. Breitschneider, physician to the Russian Legation at Peking; "The Life of Hsien Tsiang, by the Shamans Hwui Li and Yen-taung," forming a sequel to the "Si-yu-ki," with a preface, containing an account of the works of I-Tsing, by Prof. Samuel Beal, of University College, London; "A Sketch of the Modern Languages of Oceania," by Dr. R. N. Cust, being a companion volume to the same author's "Modern Languages of the East."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSOS.

Plymouth: Oct. 3, 1887.

It is with great satisfaction that I note so sound an authority as Dr. Taylor publishing his belief in a Turanian element of Egyptian population—a view which also finds expression in his *Etruscan Researches*. It is equally satisfactory to find that he regards the Hittites (or their chiefs, at least) as Mongolian. Since 1883 I have constantly urged this view in opposition to that which would make them Alarodian. I find that more than one scholar now admits the Mongolian theory to be correct.

The only point on which it appears to me that further light is required concerns the antiquity of the Turanian element in Egypt. There are at least 200 Tartar words in the Egyptian dictionary, and some of these are traced to the time of the earliest monuments. It seems to me, also, that a Tartar type may be recognisable in the early wooden statues and other representations of Egyptians long before the Hyksos period. The question is, I think, worthy of further study.

The question whether the Tartar language of the Hittites is to be compared with Akkadian depends on our estimate of the character of that language. I do not find that any exhaustive comparison seems to have been attempted; but I do find that in some 800 cases the Akkadian words determined by Lenormant and Delitzsch are easily comparable with Tartar roots.

C. R. CONDER.

THE FINNIC ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

St. John's College, Oxford: Oct. 1, 1887.

The subject of Canon Isaac Taylor's paper before the British Association, of which an abstract appeared in the *ACADEMY* of September 17, is so interesting and important that perhaps I may venture, though having no claims to speak with authority, to mention what at first sight seem serious difficulties in the way of accepting it.

In the first place, if the location of the primitive Aryan race in Finland be correct, should we not have expected that the Finnish language would stand in much the same relation to the Teutonic languages as a whole, as Gothic does to the Scandinavian group? I mean that just as Gothic is most closely allied to the latter, but forms in certain respects a transition to the other branches of the Teutonic languages, so Finnish would resemble most closely the Teutonic languages in their most primitive words, but form a transition between them and the Slavonic, Celtic, and other branches of Aryan family? But what do we actually find? We get in Finnish, to begin with, a very large number of words which stand in an almost unvarying phonetic relationship to corresponding words in Gothic, Swedish, or Icelandic. Now, as many of these are undoubtedly loan-words, borrowed by the Fins from their known constant intercourse with Sweden from a far distant date (and I think Canon Isaac Taylor admits as much), is it not reasonable to suppose that all words which only differ from Swedish, Gothic, or Icelandic in their regular phonetic differences are words borrowed from the same source? But this, if admitted, would at once cut at the root of the theory, because such a word as *kulta*, "gold," for instance, must then be considered a loan-word. The changes of *g* into *k*, and *d* into *t*, take place, without a single exception, I believe, in words borrowed from Swedish. In the same way words appear to have been borrowed from other sources from a very early date. Is it not extremely likely, for example, that *suola* ("salt") is after all only the Russian *sol*? The change of *o* into *uo* is regular in borrowed Swedish words, as in *tuoli* ("seat") from *stol*. We seem hardly then justified in saying that gold and salt were articles known to the primitive Fins.

In the second place, besides these loan-words, we get a very large number of others which have no obvious connexion with any Aryan words. These comprise nearly all those likely to be used by a primitive people in a state of civilisation corresponding very nearly to that of the Swedes in their Bronze Age. Such are the names of all the common domestic animals, except *lammas* ("sheep") and *pukki* ("buck"); but there are also several Finnish names for these animals in different states of sex, age, &c. Such are also the words for a house and its necessary parts, as distinct from the furniture, tables, seats, benches, &c., which may well have been a later introduction. Such, again, are nearly all words for the common objects of nature—sun, moon, star, wood, hill, river and the like. To these we may add very nearly all words for the common animals and plants indigenous in Finland. Among these classes of words we have, no doubt, one or two striking exceptions. *Lohi* ("salmon") may be an Aryan word; but the other indigenous fish have with, I believe, only one exception, Finnish names. Is it likely that the primitive Fins were able to catch salmon, but not eels, perch, or *strömming*, all of which abound in the gulf of Bothnia, and the two first in the Finnish lakes? Again, *vesi* ("water" or "lake") and *meri* ("sea") are probably both Aryan words; but the latter is, at any rate believed by Thomsen to be merely a loan-word = Gothic *marei*. The word *veri* seems difficult to explain on any hypothesis. These

few exceptions are hardly enough to seriously affect the general argument. The natural conclusion of all this would seem to be that when the Fins first came into contact with the Swedes they were in an early, but not altogether primitive, state of civilisation.

It may be argued that, all this admitted, even this lower stratum of Finnish, if I may call it so, may be proved by philological analysis to contain a very early Aryan element. This I should not care, and feel quite incompetent, to dispute; but it appears far less than what Canon Isaac Taylor aims at proving. The words expressing relationship would certainly appear on the face of them to go strongly against the theory he advances. The only words of the kind which have any appearance of being Aryan, are *äiti* "mother," *sisär* "sister," and *tytär* "daughter." But the first of these is, according to Thomsen, merely a loan word = Gothic *aithai*, and the real Finnish word is *emä*. This is still used of animal mothers, and in the form of *emo* of the human mother. *Sisär* appears to be merely a corruption of Swedish *syster* similar to what takes place in every nursery. *Tytär* again seems to be merely another form of the Finnish *tyttö* "girl." This is rendered still more probable from the fact that the Swedish *pojka* or *pojka* "boy," is used in Finnish in the sense of "son" as well. It would appear then that there were originally no special words in Finnish for son or daughter.

The view here suggested seems to gain further support from archaeology. According to Dr. Montelius, the antiquities of the Stone Age in Finland are quite different in type from those of the south of Sweden and of Denmark. They resemble those of the northern and middle parts of Sweden and Lapland. It is, therefore, supposed that Finland was once inhabited by a Lappish or some kindred race. This would seem to show that the primitive Fins immigrated into the country probably from the East. In this case, they probably borrowed the language of the conquered race. But if so, the ethnological argument falls to the ground. We should have to look to the modern Laps, rather than the Fins, as the most representative type of the true Aryan race, which, of course, is absurd. If, on the other hand, the Fins brought their language with them, and the Laps derived it from them, no argument can be drawn from the Finnish language to support the theory that the Aryan race came from the shores of the Baltic. With that theory, on other grounds, I neither venture nor wish to quarrel; I only feel inclined, with all humility, to call in question some of the grounds on which Canon Isaac Taylor has based it.

F. H. WOODS.

THE LETTER "SH" ON INDO-SCYTHIAN COINS.

Fulham: Sept. 30, 1887.

Dr. Mark Aurel Stein's reply to my criticism is far from conclusive, and my chief objection to his doubtful identification of the letter "sh" on Indo-Scythian coins with the Greek *sampi* still stands good.

I do not know how far it is correct to say that the contemporary form of *sampi* remains to be discovered. Dr. Stein's original communication (*ACADEMY*, September 10) gives several shapes, the nearest in date of which (about 200 B.C.) has the form of *T*. In Dr. Isaac Taylor's *Alphabet*, ii., p. 93, from which these forms were borrowed, the author remarks that the uncial form of that date can be easily recognised in the minuscule form of the ninth century A.D. This latter form only differs by a greater length of the *hasta* in both directions, the two pendent strokes of the older form being carefully preserved. Between these two dates the form of the letter underwent no change

like that which occurred at a later time, so as to give the shape required to justify the theory of Dr. Stein. Therefore, so far as the form of the letter may be taken as an argument—and I think it is a most important one—the letter *sh* of the Indo-Scythian coins cannot have come from the disused and, probably, little-known Greek *sampi*. TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE "DE VERBORUM SIGNIFICATU" OF VERBIUS FLACCUS.

Oct. 3, 1887.

Prof. Nettleship's protest against M. Reitzenstein has been partly anticipated by Prof. Gütz, who remarks, in the *Philologische Wochenschrift* for September 10:

"Erwünscht gewesen wäre es wenn Nettleships Ansicht weniger kurz abgethan worden wäre. . . . Leider waren mir die Darlegungen Nettleships nicht zu Hand; doch hat es selbst nachd. knappen Angaben Reitzensteins den Anschein als ob eine eingehendere Würdigung zu Platz gewesen wäre."

As readers of German reviews know well, the lesser scholars of Germany are wont to write very sharply of Englishmen who neglect the smallest "results of German learning," while they have not the least compunction themselves in ignoring all English scholarship. Are we to agree with Prof. Jowett, and infer that the ordinary German does not understand English very perfectly?
H.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Mr. F. A. BATHER and Mr. G. W. Gregory have been appointed assistants in the Department of Geology of the British Museum (Natural History) to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of Mr. William Davies and Mr. Robert Etheridge, Jun.

AN interesting collection of specimens has just been received at the Natural History Branch of the British Museum, Cromwell Road, from Emin Pasha. They were dispatched from Wadelai in November last, via Zanzibar, through Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda. The collection consists of skins of birds and mammals, butterflies, and some anthropological objects; and when worked out by the officers of the Museum, will be described in detail at one of the meetings of the Zoological Society during the ensuing session. In a letter received a few days ago by Prof. Flower, dated Wadelai, April 15, Emin Pasha speaks of a further consignment of specimens (chiefly ethnological) as being ready for dispatch to the Museum on the first opportunity.

THE last number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* contains Mr. Fletcher's detailed description of the new mineral Cliftonite, already noticed in the ACADEMY. In the same number Mr. Teall calls attention to the occurrence of andalusite in the granite of the Chesswring in Cornwall, while Prof. Bonney describes a glaucophane rock from the Ile de Groix, off the south coast of Brittany.

THE September number of the *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme* opens with an article by M. E. Piette, in which he describes the various types of horse represented in rude sculptures and engravings of the quaternary period. From this evidence he concludes that the ancestors of the horse were zebra-like animals, and that representatives of this type lived in Western Europe during the reindeer-age. When the Asiatic horse came in with the neolithic emigrants, it to a large extent supplanted the less elegant native horse, though the primitive type was still preserved by crossing, and traces of it yet survive in horses remarkable for size of head or length of ear or occasional stripes, recalling the markings of the zebra.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. SCHILLER-SZINESSY is preparing a considerably enlarged edition of his article on the *Pugio Fidei*, which appeared in the last number of the *Journal of Philology*.

DURING the vacation the *Philologische Wochenschrift* has contained several reviews of English books. The chief among these are the notices of Tyrrell's *Cicero* (September 3), of Ramsay's *Tibullus*, &c., and Pearson and Strong's *Juvenal* (September 17)—the latter a very unfavourable criticism by Friedländer, and of Simmons's *Metamorphoses* (October 1). In the last named, the reviewer, Ewald, does full justice to Mr. R. Ellis's contributions to the volume.

FINE ART.

Revue Egyptologique. Quatrième Année, Nos iii. et iv. Cinquième Année, Nos. i. et ii. Paris: Leroux.)

THESE two double numbers of the *Revue Egyptologique* derive special interest from the publication of the first instalments of a series of memoirs on the Apis stelae of the Serapeum, by the late Vicomte Emmanuel de Rougé. These stelae date, for the most part, from the periods of Greek and Roman rule, and are written with ink in the demotic script. Others are engraved upon the stone, and some are even cut in basalt. They chiefly consist of short votive formulae; and they generally give the dates of the birth and death of the Apis, and the name and year of the king in whose reign he was embalmed and buried. At the time when the Serapeum was discovered by Mariette (1852-1853), Brugsch had not yet published his demotic grammar, and demotic scholarship was in its infancy. Despite these drawbacks, and despite the great difficulty caused by the careless writing of the scribes, de Rougé was so impressed by the historical and chronological value of the Apis tablets that he at once applied himself to the classification and decipherment of the whole series. In 1854, as related in the prefatory letter of M. Jacques de Rougé, he read his first paper on this subject at the Académie des Inscriptions; whereupon Mariette entreated him to pursue it no further, alleging that his own work on the Serapeum stelae was ready for publication, and that to anticipate him would be "to rob him of the fairest flower in his coronal." De Rougé, with chivalric generosity, conceded the point—though with keen regret, this being one of the undertakings which lay nearest to his heart. Mariette, meanwhile, published his *Renseignements sur les 64 Apis* in 1855-1856; but the work was never completed, and it remains a fragment to this day. Years, then went by; de Rougé passed away; and M. Jacques de Rougé, finding the MS. of his father's interrupted work among his papers, resolved himself to take up and complete what was so admirably begun. But, he says, "lorsque j'appris que Mariette prenait des dispositions pour faire lui-même cette publication, qui devait figurer au nombre de travaux scientifiques de la dernière exposition universelle, fidèle aux sentiments qui avaient guidé mon père, je suspendis mes projets. Cette fois encore les monuments du Sérapéum ne virent pas le jour; et depuis Mariette nous fut enlevé par la maladie qui minait depuis si longtemps sa robuste constitution. Aujourd'hui, ce me semble, cette publication peut et doit être entreprise."

M. de Rougé then goes on to say that he not only has his father's copies of the tablets, made before the surfaces of the stones had suffered from the humidity of a European climate, but that he also possesses the notes and translations which that indefatigable scholar had prepared for his prospective series of papers. These will now be completed and classified by Prof. Revillout and M. de Rougé, and will be given to the world in the pages of the *Revue Egyptologique*.

The most interesting feature thus far of de Rougé's "Mémoire sur quelques Inscriptions trouvées dans la Sépulture des Apis" is the translation and analysis of a basalt tablet, dated the 52nd year of Ptolemy Euergetes, which, curiously enough, is entered in the same author's *Notice Sommaire des Monuments Egyptiens du Musée du Louvre* (1873) as being in black granite, and dating from the 51st year of this king. The interest of the inscription is great. It contains a brief but complete biography of an Apis who was born at Memphis, in the temple of Ptah, on the 24th day of the month Tybi, in the 28th year of Euergetes and Cleopatra. He continued to live in the temple till he was nearly three years old—i.e., till the first of Thoth in the year 31; and was then removed to Heliopolis, where he arrived on the 20th day of the same month. As he could not possibly have taken nineteen days to travel from Memphis to Heliopolis, it is evident that he must have stayed at some intermediate station—probably that mentioned by Diodorus as the place where each Apis was put upon a special diet for forty days. On the 21st, he was received into the temple of Hapi at Heliopolis (the Nilopolis of Diodorus), and here he probably underwent some kind of consecration. On the 23rd, he returned to Memphis a full-blown divinity, and there dwelt "in his house in [the quarter of] the White Wall for 20 years, 11 months, and 22 days." Then follows the entry of his death: "Went forth this God towards the heavens the 22nd day of Mesori in the Lth year of His Majesty, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ptolemy, the Ever-living, Beloved of Ptah," &c.; and, lastly, we are told that "the good life of this God" numbered 23 years, 6 months, and 29 days, after which "he passed 70 days in the arms of Anubis, Lord of Taser." In other words, he remained for the prescribed term of 70 days in the hands of the embalmers. The entry of his burial heads the tablet, and informs us that on the 27th day of Thoth, the year 52 of Ptolemy Euergetes, "the Majesty of this august God Apis-Osiris" was conveyed to the Serapeum and laid "in his sarcophagus of black stone, after all the rites had been duly performed in the holy place."

Nothing, apparently, can be more precise than these dates; but they will not stand the test of verification. In order to make out the full term of 20 years, 11 months and 22 days, during which this Apis dwelt as a deity in the temple of Ptah, it is necessary to include the 20 days which elapsed between his departure from Memphis and his arrival at Heliopolis, as well as the 2 days of his sojourn at that place. There is also a discrepancy of 30 days between the date of his burial and that of his death. That he must have had a first-class embalmment, and consequently have been for the full 70 days in the hands of the

embalmers, may be taken for granted. The date of his death must also be accepted without reserve, since it occurs twice in the course of the inscription. The error, therefore, must lie in the date of burial, and it is evident that for the 27th of Thoth, we must read the 27th of Paophi. That so important an official record should not only contain a wrong date, but actually start with that wrong date at the top of the tablet, is very curious. It shows, at all events, that some caution is necessary in dealing with even the most authentic documents.

Besides the foregoing, M. J. de Rougé continues in both numbers his excellent comparative study of the poem of Pentaur, giving the copies of Karnak, Luxor, and the First Sallier Papyrus, in parallel lines. The variants are many, but unimportant; and the close correspondence between the three versions gives good proof of the purity of the text. M. Pierret, faithful as ever to the monotheistic theory, contributes two instalments of an article on Dr. Brugsch's pamphlet, *Religion und Mythologie der alten Aegypten nach den Denkmälern bearbeitet*, which consists largely of a translation of Dr. Brugsch's text. From the same author we have also the first part of an interesting paper *à propos* of Schiaparelli's *Libro dei Funerari*. Dr. Charles Wesely continues his valuable letter on the Greek contracts from the Fayoom in the Louvre collection; and MM. Revillout and Wilcken give the first of a series of joint papers on bilingual ostraka.

From M. Cattaul, a student of the Ecole du Louvre, we have an exciting account of his archaeological campaign among the Arab dealers of Thebes, who have now become so learned and so wary that it is scarcely possible to do business with them at all. They know the difference between hieratic and demotic, and have so keen an appreciation of the value of the latter that they no longer care to sell them out of hand, but hoard them in the hope of indefinitely raising their prices. In the house of one Arab, M. Cattaul beheld "un véritable petit musée," from which he succeeded in carrying away no less than six papyri, two being of considerable length, and one exquisitely illustrated. He also saw, but could not purchase, a most curious book, consisting of ten wooden tablets covered with black wax, precisely like those discovered a few years ago at Pompeii. It had the appearance of a pupil's copy-book with corrections by the master. The price asked for this curious relic—which was, however, most likely of Roman date—was 10,000 fra.!

Mr. William N. Groff brings forward the testimony of MM. Revillout, Lambin, and Daveluy to show his prior claim to the discovery of the tribal names of "Jacob-El" and "Joseph-El" in the Karnak lists of the prisoners of Thothmes III. after the battle of Megiddo. The discovery is of extreme interest and value, and Mr. Groff is to be congratulated upon the completeness with which he proves his claim. It is also satisfactory to learn that Prof. Meyer (who wrote upon the same subject, though by no means from the same point of view, in the *Zeitschrift für die Alttestamentliche Wissenschaft* in 1886) was entirely ignorant of Mr. Groff's article at the time when he wrote and published his own.

To the first double number of the new volume Mr. Groff also contributes an "Etude sur les noms propres chez les Egyptiens." These he classifies under three heads: (1) Mere names such as Beba, Pepi, and the like, which, so far as we can discover, have no special meaning; (2) descriptive names, such as *User "strong," Nefer "good," Tu-Khal "the Syrian," Ankhi "the living,"* and so on; (3) names composed with the name of a divinity, as *Bak-Amen* and *Bak-Ptah*, "the servant of Amen" and "the servant of Ptah," or, in the feminine form, *Bak-t-Maut* "the handmaid of Maut." To this class belong, also, such names as *Nes-Amen* "attached to Amen," *Ra-kha-f* "Ra is his diadem," *Tat-Ptah-au-f-ankh* "says-Ptah-he-lives"; and all those names associated with the notion of a divine gift, as *Petu-Amen* "the gift of Amen," *Tu-t-Anhur* "gift of Anhur" (fem.), &c. These gift-names, probably borrowed from the Egyptians by the Romans, have come down to our own day in Theodore, Theodora, Dorothea, &c.; and it may be pointed out that one purely Egyptian name, *Petu-Ast* or *Petisis* "the gift of Isis," survives intact to this day as "Isidore"—a fact which Mr. Groff would doubtless not have omitted to notice had he allowed himself more space for the development of his interesting little paper.

Prof. Revillout, as usual, is his own largest and weightiest contributor. In two instalments of a paper entitled "Une Page de l'Histoire de la Nubie," he gives translations of a host of new *graffiti*, some from Dakkeh and Dendoor, communicated by the Marquis de Rochemonteix, and some from Philae, copied by M. Cattaul. Among the latter, is one by a Nubian prince, son of Hornekht, king of the Nubians, who made a pilgrimage to the temple of Isis "of the Abaton of Philae" in the seventh year of Alexander Severus; another makes us acquainted with a certain king of Nubia named Abraaman (Abraham) and his Queen Niklou; another yields the name of a certain King Tererermen (who assumes the royal cartouche), and also introduces us to the Princess Liter, daughter of the chief Uinti, who is represented as taking part in a great festival to Isis, at which annual libations and bread-offerings were presented by "the Nubians of the south, the north, the east, and the west." "We made great libations," writes the scribe of the inscription. "We prayed in the name of our Ethiopia. We caused wine and beer, in sufficient quantity for the townsfolk who were present, to be brought to the dromos of Isis." The history of Nubia is so obscure that every fresh side-light is welcome, and Prof. Revillout's new collection will form a valuable appendix to his previous "Mémoire sur les Blemmyes."

From the same learned and unwearied pen we have also obituary notices of the late Dr. Birch and M. Miller; a translation of some new documents relating to the married life of a certain woman named Tanefer, whose singular matrimonial contract was translated and analysed in a preceding number of the *Revue*; and, last not least, the opening lectures of Prof. Revillout's fourth and fifth official courses, delivered at the Louvre School on December 7, 1885, and December 6, 1886. Continuing his masterly in-

vestigations into the jurisprudence of Egypt from the time of the ancient hieratic law and the reformed code of Bocchoris, down to the Ptolemaic, Roman, and Byzantine periods, Prof. Revillout takes for the subject of his former lecture the legal value of the oath, illustrating his argument from a large selection of documents, many of which have been recently acquired by the British Museum and the Louvre. The value of the oath in ancient Egypt, as in Chaldaea, appears to have been well nigh supreme in cases of litigation; and testimony by oath was actually equivalent, in the eye of the law, to documentary evidence or the evidence of witnesses. These oaths, taken in the names of the gods and the king, evidently date back to a period when the administration of justice was entirely vested in the hands of the priesthood, and point to a primitive system of which few, if any, direct examples survive. In Ptolemaic times, the oath was the prime factor in every form of legal engagement. The farmer, when he hired his field, undertook by oath to irrigate it with the water of a certain year, and to pay a certain tax out of the produce. The son who claimed his due share of an inheritance proved his claim by oath; the debtor disclaimed his indebtedness upon oath, and in the absence of written proof to the contrary, was acquitted by the judge. The oath also played an important part in marriage settlements.

Having, in 1885-6, treated of the civil law of ancient Egypt, and of the religious element involved in the administration of justice (as shown in the solemnity of the oath), Prof. Revillout took up the still more obscure and difficult subject of ecclesiastical law in his opening lecture of 1886-7. That apparently inexhaustible mine, the Serapeum papyri, has furnished him with a number of documents which must have been originally deposited in the archives of the great temple of Ptah, and which relate to cases of misconduct on the part of various scribes convicted within the jurisdiction of the high priest of Memphis. In one instance a large number of priestly officials are accused of fraud and oppression. They are summoned to render up their accounts in the presence of the said high priest. Some fly from justice, one escapes to Lusitania, the officers of the law start in pursuit; but at this point the thread is broken, and we are left to wonder whether the fugitives were caught, and what punishment was awarded to them. Some day, perhaps, the rest of the evidence may unexpectedly turn up in an unsuspected corner of some obscure provincial or private collection. In the meanwhile, the value of Prof. Revillout's enquiries into the jurisprudence of ancient Egypt cannot be over-estimated; and, treated as he treats it, the subject is as full of human interest as of historical information.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE DATE OF THE PENTATEUCH."

Christ's College, Cambridge: Oct. 1, 1887.

Permit me to assure Mr. Poole that I had no opportunity of sending my corrections to him when his article on the date of the Pentateuch was still in proof. The article appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for September, and the editor favoured me with

an early "pull" of it, inviting me to reply in his pages. This early pull reached my hands on August 28, when the sheets must have been all printed off.

Mr. Poole now withdraws his argument about King Pul, and modifies his statement about Palestinian written records, which he proposes to limit to records *in situ*. But the point in dispute was as to the monumental evidence that writing was known in Palestine, and for this purpose coins and gems are quite as good as monuments *in situ*. Mr. Poole corrects his statement of facts at the cost of destroying his argument. Again, he puts aside the inscription on the castle of Hyrcanus because it consists of only five letters. But five letters prove the use of writing as fully as fifty. The apology "that it was such a little one" is not generally offered except by humourists.

As regards the inferences for Biblical criticism to be drawn from M. Naville's discoveries at Pithom, I apprehend that Mr. Poole and I disagree, not as to the facts, but as to the validity of arguments that have been built on them. Mr. Poole believes that Lepsius "proved" that Rameses II. was the builder of the city of Rameses, and, therefore, was the Pharaoh of the oppression. I deny that the arguments offered by Lepsius amount to proof unless his identification of Rameses with Tell-el-Maskhuta (where Rameses II. is known to have built) is accepted. Mr. Poole says that the name Rameses is enough. Enough perhaps, I reply, to prove that the city was built by a king of the same name, but not enough to settle which King Rameses built it. Rameses III., for example, also built in the Delta.

Mr. Poole's next point is as to the inscription of Thothmes III., on which Jacob and Joseph are supposed to be mentioned. I pointed out that the use he makes of this inscription is inconsistent with its title, which shows that the supposed Jacob and Joseph were Palestinian districts, or people settled in Palestine. To show this, I quoted the latest translation of the title that is known to me, that of E. Meyer. Mr. Poole prefers the older version of De Rougé who gives "clausit" for the word that Meyer renders "Ibezwang" and Brugsch "gefangen hatte." De Rougé may be right and Brugsch and Meyer wrong, but it will still remain true that the supposed Joseph and Jacob were tribes or districts of Palestine; and this was the only point on which I built.

As regards the date at which a Hebrew writer on the antiquities of his nation might be expected to make mention of Assyria I advanced an argument resting entirely on Biblical evidence. There is no conceivable reason why there should be much reference to Assyria in any part of the Pentateuch written before the date at which Hebrew prophets and chroniclers begin to speak of that power. From this point of view it is most significant that in the Book of Kings Assyria is first mentioned by name in the reign of Menahem, and that Amos alludes to the empire of the Tigris without naming it. Clearly too, the writer of 2 Kings, xiii. 5, had very vague information as to the wars of Damascus with Assyria. Such facts as these supply the only true measure by which to judge whether a Hebrew writer of the ninth century was likely to have much to say about Assyria. Why should the battle of Karkar or the tribute of Jehu leave their mark on the Pentateuch when there is no trace of them in the Book of Kings?

W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

Canons-Aahby: Sept. 26, 1887.

The ACADEMY of September 17, and that of September 24, contain some letters on the remains recently exposed at Chester. A few

days ago I had the opportunity of seeing the part of the wall now in process of repair, and the part of the wall lately exposed on the Roodeye, and the sculptures discovered.

There has been, and is, considerable difference of opinion on several points connected with the walls. For the sake of assisting some of your readers to understand the matter, I send the following observations.

It is much to be wished that someone would publish an account of the facts connected with the wall, so far as they are known up to the present time, leaving to others to draw their own conclusions from the evidence. So far as I know, no elevation of the wall has been made, nor any series of sections. This would be very easy to do. The elevation might be on the scale of one-sixteenth or one-eighth inch to a foot, with a datum level and the sections at half an inch to a foot.

The walls of Chester form a parallelogram of about fifty chains north and south, by about thirty chains east and west (the south side being irregular), with main roads cutting it in two in both directions. Part of the north wall to the east of the north gate lately showed subsidence, and accordingly the city surveyor began repairs. The top of this part of the wall appears to be the highest as to a datum level, the ground falling considerably to the south and south-east. The appearance of the ground makes it probable that there was always a considerable fall to the north from the line of the present north wall. Here was a deep fosse in the Roman time. If there was originally this brow, it appears probable that the present wall occupies the position of the first wall by whomsoever and whensoever built, or is within a few feet of that position. It is agreed on all sides that Chester was a considerable Roman station, and probably it is not disputed that it had a wall in Roman times. It is supposed by some that the station was at one time (during, I presume, the Roman occupation) enlarged to the south. It is asserted by some that nearly all the wall is Roman; others hold that none is Roman, and that nearly all is mediæval; and others that a considerable part is of the time of the Civil War, at which time it is historically known that breaches were made by the Parliamentary troops. Doubtless there are various modifications of these views.

At the part under repair the ground to the south of the wall is about six feet below the footpath on the wall. The outer face of the wall and its whole substance (here about ten feet thick) descend to about seven feet below the surface of the ground on the south. Below this is rock cut to a nearly perpendicular face of twenty or thirty feet, at the foot of which is the towing-path of the canal. The wall as well as the rock is of red sandstone. At the time of my visit about ten yards had been rebuilt, and adjoining it was an opening into, and through, the wall. Nearly the whole material of the part taken out and rebuilt consisted of sculptured stones—plinths, cornices, copings, sepulchral slabs, bas-reliefs of figures about two feet high and other moulded stones—evidently the remains of large, ornate, solid buildings. It is impossible to suppose that a city which held such buildings was not walled. It is not disputed that these sculptures and mouldings (with one exception to be mentioned presently) are Roman, and that they were re-used in their recent positions.

It must be specially borne in mind that these sculptured stones were found at the bottom of the wall as well as higher up and equally distributed; so that it is certain that the builders of this part of wall began with sculptured stones. This part of the wall consists chiefly of squared and dressed stones from two to five feet long, one to two feet wide, and one to two feet thick, all of red sandstone, carefully laid,

but without mortar. Most of them have lewis holes, which, however, are contemporary with their first use on the temples or basilicæ or other buildings. It is evident that the part of the wall is more recent than the first occupation of Chester by the Romans, when the large buildings were erected. What has become of the first wall? This question is equally puzzling and equally important, whatever date we give to the wall. Perhaps no one has asked it, but no one has attempted to answer it.

In the part recently opened, no mortar Roman or mediæval, no pottery, no coins, no iron remains were found.

About six or seven chains to the west, close to the east of the north gate, is a part of wall which contains what is apparently a Roman cornice in position. This is described and figured in C. R. Smith's *Collectanea*, vol. 6, p. 42. This wall is in the same line as the part now under repair. We are, however, ignorant of the construction of the wall under the cornice. It is to be noticed that on the cornice are laid some pieces of a coping of Roman form, which, of course, could not have been there originally. This is not noticed in the text, and could not be shown in the plate.

It is stated that a year or two ago a repair was made to the west of the north gate, and that a rough buttress applied to the wall, but not bonded into it, was taken down, which buttress was composed, like the wall recently exposed, of large stones sculptured in Roman times re-used and put together without mortar. It is asserted that the wall against which this buttress was placed was certainly not Roman. The inference drawn is that the buttress could not be Roman; and that the wall now being re-constructed, being identical in material and construction, cannot be Roman. Some say that it cannot be Roman because it has no mortar; but it is stated on the other hand that many examples exist of Roman walls without mortar where large stones could be obtained.

As to the notion that this part was built in or soon after the Civil War, it should be stated that there was no appearance of a "repair" at the place, and that it is unlikely that the opposing force would try to breach this part of the wall. Moreover, it is, I see, recorded in the maps that the fire was directed against the west wall. The builders of that day had no Roman buildings to obtain materials from. If a breach was made in this part, and the wall repaired, how was it that the construction was uniform from bottom to top?

Some persons assert that the wall in question is not Roman, because one piece of sculpture of two figures is, as they assert, mediæval and ecclesiastical. If similarity of material, design, size, and workmanship is any evidence, this sculpture is contemporary with the rest of those found. It would be easy to produce Chinese or Buddhist figures which to some extent resemble mediæval ecclesiastics.

Supposing the wall in question is late Roman, it is certain that it is not, at this part, *exactly* in the position of the first wall. Repairers do not pull up well-laid foundations. Supposing it is mediæval or later, the same difficulty presents itself.

On the Roodeye, previous to the excavation, one saw a sort of rough wall of five courses of large stones, extending for forty or fifty yards, several feet in advance of the city wall and below it. The alternate courses project beyond the others. It is supposed by some that these courses are a comparatively modern rough wall put into their present position to keep up the bank. Others, I believe, suppose it to be the original face of a Roman wall of the city, somewhat decayed as to its face. However, when Sir James Picton and some other antiquaries excavated a spot about ten feet long

in front of this jagged wall they found a wall of about eight feet deep in seven courses, with a smooth face (battered nine inches in eight feet), three feet six inches in front of the jagged courses before mentioned. This three feet six inches is obtained in two deep courses between the eight-foot smooth wall and the upper jagged wall. It appeared to me that these irregular courses are the back or interior of a wall of which the face was flush with the lower wall lately exposed; and this view I learn is that taken by the city surveyor. I say nothing as to the date of this wall. I saw no sculptured stones in it. H. DRYDEN.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT CHESTER.

York: Oct. 3, 1887.

I express the earnest desire of many in wishing that the excavations at the walls of Chester should be continued, and every Roman inscription extricated. There can be no harm in rebuilding a wall of a comparatively late date, provided that old face-stones are used in the work. The vandalism, in my idea, would be in suffering the inscribed stones to remain where they are. The ancient history of Deva is a matter of the greatest consequence to every student of antiquity, and we cannot afford to lose the evidence which these easily attainable inscriptions would probably afford.

J. RAINE.

Liverpool: Oct. 3, 1887.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hoskyns Abrahall for his explanation of the ligulate form with the M at the commencement of the inscription No. 5 in the list I gave in the ACADEMY of September 24. My own experience is that when Manius is intended to be given as the *praenomen*, a form something like the modern comma follows the M, but that is not the case in the present instance. Still, Mr. Abrahall may be right. On the same stone, the last letter but one of the small side inscription may be, I think, from further examination, a T instead of an I; and, in this case, instead of *j(ussu)* the reading would be *t(itulum)*, *d(edicavit)*, which would probably be more orthodox. *Titulum* would of course refer to the inscription, and mean that the widow had dedicated the stone *sub ascia*.

In the inscription to the memory of the Praefectus Castrorum (ACADEMY, September 3) the ET in the last line may simply be H (the stone is much worn), and thus be part of one of the various *formulae* commencing H. S; but E (for *hic situs est*) does not appear to follow the s. Portions of letters like II or LI seem to precede the CES, but no sense can yet be gathered from them. (FE)LICES would not suit, so far as I can ascertain.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

THE ROMAN PATERA FOUND AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Oct. 1, 1887.

Mr. Blair gives us this inscription—

APOLLINI ANEXTIOMARO M A SAB

He says—

“Prof. Hübner . . . expands ‘Apollini Anextio Maro M(arci) [no doubt, a misprint for Marci] A(ntonii) Sab(ini servus).’ Apollo Anextius occurs for the first time. He considers it a local divinity like Apollo Maponus, &c.”

I would take ANEXTIOMARO as one word, agreeing with APOLLINI; the letters M A might then stand for Marcus Antonius. We should thus have an addition to the many Kelto-Latin words that bear this termination, the masculine form being *-mārus* (inaccurately made *-mārus* by Propertius, iv. 10.41), the feminine being *-māra*, a termination identified by Zeuss (*Grammatica Celtica*, ed. Ebel, p. 16) with Irish *mór*, “great,” the Welsh word being, I would add, *mawr*.

As to divinities, the masculine form of the termination is in *Dinomogetimārus* (*Mém. des Antiq. de France*, 13, xviii.); while, in regard to the female form, we find mention of a temple dedicated to a goddess of the Bituriges (a people on the upper Loire) who is named *Solimāra* (Orelli, 2050), a goddess whose name the Leuci (a people on the upper Moselle) had on their coins (Akerman, *Coins of Gallia, &c.*, p. 1667). J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibition of Mr. Vassili Verestchagin's pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery will open to the public on Monday next, October 10.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will shortly publish a translation of M. Eugène Muntz's *Life of Raphael*, with 51 full-page plates and 155 wood-engravings. The work has been translated and also edited by Mr. Walter Armstrong.

AN inaugural lecture will be given at Bedford College, London, by the Professor of Art, Frederick Smallfield, of the Royal Water Colour Society, on Wednesday next, October 12, at 4.30 p.m. The professor will take for his subject “The Use of Memory in Art”; and he will illustrate his lectures with drawings by the late Frederick Walker.

THE School of Art Woodcarving at the City and Guilds Institute, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, has re-opened after the usual summer vacation; and we are requested to state that there are vacancies for the Free Studentships maintained by the Institute in the day and evening classes. To bring the benefits of the school more within the reach of artisans, a remission of half fees for the evening class is made to students connected with the trade. Instruction is also given by correspondence to amateurs unable to attend the classes.

MONDAY next, October 10, has been appointed for the reception of works of art intended for the autumn exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit Street Galleries.

MUSIC.

MUSIC BOOKS.

A Short History of Cheap Music. (Novello.) This is really a history of the rise and progress of the house of Novello; for, since the year 1811, when Vincent Novello issued his “Collection of Sacred Music,” that house has laboured to make good music cheap. Sir G. Grove, in the preface to this work, tells us how the pianoforte score of “The Messiah” in the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria cost one guinea. Now it can be had for one shilling. Vincent Novello commenced the good work. Alfred Novello introduced moveable music types, and helped to get the taxes on literature removed, such as the advertisement duty, the compulsory stamp, and the duty on paper; while Henry Littleton, head of the firm since 1861, who has just retired, continued to make music more and more accessible to the million. The Novello house in enriching the public enriched itself; but it fully deserves whatever of worldly prosperity it may enjoy. The facility of obtaining the best music at a cheap price has resulted in an immense spread of musical knowledge, and consequent improvement in public taste; and it is this fact which gives special interest to this little book. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign there were but few choral societies, and few concerts. The chief show piece on the pianoforte was “The Battle of Prague,” or “The Linnet Waltz” written “by somebody and dedicated to everybody.” The flute was the favourite instrument with gentlemen. The pianoforte was considered a ladies' instrument; for we are informed

that the undergraduates of Oxford hissed a male pianist off the stage of the Star Assembly Rooms, for undertaking what they considered to be a duty which should have been left to the other sex. The collapse in 1848 of the Ancient Concerts, founded in 1776, showed, the folly of ultra-conservatism. It was a principle with that society to give no music by living composers. A succinct account is given of the choral and orchestral and chamber concert societies established during the present reign, and of the revival of English music; and all these movements can be traced more or less directly to the energy and enterprise of the respected musician Vincent Novello. The author of the book is not mentioned.

Review of the New York Musical Season. By H. E. Krehbiel. (Novello.) This volume contains programmes of important concerts and details of opera performances at New York during the season 1886-7. We note the popularity of “Tristan,” which was given eight times. Goldmark's two operas “Königin von Saba” and “Merlin,” were also heard several times. Berlioz's “Les Troyens à Carthage” was performed as a dramatic cantata. Liszt's oratorio, “Christus,” also came to a hearing. Besides programmes, the volume includes many articles written by the well-known musical critic of the New York *Tribune* which are extremely interesting. The long enthusiastic account of Berlioz's “Troyens,” makes one wish that Mr. Manns or Mr. Henschel would let us hear it. “No estimate,” says Mr. Krehbiel, “of Berlioz's works is complete which does not take this score into account.”

Pianoforte Album. Woycke. (Ascherberg.) Among this collection of pieces are three Sonatas, named respectively “Dramatique,” “Romantique,” and “Poétique.” Yet we fancy a far more appropriate title for all three would be “Fantastique.” The composer is evidently bent upon being original at any cost, but the result is more curious than pleasing. And the music is written in so uncomfortable a style, that only a few hardy pianists would be tempted to try the sonatas to see what is in them. A Nocturne, Légende, and Barcarolle are more likely to secure favour, but they are only of the type of ordinary drawing-room music. Another piece is Schubert's “Forelle,” as a study for the left hand. Schubert's lovely melody is lost amid a cascade of scales, arpeggi, and octaves. A “Fugue à 4 voix” is as ugly as it is weak.

Two Pieces for Violin and Piano. By M. M. Ames. (London Music Publishing Company.) The first is a Barcarolle, the second a song without words. So long as the composer keeps to plain simple melody there is not much fault to find, but the attempts at harmony and passage writing are anything but satisfactory.

Annabel Lee. For Tenor Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra. By F. St. John Lacy. (London Music Publishing Co.) The music is tuneful, but not original. Well sung, the little piece might prove effective; but the composer has not much to say. Having only a pianoforte score we cannot speak about the orchestration.

Sketches in Dance Rhythms. By E. Allon. (London Music Publishing Co.) It is now the fashion to write pieces in the old dance rhythms; but it is rare to find any of striking merit. Mr. Allon's pieces form no exception. They are correctly written, but monotonous.

Cavatina. For Violin. By F. G. Webb. (London Music Publishing Co.) A simple little piece, and rather elegant. The effect is somewhat spoilt by the not very interesting accompaniment. Besides lacking interest, in some places this accompaniment does not show pianistic skill. J. S. SHEDDOCK.

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LITERATURE.

Doncaster, from the Roman Occupation to the Present Time. By J. Tomlinson. (Wyman.)

MR. TOMLINSON is already well known as an indefatigable enquirer into the antiquities of the country round Doncaster; and his works on the Level of Hatfield Chase, on the region lying between Doncaster and Sherwood Forest, and on the etymology of the place-names in that neighbourhood, have secured for him more than a local reputation for industry and scholarship. He now gives us a handsome volume of "secular items," showing the growth of his native town from its rude and obscure beginnings in Roman and Anglian times to the days of its present prosperity. Its Church-history is reserved for another volume, which is to deal with the mission of Paulinus and the building of the church at "Campodunum" the royal residence of Edwin the Fair, the history of the monastic houses, and the lives of various clergymen and preachers of eminence who have flourished in the town.

Doncaster appears to have been a post of some military importance during the Roman occupation of Britain. The station of "Danum," as it was originally called, protected the junction of main roads which converged at a ferry over an arm of the river Don. There has been some confusion as to the course of these roads and their identification with the great highways of mediæval times. Part of the road from Doncaster to York was claimed as belonging to the Foss-way, which extended between Bath and Lincoln; and Leland described part of the same road as "the very mayn crest" of Watling Street. The real facts seem to be as follows. From the cavalry-station at Doncaster a road ran to Gloucester and the mouth of the Severn, parallel to the line of the Foss-way, and about sixty miles to the northward. This road, which passed by Birmingham, and through Staffordshire, as is shown by various descriptions of parcels in ancient conveyances, was afterwards known as the "Ryknield Way" or "Rykneld Street." The great road from London to Lincoln, which passed across a ferry over the Humber to as far north as Newcastle, threw out a branch to Doncaster and York. This branch of the "Ermine Street," portions of which still exist under the name of the Roman Rig, is best known by De Foe's description. At Doncaster, he says, "we saw the first remains of the great Roman highway which, though we could not perceive before, were eminent and remarkable just at the entrance into the town." In another passage he says that his party rode some miles out of their way over Barnsdale in order to see the great Roman

causeway, "which runs across this moor from Doncaster to Castleford." He described it as being perfect in many places. Where it was broken up, the courses appeared to be of different materials: "the bottom is clay or earth, upon that is chalk, then gravel, and upon the gravel is stone, and then gravel upon that." From York this road was continued as one of the three great meridional lines by which communications were kept up between the upper wall and the principal cities in the south of the province. Mr. Tomlinson gives an interesting account of the various Roman antiquities which have been found in the town and its neighbourhood. Some of his inferences, however, are hardly trustworthy; and the reader should be cautious in accepting such etymological fancies as that which finds in "Austerfield" a memento of a fight between Ostorius Scapula and the natives of Brigantia.

Passing to the time of the English settlement, we learn from Bede that the site of the Roman station was occupied, under the name of Campodunum, as a villa or estate belonging to the kings of Northumbria. In the reign of Edward the Confessor the place belonged to Earl Tostig. It appears to have been at that time a rural township consisting of two plough-lands held by small freeholders, who owed suit and service to the Soke of Hexthorpe. In Domesday Book it is entered among the possessions of Robert Earl of Moretain; and when the estates of his family were confiscated for rebellion by Henry I., the soke and its dependant township passed to the family of Fossard. The heiress of the Fossards married Robert de Turnham, "a mighty crusader"; and his daughter, becoming a ward of the crown, was sold in marriage, after the high-handed fashion of those days, to Peter de Maulay. Seven barons of the same name successively became lords of the "manor and soke of Doncaster," now separated from the lordship of Hexthorpe. Their feudal rights over the town were undoubted as a matter of law; but they had to sustain continual contests with the crown, the town being claimed as part of the king's ancient demeane. The townsmen, as often happened, profited largely by the contentions of the superiors. Richard I. by an important charter, which is still preserved among the corporation archives, granted the borough absolutely to the burgesses in consideration of a fee farm-rent; and the continued payment of the rent was proof that the crown had some rights over the borough, however clearly the De Maulays might prove their feudal title. King John acknowledged that Doncaster was their town, while treating it as his own; for we find him ordering the bailiffs of Peter de Maulay to inclose their lord's town of Doncaster "with hertestone and pale, according as the ditch that is made do require, and that ye make a light brecest or barbican upon the bridge to defend the town, if need shall be." Whether the fortifications, apart from the castle, extended to anything more than a ditch and palisade, we cannot now be sure. On this point, perhaps, Leland's authority may be taken as sufficient.

"There appere no tokens," he says, "as far as I could lerne or see, that ever Doncaster was a waulled town: yet there be three or four gates in it, whereof that on the west side is a praty

Tower of Stone; but S. Marie Gate is the fairest."

The manorial lords seem to have had complete control over the trade of the borough. The profits and regulation of the annual three days' fair belonged to them, and they even succeeded in imposing a tax on the sale of all victuals by retail-dealers or "regraters." This appears by a charter of Peter de Maulay the fifth, whereby he released to the commonalty of Doncaster, both rich and poor, "the pernicious custom raised from the same town heretofore by my ancestors, which we were wont to receive from all manner of regratery." The complete emancipation of the borough was practically assured when it began to send members to Parliament, but it was a long time before its legal rights were conclusively recognised. At last, an important charter of Edward IV., after recounting that the liberties of the town, through defect of a declaration thereof, might be molested and incommoded, established the townsmen as free burgesses with the right to have a merchant-guild, to elect a mayor, to exercise legal jurisdiction in the borough, and to hold an annual three-days' fair. This charter, says Mr. Tomlinson, embodied the town's privileges, and defined the municipal administration. It was left for successive kings, especially Henry VII. and Charles II., to secure to the town its property and manorial estates. All the feudal rights over the town having become vested in Henry VII., that king granted the whole manor, town and lordship, with all the villages and hamlets belonging thereto, to the corporation to be held under a fixed rent, which is still paid to the family of the late Gen. Kinsey, whose ancestors purchased it from Charles II. The largeness of the words of gift in this grant was the occasion for a terrible litigation between the corporation and the owners of certain lands which were claimed as part of Doncaster Moor, the corporation succeeding in the end in making good their title to the greater part of the property.

The record of this litigation is now interesting only so far as it bears on the question of the antiquity of the Doncaster races. In the year 1598 we find Hugh Wyrall, the rival claimant, setting up a stoop or stand on Doncaster Moor "att ye west end of ye horse-race," and the corporation sending a workman "to cutte down or digg up the saide stoop." The quarrel about the possession of the ground led soon afterwards to the entire suppression of the races. An entry in the corporation books for 1615 states that the race "hath brought and bred many cares and suits to the great damage and prejudice of the corporation, and quarrels and other inconveniences have by reason of this race bene stirred up"; and that for the prevention of murder and bloodshed it had been agreed that the meeting should be discontinued "and the stoops and stand shall be pulled up and employed to some better purpose." The public interest in the sport revived at Doncaster, as elsewhere, during the reign of Charles II.; but it was not until nearly a century had elapsed after the suppression in 1615 that the corporation gave a subscription "to encourage the horse-racing." The great increase in the prosperity of the Doncaster meeting dates from 1776, when a new course was laid out and the celebrated sweepstakes was instituted which now

takes its name from Gen. Anthony St. Leger. The present importance of the race week may be estimated from the fact that the corporation clears about £5,000 profit, after allowing for expenses of equal amount in the way of subscriptions and management.

Mr. Tomlinson adds a very complete and interesting account of the markets for which Doncaster has always been famous, of the antiquated soke-mills at which the townsmen were obliged to grind their corn, of the freemen's commons which, as he supposes, exist "by a mistake or omission in the Municipal Reform Act," and of the numerous public works and institutions which testify to the prosperity of the town. The book is handsomely illustrated; and its readers will probably all be anxious for the appearance of the volume of "clerical items" which is to complete the work.

CHARLES ELTON.

Ballades and Rondeaux, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles, &c. Selected, with chapter on the various forms, by Gleeson White. (Walter Scott.)

THIS little volume, full of many poems, may be said to represent very fairly the effects of some experiments made about ten years ago by a few men who had already earned reputation as writers of verse. These have been years of experiment and new life in all arts great and little; and in poetry scarcely any kind has been left untried, from the loosest to the most organic—from the poetry in solution of Walt Whitman to these highly crystallised forms of old France. Feeling the beauty of the forms when thoroughly understood, as by old writers like Villon and Voiture, and moderns like Théodore de Banville and Boullier, and attracted perhaps by the very difficulty, as well as by the novelty, of the attempt, they commenced to write English poems in the form of "ballades and rondeaus, chants royal, sestinas, villanelles, &c.," as the title of this book has it. That they had any more serious intention than to amuse themselves and others by an interesting literary experiment may be doubted; that they thought of supplying a grave deficiency in English literature or forming a new school of poetry may be safely denied; but whether they wished it or not they created at least a fashion, and the number of authors (over sixty) who contribute to this volume probably represents less than half the number of verse writers in England and America who have set their wits to work on these dainty devices.

The movement, though not yet exhausted, has gone far enough to prove that, unless it takes some new and unexpected turn, it will not get much farther. Notwithstanding that many very beautiful poems have been written in these forms—poems which could not have given quite the same kind of delight if written in any other form—there are few, if any, signs of their real naturalisation. These beautiful poems have been written by a few men, and it is only a few of these few men who have written more than two or three of them, only one who may be said to have proved himself a master in several of the forms. Moreover, it is doubtful whether these exceptionally skilful singers will give us many more. An occasional ballade we

may still hope for, perhaps, from Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Austin Dobson possibly may, to use his own words, "unlock his heart in a rondeau" now and again. Mr. John Payne may still find in these forms exercise for his inexhaustible faculty of versification, but Mr. Gosse is not likely to repeat his triumphs in sestina or chant royal. Mr. Henley, who in this volume for the first time appears as the acknowledged author of what Mr. Gleeson White rightly calls "the brilliant series of these poems" which appeared in the *London* during 1877-8, has long been silent, and there is no sign of any new writer who is likely to make up for these and other secessions from the quire.

It is scarcely necessary here to say much with regard to these initiators and their works. Such of the latter as appear in this volume are already well-known favourites. Mr. Dobson's ballades, rondeaus, villanelles, and triolets are models for imitation, correct in form, skilful in versification, and, moreover, poems. No one has entered so completely as he into the science of the different structures, and has seen so clearly the nature and description of theme specially suitable to the particular form. Apart from all the wit, the happy fancy, the charms of rhythm and cadence, and other characteristics of the writer, this sense of literary fitness is a special mark of his "French Forms." Mr. Lang has spoken of this class of poetry as "decorative," and there is a close analogy between the art of decoration and the art of "fixed forms." The "little blue mandarin" of Mr. Dobson's charming villanelle was no doubt part of a decoration which made the "Nankin Plate" a pretty thing without destroying its existence as a plate; and Mr. Dobson's villanelle is a pretty thing, but still a villanelle and nothing else. Of Mr. Lang's "ballades" it may be said that if not always so finely chiselled as Mr. Dobson's, they have a happy grace and flexibility, a spontaneous audacity, a freshness of flow as though straight from the source, which give them a charm peculiarly their own. Despite their strict observance of the rules, they frequently approach the freedom of improvisation. In his ballades, perhaps, more than in any others, we see the possibility that the ballade, with some slight modifications perhaps of rhyming difficulties, may become a favourite means of self-expression among English poets of the future. Yet it is Mr. Dobson, and not any other writer, who is the true begetter of this book.

As to which was the first to publish in England this form or that is not of much consequence. Mr. Andrew Lang was the first writer of the double ballade, not Mr. Henley, as stated in Mr. Gleeson White's preliminary chapter. Mr. Gosse is credited with the first villanelle, with the first sestina in the Italian unrhymed form, and also with the first chant royal; and no one has excelled him in either of these two latter very difficult forms. Mr. Bridges's two charming triolets were the first in English (since Mr. Patrick Carey's); and there are others who might put in claims for being first in the field with this and the other form, or some variation of it. But though the seed was sown by many Mr. Dobson has done more than anyone to spread the cultivation of these forms in England and America, and most of the poems in this book

by new writers show that the seed has been taken from his flowers. Although Mr. Lang's inimitable wit and style in the use of the ballade form has had a crowd of followers, no imitation of him is closer to the original than Mr. Ernest Whitney's echo of Mr. Dobson's double ballade of prose and rhyme; and there are few writers whose rondeaus and triolets do not bear very clear traces of similar parentage. For these reasons the majority of the poems in this volume by American writers, while they testify to a widespread skill in versification, add little to the poetical interest of the book, although in an article of more critical detail it would be a pleasant duty to call attention to the ballades of Mr. Sherman and Mr. Brander Matthews, and to several of Mr. Clinton Scollard's pieces. Of English writers the most important of what at least to the majority of readers may be called "novelties" are Mr. Henley's *London* poems before mentioned. They show a true lyrical gift, a large range of feeling, and much happiness, force, and originality of language; but too many of them have been written in a hurry, and some of those which contain the most faultless and poetical of his stanzas are damaged by want of care in the execution of other stanzas. Nevertheless, one of the features of the volume is the exhibition of Mr. Henley's remarkable power in verse.

It is impossible here to quote from or to enter minutely into the merits of his work; but it may be noted that though he has used the forms for the most casual and trivial of purposes he is also one of those few who has employed them for the expression of the deeper emotions. There are few "forms" here which are more truly pathetic than his beautiful rondeau, "When you are old." The aptitude of these "conventional" forms for such serious feeling is a question which cannot be discussed here; but there are more than one example of it in Mr. Gleeson White's book—e.g., Miss Mabel Robinson's triolets from "Fiammetta," especially the exquisite one beginning "Since I can never come again," and Mr. Samuel Waddington's fine chant royal of "The New Epiphany."

Nevertheless, although Mr. Swinburne has written some grand ballades, and though such well-known prose-writers as Mr. William Black and Mr. Grant Allen have been tempted into verse by the ballade form, there is not much promise in the future for the expansion of this French colony of forms.

The fact is that, to use a homely phrase, the game is well-nigh played out. It has been interesting, exciting, delightful while it lasted, and it will leave its mark on English literature for some time to come. It has been an excellent school for young students in the art of poetry. It has done something to raise the technical standard of verse, and it has enriched our literature with many beautiful things; but the thorough naturalisation of these forms, certainly of most of them, in their exact French shape is not to be expected. They need a lightness of hand and of thought, a lightness also of language it may be said, which is native to the land which produced them, and cannot be imported with the forms themselves; and a still more palpable obstacle to their habitual use by English poets is the paucity of rhymes in English. Mr.

Dobson has suggested that this difficulty may be partly overcome by allowing words composed of the same vowel sounds, preceded by the same consonant, to rhyme with one another, provided the sense is different; but he adds that no purist would use such rhymes, and it is doubtful whether this addition to English rhyme power would be easily accepted by others who are not purists, and whether, if accepted, it would prove adequate to the purpose. How serious an obstacle it is can be seen by anyone who examines the ballades, where the inexpert poet generally gets into difficulties in the third stanza; and even in the less exacting form of the rondeau he is often put to palpable shifts.

At the same time the experiment seems to have revealed a real want in English literature. It has recognised beyond doubt the value of fixed forms, their special beauty of music and shape, and their use in expressing, with a neatness and charm otherwise unattainable, slight thoughts, moods, fancies, compliments, and sentiments both grave and gay. Especially is there need for them in this hurried age, when many besides Dr. Garnett seek for some pretty ready shrine in which to fix the "rare and coloured thoughts" which come across their minds at odd moments. Perhaps this movement will end in the invention and adoption of some modification of the ballade and the rondeau better suited to English thoughts and English words than the French forms. Perhaps Mr. Swinburne's "roundel," of which some beautiful specimens are given in Mr. Gleeson White's volume, will strike root. The modern movement towards greater perfection in lyric form, and cultivation of the sense of lyric music, owes more to him than perhaps to any poet except Rossetti; and it would be only fit that he should succeed in naturalising the rondeau in an English form. But if he fails in this, it need be no reason for wonder, when we remember that even Shakspeare failed to make his sonnet grow.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

My Consulate in Samoa. By William B. Churchward. (Bentley.)

Of all the minor Pacific groups the Samoan, or Navigators, Islands are in many respects the most interesting. They occupy a somewhat central position on the oblique line running from New Zealand to Hawaii, which roughly marks the boundary between the watery domains of the large brown Polynesian race to the east and of the dark Papuans (Melanesians) to the west. The Samoans themselves are not only typical Polynesians, superior to most others both in physical beauty and mental endowment, but are on good grounds regarded by many ethnologists as the original stock of all the brown Polynesian islanders. Their dialect is the most archaic, at least in its phonetic system, as shown by the retention of organic *s* (*Samoa*, *Savaii*, *Saisai*, &c.), which elsewhere passes over to the aspirate or disappears (*Hawaii*, *Aiai*), except in the neighbouring Tokelau and in a few Tongan words.* The island of

* It is noteworthy that Samoan not only preserves the *s*, but in foreign words tends even to substitute it for *h*, which sound is not known in this dialect. Thus *Sapai* for *Hapai* (Rev. S. J. Whitmee).

Savaii,* largest of the Samoan group, would seem to be the cradle of the race, or at least the point of dispersion after their arrival in the Pacific, where this word occurs in diverse senses and dialectal forms throughout the whole of the Polynesian domain. Thus, in Tahiti—Hawaii—the universe, the world; in Rarotonga—Avaiki—the land under the wind; in New Zealand—Hawaiki—the land whence came the Maori people; in the Marquesas—Havaiki—the lower regions of the dead; in the Sandwich Islands—Hawaii—the chief member of the archipelago.

But for some time back the interest attaching to the Samoan group has been rather of a political than a scientific character. Unfortunately for itself it has entered into the comity of nations; and its direct relations with England, the United States, and Germany have converted it into a sort of diplomatic cockpit for these rivals for supremacy in the Pacific waters. The resolute and not over-scrupulous Teuton has so far had the best of it; and according to the latest reports the authority of the native King Malietoa has been practically replaced by that of Herr Weber, whilom Hamburg trader, and present accredited "Agent" of Germany to the Court of Apia.

But these political squabbles have not been an unmixed evil, for to them we are at least indebted for the book under notice, decidedly the best that has yet appeared on the social condition of the Samoan Islanders. It constitutes a pleasantly-written record of Mr. Churchward's personal experiences during his four years' residence in Samoa, to which he was appointed British Consul in 1882, with the option of accepting the collateral position of "Adviser and Chief Secretary to King Malietoa." A very brief residence in the capital, Apia, sufficed to show that this was not a desirable position; and not the least amusing portions of the book are the descriptions of the interviews between the consul and the king's ministers, in which the former declines, and the latter urge his acceptance of, the proffered honour.

"In spite of what I could say, they would not realise that I had honestly declined their service, for I was the first white that had done this extraordinary thing. Their experiences showed them that their greatest trouble had ever been to keep foreigners out from taking up Government positions among them, whether they wanted them or not; that white volunteers, premiers, land commissioners, chief justices, treasurers—the latter especially—were to be had for the asking, and that they could fill these positions four deep any day they pleased. Yet here was a man who refused to come to them and revel in the glory of all these titles, although, as they thought, he had been commanded to do so by his great chief."

Mr. Churchward has a good eye for the beauties of nature, and describes with considerable power his frequent visits to the enchanting scenery of these lovely South Sea Islands. The region of the wonderful waterfall visible from Apia above the Vaisigago Valley was thoroughly explored almost for the first time, and views obtained of the fall both from above and below. It was seen

"tumbling over the edge of a precipice which closed in the entire valley like a wall, impass-

able at any point but by the lofty heights on either side. The place where the fall itself occurs is a water-worn reef in the solid rock, through which the river takes its desperate leap of quite four hundred feet, and flashes so brightly in the sunshine to the observer at Apia. From thence is to be seen the whole course of the Vaisigago Valley, with the sea brightly blue beyond. When gazing into the giddy depths below, where the largest trees appeared like small shrubs, the thick body of water continually passing by us appeared in falling to get thinner and thinner, until, dwindling to a silver thread, it ended in snowy-white fleecy mist."

But when seen from below this fleecy mist

"appeared in all its reality in the form of an immense ever-rising fountain shower of feathery spray dashed up by the everlasting crash of the upper waters from their giddy height into the pool below. Immediately over this lovely sight hung suspended a glittering border of prismatic hues, changing every moment and dancing and quivering in the sunlight."

The author had the rare good fortune to witness the annual arrival of those singular marine creatures, the Palolo worms, which appear in prodigious numbers at certain points in the reef-openings only once a year, and just for the single hour immediately before sunrise. The time of their arrival is calculated to a moment by observing the juxtaposition of the moon with a certain star; and should they fail to appear on that day, they are sure to do so on that day four weeks. Then the natives gather in their canoes from all parts to capture them in all sorts of vessels, and distribute them as great delicacies to their friends all over the archipelago.

"Suddenly, as if let loose at the one exact time, were to be seen wriggling and writhing up from the nethermost depths millions upon millions of long thread-like worms of many colours, all seeming to be racing at their topmost speed to arrive at the surface and make the most of the short time permitted them for their annual exhibition. Up they came in myriads until the surface was thickly covered with one solid vermiculating mass of living animals. Shouting and laughing, everyone now plied his or her scoop as busily as possible baling up the writhing delicacies at top speed, to make as good use of the short time available as could be. No sooner had the sun thrown his first ray on the water than, as if by magic, with the same common accord with which they had risen to the surface, they all disappeared, sinking lower and lower to the depths below, until not a single sign of their presence was to be observed in the very spot where, a moment before, the water was perfectly muddy with animal life."

The Palolo feast is naturally one of the great events of Samoan life; and to the other amusements of the islanders has lately been added the English game of cricket, greatly modified, however, to suit the national taste for display with the least possible expenditure of physical exertion. Yet even in this mitigated form the game soon acquired in these touchy times of international rivalries a sufficient amount of political significance to excite the umbrage of His Imperial Majesty's representative at the Court of Apia.

"Once during a time of trouble cricket assumed a political importance, by the aid of which the natives hoped to tide over a dangerous time until their expected relief arrived, in the shape of British annexation to put them out of their misery. They had officially written to England

* Organic form: *Savaiki*.

offering their country, and then, to avoid all further complications or roughly exacted explanations, they determined to start a cricket match of such stupendous proportions that it would last until they got an answer from home; during which time they considered that, being engaged in playing, they had a valid excuse for not taking notice of any business that might unpleasantly crop up. In fact, the entire government was playing cricket, and could not be disturbed. The game began, but I don't know whether it was ever finished or not. Anyhow, I don't think it had any particular effect upon the usual run of politics, but I do know that their letter to England was never answered. Shortly after this incident the Germans were very much down upon the natives, finding fault with everything they did, and continually informing them that their insignificant little group was insulting the great German Empire; and they eventually forbade the King, under dire penalties, to play the game called 'cricket' at his seat of government."

It is evident from this and several other still more outspoken passages that at least one British functionary still survives who has the courage of his opinions. But his fate in Samoa was not such as to encourage others; for the Germans not only suppressed the British game of cricket, but also extinguished the British Consul himself, the only man who dared to stand between them and their Samoan victims.

"Such conduct, however, did not appear to please the powers that were; for it happened that many hints I had received from Germans to the effect that if I did not cease to oppose them in their native intrigues my relief would be effected—a warning I could not bring myself to believe had any official significance—*did prove true, and my official reign in Samoa was brought to an end.*"

It seems there is some reason to congratulate ourselves that this crowding out policy has begun about a century too late. However meekly we may now be contented to go to the wall, and however eagerly each successive party administration may vie in pusillanimity with its predecessor, it is still a fact that many of the fair places on the surface of the earth were luckily already secured for our overflowing population before the irrepressible Teuton was able to put in a claim for his share of the spoils.

Mr. Churchward is not a scientific observer, nor does he deal at all with the difficult problems of Oceanic ethnology. Nevertheless, he has sufficient commonsense to distinguish between the brown Polynesians and the black Papuans, which some recent specialists have failed to do. "Nothing whatever of the Papuan about them," is his emphatic remark on the physical appearance of the Polynesian Samoans. Like others who have associated much with them, he is eloquent on their genial, kindly disposition and high intellectual qualities. At the same time he clearly sees that they lack the mental stamina necessary for permanent self-government, and hence must sooner or later fall into the hands of some foreign power. At the same time it seems a pity that, according to present appearances, they are not likely to be permitted to choose their own masters.

"Samoa never will be settled until some power takes her in hand. The natives know it, and openly say so themselves; but for choosing the country they would wish to be annexed to, they

have had to suffer many persecutions, which, however, have not in the smallest degree shaken their resolution. They are painfully aware of their hopeless weakness, and heartily sick of the shuttlecock, no-child-of-mine sort of existence that they have had to endure, tossed about between three nationalities, each jealous of the other, and who will neither let them alone nor take them up. Their choice for annexation is most decidedly British, for which they have petitioned over and over again since very old times. American protection they sought once, but to Germany they never have appealed, though several times ordered to do so."

The book is well printed, but has neither map nor illustrations; and, worse still, lacks an index.
A. H. KEANE.

Beyond the Seas: being the Surprising Adventures and Ingenious Opinions of Ralph Lord St. Keyne, told and set forth by his Cousin, Humphrey St. Keyne. By Oswald Crawford. (Chapman & Hall.)

We shall not call this book a novel. It is not so denominated on the title-page, and it has no more claim to the designation than has *Gulliver's Travels* or *Robinson Crusoe*. It has become a fashion of late, why, we know not, to call every book which deals subjectively with the imagination a novel. We do not care to go into the derivation of words, for old meanings have little to do with new ones; but we are certain that a novel, as the word was understood by our fathers, had a limited meaning, which excluded books such as the one before us. Considering the mountains of ill-digested rubbish which are now manufactured with little more strain on the intellect than patent blacking or "Indian pickles," we should be insulting Mr. Crawford if we compared his book with them.

Beyond the Seas is an imaginary history of two relatives, Lord St. Keyne and his illegitimate cousin Humphrey. It is written in a dialect which has a seventeenth-century flavour, but no archaisms are introduced which jar upon the ear or make reading in any way task-work. There is the slightest possible love story in it. Much about the sea and fights thereon with Barbary rovers, and still more—more in value that is, not in bulk—concerning Lord St. Keyne's mystical philosophy or theology. This is the best part of the book. There are many passages in it, whole pages indeed, which would lead a careless reader to imagine that the author was a Roman Catholic; other passages, however, could be pointed out which render this conclusion in a high degree improbable. With the religious or philosophical views of the author we are not concerned. It is those of his hero that interest us. We are bound to say that he has represented a gentleman of the seventeenth century, a cavalier and a member of the old religion, in a manner that we have never seen surpassed. There is hardly a thought of his recorded that might not have passed through the brain of some one of the many heroic souls who fled from "the crowning mercy" of Worcester. The thinking men of that day who were not Puritans or Hobbists were almost all mystics. Some, of which Sir Kenelm Digby was a type, were Catholics; others clung to the established religion, which had for a time fallen as much

by the wretched propping and underpinning of Laud and the creatures of the court as by the onslaught of the Puritans in the council or on the battlefield. A third section, of which Lord Herbert of Cherbury is an illustrious example, were sceptics; but their doubts were the result of the mind acting on thought or thought-forms, not of methods afterwards popularised by Locke.

We should like to persuade ourselves that Lord St. Keyne was really one of the first class—that the notes of his life before us were not the creation of a nineteenth-century intellect which has come in contact with the lights and darkneses of our modern time, but in very truth what they seem to be. On laying down the volume the sweet charm of thoughts set in such quiet, homely, living words so overpowers the mind that it is difficult for one who has once made the self-surrender to throw off the illusion, or to refrain from asking what would have been Lord St. Keyne's suggestions towards solving this or that moral or philosophical problem which oppresses us in these weary days of pessimism, wantonness, and sloth. Though they did not write or talk so much as people do now, we have not all of us forgotten that the men of the seventeenth century had a conception of justice which is not common with us. They could admire virtue if they would not practise it; and they knew with the certainty of an uncorrupted faith that good and bad, virtue and vice, were not mere names, but stern realities, between which was a gulf as wide and as impassable as that which cut off Dives from Lazarus. Though Mr. Crawford's pages are in no sort didactic he has felt this, and never made his characters talk as if they thought success was to be achieved here or anywhere else by trying "to make the best of both worlds." This is high praise, we know, but we are constrained to give it. We should speak far differently were there any notes of the mere book manufacturer to be found; but there are none, or if there be they have remained undiscovered after careful scrutiny. We believe *Beyond the Seas* to have been written without any thought as to how many copies the great circulating libraries would gulp down, and that the dreadful face of the reviewer has not intruded between Mr. Crawford and the sunlight. As the merit of the book does not consist in splendour of diction, but in the quiet harmonies, quotations can be of little service. The following paragraph may, as well as any other, be torn out of its setting:

"I would propose, sir, to divide mankind into two kinds or species—a higher, a rarer, and by comparison almost a divine species, the individuals of which act by their own spontaneity; and a lower species, which acts and moves and thinks and speaks from necessitation and of blind impulse and instinct, unwitting and unaware."

The description of the sea-fights are first-rate. Whether right or wrong in technical detail, they have all the clear-cut sharpness of those old tales of adventure, which now, it is sad to say, remain unopened on the shelves of our great libraries, while every libidinous tale in prose or verse finds eager readers, annotators, and renderers into English.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Ourselves and our Neighbours: Short Chats on Social Topics. By Louise Chandler Moulton. (Boston, U.S.: Roberts.)

THIS brightly written book is another *Conduct of Life*—of life in its social rather than its individual bearings—from the point of view of a sensible woman. Mrs. Moulton does not write like Emerson, or think like him, but she is quite as sound a philosopher. In one important respect her style is to be preferred even to his, for it is cheerful, humorous, and fluent. Emerson would have found some difficulty in treating of such subjects as "Rosebuds in Society" and "Young Beaux and Old Bachelors"; but to Mrs. Moulton they suggest reflections that are as useful in their way as the more abstract results of reason. The "rosebud," for instance, is "thorny," especially in America, where a girl "speaks of a single woman past her first youth as 'that poor old thing'!" The young beau and the pretty rosebud—be it never so thorny—have the best of the more fleeting pleasures of life; but what of the over-blown ungathered bud, and the gay bachelor grown old?

"The old beau looks about him and sees his contemporaries buying houses and leading their children by the hand, and he scoffs a little perhaps, and tries to think that he is glad not thus to be bored and burdened. But his laughter is hollow; and when he goes home at night and sits before his lonesome fire, he sees in the firelight glow the long-lost Spanish castle, of which he threw away the key in his youth, and fancies what might have been if youth had but known."

Yet in regard to marriage, like a sensible woman and sound philosopher, Mrs. Moulton urges delay. "Marriage should be waited for, not sought. Who knows round what corner his destiny may be hiding?" The man should wait until destiny has done mocking him with make-believes; the girl until it has been revealed to her that she is this same hiding destiny. In the case of such a girl as a recent Senior Classic, there is another reason for delay. "We should at least give a girl time enough to lock up her diploma and rest from her own examinations before she is called on to examine the claims of some young man to be her suitor." For those who are already married Mrs. Moulton has the wisest of good counsels. She approves the mutual devotion of husband and wife whose understanding of each other is so complete that speech is almost unnecessary between them. "There comes a time to men when the dearest and holiest things are rather lived than spoken, and the woman makes a mistake who feels herself unloved because the fervours of early utterance are absent from the speech of her husband." But the lesson has another side. "Men should remember that women hunger for words, and not wait, as Carlyle did, to breathe their vain remorse and despair beside a grave." The fact that there are unsympathetic husbands and wives suggests a chapter on "A Statute of Limitation," which gravely discusses the propriety of putting an end to relations that have become insupportable. But it is a discreet chapter, like all the rest, and is not calculated or intended to promote divorce. Mrs. Moulton has invented the happy notion that a dinner-party to married people is "a

benevolent scheme for giving the too-much-married a little vacation," inasmuch as the husband takes somebody else's wife in to dinner. But the repose of this short vacation is marred by the reflection that the partner for the time being of the dull or stupid wife will pity her husband. Of course the argument cuts both ways, though Mrs. Moulton is good enough to spare the husband all the humiliation she can. For it may be that it is he who is stupid, and not his wife, in which case, while the short vacation still results in the chagrin of the husband, it is the wife who finds a temporary relief in the society of a brighter partner. Dulness, however, is only a relative quality, and Mrs. Moulton very wisely qualifies her scorn of it; for, as she says, the man who takes some other man's dull wife in to dinner "will pity him, not knowing what a household blessing she is, or where the wings are hidden away underneath the silken shoulders of her best gown."

One of these interesting "short chats" is about "Courtesy at Home," a subject on which there is every need—as much in England, I fear, as in the writer's own country—for the excellent lessons she enforces. Courtesies omitted to children or to inferiors in station, the absence between equals of those nice observances which show respect, rudeness to servants, undue liberties with anyone—these and the like breaches of good conduct are effectively denounced. The household in which none of them occur is very happily described:

"The perfect home is one where no least detail of courtesy is omitted between husband and wife, parents and children, masters and servants; but where this good-breeding is not the slavish obedience to a set of fixed rules, but of honest respect for individual rights, and heartfelt desire on the part of each one to be as agreeable and as much beloved as is possible."

Not the least interesting chapter is one on "Watering-Place Society." Mrs. Moulton has a smart vein of satire, which she indulges here in regard to Saratoga trunks, hotel toilettes, counts who are no counts, peers with fictitious pedigrees, and all the dubious, but free and easy, adjuncts of most summer resorts. "The Caprices of Fashion" (embodying a brilliant sketch of the whilom "girl of the period," changed into a disciple of "Beauty in Life," and, at a later period, from something early English into something Greek, but now degenerating again into a new vulgarity), "The Gospel of Good Gowns," and other similar topics, furnish matter for very lively treatment. There is absolutely no twaddle in the book until we approach the end, when we get an unmitigated dose of it in a chapter on "The Fashion in Poetry." Here we begin with "old Homer," who "sang joyfully in the morning of his art," and end with a sickly poet (so-called) on whom "fate had surely smiled." But the absurd young man, notwithstanding the smile of fate and the assurance of fame and the love of an admiring girl, was "the very wretchedest of men."

"In the midst of his joys and hopes, Death, having an idle moment on hand, had stepped to his side and whispered, 'Sometime you must come with me—sometime, and it may be soon.' And this whisper was the heart of his despair."

Poor fellow! Pity that Death wasted time in whispering. He had better have made a summary end of the business. Mrs. Moulton mistakes the fashion in poetry; but she perfectly well understands everything else that she writes about. GEORGE COTTERELL.

NEW NOVELS.

The Gay World. By Joseph Hatton. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The New Antigone. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Lady Grace, and other Stories. By Mrs. Henry Wood. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

The Great Bank Robbery. By Julian Hawthorne. (Cassell.)

In the Shires. By Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. (White.)

From Deacon to Churchwarden. By J. W. Kirton. (Sonnenschein.)

The Gates Between. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In many respects *The Gay World* is the ablest novel Mr. Hatton has written. A greater unity, and more of human passion, perhaps, were noticeable in *Clytie*; but the later work is evidently by a man of riper experience, and one thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the world. Dedicated to a distinguished explorer, upon whom the eyes of all Europe and America are at present fixed, *The Gay World* seeks to relate the deeds of a youthful hero of Mr. Stanley's type in Godfrey Jessop. The pioneer is not only shown in his private life, where he is all that a hero should be; but his adventures and hairbreadth escapes in Sulungun, an island in the Eastern seas, are traced with considerable skill and vigour. Jessop had previously done good work in Central Africa, which caused him to be sent out to Sulungun, in whose exploration he was backed by Government power and every resource of civilisation. He is reported to have been killed by the natives; and the news carries sorrow into faithful hearts in England, of whom the charming heroine, Helen Kennett, is the chief. But of course he lives, and returns to claim his bride, with whom he goes out to Sulungun, having been appointed British governor of the island. The episodes connected with Jessop and his love affairs absorb only a portion of the elements of the story; and herein, we think, Mr. Hatton makes a mistake. His canvas is not large enough for all he endeavours to put upon it; and, consequently, things are very much hurried in the third volume. Time would fail us to tell of the myriad incidents crowded into this novel. We pass from a dinner to Mr. Stanley to detective revelations in Piccadilly; from a great diamond robbery in Africa to the Van Beers' Exhibition in New Bond Street; from adventures in Sulungun to the last show of the Royal Academy; from the earthquake at Ichia to the pastoral beauties of Dove Dale in Derbyshire; and from trains in motion on the South-Eastern Railway, where a notorious bullion robbery is going on, to Loftus Kennett's magnificent villa on the Thames. The Hon. Eric Yorke relates the story, one of whose main purposes is to unravel the mystery of "The White

Star" diamond, together with the vast forgeries of Loftus Kennett, philanthropist and millionaire—a kind of "Jim the Penman," whose gorgeous house of cards ultimately topples about his ears, while he himself passes into penal servitude. Even yet we have not exhausted the author's conceptions. Besides the history of a fallen society beauty, who is intimately associated with Kennett, and a Yankee swindler of a very "tall" order indeed, there is the recital of a once famous trial at the Central Criminal Court, when the great robbery of gold on the South-Eastern line, between London Bridge and Folkestone, was brought home to the criminals concerned. The title of the novel seems a little forced, though we do obtain passing glimpses of "The Gay World" of the metropolis. As a whole the book is most interesting; and it is interspersed with many clever passages, bits of choice description, and happy touches of character. The printer's reader has not done his work well. We read of "a landscape by Carot," "the Partheon" (Parthenon), "Mr. Justice Willis" (Wills), "Mr. Sergeant Shea," &c. We cannot charge upon the reader, however, the ascription of the novel *Joan* to Mrs. Burnett. Mr. Hatton brings into his pages several living characters who will easily be recognised.

A very unconventional novel is *The New Antigone*, and one written with marked ability and literary skill. It probes the new revolutionary doctrines of Free Love, Socialism, Nihilism, and so forth, to the core, and shows how utterly inadequate they are to satisfy the deeper cravings of human nature. The heroine, Hippolyta Valence, is presented to us in the outset as at war with the customs of society. She does not believe in the marriage bond. The crown of life for her "is to love and be loved. There was nothing beyond it, nothing to compare with it, nothing that would compensate for its loss." This doctrine, and others quite as advanced, she translates into action. It is in vain she is warned that "the young are enthusiastic without knowledge, as the old have knowledge without enthusiasm." But when the revulsion of thought and feeling does come with Hippolyta, her sufferings are very keen. She is saved, but so as by fire. There is real tragedy in this part of the story. Against the subversive social ideas are set forth the practical virtues of Christianity, as exemplified in Miss Desmond:

"The delight of her life was to save the young out of that terrible devouring fire through which they are passed to a worse than Moloch. She had ransomed many hundreds and sent them to the far continents which have been created to redress the injustice and lighten the shameful misery of a civilisation become so chaotic as our own."

The fever dens of London welcomed this true sister of mercy; and there are other characters in this book equally noble. The author teaches, in regard to deliverance from the crime and oppression of the world, that there is only one revolution—that described by Victor Hugo, which "means liberty and light. It means equality in the best things, the only things worth having—love, and justice and truth. It means reason, not dynamite." We shall look with great interest to the next

appearance of the anonymous author of *The New Antigone*.

The posthumous stories by Mrs. Henry Wood do not, we regret to say, sustain the reputation acquired by the author of *The Channings* and *East Lynne*. No doubt, in *Lady Grace* there are reminiscences of that facility in the construction of plot which did so much to give the excellent writer now deceased her reputation; but it lacks grip and cohesion. *Lady Grace* is well drawn, yet the best character of all is her husband, the Dean of Denham, who dies the victim of accumulated troubles, and who begets in us a real sympathy. There are certain incidents in the life of both which seemed to call for mutual explanation before it was too late. The Dean's sons, Cyrus and Charles Baumgarten, are not ordinary youths, though they cause great anxiety, as boys with some originality generally do. As for the rest of the narrative, there is a good deal of marrying and giving in marriage before it comes to a close. "A Soldier's Career," one of the minor sketches, tells the pathetic story of a gallant young Englishman's death during the Sikh War; and a touching picture is drawn of the fidelity of an Indian girl. If the story entitled "The Surgeon's Daughters" points to anything at all, it is to a belief in witchcraft. The predictions of a nineteenth-century wizard are given in such a manner as to bespeak credence for them on the part of the reader—at least the author assures us that the sketch is no fancy one, but absolutely true. "The Unholy Wish" accentuates two morals—one the wickedness of calling down curses upon your enemy's head, and the other the foolishness of flirtation. If these sketches are not equal to Mrs. Henry Wood's earlier productions, they are far more readable than many novels which see the light.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's sketch of *The Great Bank Robbery*, compiled from the diary of a police inspector of New York, is very clever and exciting. The reader's interest is held all through, and the encounter on a railway journey between Inspector Byrnes and the beautiful and fascinating criminal heroine of the story is as good as anything in Gaboriau.

In the Shires is a rattling novel, with plenty of go in it, though some of the characters we are introduced to are of a very shady character, and several degrees worse than the average blackleg. The story lifts the veil on several aspects of London life, while it is also redolent of the hunting country.

From Deacon to Churchwarden unfolds the history of a purse-proud parvenu, who becomes the ruling spirit of a Dissenting church, browbeating minister and people at his pleasure. As the worm will turn at last, however, so the Rev. Arthur Bradford and his flock revolt against the iron sway of the worldly deacon. By-and-by he loses all his influence, severs his connexion entirely with Dissent, and takes his wealth and power into the Church of England, where he is made much of, and becomes churchwarden. His career is for a time brilliant if arrogant; but his proud domineering spirit is at length

broken down by a series of trials, domestic and other. From the literary point of view, Dr. Kirton's sketch is miserably poor, and destitute of the faintest gleam of originality. It is written in a bald and feeble style, not a whit superior to that in which second or third-rate prize tales are composed. Take a couple of sentences from page 2, the italics being ours: Wakley, the deacon, had "successfully pushed *his way on* step by step, until he had fought *his way up* from one position to another, leaving others who started at the same time far behind. He had somehow been able to edge *his way on*, higher and higher," &c., &c. There is a fearful and wonderful use of the comma all through this volume.

Of a wholly different type is *The Gates Between*, by Miss Phelps. Here we have literary talent of a high order, combined with a weird and pathetic story. The whole narrative is beautifully written, while in conception it is very uncommon. This is not only one of the few books calculated to linger in the memory, but is one eminently deserving of remembrance. G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians: with a Critical and Grammatical Commentary. By Charles J. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. (Longmans.) Though "more than a generation has passed away" since Bishop Ellicott's commentaries on other Epistles of Paul made their appearance, these have kept their ground so well that it cannot be necessary to say more of this one than that it is, with some modifications, on the same general plan as its predecessors. That is to say, the commentary is, as it professes to be, essentially a critical and grammatical one, being a continuous attempt to ascertain—"by means of a close and persistent consideration of the grammatical form and logical connexion of the language," and with all the aid that could be afforded by a thorough knowledge of the Versions, the Greek expositors, and the works of living commentators—the precise meaning of the original; though, at the same time, other points of interest suggested to the reader are not wholly passed over, and copious references point to trustworthy sources of information. The bishop has not adopted any of the critical texts, but has preferred to exercise his own judgment upon the materials supplied by Tischendorf and Tregelles; and thus, in every doubtful case, the reader has the benefit of Bishop Ellicott's ripe judgment, while he is not embarrassed with the details of the evidence on which that judgment is based. In all important cases the decisions of Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Westcott and Hort, and the Revisers have been specified. One feature in which this volume will be found to differ from its predecessors is the absence of the complete translation added to the text. The reason for this is, of course, the publication in the meantime of the Revised Version of the whole New Testament. Of the translation of this First Epistle to the Corinthians, Bishop Ellicott's judgment, after renewed and unbiassed examination, is that it is the most accurate version "that has ever yet appeared in any language."

The Picture of Paul. By the Rev. R. H. Haweis. (Charles Burnet & Co.) This is the fourth volume of Mr. Haweis's series entitled "Christ and Christianity," the first volume of which is to be published last. The author, by his treatment of the Epistles to the Seven Churches, in his *Story of the Four*, has pre-

pared us for his point of view in the "Picture" before us. Holding that the Nicolaitanes of Revelation ii. 6 were followers of St. Paul, and the Epistles to the Seven Churches a counterblast to the teaching of the Apostle to the Gentiles, he of course conceives of St. Paul's life as one long warfare against the machinations of "the Pillars," endorsing fully the views of the Tübingen school of criticism. Mr. Haweis's plan is to state his own view clearly and positively without discussing rejected theories, but this only makes it the more essential that Mr. Haweis's own view should be the right one. In the present case he has against him the most learned and thorough of recent commentators, Bishop Lightfoot, and also St. Luke, whose "diary," if Mr. Haweis be right, is surely disingenuous in the extreme. But although it is a most serious blot on *The Picture of Paul* that it practically ignores Bishop Lightfoot's candid and careful volumes, yet Mr. Haweis's graphic and vigorous statement of his own view deserves a hearing. Its essential and fatal weakness is its thoroughly modern style and tone. As Tübingen critics see in St. Paul a German professor, so Mr. Haweis sees in him a Broad Church divine, or, to be quite just and accurate, a Mr. Haweis. It is, perhaps, a true and useful analogy to compare, with some reservations, St. Paul's position in the early Christian Church with a Broad Churchman's in the Anglican Church of to-day; but this is not to say that St. Paul was a Dr. Arnold or a Dean Stanley, still less a Mr. Haweis. Against the statement that St. Paul "sowed the seeds of a new Broad Church Christianity throughout Asia Minor," even the most convinced Broad Churchman will protest; and when he finds Mr. Haweis instituting a comparison between St. Paul's troubles at Antioch and those caused by "certain fussy creatures . . . who complain now that the clergyman wears a black gown in the pulpit," he will smile. Mr. Haweis's exposition has at least the advantage of simplicity. St. Stephen was "the *enfant terrible* of the Jerusalem Church," for before he preached "Christians had been regarded as a sort of revivalist Jews, nothing more." After his death St. Paul took his place, and the Pauline party henceforth "remained the *enfants terribles* of the pure Jews and Jew Christians alike." It will be seen that Mr. Haweis's style is as colloquial as ever. In one place at least—where we are told that St. Paul "nearly did for himself at Lystra"—it is more than familiar. Moreover, we strongly suspect that the jaunty imaginative expansions of speeches occasionally indulged in by Mr. Haweis are as false in realism as they are questionable in taste. But even if the realism be accurate, what possible end is gained by expanding St. Luke's remark, after his account of the speech on Mars' Hill, that "some mocked," into this sort of rubbish:

"'Paul, your eyes look rather weak,' one would say, 'Stand out of the sun, my good man. I'm sure you've had enough for to-day—we have. It's very warm; hadn't you better go home? What! you can't see your way down the steps? We'll help you.' Or the more polite Stoic would say, as the words 'Resurrection of the Dead' left Paul's lips—'Good Jew! We can't stay any longer—we go to the baths—we've got an appointment. A word in your ear—we did ask you to speak, no doubt, but your style's not the thing.'"

Mr. Haweis gives us quite a page in this strain, and he does it very smartly; but it surely is a complete waste of paper and wit. St. Luke's two words were enough. We have dwelt so far upon the faults of the book, but the merits are equally obvious. In force and vigour it contrasts very favourably with more bulky, if more accurate, rivals. A short, terse, vivid life of St. Paul has not yet been written

in English, even Canon Farrar's vigorous picture has too much frame. Mr. Haweis's dramatic power finds full scope in his rapid sketch. The death of Stephen, the prison scene at Philippi, the speech on the castle steps at Jerusalem, the storm on the way to Rome, are described with splendid energy and vividness. Noticeable phrases and sentences are frequent. "We are not enough in our deserts," "the deep slumber of a decided opinion," St. Paul was "the sanest mystic that ever lived," may be given as instances. The pathetic beauty of many passages in the book makes us especially impatient of the undignified descents we have noted. The volume, on the whole, contains finer passages than either of its predecessors, and is more forcibly and connectedly written, but probably tells us more about Mr. Haweis than about St. Paul.

Kirchengeschichtliche Studien. Hermann Reuter zum 70 Geburtstag gewidmet von Theodor Brieger, Paul Tschackert, Theodor Kolde, Fried. Loofs und Karl Mirbt. Mit einer Beigabe von August Reuter. (Williams & Norgate.) These studies in church history, based on original research, and bringing to light, as they do in several cases, sources of information hitherto inaccessible, will be found of great interest to specialists in the departments to which they severally belong. The first, which, it may be said, is critical rather than historical, is a very full discussion of the MSS. of Irenaeus, by Prof. Loofs, of Halle, with an attempt at their classification, leading to the result that the Latin Irenaeus is textually as perfect as few old writers, and that until the Greek can be found there is nothing more to desire. The second paper collects and balances the opinions of the "Gregorians" and "Anti-Gregorians," in the matter of the deposition of the Emperor Henry IV., while in the third Prof. Tschackert avails himself of researches which he has been privileged to make among the archives of the city of Königsberg to throw an interesting light on the character of the often-named, though little-known, Georg von Polentz, the reforming Bishop of Samland. Mention must also be made of several valuable contributions to the history of the Reformation by Prof. Kolde, including a letter of Cochleus to Capito, throwing light on his change of sentiment towards Luther; and, now for the first time printed in full, the confession of Johann Denk, schoolmaster of Nuremberg, as well as other documents pertaining to his trial and that of the "three godless painters," banished for their share in the heresies of Müntzer. Students of confessional literature will no doubt turn with interest to Prof. Brieger's paper on the Articles of Torgau, in which he seeks to advance the question beyond the point at which it was left by Engelhardt in 1865. It is certainly a remarkable example of good taste and self-restraint even carried to an extreme that this birthday offering appears without dedication of any kind, indeed, without either preface or introduction, the only personal reference being contained in a note prefixed to the last-named essay. What more acceptable offering, however, could there be presented to a venerable teacher, on his seventieth birthday, than such a collection of original researches carried on in his spirit and under the stimulus of his instructions by grateful pupils? May it be a *monumentum aere perennius*!

Sketches of Church and State in the First Eight Centuries. By the Rev. W. Armitage. (Rivingtons.) The object in writing these sketches has been to describe in popular form some of the leading persons and events, parties and movements, in the Church and the world, during the first eight centuries of the Christian Era. That this object may be attained the

sketches should be remarkable either for their interest and picturesqueness, or for their clear statement of results; but they fail in both these respects. Mr. Armitage has gone carefully through his authorities, and what he tells us is generally correct; but his whole narrative is singularly colourless and languid. He is at his best in the chapters on English Church History, just because his field becomes a little narrower, and he has time to tell us something of his subject, instead of merely alluding to it. This failure to be interesting is unfortunate, because the book makes no pretence to be a statement of general results, or an abridgment of facts. It is interesting or it is nothing. We notice that Mr. Armitage repeats the story of the altar found at Rome dedicated "Simoni Deo," and seems unaware that the inscription should be "Semoni," and probably has nothing to do with Simon Magus.

The Story of our Lord. By Frances Young-husband (Longmans.) This is an attempt to tell the life of Christ for children, that they may be able to picture it as a connected whole. It does not profess to be more than a "stepping stone," and its simplicity and clearness will make it useful. The copious engravings which illustrate the volume are taken "from a very beautiful edition of the New Testament, published some years ago by Messrs. Longmans & Co., as the life-work of a member of their firm"; but they will be appreciated by grown-up people more than by children.

Of the Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. A newly revised Translation. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is the first of a proposed series of "handy shilling volumes," which, "well printed and bound in cloth," will constitute "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature." Price, printing and binding, are equally admirable, and the editing has been careful. A short, but sufficient introduction, and a very few well-chosen notes, accompany the text. The quotations from Scripture are given in the words of the Authorised Version and the Prayer-Book Psalms. The edition should be a favourite one.

The History of Tithes from Abraham to Queen Victoria. By Henry W. Clarke. (Redway.) Mr. Clarke writes under two great disadvantages. He seems imperfectly acquainted with English, producing such extraordinary sentences as the following: "And what makes the case worse, is to distort Scripture so as to deceive the people who could neither read nor write, and even those who could read had no open Bible to consult to see for themselves whether these things were so." "The journey to Britain was then considered a hazardous undertaking, being considered in so remote a part of the world." And, secondly, he states in his introduction that "the Catholic Revival has transformed the Church of England into a nursery or recruiting depot for the Church of Rome," which statement, whether we accept it or not, has nothing to do with the question of tithes, and makes us at once doubtful of the impartiality of our author. But in spite of these defects Mr. Clarke's book is useful. He has thoroughly mastered his subject, and manages to present us with most of the facts in a comparatively short compass. He is candid and just, and very careful to quote his authorities when discussing disputed questions. His criticisms of the "Brief" of the S.P.C.K. and of Lord Selborne's *Defence* are sensible and accurate. The chapter on the redemption of tithe-rent charge is a useful statement of what it would cost the nation to abolish tithes. But the faults of style which we have noticed make Mr. Clarke very stiff reading. He gives us nowhere a clear explanation of why he thinks it advisable that tithes should be redeemed. The reader is left to find this out for himself from

the facts which Mr. Clarke awkwardly plumps down before him, or to accept the absurd reason of the introduction. The book, in short, will be helpful to the student, but baffling and wearisome to the general reader.

The Church of England, by E. Venables (S. P. C. K.), is an elementary account of the planting, settlement, reformation, &c., of the National Church. It is merely a digest of well-known books on the same subject, so that the reason of its publication is not easily perceived. Probably the best use to which it could be put would be its adoption as a reading book in Church Sunday schools.

Selections from the Book of 2 Kings. By Rev. H. H. Clifford. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) Two maps, copious references to the Revised Version, and some short but careful notes will make this little treatise useful to the teacher. The selections are judiciously chosen.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It is stated that Mr. Aldis Wright is preparing for the press an edition of the writings of the late Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, and the friend of Carlyle and Lord Tennyson. According to the *New York Nation*, the edition will include several works hitherto unpublished—such as his renderings of the "Oedipus Rex" and the "Oedipus Coloneus," as well as a copious selection from his correspondence.

The first instalment of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s new history of English literature, viz., *Elizabethan Literature*, by Mr. George Saintsbury, will be published immediately. It aims at giving a complete and clearly arranged view of the actual literary performance of the period from 1560 to 1600. The narrative is illustrated by abundant extracts from the less-known writers.

A WELL-KNOWN African traveller meditates trying his fortune as a writer of fiction. Some of the scenes of the story on which he is engaged will be laid in the vicinity of Kilimanjaro.

SIR LEPHEL GRIFFIN is understood to have inspired the very plain-spoken article in the October number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* on "Indian Princes at Court."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish immediately a new volume of Essays by Mr. R. H. Hutton, entitled *Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith*. The essays deal with Carlyle, Newman, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and F. D. Maurice.

THE Queen, as well as the Prince of Wales, have accepted copies of the fine edition of *Benevenuto da Imola's* famous commentary on Dante from the Hon. W. B. Warren Vernon, at whose expense the work has been printed, under the editorship of Sir James P. Lacaita. A copy was presented to the King of Italy on the occasion of the unveiling of the *facciata* of the Cathedral of Florence on May 12. Another has been accepted by the Queen of Italy, whose taste for learned studies is well known. The latter copy, together with those destined for the Queen and the Prince of Wales, have recently been sumptuously bound by Riviere in a style worthy of the best traditions of English bookbinding.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately *Bracton's Note Book*, being a collection of cases decided in the king's courts during the reign of Henry III., annotated by a lawyer of that time, seemingly Henry of Bratton. The work will form three volumes, and has been edited by Mr. F. W. Maitland, reader in English law at Cambridge.

MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY & SON announce a work, in two volumes, by Mr. Arthur Nicols, entitled *Wild Life and Adventure in the Australian Bush*, with eight illustrations from sketches by Mr. J. T. Nettleship.

MISS FRANCES MARTIN'S Memoir of Miss Elizabeth Gilbert, whose name is so well and honourably known in connexion with institutions for the blind, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. towards the end of the month.

THE popular lectures on theology, delivered at Philadelphia, shortly before his death, by the Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, sometime Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology at Princeton, are announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

The House of Surprises: a Story for Children, by L. T. Meade, is the title of the forthcoming "Little Folks' Annual," to be published on October 25.

MR. JOHN A. STEWART, author of *A Millionaire's Daughters* (reviewed in the *ACADEMY* of March 5), is writing a serial for the *People's Journal*.

THE Rev. Alfred Rowland has in the press a popular commentary on St. Paul's Letter to Timothy, together with a series of forty sermonettes. Messrs. Nisbet & Co. will publish the volume.

THE *Century* will soon begin the publication of a series of papers, by Mr. Charles de Kay, on "Ireland, its Ethnology and Customs, Landscape, Town Life, Literature, and Arts." The illustrations will be, in large part, from sketches recently made in the country by Mr. J. W. Alexander.

A CONFERENCE on "The Teaching of History in Schools" will be held, under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society, on Saturday next, October 22, at 3 p.m., in the great hall of the Society of Arts, Adelphi. Prof. Mandell Creighton will preside; and an address will be delivered by Mr. Oscar Browning, which will be followed by a discussion. The headmasters of most of the great public schools have promised their co-operation.

AT the first meeting of the session of the New Shakspeare Society, to be held at University College on Friday next, October 21, at 8 p.m., Dr. F. J. Furnivall will read a paper on "Henley-in-Arden, Bidford, and Shakspeare's Country," and the Rev. H. C. Beeching "Some Notes on Criticisms of 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

MR. EDMUND GOSSE will deliver the inaugural lecture of the new session at the Crouch End Literary Society on Tuesday next, October 18, at 8 p.m. The subject chosen is "Wordsworth and Pope"; and the future meetings will largely deal with the writers of Queen Anne's reign, in connexion with which a selected list of books has been issued by the society.

M. CHARLES BIGOT, Professor of French Literature at Saint-Cyr, will shortly give in London four lectures on "The Influence of English Ideas on French Thought in the Eighteenth Century." The lectures will be given at Mr. Frederic Harrison's house, 38 Westbourne Terrace, on the following dates:—October 27 and 29, November 1 and 3. Application for tickets (one guinea for the course) should be made to Mr. David Nutt, 270 Strand.

THE Prince of Wales has joined the Council of the Selden Society. Thanks to the exertions of Prof. Thayer, of Harvard, the Society is spreading rapidly in America, local secretaries having been appointed in many of the principal towns. In France, also, the Society has obtained the support of M. Léopold Delisle.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

BIMETALLISM.

WHEN Clara's little golden head
Is lifted up to greet you, Fred,
If every kiss of hers secures
Just fifteen and a half of yours,
'Tis plain, a constant price for gold
In poorer metal can be told.
But if she rather, as I guess,
Deals you her kisses, more or less
According as she judges you
Deserve them plentiful or few;
A precious thing, you're forced to say,
Is worth whate'er one's forced to pay.
Or if your richest merchandis
Seems poor and worthless in her eyes,
So that the most that you can give
Can't win you wherewithal to live,
Then Clara may your want supply
Not as of debt, but charity.

W. H. S.

OBITUARY.

AT the moment of going to press we hear of the death of Mrs. Craik, *née* Miss Muloch, known to all the world as the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. She died suddenly, from heart disease, on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 13, at her house at Shortlands, Kent. She was in the sixty-second year of her age.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

PERHAPS the most noticeable paper in the magazines of this month is that on "Afghan Life in Afghan Songs," contributed by Prof. James Darmesteter, of the Collège de France, to the *Contemporary*. While not ignoring the labours of Major Raverty, Dr. Bellew, and Mr. Thorburn, the writer justly claims to have given the first picture of the wild tribesmen of the North-west frontier of India as drawn by themselves. The article owes not a little of its piquancy to the attitude of the professor, who spent a full twelvemonths in India on a commission from the French government. We are glad to learn that his collection of Afghan songs, of which the present is only a specimen, will shortly be published in full in Paris in the original Pushtu, with translation, notes, and a vocabulary.

WE would also call attention to a charming article in *Murray's Magazine*, quaintly entitled "For those who love Music." It is written by Dr. Axel Munthe, the author of *Letters from a Mourning City*, and is marked by that combination of simplicity and depth of feeling of which Scandinavian writers appear to possess the secret.

WE have received from Mr. Elliot Stock the first number of a new American magazine called the *Curio*, "devoted to genealogy and biography, heraldry and book plates, coins and autographs, rare books and works of art, old furniture and plate, and other colonial relics." As if this list of subjects were not long enough, we have also an instalment of a novel, by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, and a portrait of the Prince of Wales. The format of the magazine is commendable; and, if we may judge from the prospectus, some of the future numbers may be superior in value to the first.

HARVARD TO CAMBRIDGE.

THE following is the reply to the address recently sent by the University of Cambridge to Harvard:

"ACADEMIA HARVARDIANA ACADEMIÆ
"CANTABRIGIENSIS S. P. D.

"Periurandum nobis fuit quod, cum vos ludis nostris saecularibus frequentes interesse non possetis, litteris tamen benignis per virum illustrium missis absentes quodam modo nobiscum

fuitis. ut enim longinquo spatio oceanoque dissociabili remotos ita animo vobiscum artissime coniunctos nos esse semper iuvat cogitare. nos quoque illorum dierum meminisse gaudemus, quibus, cum nuper conlegi nostro conlegio iustis de causis carissimum saecularia sacra tertio celebraretis, civem illum nostrum gratulationes nostras ad vos perferentem tanto cum hospitio exceperatis. singulos quidem e vobis subinde apud nos salutare contigit, nec umquam sine magna voluptate nostra: quem numerum volventibus annis usque auctum iri speramus.

"Hoc vero tempore testimonium vestrae benevolentiae praecipua nos adficit laetitia, quo tempore memoriam a ducentis quinqueaginta annis repetimus, ac nobiscum consideramus, quatenus munere a patribus nobis mandato fideliter perfungamur. ita cursum studiorum laborumque sanorum nonnunquam intermittere et praeterita tempora contemplari omnibus profecto utile est, eisque utilissimum qui eo in saeculo eaque in civitate vivunt, ubi corporis et fortunae bonorum cupiditate quasi fatali vi homines efferri videantur. tum maxime comparatis maiorum institutis vitaeque rationibus cum his, quae nunc apud nos florent, facilius intellegitur quae prava sint atque mutanda, quae diligentius servanda. tum maxime sunt grata amicitiae pignora ab aliis accepta qui easdem ac nos consecantur virtutes. sic verbis vestris in memoria nostra haerentibus laborabimus, ut fax illa veritatis, quam olim de vestris aris adcaensum juvenis ille secum in novam terram tulit, semper clarior luceat, academiaeque nostra dignior sit illius nomine, dignior vobis illustribus qui eam a maioribus acceptam nobis tuendam tradiderunt, dignior ea scientia eaque vita expolita quae inter imperitos per totum orbem terrarum conservare semper est munus ac ius doctorum. Valet."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BÄHM, R. Von Samsbar zum Tanganjika. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 4 M.
- BONVALOT, G. En Asie Centrale. (1) De Moscou en Bactriane; (2) Du Kohistan à la Caspienne. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
- BOURDE, P. En Corse. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
- DELUS, N. Abhandlungen zu Shakspere. Neue Folge. Elberfeld: Friederichs. 5 M.
- LESSEPS, Ferdinand de. Souvenirs de quarante ans, dédiés à mes enfants. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 12 fr.
- MÜLLER, M. In ägyptischen Diensten. Ergebnisse e. ehemal. preuss. Husarenoffiziers. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 3 M.
- RENAULT, O. Histoire des grèves. Paris: Guillaumin. 3 fr. 50 c.
- SCHNEIDER, L. Geschichte der niederländischen Literatur. Leipzig: Friedrich. 12 M.
- WESSLEY, J. E. Kritische Verzeichnisse v. Werken hervorragender Kupferstecher. 3. Bd. John Smith. Hamburg: Haendcke. 5 M. 80 Pf.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- HEFLE, C. J. v. Conciliengeschichte. Fortgesetzt v. J. Hergenröther. 8. Bd. Freiburg-L.-B.: Herder. 9 M. 80 Pf.
- HERMAB Pastor Graece integrum ambitu primum edidit A. Hilgentfeld. Leipzig: Weigel. 4 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- GRAVIERE, Julien de la. Les Chevaliers de Malte et la marine de Philippe II. Paris: Plon. 6 fr.
- HASE, H. G. Geschichte der sächsischen Klöster in der Mark Meissen u. Oberlausitz. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.
- HOMMEL, F. Abriss der Geschichte des alten Orients bis auf die Zeit der Perserkriege. Nördlingen: Beck. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- NISSEN, H. Griechische u. römische Metrologie. Nördlingen: Beck. 1 M.
- NOGUEIRA, M. T. A. Der Mönchsritter Nikolaus Durand v. Villegaignon. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntnis französisch-brasilian. Verhältnisse im 16. Jahrh. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 4 M.
- NÜLDKE, Th. Aufsätze zur persischen Geschichte. Leipzig: Weigel. 4 M.
- OSBORNE, W. Das Bell u. seine typischen Formen in vorhistorischer Zeit. Dresden: Warnatz. 10 M.
- SCRIPTORES rerum Polonicaum. Tom. 11. cont. Diaria comitorum Poloniae anni 1587. Krakau: Friedlein. 6 M.
- URKUNDBUCH. Aaseburger, zur Geschichte d. Geschlechts Wolfenbüttel-Aaseburg. 2. Thl. Bis zum J. 1400. Hrg. von J. Graf v. Bochoitz-Aaseburg. Hannover: Hahn. 12 M.
- WOJNSKI, M. Das prähistorische Schanzwerk v. Lengyel, seine Erbauer u. Bewohner. 1. Hft. Budapest: Killian. 6 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOLOGY.

- ACTA nova academiae caesareae Leopoldino-Carolinae germanicae naturae curiosorum. 49.—51. Bd. Halle. 115 M.

- BRÄUNS, D. Einleitung in das Studium der Geologie. Stuttgart: Enke. 5 M.
- HANDBUCH der Botanik. Hrg. v. A. Schenk. 3. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Breslau: Treves. 18 M.
- HELM, G. Die Lehre v. der Energie, historisch entwickelt. Leipzig: Felix. 3 M.
- KRAUS, G. Beiträge zur Kenntnis fossiler Hölzer. III. u. IV. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.
- LEFK, H. Zur geologischen Kenntnis der südlichen Rhön. Würzburg: Stahl. 3 M.
- LOEWY, Th. Die Vorstellung d. Dinges auf Grund der Erfahrung. Leipzig: Reclam. 7 M.
- SAMUDA, F. Die Quadratur der Hyperbel, nach e. neuen Methode berechnet. Graz: Styria. 2 M.
- SOLMS-LAUBACH, H. Graf zu. Einleitung in die Paläophytologie vom botanischen Standpunkt aus. Leipzig: Felix. 17 M.
- ZOPP, W. Üb. einige niedere Algenpilze (Phycomycoeten) u. e. neue Methode, ihre Keime aus dem Wasser zu isoliren. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BARWINKEL, B. Quaestiones ad Dracontium et Orestis traegediam pertinentes. Quaestio I. De genere diaendi. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M.
- BOCK, K. Die Syntax der Pronomina u. Numeralla in König Alfreds Orosius. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M.
- BUSCH, C. Observations criticae in Euripidis Troades. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 80 Pf.
- ERWENKEL, K. Streifzüge durch die mittelleagl. Syntax unter besonderer Berücksicht. der Sprache Chaucer's. Münster-L.-W.: Schönningh. 4 M.
- ELFES, A. Aristotelis doctrina de mente humana ex commentariorum graecorum sententiis eruta. Pars I. Alexandri Aphrodisiensis et Joannis grammatici Philoponi commentationes continens. Bonn: Strauss. 2 M.
- STREICHE, K. De versuum paeoniocorum et doehmiacorum apud poetas graecos usu ac ratione. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOCCELEVE'S "LETTER OF CUPIDE."

Cambridge: Oct. 12, 1887.

There is an interesting allusion to Chaucer in Hocceleve's "Letter of Cupide," which is much obscured by a singularly corrupt reading in the black-letter editions. I quote from the edition of 1561 of Chaucer's Works, stanza 46 of the poem, on fol. 328, back:

"In my legende of natures male men finde,
Who so liketh therein for to rede," &c.

As I lately re-read these lines, it struck me at once that the word *natures* is ridiculous. Cupid is the speaker, so that *my* refers to him. Obviously Cupid's "legend of natures" ought to be "legend of martyrs"; for Chaucer speaks of the Legend of Good Women as the "Seintes legende of Cupide," or, as we should now say, Cupid's Legend of Saints. The good women were saints and martyrs in the cause of love. The title "Incoipit legenda Cleopatrie martiris" suggests the right word at once.

But all guessing is evil till it be certainly confirmed. Being at Oxford, I took a short and easy way of settling the question at once. MS. Fairfax 16 contains a very fair copy of the poem; so I repaired to the Bodleian Library to see what I could find. Accordingly, in the course of the copy in that MS. (which begins at fol. 38, back), I quickly found the lines—

"In my legende of martres men may fynde,
Who so that lyketh therein for to rede,
That othe in no beheast may no man bynde," &c.

whereby the question is thus definitely settled. The whole force of the context now appears. For the two preceding stanzas discuss the behaviour of Jason to Medea, and of Aeneas to Dido, the very subjects which are so fully treated in the Legend aforesaid.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

DANTE, OROSIUS, AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
Melbourne, Victoria: August 30, 1887.

Among the tyrants placed by Dante in the seventh circle of hell we find two belonging to the world of the ancients—Alexander and Dionysius (*Inf.* xii. 107). The latter is generally recognised to be the tyrant of Syracuse; but there is a divergence of opinion

as to the identity of Alexander. The commentators are divided between Alexander the Great, and the Thessalian tyrant, Alexander of Pherae.

As regards Alexander the Great, it is objected that Dante would not condemn to a place in the "stream of boiling blood" a man of whom he speaks with admiration both in the *De Monarchia* and in the *Convito*. But this objection is hardly a serious one; since Dante is not always consistent with himself in his estimate of historical personages, his tendency being to regard them rather as types than as men.

Alexander of Pherae, on the other hand, was scarcely famous enough to be recognised simply as Alexander, without any further description; and in the absence of any other evidence, the natural assumption is that Dante is speaking of Alexander the Great,

"The conquereour,
That conqeryt Bablonys tour,
And all this world off lenth and breid
In XII yher, throw his douchty deid."

The expressions, "*proles vesana Philippi*" and "*felix praedo*," applied by Lucan to Alexander the Great, are generally quoted as sufficient justification for Dante's condemnation of the latter. But Dante had stronger grounds for his opinion than this. His knowledge of ancient history, as is well known, was very largely derived from Orosius. Now it is remarkable—and I have not seen the fact noticed elsewhere—that Alexander the Great is repeatedly branded by Orosius as blood-thirsty and cruel. For instance, he describes him (*lib.* iii., cap. vii.) as "Alexander Magnus, magnus vere ille gurgis miseriarum, atque atrocissimus turbo totius Orientis"; and says of him (*lib.* iii., cap. xviii.), "humani sanguinis insaturabilis, sive hostium sive etiam seclorum, recentem tamen semper sibiabat cruorem"; and, again (*lib.* iii., cap. xxiii.), "per duodecim annos trementem sub se orbem ferro pressit." After recording that he died at Babylon, "adhuc sanguinem sitiens," Orosius ends up with a long apostrophe on the ruin and misery brought by him upon the whole world.

With this tremendous invective before one, it is no longer possible to wonder at Dante's assigning to Alexander the Great a place in hell, alongside of the execrated Azzolino, in

"La riviera del sangue, in la qual bolle
Qual che per violenza in altrui noccia."

It may not be out of place here to note that Dante was evidently also indebted to Orosius for his estimate of Sardanapalus (*lib.* i., cap. xix.); and for the story of Cyrus and Tomyris (*lib.* ii., cap. vii.); as well as for what he says of Semiramis (*Inf.* v. 58)—in fact he has in this case followed Orosius (*lib.* i., cap. iv.; *lib.* ii., cap. iii.) so closely as to practically justify the reading *succedette* instead of *sugger dette*, which has somewhat strangely found favour of late.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

PROF. ZIMMER AND FIND MAC CUMAIL.

London: Oct. 8, 1887.

The amazing blunder which Mr. Standish H. O'Grady has pointed out in to-day's ACADEMY—Prof. Zimmer's translation of a *phinn* ("O pen!"), by "O Fingal!"—reminds me of a similar specimen of the professor's scholarship, which also occurs in the *Göttingische Gel.-hrte Anzeigen* for March 1, 1887.

In p. 185 of that journal, Prof. Zimmer prints from a Bodleian MS. (Rawl. B. 502) two short poems, one describing winter, the other summer. In the first poem, after referring to the cold, the storm, the floods, the drops as big as the bosses of shields, the poet declares, with intentional exaggeration, that every snowflake is as large as the white fleece of a wether (*met molt-*

chroann find cech slamm), and says, in the third stave:

"Na helta ní[co]sta dín
snechta finn fir doroiach tóin,"

that is, "the herds, they have no shelter: white pure snow comes up to the breech."

Prof. Zimmer, mistaking the common adjective *finn* for the name of the hero whom he (following Maopherson) calls Fingal, prints the last line thus:

"snechtaí Find fir doroiach tóin,"

but does not tell us what we are to understand by "snows of true Find," or how the singular verb *doroiach* comes to have a plural nominative. Mr. Diok was unable to keep King Charles I. out of his memorial. Prof. Zimmer has a similar difficulty with Find. At p. 173 of his article he gives us as the title of one of the Ossianic poems in the Franciscan MS. of the Dialogues of the Ancient Men, *Is fada anocht anoil Finn*. The MS. has (*teste* S. H. O'Grady) *Is fada anocht an-Oilfinn*, that is, "It is long to-night in Elphin," a well-known place in the county Roscommon, so called from the white rock (*aíl finn*) near which S. Patrick is said to have built a church. But, to return to the poem in Rawl. B. 502, Prof. Zimmer calls it a "dreistrophige Gedicht." The poem really contains four stanzas, the first and finest of which he has mistaken for, and printed as, prose. It runs thus in the Bodleian codex:

"Fúit coibráth.
ismo isdonenn arcaeh.
isob caehetrice an
isloch lan caeh áth."

"Cold till Doom. Greater is the storm upon everyone. Every fiery furrow is a river. Every ford is a lake." In the copy of this poem, preserved in the Book of Leinster, p. 208 a, the first quatrain runs thus: "Fúit coibráth | rodáil indonend arcaeh | isáth cach n-étrigi n-án | ocus is lind lán cach n-áth, "Cold till Doom the storm hath dealt out on everyone: every fiery furrow is a ford: and every ford is a full riverpool." In his edition of the other quatrains there are six inaccuracies, whereof (as Lord Coke would say) this little taste shall suffice. The third quatrain begins thus: *Meit cuithi cach laithrach* "As big as a pit is every puddle." Prof. Zimmer, not understanding the common ligature for *at*, prints the last word *laithrach*, which of course is mere gibberish. I do not challenge Prof. Zimmer to translate the rest of these stanzas. It would be cruel to do so. He obviously does not understand one word of them.

In the same article (pp. 181-83), Prof. Zimmer gives some extracts from another Bodleian codex (Rawl. B. 512). This is the way he reads the title of a piece beginning on fol. 101a: *Incip(it) díbaile inScail inso arslícht hsenlib(ur) Duibdaleitius .i. coarpa Pat(raic)*. Anyone who knows anything of Middle-Irish will see that this also is mere gibberish. The MS. has, *luce clarius* (to use one of Prof. Zimmer's pet phrases) *Incipit díBaile inScail inso arslícht hsenlibuir Duib da leithi .i. comarpa Patraic*, that is, "This is the *incipit* ('beginning') of 'the Champion's Frenzy,' according to (the) old book of Dub-dá-leithe, i.e., a successor of Patrick." Prof. Zimmer has here committed no less than five errors. Not understanding the digraph *hs* for *sh* or dotted *s*, and not knowing that the nominal prep. *arslícht* governs the genitive, he has, without notice, inserted an *i* after *h*, thus manufacturing the preposition *hi* (= *in*), and then made *libur* a dative governed by his fraudulent *hi*. Mistaking *h* with *i* subscript for *i*, followed by the compendium for *us*, he has then produced his wonderful genitive *Duibdaleitius*, where good Irish is made into bad Latin, and three words are printed as one. Lastly, he has overlooked the remains of the curvilinear *m* over the *o* of

coarpa. It is altogether an instructive instance of the professor's knowledge of Irish palaeography and grammar. The same article furnishes other such instances. Thus, in p. 184, we have:

PROF. ZIMMER.	THE MS. (RAWL. B. 502.)
1. 4. Cerball	fo. 47 b. 2 Cerball
8. Geinemain . . .	70 b. 2 Genemain . . .
Cumall	Humail
15. Orguin	73 b. 2 Orgguin
33. Calnech	60 a. 1 Calnech
34. innothainne . . .	innorthainne
Calnech	. . . Calnech
42. iocirthi	59 b. 2 iocirthi

So much for his skill in reading an easy Irish MS. His knowledge of Irish grammar is further exemplified by his quotation (p. 183, l. 23) of *laithiu* as an Old-Irish accusative plural. Now, *laith* (day) is a neuter stem in *io*, and its acc. pl. is *laith*. What would be thought of the Latin scholarship of a man who should give *gaudios* as the acc. pl. of *gaudium*? This illustration is meant for those who have learned Latin, not for Prof. Zimmer. Here are specimens of his latinity: "e codice Milano" (*Glossae Hibernicae*, 1881, p. 55 n.); "ad significandum quod filii Israel non intelligent mysteria et quod esset velamen incredulitatis inter eorum cor" (*ibid.*, p. 99 note). How a man like Mommsen must shudder when he reads such stuff, and remembers that it has been published with the help of the illustrious Academy of which he is now the most illustrious member! In the passage above referred to (*ní sluinidfid dou c6 cenn .L. laithiu*) *laithiu* is a corrupt Middle-Irish genitive plural.

The blunders now pointed out are not comparable, either in number or absurdity, to those which Prof. Zimmer has made in the new double number of Kuhn's *Zeitschrift für vergl. Sprachforschung*. But these require and deserve a separate letter. WHITLEY STOKES.

"CAVING IN."

London: Oct. 9, 1887.

Mr. Mayhew, in the ACADEMY of June 25 last, impugns the explanation of the above expression accepted by Prof. Skeat, Mr. Palmer and myself, as signifying the falling in of a mass of earth from the side of a cutting, by the metaphor of a cow dropping its calf—a natural metaphor surely for the separation of a limited portion from a larger mass. So a small island that seems to have broken off from the mainland of the Isle of Man is called the Calf of Man. And Mr. Gibbs, in *Notes and Queries* (fourth series, No. xii.), remarks that the Arctic glaciers are said to *calve* when a portion of the sea-cliff breaks off and falls into the sea, while the *calf* floats away in the shape of an iceberg. Mr. Peacock, in his glossary of Manley and Corringham, Lincolnshire, seems to overlook the true force of the metaphor when he explains "cauf" as "a breakage in a bank or wall." The story by which he illustrates the word in *Notes and Queries* (fourth series, No. xii.) clearly shows that the Lincolnshire navvies, who used the word, applied it to the mass of falling earth, and not to the breakage of the bank. When a small boy, he says, he was watching some "bankers" engaged in widening a drain. Suddenly three of the men jumped out of the cutting, shouting out, "Tak' heed, lads, there's a cawlf a comin'." "In this part of the world," says Mr. Peacock, "we all say *calved in*, never *caved in*." Precisely in the same way the Dutch has *kalven*, to *calve*, and *inkalven*, s'ébouler, to *cave in* (De Bo, West Flanders Dictionary.) "De gracht *kalft in*," the ditch caves in. De Vries, in his great Dutch Dictionary, cites *afkalven* in the same sense, signifying first to *calve*, and then to *cave in*, to break away, used often of the breaking away of embankments. But he maintains (as Mr.

Mayhew informs us) that *afkalven* in this latter sense is a totally different word, being derived, not from *kalf*, a calf, but from *kalf*, a corrupt form of *kalve*, meaning the bare surface of the ground, an older form of which was *kaelwoe*. Resting, then, on the authority of De Vries, the theory by which Mr. Mayhew would replace our derivation is that the Lincolnshire *cauf* (which is merely the local pronunciation of *calf*) is directly borrowed from the Dutch *kalf* = *kalve* = *kalwoe*, "callow," "the earth on the surface"; and that the expression *cave in* is borrowed from the Dutch *inkalven*, used literally of the falling in of the surface. To this it may be replied that *cauf* was never used either in Lincolnshire or in any other English dialect in the sense of sward; and in the outcry of the "bankers" whom young Peacock was watching, it certainly meant to signify the falling mass of earth from which they were escaping. And, in the next place, *inkalven*, with the English equivalent, to *cave in*, distinctly signifies the falling in of the subjacent earth, and not of the surface. Hence the corruption of the term in ordinary speech to the modern form of *cave in*, so as to give the word an apparent derivation from the *cave* or hollow left in the yielding bank or cliff. To *cave in* is essentially to give way below. No doubt, when a cliff caves in, the surface commonly though not necessarily, sinks with it; but that is a secondary aspect of the phenomenon. The primary manifestation, of such urgent interest to those engaged in banking, is the detachment of a mass of earth falling upon them. It was of such an impending fall that the "bankers" meant to give notice when they exclaimed that a *calf* was coming.

De Vries can, of course, have no certain knowledge from which of the two senses of *kalf* the verb *inkalven* derives its meaning. It is mere matter of inference from considerations as to which of the two gives the better account of the actual signification of the verb. Thus far, Mr. Mayhew has adduced nothing which shakes my faith in the explanation of the expression from the metaphor of a cow dropping its calf. H. WEDGWOOD.

AN ISOLATED PEOPLE IN SWITZERLAND.

Malvern Oct. 10, 1887.

In the Val d'Anniviers, which lies south of the Rhone Valley, having the Turtmanthal above it and the Val d'Hérens (often called the Evolena Valley) below it, I found this summer a very marked type of people. They have dark hair and eyes, the colour being black rather than brown; the shape of the face is square, with a well-developed forehead, the head rather round. They are of moderate height, shorter rather than tall, with square-built figures. They are very friendly and bright in their manner, greeting the stranger in a pleasant way which contrasts with the somewhat churlish reserve of the ordinary Swiss peasant. They talk a very peculiar dialect, but I was not able to learn any words.

Their houses are built of rough logs, dove-tailed and morticed in a rude fashion, and they are without the carved ornamentation to be seen elsewhere in Switzerland. There is something almost savage in the simplicity of the buildings. I noticed an outside flight of steps which was hewn out of a solid tree-trunk. The houses and barns are almost invariably raised on logs to a height of two or three feet above the ground, and the lowest story forms a barn or stable, often without any windows. The villagers lead a sort of nomadic life, moving from one habitation to another, each family possessing two or more dwellings; and I found whole villages without an inhabitant.

There is a traditional belief that these people

are a remnant of the Huns. But is it not more probable that they are a Moorish or Arab race, who have crossed over one of the passes from the south side of the Rhaetian Alps, where many traces of them are to be recognised, and who have remained, with comparatively little intermixture of blood, shut in by the high walls of this narrow valley? And may not the name of the adjacent Turtmanthal point to a similar origin?
G. E. KNIGHT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 17, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," II., by Prof. John Marshall.
TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 5 p.m. Hellenic Society: "Two Vases from Cyprus," by Mr. A. S. Murray.
FRIDAY, Oct. 21, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," III., by Prof. John Marshall.
8 p.m. New Shakespeare Society: "A Few Words on Henley-in-Arden, Bidford, Stratford-on-Avon, and Shakespeare's Country," by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; "Some Notes on Criticisms of 'The Merchant of Venice,'" by the Rev. H. C. Beeching.

SCIENCE.

BOTANICAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE CLARENDON PRESS.

Comparative Morphology and Biology of the Fungi, Mycetozoa, and Bacteria. By A. de Bary. English translation by Henry E. F. Garnsey. Revised by J. Bayley Balfour. (Clarendon Press.)

Lectures on the Physiology of Plants. By Julius von Sachs. Translated by H. Marshall Ward. (Clarendon Press.)

Annals of Botany. Vol. I., No. 1. Edited by J. Bayley Balfour, S. H. Vines, and W. G. Farlow. (Clarendon Press.)

THE appearance nearly together of these three publications from the Clarendon Press cannot fail to suggest to all interested in the progress of botanical studies in this country that a turning point has been reached in that department which deals with the structure, the development, and the functions of plants. On the one hand, we have two good translations of German standard books of the highest excellence; on the other, the first part of a journal destined to contain the fruits of new work largely inspired and stimulated by the labour and the example of such men as the authors of the translated books. It has been said that the days of hack translators of scientific books are numbered; and to those who seek a sign it must surely be apparent that this first number of the *Annals of Botany* is the herald of a state of things in the progress of botany in this country when translation may be well-nigh dispensed with.

It has already been pointed out in the ACADEMY that a great deep of ignorance and apathy was broken up by the translation twelve years ago of Sachs's textbook. That translation had its faults; but they were far outweighed by the foresight of its authors, who doubtless undertook the work less for the actual good it would do by itself, than as a foundation for future independent research. The era of translations from German then set in; and it must be confessed that among the good, the harmless and necessary books there appeared such as had far better been left in their original German obscurity. These first fruits of the rejuvenescence of physiology and morphology in the country of Stephen Hales and Robert Brown have been received, each on its appearance (I speak only of the better sort), with a rejoicing which

showed more exuberance than judgment. Some have been dignified with such descriptions as "epoch marking" and the like, which, it may be, the originals were in the history of botany, but so far as its progress in this country is concerned they have been but as milestones by the way. Far more noteworthy has been the research stimulated by the new movement. It has steadily grown in bulk, and has at last reached that condition of abundance and fertility that demands an additional outlet of its own. Perhaps one may be now permitted to mention the word "epoch," which the impatient and enthusiastic have been making so free with in advance.

Prof. de Bary's *Vergleichende Morphologie, &c.*, was published in 1884, and then proved a very welcome contribution to botanical science. Though in name a second edition of his *Morphologie und Physiologie, &c.*, published eighteen years before, it was in reality a new book. These intervening years had been so fruitful in research that an entire rearrangement of the great mass of material became necessary. Not only was the bulk of it enormous, but there were entangled with it new views of the utmost importance, and points of controversy requiring a power in their elucidation possessed by no man in Germany nor out of it in so high a degree as by the distinguished author who undertook the labour. Of his success no one has ventured to doubt. The more the book has been used and put to the proof, the greater has its worth appeared. It is a book of the kind that always will deserve translation whenever and wherever such may appear. Mr. Garnsey, who has already done the same service for Goebel's *Outlines*, has performed the labour of translation in a most painstaking and accurate fashion; and he has kept his language free from the translator's faults, which have disfigured not a few English editions of German text-books. Aided by the judgment of Prof. Bayley Balfour, he has produced a version that loses little of the force of the original. A translation invites fault-finding in a way of its own; and I can hardly say more in favour of this one than confess a happy desire to abstain from the process, since it would be concerned with minor points.

The translation of Prof. Sachs's *Vorlesungen* into English has been made with the fidelity to be expected from Prof. Marshall Ward. The original is a series of lectures on the physiology of plants—a subject full of difficulty to all but the most accomplished lecturers. It is nevertheless one of the most lucidly and forcibly written treatises to be found in botanical literature. Prof. Ward has not spared himself in the effort to reproduce the book worthily, and it may be said at once that he has succeeded so far as a faithful translator may hope. It would be easy to select passages where so competent a man as Prof. Ward would have done better to give himself "plenty of rope," even with the certainty before his eyes that the same "rope" would be turned to other uses by critics—albeit of no great vigour of arm. But the excellence of his performance disposes one to be more than critical. The book is intended for students and cultivated readers, and the form of lectures has been adopted as better fitted for the purpose of clear exposi-

tion, free from all "the trammels of learned descriptions of apparatus," &c. Prof. Sachs has found it advisable to introduce a system of physiological organography in place of formal morphology to suit this purpose as well; but I venture to think his practice will be received in this country with considerable misgiving. His object is clear enough to all botanists who know the subject, and in the attempt he has the sympathy of all but the timid. But the effect of it on "the students and cultivated readers," to whom the book is addressed, is another matter—which I would gladly be convinced that I am timid in regarding as fraught with dangers. In spite of this there is no book which may be more unhesitatingly recommended to all who desire a thorough knowledge of the physiology of plants. It is the work, not only of the greatest living authority on the subject, but of one who is at the same time an unrivalled master in the exposition of it.

The first part of the *Annals of Botany* gives good promise of a useful future. The original papers are good, solid pieces of work of a kind that is happily becoming more abundant in this country. The notes are an attractive feature, and it is to be hoped that workers will use this channel for publishing those minor observations which too commonly are left in note-books. It is pleasant to be able to point to the fact that the only contributor of both an original paper and a note is a lady—Miss Agnes Calvert. Finally, there are forty-one closely-printed pages containing a record of current literature carefully prepared. As in the two volumes previously noticed, the printing and the illustrations are excellent, and in every way worthy of the Clarendon Press. It is to be sincerely hoped that a long and vigorous career is before the *Annals*, and that it will have the effect desired by its founders of stimulating research in this country and in America.

GEORGE MURRAY.

TWO BOOKS ON HEBREW PHILOLOGY.

Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Book of Genesis. By G. J. Spurrell. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) Revision by a scholar of Prof. Driver's eminence must confer a certain value upon any work. Doubtless it has enabled Mr. Spurrell to avoid many of the errors incident to first attempts at scholastic authorship. To students ignorant of German—we would fain hope a rapidly decreasing body—his book may prove helpful, though he is prone to rely a little blindly upon his German oracles, and, as a consequence, to reproduce their mistakes. His remarks on the origin of the Hebrew relative particles (p. 67) are quite erroneous. The Assyrian *shā* proves that the corresponding Hebrew term is not "a fragment of 'asher.'" The two former are not connected at all, except as synonyms are connected; and the German suggestions cited in the note are ridiculous, though it be flat blasphemy against the dogma of German omniscience to allege it. In Assyrian, the relative *shā* is the accusative of *shū*, the demonstrative and personal pronoun "that," "he"; and this connexion between the relative and the demonstrative pronoun finds its parallel in Ethiopic (*zā*, *zātī* = Heb. *zeh*, *zoth*, "this"; Ethiop. *za* "who," as in *zawahabana*, "which he gave us"; Ethiop. *ellu*, "these"; Hebrew *'allah* "these"; Ethiop. *ella*, "who.") In the same way our word "that" is both demonstrative and relative. 'Asher, on the other hand, is to

be compared with the Babylonio-Assyrian *ashru*, constr. *āshar*, "place"; Aram. *'āthra*, *'athar*. Mr. Spurrell has worked hard with his German friends, but an original insight into the principles of grammar is not his strong point. In the note on *bereshith* it might have been said at once that adverbs consisting of a noun with prefixed *be*, *ke*, or *le*, are naturally anarthrous. The note on the accentuation of the passage is of little value. Attention should have been called to the position of *Athnach*, which lays stress on the mode of origination. "Originally *Elohim* [and not another] created [not made in ordinary human fashion] the heavens and the earth." The other meaning of *reshith*, which it bears in Deut. xxxiii., 21, should have been mentioned; and Josh. iii. 15 sq., which formally corresponds almost clause for clause with the whole passage, might have been referred to in favour of Rashi's interpretation. A reference to the *ber'ah* of Num. xvi. 30 would have illustrated the force of *bārā*. *Shamaim* is certainly not "a dual" any more than *maim*. The two nouns are plurals of unused **shamai*, **mai* (like *sadai*, e.g.), formed like *nokrim* by simple addition of *m*; cf. the Ethiopic singulars *samai* and *mat*. Hypothetical forms like *𐤑𐤍𐤓* ought to have the asterisk, or some other distinguishing mark; otherwise they will inevitably mislead beginners into substituting them for the forms they are meant to explain. The Syriac root *rehef* signifies "to pity" and "to love"; cf. its use in such phrases as *rehme weruhofo*, *merah'mon wamrah'fon*. What is said about *'adam* might have been made more complete by reference to the Babylonio-Assyrian *adāmē*, "inhabited regions," "dwelling places," as opposed to the wilderness; and *admānu*, the seat or abode of a god; cf., Isa. vi., 11, *me'en yosheb . . . me'en 'adam*. Something might have been added (p. 15) about the meaning of "in his own image." The text seems to define it by the clause *zakar unegebah bara 'otham*. The bisexual aspect of deity is characteristic of Semitic religions; and if this be the original sense of the passage, it is, *pro tanto*, an argument for the antiquity of the account in its earliest form. Mr. Spurrell will do better than this, though this, in its kind, is not bad.

Einleitung in den Talmud. Von Hermann L. Strack. (Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.) This is a separately printed extract from vol. xviii. of the new edition of Herzog's well-known *Real-Encyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. Need we say that the name of the author is a pledge of a thorough and unprejudiced treatment of this difficult subject? No attempt is made to be interesting. Those whom the theme itself does not interest need not knock at this door. Hence alone it has been possible to condense within seventy-six large octavo pages all such preliminary information and bibliographical material as every one needs who either studies or even refers to the Talmud. The vagueness with which English writers refer to the Talmud is a proof how much such a work as this is needed at home. May our theological teachers and examiners take the lesson to heart, and see that the road to honour starts henceforth from the German dictionary! Why not, seeing that German encyclopaedists have taken a lesson from ourselves, and shown themselves, sometimes at least, as capable of condensation and arrangement as their French and English colleagues? Prof. Strack's arrangement of his material is what it should be. He begins with the explanation of important technical terms, such as "Mishna," "Baraita," "Tosefta," &c.; then he proceeds to the order of the parts and tractates of the Mishna, and gives a short but useful sketch of their contents, and a brief notice of the Aboth of Rabbi Nathan and the "small tractates" (a postscript on p. 76 refers

to Schechter's important edition of the former treatise in two distinct recensions, 1887). He then proceeds to the history of the Talmud and its text, noticing first of all the rise of the Soferim or "scribes" in the Babylonian exile, whose studies were not confined to prophetic literature, but were largely occupied with the Pentateuch legislation. Few scholars will question any of the statements in this first paragraph, even though English prejudices may be shocked by the candid recognition of the post-Isaianic origin of Isa. xl.-lxvi. In this portion of the "Introduction," we notice Dr. Strack's well-known opposition to some of the statements of the acute Jewish scholar, Dr. M. Joel. Valuable information is appended on the manuscripts and editions of the Talmud. After a chronological list of the great doctors of law comes a too concise section, headed "Zur Charakteristik." Dr. Strack seeks to promote a more moderate and dispassionate view of the Talmud than is as yet prevalent in Germany. But could he not have set forth briefly the varied interest and importance of the historical study of the Talmud? The concluding part is bibliographical; and we heartily thank the author for limiting his notices to the most valuable books, especially from the point of view of those not themselves Talmudists. The printing must have been difficult; but why give the admirable J. J. Wetstein a double *t*?

SOME BOOKS ON GEOLOGY.

The Student's Handbook of Historical Geology. By A. J. Jukes-Browne. (Bell.) By "Historical Geology," Mr. Jukes-Browne means the history of the earth as revealed by its rocks; but as the moderate compass of his volume rendered it necessary to exclude, so far as possible, references to foreign geology, the book comes to be substantially an historical account of the British area. Fortunately, the British area contains representatives of almost every formation, from the oldest archæan rocks to the comparatively modern deposits of prehistoric times, so that it is only in exceptional cases, as in discussing the triassic and miocene periods, that it becomes necessary to supplement our record by reference to the fuller chronicle preserved in the continental strata. It is evident that "historical geology" includes much more than a description of the stratigraphical relations of the various sedimentary deposits and the associated igneous rocks. It deals also with the forms of life that peopled the earth in the past, and with the restoration of the physical features of the earth's surface at successive epochs of its history. The geographical story of the British Islands has been told so often and so well that little novelty is to be expected in a text-book devoted to this topic. Nevertheless, Mr. Jukes-Browne offers some suggestions well worthy of careful study. His treatment of the cretaceous system should command especial attention, since his work as an officer of the Geological Survey has lain so largely among the rocks of this group. Here he follows the usual classification in placing the Wealden at the base of the system; but this arrangement, though sanctioned by high authority, leads to the separation of the Wealden from the closely related fresh-water beds of the Purbeck series. Mr. Jukes-Browne has prepared us, in previous writings, for his substitution of the term "Vegetian" for the old and inappropriate "lower greensand"; and it is to be hoped that this new term—suggested by the characteristic development of these rocks in the Isle of Wight—will come into general use. The eocene and oligocene groups are united under the term "Hantonian," in allusion to their occurrence in the Hampshire basin; while the pliocene and pleistocene series are associated under the

common name of "Icenian," in reference to their development in East Anglia. As an example of the author's conscientiousness in bringing his work well up to date, we note that he alludes to Mr. Clement Reid's recent determination of the pliocene age of the Lenham beds. Altogether Mr. Jukes-Browne's work—which should be regarded as a companion to his previously issued *Handbook of Physical and Structural Geology*—may be safely recommended as an excellent manual for the student—well-written and well-illustrated, trustworthy in detail, and exceptionally moderate in price.

The Geology of England and Wales. With Notes on the Physical Features of the Country. By H. B. Woodward. Second Edition. (Philip.) When the first edition of this work appeared, it received a very favourable notice in the ACADEMY. After an interval of more than ten years a new edition has been called for, and Mr. Woodward has responded to the call by producing what is practically a new work. The value of the earlier edition was officially recognised by the Geological Society on the occasion of the author's reception of an award at the hands of Prof. Bonney, as president. The present edition, however, is in every way greatly in advance of its predecessor. Not only has a large amount of additional matter been introduced, but some marked improvements are noticeable in the general plan of the book. Of these improvements one of the most useful is the insertion of copious references to original authorities. The number and range of these references sufficiently indicate the labour expended upon the preparation of the present edition. It would indeed be difficult to point to any paper of importance on the geology of any part of England or of Wales that has escaped the author's notice. But while Mr. Woodward has thus diligently compiled from the best and latest authorities, he has also inserted in his work much original matter, the result of personal observation over a large part of Southern Britain. The author's fulness of knowledge, his conciseness of expression, and his independence of classification conspire to give his treatise in very high position in our geological literature. It is accompanied by an admirable geological map, drawn by Mr. J. G. Goodchild, and very neatly printed in colours.

Outlines of the Geology of Northumberland and Durham. By G. A. Lebour. (Newcastle: Lambert.) Eight years have passed since Prof. Lebour published his *Outlines of the Geology of Northumberland*—a work primarily intended for the use of his classes in the Newcastle College of Physical Science. In preparing a new edition of this useful book, he has extended its scope by including the county of Durham, and even the north-eastern part of Yorkshire, in order to say something about the important mining district of Cleveland. So far, therefore, as Northumberland is concerned, the present work is a second edition; while so far as Durham and Cleveland are concerned it is an entirely new work. On opening the book, it is evident that it represents a marked advance on its predecessor, if only in the plates and woodcuts that meet the eye. A small geological map is also inserted; but the distribution of the several formations is indicated only by a system of shading and conventional signs. Such a method, always more or less confusing, has only cheapness to recommend it; and it seems a pity that a coloured map could not have been introduced. The text, however, is written with the clearness and accuracy which might be expected from the author's intimate knowledge of the country he describes, and from his long experience in the field and in the class room. Any geologist wishing to explore the stretch of country between the Tweed and the Tees will find

Prof. Lebour's little book to be as neat a guide as he could desire.

Terra. By A. A. Anderson. (Reeves & Turner.) Mr. Anderson seems to have been a great traveller; but his scientific notions are unfortunately of a very crude character. He is under the impression that he has discovered a new motion of the earth—a second axial rotation, "hitherto unsuspected"—and can thereby explain the origin of earthquakes and other great physical changes in the earth's crust. By transferring the poles to what are now equatorial regions, he alters the shape of the earth, producing a flattening at the new poles, and an equatorial bulge passing through the old polar regions; and by these disturbances he seeks to explain those elevations and depressions, the effects of which are familiar enough to geologists.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ΛΩω FREMERE, ETC.

Stroud.

The verb ΛΩω, according to old authorities, is said to be synonymous with βλεωω, and Passow renders it by "anblicken, erblicken." As an old epic word it occurs in only three passages, viz., *Od.* 19, 229, 230, and *Hom. Merc.* 360. It is evident, however, that, in the above passages in the *Odysey*, this verb is capable of a more forcible construction than that of merely "seeing, beholding," &c. I propose, therefore, to offer the following as an explanation of the word. The form ΛΩωω seems to be parallel with λεωω, and, following Leffmann's explanation of the latter, may be traced to an original *Λδωω. Further, the syllable λα-, as Prof. Sayce reminds me, may be referred to the sonant liquid; and this again may represent the vowel of the aorist of an earlier *Λδω. The root of Λδωω would then be *lu = Sanskrit ru "fremere, etc." E. SIBREE.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE recent numbers of *Bursian's Jahresbericht* contain reports on Homer, Propertius, and Cicero's *Orations*, and Roman history and chronology, the latter by Dr. Schiller. Mr. Ellis's and Mr. Postgate's papers on Propertius are fully noticed.

Correction.—In the Rev. F. H. Woods' letter on "The Finnic Origin of the Aryans," in the *ACADEMY* of last week, p. 239, col. 2, for "their" (line 36) read "these phonetic changes"; and for "veri" (line 2 from bottom) read "vesi."

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

ART BOOKS.

THE value of Mr. Gomme's last volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library," containing the articles in that ever-to-be venerated periodical on *Romano-British Remains*, is enhanced by a preface, criticising, in moderate but adverse language, the opinions of Mr. Coote and Mr. Seebohm on the manner in which Roman influences moulded the life of the communities succeeding them in the occupation of England. The question can never adequately be settled until a complete record has been constructed of the Roman remains which have been found in our country; and the compiler, in reproducing the paper of an antiquarian student—a paper which was published so far back as 1795—urging the preparation of a map "accurately and completely illustrative of the Roman topography of this island," drops a tear over the circumstance

that the index of places where traces of the Romans have been revealed, which the Index Society has long promised, remains a promise still. Mr. Gomme must be of good courage and persevere in his undertaking. The very volume on which he is now engaged will speed the publication of such an index; and if the Index Society has not yet fulfilled its undertaking, the delay must be attributed to the number of vehicles which its directors would fain drive, and the difficulty in literature, as well as in politics, of forcing six omnibuses at a time through Temple Bar. He is well justified in putting forward in his introduction, as a crowning proof of the value of these articles, the fact that Huebner, in his exhaustive work on Latin inscriptions in Great Britain, obtains nearly all his early information from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Such a tribute to the excellence of the antiquarian papers which he has grouped together in these two volumes cannot be estimated too highly. The first describes the discoveries in England in the various counties arranged in alphabetical order as far as Shropshire. The second finishes our own country, and includes the remains in Wales and Scotland. It also incorporates the notes in elucidation of this section of Mr. Gomme's labours.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition. Parts 7 and 8. (George Bell.) These parts form the commencement of vol. ii., and we are glad to find that there is a decided improvement in the editing. Although Mr. Graves still retains his name alone upon the cover, we learn from an advertisement that Mr. Walter Armstrong has been associated with him in the editorship; and the effect of his collaboration is distinctly evident in a good many of the important articles which are signed W. A. Menline, Méryon, Morland, Palma Pesellino, are among the artists he has treated; and, although the space does not afford scope for more than an outline, it is sufficient to prove that he has consulted the latest authorities. There is still, however, need for improvement. Although Louis Leloir and Auguste Lançon are included, Bastien Lepage, a more important artist than either, is omitted; and surely a few lines might have been spared to Kenny Meadows. John Linnell is treated as if his strength lay rather in portrait than in landscape. In the article on John Landseer we read—"He devoted considerable attention to a series of engravings of animals after the great masters, which were afterwards published in a collected form"—a sentence from which few would gather that five of the designs were by his son Edwin, and all were engraved by his son Thomas, and that he wrote the letter-press himself. If under Licinio (Pordenone) it was thought necessary to mention the doubtful "Apostle" in the National Gallery, one example of Liberale da Verona should not have been omitted. Under Marinus de Zeeuw or Van Romerswale we are informed that the name Zeeuw "means simply the sea-lander." If such defects strike one on the surface, there may be worse below; but, as we said, the book is improving, and there is hope that the second volume may be much more valuable than the first.

Claude Gellée le Lorrain. By Owen J. Dullea. (Sampson Low.) This latest addition to "The Great Artist" series has been well and carefully compiled, and is very fairly illustrated with engravings, &c., from pictures, drawings, and etchings. Mr. Dullea compares with patience the different accounts of Sandrart and Baldinucci, and does not appear to have neglected any important authority upon the artist. All the known facts of Claude's life are arranged in a clear and connected narrative, the history of nearly all his pictures is traced, and a great deal of information is

given about the "Liber Veritatis." In the appendix is given the artist's will, which was discovered by Lady Dilke, together with a list of the drawings in the "Liber Veritatis," and another of the pictures by Claude in public and private collections. We can sincerely recommend the book not only to the lovers of Claude, but to the lovers of Turner—especially to those of the latter who, owing to the teaching of Mr. Ruskin and his followers, have failed to appreciate the immense obligations of Turner to the great French artist, and are under the false impression that Claude was not an ardent student of nature.

Life and Nature Studies. By Hume Nisbet. (Sampson Low.) No doubt Mr. Nisbet has read his Ruskin, but he also seems to have read his Walt Whitman. His style is at all events like a strange mixture of both; while his spelling appears to be influenced by the example of our Transatlantic cousins, and his grammar to be peculiarly his own. We do not know which we like least of the three. We gather from various notes to the book, and quotations from laudatory press notices at the end of it, that Mr. Nisbet is young, that he resides in Edinburgh, where he practices as artist and art teacher. He has also published poems. We do not wish to discourage him. He is full of ardour, has high views of the mission of the artist, and evidently thinks he observes for himself; but he has begun to teach when he should still be learning. Among his many aphorisms is the following: "What is perfect and beautiful to you just now, before you begin to study, will buffet you in the eyes when you are trained." If Mr. Nisbet's intelligence develops as we hope it will, this book of his will "buffet him in the eyes" a good deal a few years hence. The lectures will buffet him as an art teacher, and the illustrations as an artist.

Table Decoration. By William Low. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Low, the gardener of the Duke of Grafton, at Euston Hall, has evidently considerable taste in the now fashionable art of decorating the table with flowers. Without a good deal of imagination, it is not easy to realise how his tables looked when they were decorated according to his designs; but the descriptions are ample, and the designs are all given in black and white, and both will no doubt be found very useful in giving hints to others.

THE SOCIÉTÉ DE L'ART ANCIEN EN BELGIQUE.

THE issue to the members for the third year comprises a considerable variety of objects. The earliest in point of date are a collection of Frankish and Merovingian ornaments of the fifth and sixth centuries—from the Archaeological Museum at Namur, the treasury of the Church of Our Lady at Tongres, the Diocesan Museum at Liège, and the collection of Mr. Eugene Poswick—reproduced in chromo-lithography.

Secondly, the reliquary bust of Pope St. Alexander, martyred in 117, now in the Museum of Antiquities at Brussels, but formerly in the Benedictine Monastery at Stavelot. This reliquary, here reproduced by an admirable phototype of E. Aubry, of Brussels, was executed by order of Abbot Wibald, who, on April 13, 1145, enshrined in it the skull of the saint, together with several fragments of clothing stained with his blood. The bust, of silver, rests upon an altar-shaped coffer, supported on four feet, the two foremost of which are formed by wiverns. Each side of the coffer is adorned with three enamelled plaques, reproduced in full size. Those in front represent St. Alexander and his two companions, St. Eventius and St. Theodolus. The two former are vested in chasubles, and have a pastoral staff in the left hand. The latter, in dalmatic, has a book.

The pope has a low mitre. The plaques on the other three sides have half-length female figures representing Divine wisdom and eight virtues holding scrolls, on which are inscribed the beatitudes. The spaces between these plaques, the top of the coffer, and the collar of the saint's vestment, are adorned with cabochons and jewels.

The fourth plate reproduces five plaques of the thirteenth century. The largest of these, now in the Museum of Namur, is adorned with branches of foliage and fruit, enclosing within their curves flowers and monsters. The other four, from the shrine of St. Remacle, at Stavelot, present most exquisitely designed foliage in gold, on a ground of oxidised copper, executed by the method described in chapter lxx. of the *Diversarium Artium Schemata* of Theophilus.

Plates V. to VIII. represent six glasses, executed by Venetians in Belgium in the seventeenth century; and specimens of Binche and Antwerp lace, the latter of the description called *Pottelant*, from the vase of flowers forming the central object in the design. The accompanying text gives full information as to the history of the objects and the technical method of manufacture.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JACOB" AND "JOSEPH" IN THE INSCRIPTION OF THOTHMES III.

Paris: Oct. 11, 1887.

I notice in the last number of the ACADEMY a discussion on the names of Jakob-El and Joseph-El in the lists of Thothmes III., at Karnac. As I not only made the first publication on this subject (*Rev. Egypt.* 1885), but have given it a great deal of careful study, perhaps a line from me in your journal would not be inappropriate.

The gentlemen do not appear to have read my second article (*Rev. Egypt.* iv., p. 146), wherein, I think, I definitely established the translation on which their controversy rests—namely, the title of the monument.

The word *tethu* never means to conquer (*bezuvingen*), either in the ancient Egyptian or in Demotic, where it is often found; but always has the sense of "to shut up," "to imprison." The word *test* has two meanings—either territory or people (principality). We are here obliged to accept the ethnographical sense, as it would have been impossible for the king to have imprisoned the territories in the city of Megiddo. If they were cities (*test* never means city) taken by the king in his expedition against the "re-union of people," he would have said so, and we should have found mention of it in the history of the war.

There is, at present, absolutely no reason why Jakob-El and Joseph-El should not be tribes, and the two tribes which the Bible represents to us as the families of Jacob and Joseph.

WILLIAM N. GROFF.

THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

London: Oct. 9, 1887.

I have to render reply to two of your correspondents—Mr. Thompson Watkin and Mr. Shrubsole—whose letters appear in the ACADEMY of September 24. Mr. Shrubsole says I have fallen into "serious error." Let us see. I stated that the Roodeye wall is "of unknown thickness and depth." He states that a pig of lead was found at a depth of 22 ft., where there was deep water in Roman times. "Hardly the place one thinks," he says, "for the wall of a *castrum*." Who has said that where the pig of lead was found, there was the wall? Certainly not I. Where is my error, serious or otherwise? Where is there the least figment of error? The lead was found in one place, the wall is in another.

If Mr. Shrubsole is prepared to say that

because a pig of lead is found in deep water, *ergo* there could not have been a wall on the bank of the stream, he is quite welcome to the argument. I am obliged to him for desiring to render me information as to this discovery; but the time I have devoted to Chester archaeology has already made me familiar with it, and with the following reference to its position in relation to the Roodeye wall in Mr. Frank H. Williams's *Synopsis*:

"The stratum in which it occurred—a bed of gravel and marl intermixed with shells—clearly indicates its having anciently been part of the course of the river Dee, which in the time of the Romans extended over a great part of the Roodeye, in some places reaching to the walls of their camp."

I am aware, also, of the curious fact that the sloping bank within the Roodeye wall is filled with early Roman tombs. Your correspondent will find the counterpart of this just within the late portion of the Roman wall of London, at Newgate, where, at Messrs. Tylor's foundry, Roman tombs of early date were not long since discovered. Other interments have also been found from time to time within the area of the London wall in other positions. These indicate that the walls in both cases were erected to inclose an area once outside the original settlement. I am glad that your correspondent now acknowledges the Roodeye wall to be an ancient wall. In his published paper, however, he described the stones forming it as "no part of a wall properly so-called. They are certainly not Roman, since they exist only as a single row of stones. . . . The base of the stones rests upon a quicksand." This statement was actually made subsequently to the first excavations which Mr. Watkin describes, when the wall was found to go down deeper than the depth of our recent diggings.

I need not trespass much upon your space to reply to Mr. Thompson Watkin's remarks, since Sir Henry Dryden's letter has gone so greatly over the same ground. For this reason I need not go farther into the question as to the age of the slab with the ecclesiastical-looking figure; and I am content that he should assign it to whatever age he deems best, so long as he allows me my opinion as to its Roman date. His suggestion that the huge mass of confessedly Roman sculptured and inscribed stones were brought from an ancient cemetery to repair the wall with after the siege deserves more attention. In one comparatively small gap we have now found something close upon forty stones, and there are others—who can say how many?—yet to be discovered. During the siege, were the combatants likely to have devoted much time to the unearthing of Roman stones from the spot where their battery was erected? Supposing that some were found, would the builders, after the siege was over, have been likely to cross the ditch to fetch these small stones, when, had stone been wanted to repair the walls, there were the suburbs lying in ruins closer at hand, as well, I fear, as many a goodly building, battered to pieces within the walls. Again, Chester was surrounded with cemeteries, most of which have been built over in modern times by the growth of the city, including even the one specially referred to. But yet, have the works of excavation all over their surfaces in recent years, when everyone is on the alert to see anything that may be met with, produced any such mass of sculptured and inscribed stones? Take the whole area of the cemeteries, take all recent years, and how meagre has been the sum of the discoveries! How, then, in this special cemetery, and in a time of great public trouble, could such a number have been found? The remarks made relative to old Roman foundations within the walls, I have replied to at some length in last week's *Builder*, and they

need not, therefore, be repeated here. But is it actually a matter of fact that the walls on the north side and on the east were so much battered as is implied? Can Mr. Watkin produce any records that such was the case?

I am sorry to learn from your correspondent's letter that "the anti-Roman party" at the period of our visit "were, by agreement, silent." This appears to indicate some preconcerted plan, which is greatly to be regretted. We were desirous of arriving at the truth; and all the points now being discussed on paper could have been so much more readily pointed out and considered on the spot, frankly, one with the other. I believe the "anti-Roman" party to be a very small minority, and I trust that the reward of this correspondence will be to adduce so much evidence as to make it easy for them to come over to the majority.

E. P. LOFTUS BROOK.

P.S.—It may be of interest to Sir Henry Dryden to know that a vast quantity of fragments of Roman pottery were found in the excavations.

THE ROMAN PATERA FOUND AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

South Shields: Oct. 10, 1887.

I have read Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall's letter concerning the Roman patera from South Shields, and his suggested reading of it. Since my letter appeared—but too late for insertion in last week's issue of the ACADEMY—Prof. Hübner thus writes me: "Looking again at the text of the inscription, I find that one may read also *Apollini Anaxiomaro M. A. Sab(inus)*." Thus it will be seen that in his alternative reading he agrees with Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall.

ROBERT BLAIR.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

By the appointment of Mr. M. H. Spielmann to the post of editor of the *Magazine of Art*, that very popular publication promises to be again conducted with the energy and spiritedness which characterised it of old. Mr. Spielmann assumes command in time for the issue of the December number.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS is announced to deliver a lecture on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt," at the Town Hall, Manchester, on November 2; and on "The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt," at the room of the Fine Arts Club, Alderley Edge, on November 8. Miss Edwards will also lecture at Warrington and other places in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

A NEW edition of the late Mrs. Heaton's *Concise History of Painting*, revised and enlarged by Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse, will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell as a volume in "Bohn's Standard Library."

MR. AUBREY HUNT's exhibition, chiefly, if not entirely, of pictures and sketches in France, will be one of the first to which Messrs. Boussoad Valadon and Company will invite the public at the Goupil Gallery this winter. Mr. Hunt has but lately returned from the scene of his summer's labours.

MR. HARRY FURNISS will hold, next week, in the Gainsborough Gallery, New Bond Street, a second exhibition of his work, consisting, this time, of his original drawings for *Punch*, &c., and entitled "Politics and Society." Next week, also, the Fine Art Society will exhibit a collection of drawings by Mr. George Q. P. Talbot, entitled "The Sunny South."

THE tenth annual exhibition of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours will open at Glasgow, in the galleries of the Institute, Sauchiehall Street, towards the end of next week.

A GENERAL Meeting of the Hellenic Society (the first of the ensuing session) will be held at 22 Albemarle Street, on Thursday, Oct. 20, at 5 p.m. Prof. Percy Gardner will take the chair; and a paper will be read by Mr. A. S. Murray, upon "Two Vases from Cyprus."

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG'S work on the new English edition of M. Müntz's *Life of Raphael*, has, he informs us, been confined to editing the translation published some years ago, and incorporating with it the corrections and new matter contained in the second French edition.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE theatrical season "makes haste slowly." There is a curious absence of pieces—long pieces at all events—of any importance. It is true we may have to go to see the "Red Lamp" again very soon: partly to see the "Red Lamp" itself again and the excellence of its first interpreters; partly to see Mrs. Beerbohm, free for the first time in a very strong part, played last season by Lady Monckton, and lately by Miss Achurch; and partly, too, for the sake of the one-act piece, by Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Walter Pollock, to which the manager has paid the reasonable compliment of removing it once a week, at least, from its place, as mere *lever de rideau*, and giving it at an hour when even the least diligent playgoer is in his seat. That would be an evening not badly spent, probably.

But attendance at the Gaiety and the Strand—two playhouses where new things are, or old things essentially, perhaps, under new names—we should surmise, is hardly compulsory. But the doings there may have a word of chronicle, nevertheless, since at the Strand it is Cellier's opera, "The Sultan of Mocha," which they are giving, with Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. Bracy, and Mr. Birch in the cast; while at the Gaiety, Mr. Leslie, the comedian, it is said, under the name of A. C. Torr, collaborates with another in the production of a characteristic burlesque. But though Mr. Leslie, the author, may be present, Mr. Leslie, the comedian, is elsewhere. It is Mr. Leslie, the comedian—from "Rip van Winkle" to "Monte Christo"—whom we are sure of enjoying. Miss Farren, too, who still permits so much of piquancy to Gaiety burlesque, whom years cannot wither, nor can custom stale her pleasing monotony—Miss Farren, alas! is absent. Still, our contemporaries—those most learned in the matter—assert the piece to be all that a Gaiety audience can demand: brilliant as to spectacle, tuneful as to music, and even rather funny as to dialogue.

But it is for M. Coquelin that the playgoer is really waiting. He makes his first appearance, on Monday week, at the little band-box in Soho, which M. Mayer—never hitting the golden mean in these matters—gets as a somewhat absurd alternative to the vastness of Her Majesty's Theatre. "L'Ainé"—M. Coquelin's special piece—will not be performed till two or three days afterwards. And the comedian will not leave us till he has played "Don Caesar de Basan," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "Gringoire," and, more than that, has played, within half a mile of Mr. Irving's own theatre, Mr. Irving's own part in "The Bells."

MUSIC.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

Norwich, Oct. 12.

THE twenty-second Triennial Festival, which commenced in St. Andrew's Hall on Tuesday evening, promises to be one of considerable interest. Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, who obtained such success three years ago with his "Rose of Sharon," is represented only by his Jubilee Ode, and a song from "The Story of Sayid." Sir

A. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" is, of course, almost a necessity. But musicians will be anxious to hear about the novelties. From Germany has come many a masterpiece; from France we have had "Faust" and "The Redemption"; and now the Festival authorities have determined to see if anything good can come out of Italy, once the land, *par excellence*, of music, and especially of sacred music. Whatever may be thought of the new works they cannot fail to excite a certain legitimate curiosity.

The programme of the opening concert began with the above-mentioned Jubilee Ode. Due justice was done to this skilful *pièce d'occasion* by Mdme. Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, choir and orchestra under Mr. Randegger's direction.

This was followed by M. Camille Saint-Saëns' clever though curious setting of the Nineteenth Psalm. The strange mixture of old and new styles is disturbing. The principal vocalists were Miss A. Marriott, Miss L. Lehmann, and Messrs. B. McGuckin and Barrington Foote. Miss Lehmann obtained well-deserved applause for her solo, "Thou, O Lord."

The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with Mdme. Albani, Miss L. Lehmann and Lloyd in the solo parts. The chorus, "Praise thou the Lord," and the famous "Night is departing," gave one an excellent idea of the powers of the festival choir. The voices are fairly well balanced. Those of the men preponderate slightly. The quality of tone is good, if not particularly rich. Hence they are more successful in passages requiring loud and vigorous singing. Their rendering of these choruses deserves high praise.

On Wednesday morning was produced Signor Bottesini's oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet." The solemn tragedy of Gethsemane is treated briefly in Bach's "Passion" music; and it forms the subject of Beethoven's single oratorio. The one only gave us the Biblical narrative in recitative; while the other, with the exception of a few numbers, did not approach his subject with sufficient seriousness and sympathy. Both Mr. J. Bennett, who prepared the book, and also the composer have evidently been anxious to deal reverently with their theme. The Scripture narrative is given in recitative, and entrusted to a contralto voice. The actual words of Jesus are treated more elaborately, and sung by a baritone. The narrative is interspersed with solos, duets, quartets, and choruses of a reflective nature. The work has been appropriately described as a "sermon set to music." From a purely art point of view a more dramatic—using the word in a technical sense—form would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory; but, considering the great danger of giving offence to susceptible minds, it was a wise course. Moreover, the work is entitled a "devotional" oratorio. The book is carefully and skilfully constructed, as one would indeed naturally expect from so experienced a writer as Mr. Bennett.

Signor Bottesini is known in England as a double-bass player, and as a composer of solos specially written to show his wonderful command over that unwieldy instrument. In the "Garden of Olivet," however, we find something very different. It cannot be denied that the music of the oratorio shows us a man who has studied and has been influenced by all sorts of composers. Had Signor Bottesini absorbed into his system the teachings of various schools, and then evolved a well-defined style of his own, all would be well. But a recitative, *à la* Wagner, followed by a concerted piece in Italian style, and a phrase here of Rossini or Donizetti, there of Mendelssohn or Gounod, produce a somewhat patchy effect. The frankness, however, with which the composer yields to any particular mood is refreshing. The *leit-motif* enters largely into the work, and is employed with skill. The second section "Be-

trayal," contains, in our opinion, the best music. The contralto solo, "Deliver me," the aria for soprano, "The Lord is my light," and a pleasing duet in canon form for soprano and tenor, "I, the Lord," are, to our mind, the numbers most deserving of mention. There are some good passages in the choral numbers; but, altogether, the music is of too light a character for the words. The story of Gethsemane is so touching, so solemn, and to most so sacred, that anything which recalls operatic music carries with it its own condemnation. The scoring of the work is effective in many of the accompaniments to the portions for baritone. But the introduction of the brass in the Intermezzo, descriptive of the angel from heaven strengthening Jesus in the hour of agony, is particularly unsuitable and distressing. Besides, too frequent use of the brass in the choral numbers fatigues the ear. Signor Bottesini, who conducted his own work, by no means adhered to the metronome marks in the vocal score. The "Marcia" movement at the beginning of the second part was not improved by the rate at which it was taken.

With regard to the performance, we need only say that the choir sang well, but not its best. The solo parts were in the safe hands of Miss A. Marriott, Miss H. Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley and Mr. J. H. Brookbank. The hall was fairly well filled, but the oratorio was coldly received. Choir and orchestra, however, bestowed considerable applause on the composer.

The morning concert concluded with Dvorák's beautiful "Stabat Mater." In the grand opening number for quartet and chorus the choir did, with one or two small exceptions, exceedingly well. Concerning the vocalists the names must suffice—Miss A. Marriott, Miss Wilson, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley.

We are compelled to defer until next week our notice of the rest of the week's music. This evening's programme includes a new song by M. Gounod for Mr. E. Lloyd, and a new scena by Mr. Prout for Miss Hilda Wilson. To-morrow morning Signor Mancinelli's cantata, "Isaiah," will be performed. From reading the vocal score and rehearsal, we venture to say that it is a work of considerable power; though how far the composer has employed his talents in a right direction may be a matter for discussion.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MR. PROUT'S NEW DRAMATIC CANTATA.

MR. E. PROUT and Mr. W. Grist have once more entered into partnership, and have illustrated another story from early English history. From the times of King Alfred and the Saxon hero, Hereward, they have passed on to the period of the Crusades. The tale of the new Cantata, briefly told, is as follows:—The winner in a three days' tournament is to obtain the castle and lands of Whittington, together with their heiress, Lady Edith. Lord Morice, a partisan of Prince John the Regent, has jousted victoriously for two days; but on the third he is defeated by Roland, a Red Cross Knight, who loves, and is beloved by, the fair lady. The Lord Morice seeks, by treachery, to rid himself of his rival. Roland, left for dead, revives by the aid of King Richard, who, with his minstrel Blondel, has returned from the East. Then all ends happily. Edith and Roland are united, and the return of England's truant king is welcomed by all. For the main outline of his plot, the librettist acknowledges that he is indebted to the "Knight of the Silver Shield," a story in H. Neale's *Romance of History*. The tale is extremely well laid out for musical purposes, and Mr. Prout has coloured it with some of his best music.

The "Red Cross Knight" is decidedly an advance on the composer's earlier Cantatas. There is more power of characterisation, a richer

vein of melody, and a freer handling of the chorus. Mr. Prout has not, however, changed his style. The music is straightforward, and for the most part, diatonic, and bears but few traces of effort. Much study and labour are needed to apprehend the meaning of some works—the form may be difficult, the phraseology puzzling. And there is a tendency in these days to value a work in proportion to the effort which it gives us to understand it. This is sometimes a mistake, but it is no less wrong to think lightly of music which makes a direct appeal. With Mr. Prout a simple style is a matter of choice, and not of necessity. He is a musician of recognised ability, and, if he willed, could fill his scores with Wagnerian devices and highly-spiced harmonies. He does not ignore the system of representative themes—the king, the knight, and the lady have each a musical phrase assigned to them; and these are used with skill, yet with moderation. As an example of skill we would note the development of a Roland love-theme, in the fourth and fifth scenes. While admiring Mr. Prout for his courage in following Handel and Haydn rather than Schumann or Wagner in the matter of harmony, we are pleased when he introduces a bit of modern colour, and this he does on several occasions. There is one thing in the Cantata to which we would take exception. The musical thread is often rudely snapped asunder by those fatal cadence-chords which are the weak and not the strong points of many a master-piece of the eighteenth century. Mr. Prout knows well the practice of modern writers to avoid breaks, and has followed it successfully in some places. In the matter of orchestration the composer has displayed his usual mastery. In his delicate treatment of wood-wind and brass he often reminds us of Schubert. Space will not allow us to speak in detail of the various numbers of the work; but we would single out for special praise the bright chorus, "Welcome tidings;" the bold "Tournament" chorus—"Hark to achievement"; and the quiet tenor recitative and air at the opening of Scene 4. There is also a very graceful chorus for female voices, "Gaily the Herald."

The "Red Cross Knight" was specially written for the Huddersfield Choral Society, and was produced, under the direction of the composer, at their first concert of the present season, on Friday evening, October 7. The hall was crowded, and the work was enthusiastically received. Attempts were made to encore many numbers, but Mr. Prout only yielded in one instance. This was after the bright chorus, "Welcome tidings." The Huddersfield choir sang this (and indeed all the choruses) superbly; and it was natural that the composer should, for once, give way. The soprano music was sung with considerable power by Miss Annie Marriott; and Mr. E. Lloyd, as the knight, captivated, not only the Lady Edith, but the whole of his audience. Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr. Watkin Mills were very good, but Mr. Riley found the "Morice" music somewhat beyond his strength. Applause, calls for composer, and chorus-master (Mr. J. North), and a speech of thanks from Mr. Prout to the choir for their admirable singing, brought the evening to a highly satisfactory conclusion.

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LITERATURE.

A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson. By James Elliot Cabot. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

SOME great men recently have not been fortunate in choosing their literary executors; at any rate, their friends have thought they were not fortunate. The outcry against John Forster's biography of Dickens is not forgotten; the greater outcry against Mr. Froude for his treatment of Carlyle is still loud. The cause of complaint in both cases would appear to be that the biographers were candid about the faults and weaknesses of their subjects. If Mr. Cabot, forewarned by the fate of Forster and Froude, had given the world a pleasing biography in place of a truthful one, I, for one, would have thought Emerson the most unlucky of all in his choice of a literary executor. Happily, Mr. Cabot was exposed to no such temptation. He found himself able to write a biography both truthful and pleasing. He states that he has been

"entirely free from the gravest embarrassment that can meet the biographer of a man of letters who aspired to be a public teacher—I mean the traces of a discrepancy between the teachings and the character. Commenting in his journal on the remark of a friend, that no one would dare to uncover the thoughts of a single hour, Emerson says:—'Is it so bad? I own, that to a witness worse than myself and less intelligent, I should not willingly put a window into my breast; but to a witness more intellectual and virtuous than I, or to one precisely as intelligent and well-intentioned, I have no objection to uncover my heart.' He was right, he could only have gained by it."

Mr. Cabot has had access to Emerson's private journals, letters, and unpublished MSS., and has drawn largely from all these sources. In addition to long personal acquaintance with Emerson, he has had the further great advantage of receiving from living persons their recollections extending back to Emerson's school-days. All these opportunities he has used well; on the one hand avoiding needless intrusion of his own views, and on the other presenting the statements and records in a compact narrative. They are not thrown together but properly welded; and his work is much more than a collection of facts about Emerson. He possesses the prime essential of a good biographer—sympathy. Without this quality a true understanding of any man is not possible. The unsympathetic biographer may be accurate as to facts, but he cannot comprehend the spirit or motive of his subject. With him the facts never assume their proper shape, for they are not plastic in his hands. He cannot explain what they signify. He is only a collector of material that a better man

will one day use. But Mr. Cabot gives the facts, and also gives them their place and relation; and, accordingly, in his pages we see the man Emerson as he was.

The chief incidents in Emerson's life were known before; and in them, and still more in his writings, his character was revealed. Mr. Cabot expresses the opinion that the records to which he has had access "do not often bring us closer to him than we are brought by his published writings"; but this is a mistake. He was revealed in his writings at a distance. The private records, as presented by Mr. Cabot, make him—shall I say?—more human, not by showing flaws in his character, but by discovering the growth and steady working of his life. We had a correct outline before; now we have a finished and satisfying portrait. To be chosen by Emerson for this task was a high privilege; and Mr. Cabot has justified to the full the wisdom of the choice.

Of course the book is not absolutely perfect. Mr. Cabot might very well have given us more of Emerson's opinions about his contemporaries. One subject of great interest to Emerson was the growth of distinctively American literature, but no one would suppose so from this book. Once upon a time he was greatly interested in Whitman. Is there nothing in the journals to show whether his interest increased or diminished? Appendix C, giving a list of Emerson's contributions to the *Dial*, is pretty accurate; but it would have been more accurate if Mr. Cabot had submitted it to Mr. Alexander Ireland for revision. These, however, are comparatively small matters.

In this history, and especially in the earlier portion of it, the fact is made abundantly clear that Emerson's habitual serenity belonged to his character and not to his good fortune. He was early inured to poverty; for, when he was eight years old, his father died, leaving a widow and a family of five boys and a girl unprovided for. The struggle was a hard one for mere daily bread. We read among other pathetic incidents that, when he won a prize of thirty dollars for declamation at school, the money, instead of buying a shawl for his mother as he hoped, had to go to pay the baker's bill. In the essay on "Domestic Life," Emerson describes the "eager, blushing boys" of a household and their occupations of work and play, and speaks of "the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity," as "the hoop that holds them staunch." They "sigh for freedom, for fine clothes, and other luxuries," he says, but "Woe to them if their wishes were crowned! The angels that dwell with them and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows are Toil and Want and Truth and Mutual Faith." This passage, as Mr. Cabot points out, is clearly autobiographical.

Yet, whatever their service, it is to be feared that the toil and want of those days had their consequences in the early death of two of the brothers and in the delicacy of constitution and not infrequent sickness that pursued Emerson himself through life. Edward Emerson died in 1834, and Charles in 1836. Add to these losses Emerson's early discovery that the ministry for which he had been trained must be abandoned by him, the further losses by death of his young wife, of

his eldest child Waldo—a "bud of God" and "piece of love and sunshine" he had called him—and later of his mother, and, in the midst of all, his own ill-health, and it becomes evident that more than a common share of sorrow fell to him during those years. How deeply he felt his losses is indicated in his "Dirge" and "Threnody," as well as in his letters; but it seems to me that the strong spirit with which he bore them, more perhaps than anything else, shows his greatness as a man. He never grumbled, be his sorrows and sufferings ever so great. "There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals—namely, their distempers," he wrote in his essay on "Behaviour"; and, on his own part, he never transgressed this excellent rule.

From his mother Emerson seems to have derived "a native serenity that nothing could deeply disturb," and from his father that brightness of humour that manifested itself in whatever he did and wrote. Emerson's father, in a letter written just before his death, spoke of "the threads of levity which have been interwoven with the entire thread of my life." More than once in his own early letters Emerson refers to his own "silliness," as he calls it. Writing in 1822 to that worthy Puritan, his aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, of a journal he had kept of a pedestrian tour with his brother William, he apprehends "it hath too many jokes to please you"; an admission which calls forth a prompt rebuke: "So your journal is *jokey*. While the places which Virgil and Cicero trod are met with real or affected enthusiasm, the children of God tread on his footsteps with *ennui*."

Yet this levity, or silliness, or brightness of humour—call it what we will—doubtless helped to save him from the fate that overtook his gifted brother Edward. The brothers had many qualities in common, but this saving lightness of spirit seems to have been lacking in Edward. He was too terribly in earnest, and, as a result, at twenty-three years of age his mind gave way; and, though he soon recovered his reason, his pursuits had to be abandoned, and he died six years later. Emerson, on the contrary, was willing to take life as it came, not looking regretfully back, nor too eagerly or anxiously forward. When sickness overtook him he did what would best help his recovery, promptly relaxing any undue strain on his powers. On one occasion he wrote in his journal:

"It is a peculiarity (I find by observation on others) of humour in me, my strong propensity for strolling. I deliberately shut up my books in a cloudy July noon, put on my old clothes and old hat, and slink away to the whortleberry bushes, and slip with the greatest satisfaction into a little cow-path where I am sure I can defy observation. This point gained, I solace myself for hours with picking blueberries and other trash of the woods, far from fame behind the birch trees. I seldom enjoy hours as I do these."

When he resigned his Boston pulpit on a question of the administration of the "Lord's Supper," his action was described by some as "quakerish," and "there were loud whispers of mental derangement." But, in reality, Emerson was pre-eminently sane, and his ability to "stroll" helped to make him so. He never lost his head or let ideas run away

with him. He was charged with being a fanatic after his famous Divinity School Address, and frequently besides; while, on the other hand, zealots accused him of coldness and indifference. He was neither a fanatic nor indifferent. On the occasion of a gathering of old class-mates he notes in his journal: "I, too, resumed my old place, and found myself, as of old, an amused spectator rather than a fellow." An amused spectator, or, when occasion demanded, a serious and profoundly interested spectator he always was. Emerson lived in an age of new theories and experiments. Total abstinence, phrenology, communism, and innumerable other doctrines were being set forth, and, more even than usual, the demand was made for people to take sides. It was assumed that everyone had, or ought to have, an "ism." Emerson's sympathies were, of course, as Mr. Cabot points out, with the renovators, "the idealists, the reformers, the party of progress, or, at least, of aspiration and hope." But he rejected all "isms." He saw too deeply to be a partisan. The "Lord's Supper" question was, after all, only the exciting cause of his separation from the ministry. There was a predisposing cause deep down in his nature which, if it had not found this vent, would, sooner or later, have found some other. He was a critic. He could see flaws in the existing order of things as clearly as anyone, but he could not help seeing also "that the existing order, since it is here, has the right to be here and the right to all the force it can exert." Moreover, the proposed remedies failed to satisfy him:

"Abolition or abstinence from rum, or any other far-off, external virtue, should not divert attention from the all-containing virtue which we vainly dodge and postpone, but which must be met and obeyed at last, if we wish to be substance and not accidents."

Mr. Cabot gives an important extract from Emerson's journal of 1840 that bears on this point:

"I told — that I thought he must be a very young man, or his time hang very heavy on his hands, who can afford to think much and talk much about the foibles of his neighbour, or 'denounce' and play the 'son of thunder' as he called it. I am one who believe all times pretty much alike, and yet I sympathise so keenly with this. We want to be expressed; yet you take from us War, that great opportunity which allowed the accumulations of electricity to stream off from both poles—the positive and the negative. Well, now you take from us our cup of alcohol, as before you took our cup of wrath. We had become canting moths of peace, our helmet was a skilet, and now we must become temperance milksops. You take away, but what do you give? Mr. Jeffs has been preached into tipping up his barrel of rum into the brook; but day after to-morrow, when he wakes up cold and poor, will he feel that he has somewhat for something? If I could lift him up by happy violence into a religious beatitude, or imparadise him in ideas, then should I have greatly more than indemnified him for what I have taken. I should not take away; he would put away, or, rather, ascend out of this litter and sty in which he had rotted to go up clothed and in his right mind into the assembly and conversation of men."

Even on the negro question Emerson maintained his accustomed critical attitude. In an address delivered in 1837 he claimed for

every man the right of free speech on the question, but added:

"When we have distinctly settled for ourselves the right and wrong of this question, and have covenanted with ourselves to keep the channels of opinion open, each man for himself, I think we have done all that is incumbent on most of us to do. Soberly as we may feel the wrongs of the poor slave in Carolina and in Cuba, we have each of us our hands full of much nearer duties. . . . Let him not exaggerate by his pity and his blame the outrage of the Georgian and Virginian, forgetful of the vices of his own town or neighbourhood, of himself. Let our own evils check the bitterness of our condemnation of our brother; and, whilst we insist on calling things by their right names, let us not reproach the planter, but own that his misfortune is at least as great as his sin."

The professional philanthropists were, to Emerson, "an altogether odious set of people." He disliked the "impatience of discipline" that they exhibited, "the haste to rule before we have served, to prescribe laws for nations and humanity before we have said our own prayers or yet heard the benediction which love and peace sing in our own bosom." "This denouncing philanthropist," he says in his "Lecture on the Times," "is himself a slaveholder in every word and look." The time came when Emerson saw that some effort must be made to give the negroes liberty—physical emancipation at least; but, when we look at the condition of the negroes in America, and of the men who were once their masters, nearly a quarter of a century after that emancipation, we can see how true the insight was that in 1844 dictated these lines:

"The degradation of that black race, though now lost in the starless spaces of the past, did not come without sin. The condition is inevitable to the men they are, and nobody can redeem them but themselves. The exertions of all the Abolitionists are nugatory except for themselves. As far as they can emancipate the North from slavery, well.

"The secret, the esoteric of abolition—a secret too from the Abolitionists—is that the negro and the negro-holders are really of one party, and that when the apostle of freedom has gained his first point, of repealing the negro laws, he will find the free-negro is the type of that very animal law; standing as he does in nature below the series of thought, and in the plane of vegetable and animal existence, whose law is to prey on one another, and the strongest has it."

Yet Emerson did not mean that the negro, or even the planter, was irretrievably imbecile. He delivered his address on West India Emancipation, wherein the wrongs of the negroes and their possibilities as freemen were forcibly stated, about the same time. But he spoke from the standpoint of justice; and he did not then, nor at any later period, fancy that legal emancipation and moral freedom were one and the same thing.

The relations of Carlyle and Emerson are set forth in some detail. "God's greatest gift is a teacher; and when will he send me one full of truth and boundless benevolence and heroic sentiments?" said Emerson; and there was a time, probably, when he hoped to find that teacher in Carlyle. After his first visit he was disillusioned; but the two men continued to love one another to the last, despite a coolness that certainly arose at the time of Emerson's second visit. Mr. Cabot might well

have been more explicit on a point which has been considerably canvassed; but he has preferred to follow the example of the judicious Mr. Norton in the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, and pass it over.

One of the pleasantest parts of this book is the picture given in its pages of Emerson's domestic life. Emerson as a teacher and as a critic is great and inspiring, but greater and more inspiring still is his example. "In him," it may be said as he said of Michael Angelo, "all things recorded agree together. He lived one life, pursued one career. . . . Especially we venerate his moral fame." In his life his own best teachings were exemplified.

WALTER LEWIN.

"Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages."—*The Metrical Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester*. Edited by W. Aldis Wright. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

A new edition of the chronicle of Robert of Gloucester has long been urgently wanted. Although the work has no great literary merit, and its value as an independent historical authority is almost confined to a few incidents of the Barons' War, it is from a purely philological point of view of the highest importance. It is in fact one of the books with which every student of the early forms of English ought to be familiar; but until now it could be read as a whole only in Hearne's edition of 1742, or the reprint of 1810, both of which, if not "scarce" in the bookseller's sense of the word, are at any rate not generally accessible. It is needless to say that Hearne's edition, though an admirable performance for its own day, does not satisfy the requirements of the present time, even apart from the fact that it gives for the most part the readings only of one, and that not the oldest, of the many extant MSS. In the present edition the text is founded on the earliest MS., and the readings of seven other copies are given in the notes. That the work is published in the "Rolls Series" is perhaps on one account to be regretted, as the plan of the series does not admit of any notes except those illustrative of the various readings; but the disadvantage is compensated for by the very moderate price at which the volumes are issued. Mr. Aldis Wright's Introduction does not enter into philological questions, but it contains a thorough examination of the sources from which the chronicler derived his information; and there is an excellent glossary, with references to the passages in which the words occur, as well as a complete index of proper names.

The editor's remarks on the authorship of the chronicle, and the new materials which he has contributed to the discussion of the question, are likely to lead to a good deal of controversy. The work exists in two different recensions. The older of these is represented by three MSS., one of which forms the basis of Hearne's edition. The later text coincides in the main with the former down to the death of Henry I., but from that point onwards is entirely different. In the earlier text the history from the accession of Stephen to the year 1270 (where the chronicle ends abruptly) occupies 2,900 lines; in the later

text the same period, together with a few sentences bringing down the story to the accession of Edward I., occupies only 590 lines. In explanation of these facts three hypotheses are *prima facie* possible. We must either suppose (1) that, as in the case of *Piers Plowman*, both texts proceeded from the original author; (2) that the longer text represents the original work, and that an unfinished or mutilated copy of it was completed by some later hand; or (3) that the earlier part of the work and the two continuations were written by three different authors. The first of these suppositions Mr. Aldis Wright decisively rejects; and his opinion appears to be well founded. If the divergence of the two texts had begun with the reign of Henry III., it might have been a plausible conjecture that the author in preparing a second edition of his chronicle had found it expedient to suppress the strong expressions of sympathy with the rebel party which appear in the narrative of the Barons' War as given by the earlier text. No such motive, however, can be assigned for the re-writing of the history from the reign of Stephen; and, besides, an author who remodels a work of his own is sure to leave some vestiges of the original form of expression. We may, therefore, take it as proved that the original author did not write the shorter of the two continuations. Whether he wrote the longer continuation is a question which Mr. Wright leaves undetermined; but he is inclined, "on *a priori* grounds," to favour the hypothesis of duality of authorship. I should not like to dogmatise in opposition to the opinion of so high an authority, but my impression is that the internal evidence points the other way. The original author and the earlier continuator have, at any rate, a great deal in common. They both use the same south-western dialect; their style and versification are indistinguishably the same; they both display the same fervent patriotism and detestation of foreigners; and they both reproduce many passages from the metrical lives of saints, commonly ascribed, on the ground of identity of style and metre, to Robert of Gloucester himself. Now none of these characteristics, except that of dialect, can be found in the later continuation. The metre is, indeed, formally the same; but the rhythmical complexion is sensibly different, and the style is decidedly less fluent and vigorous. With regard to the authorship of the metrical lives, Mr. Wright sees no reason for ascribing them to any of the three writers whom he believes to have been concerned in the chronicle. The whole question needs to be carefully re-examined in the light of the new facts contained in the present edition; but at present it appears to me that the preponderance of evidence is in favour of a common authorship of the metrical lives and of the whole of the older text of the chronicle.

The current designation of the chronicler as "Robert of Gloucester" is derived from the earlier continuation, which mentions the author's Christian name, and contains evidence of his intimate acquaintance with Gloucester and its neighbourhood. If it should hereafter be established that the older text of the chronicle is the work of two different authors the name of Robert of Gloucester will still belong to the writer of the portion which

ranks as an original historical authority. It will be awkward, however, to have to refer to "a nameless writer" when quoting the following famous passage:

"bus com lo engelond · in to normandies houd ·
& þe normans ne couþe speke þo · bote hor owe
speche ·
& speke frence as hit dude atom · & hure
children dude also teche ·
So þat heimen of þis lond · þat of hor blod come ·
Holdeþ alle þulke speche · þat hil of hom nome ·
Vor bote a man conne frenss · me telþ of him
lute ·
Ac lowe men holdeþ to englis · & to hor owe
speche zute ·
Ic wene þer ne beþ in al þe world · contreyes
none ·
þat ne holdeþ to hor owe speche · bote engelond
one ·
Ac wel me wot nor to conne · boba wel it is ·
Vor þe more þat a mon can · þe more wurþe
he is."

I am unable to see any sufficient ground for the editor's somewhat startling suggestion that the earlier portion of the chronicle was first written in the reign of Henry I. Mr. Wright is, of course, quite aware that the language of the existing text is that of the end of the thirteenth century, and he apparently considers that the original form of the work was prose. Whether it was probably in Latin or in English he does not say; the common theory of a French original he elsewhere explicitly rejects. His principal argument appears to be drawn from the following passage, in which the writer is speaking of the abbeys founded by King Edgar and St. Ethelwold:

"Vor ey3te & fourty abbeys · hii rerde in this
londe echon;
Ar vrs king þat we abbeþ nou · adde yrerd so
vale ·
To monye him wolde þenche · viftene bi tale."

On this passage the editor remarks:

"The king here referred to, 'our king that we have now,' is apparently King Henry I., who, after Edgar, was the greatest founder of monasteries. But, as it is impossible that the Chronicle, in its present form, can have been written at so early a period, it is more than probable that the reference in this passage was taken from the original document which the versifier had before him."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Wright has not given a paraphrase of the last two lines, the meaning of which is by no means transparent. The only sense I can put upon them is something like this: "Before our king that we have now had built so many as even fifteen abbeys he would have thought he had done too much." If this be an admissible construction of these obscure words, they would appear to be a sneer at Edward I., whose want of liberality in Church matters the chronicler alludes to in another passage, which is quoted on the next page in the introduction. After referring to Edward the Confessor's gift of twenty manors to the monks of Winchester, he says: "Fore God, the next King Edward that came after him did not give them quite so much in all his kingdom." According to my interpretation the parallel between the two passages is curiously exact: in each case Edward I. is compared, to his disadvantage in the matter of generosity, with an Anglo-Saxon king.

Mr. Wright justly rejects the notion that the chronicle is a translation from a French original. The only ground that can be

alleged for this supposition, apart from the analogy of Robert Manning's work, is the occurrence of such forms as *the March* (Mercia), *Picards* (Picts), *Daneis* (Danes), *Londreus* (Londoners); but it is not probable that a translator would have copied such forms from his original, unless they were already in English use. Even the statement that the poems of Wace and "La Estoire Saint Aedward" were among the sources used by the writer is considered by the editor to rest on no sufficient evidence.

With regard to the literary qualities of the work, Mr. Wright's verdict seems a little too severe.

"As literature," he says, "it is as worthless as twelve thousand lines of verse without one spark of poetry can be. Here and there we find a trace of the quiet humour in which gentle dulness delights, but of this the instances are rare and widely scattered."

Certainly it would be in vain to look for poetry in Robert of Gloucester, but he is by no means so dreary reading as this criticism would suggest. Mr. Wright's judgment is perhaps a little coloured by the weariness of a laborious and not wholly congenial task.

The long list of errata is explained by Mr. Wright to be owing to the fact that in the first instance he took the readings of the Harleian MS. from Hearne's edition, which he afterwards found was not to be trusted in minute points of orthography. The volumes appear to be printed with remarkable correctness, the only mistakes I have noted being "morten" for *worten* on p. x. (Preface), and "Bebou" for *Boreu* on p. 892.

HENRY BRADLEY.

A History of Vagrants and Vagrancy, and Beggars and Begging. By C. J. Ribton-Turner. (Chapman & Hall.)

WHEN an author has filled over seven hundred ample pages with curious and interesting matter upon a subject that has many claims upon the attention both of the student and of the statesman, it may seem hypercritical to raise objections. It is, however, necessary to point out that Mr. Ribton-Turner's topic is much more circumscribed than the title he has chosen might imply; for while beggary and vagrancy are almost as old as the hills, fully one half of this book is occupied with England, the remainder being devoted to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, the secret jargon of the vagrant and mendicant, the begging friars, the gypsies in England, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland, France, the German empire, Austria, Italy, Russia, Portugal, and Turkey, and ending with a long series of extracts from various writers illustrating the habits and impostures of vagrants and beggars from the fourteenth century to the present time. Mr. Ribton-Turner's subject is European vagrancy, and the whole world of Oriental mendicancy is excluded from his view. Except for the picturesque contrasts which the wider scope would have supplied this may not be a matter of regret. Vagrancy and mendicancy have a different aspect as presented to the Eastern and the Western mind. An European beggar belongs either to the ranks of the lazy or the unfortunate; but an Oriental mendicant may have adopted his

career from sincere, even if mistaken, religious feeling.

Within its more restricted sphere Mr. Ribton-Turner's book is not so much a history as a collection of materials for the historian. He has sought far and wide; and while it cannot be denied that some of his speculations are more than doubtful, it would be ungracious not to frankly recognise the value of the mass of detailed information here brought together from all sorts of sources. Wherever the reader may dip into the book he will find something noteworthy.

The vagrants of the present day cause plenty of trouble to the authorities. But in the reign of Edward VI. the vagrants must have driven the powers desperate, since a law was passed by which a vagabond might be branded and assigned as a slave for a term of two years. Doubtless the social changes consequent upon the suppression of the monasteries had increased the difficulty of dealing with the social evil that has proved to be unhappily permanent in type.

"Worke is undone at home," is the complaint of Sir John Cheke, "and loiterers linger in strates, lurk in alehouses, range in highwaies, valiaunte beggars play in tounes, and yet complaine of needs, whose staffe, if it be once hoat in their hande, or sluggishness bred in their bosome, they wil never be allured to labour againe, contenting themselves better with idle beggary than with honest and profitable labour. And what more noisem beastes be in a comune wealth?"

Mr. Ribton-Turner chronicles the long struggle between legislation and vagrancy, and has to confess that the beggar obstinately refuses to be improved off the face of the earth. The credulous public are still deceived by the transparent frauds which the beggar of to-day has inherited from predecessors of centuries gone by. Nothing is more remarkable than the permanent type of the impositions by which vagrants gain a dishonest living, and make an income far exceeding that of many of the deserving and industrious poor. The tricks by which the good-natured almsgivers of the Tudor period were deceived serve equally well to bamboozle the philanthropists of the Victorian age. The money given to vagrants and beggars in England and Wales is reckoned to be at least £3,000,000, and if the cadgers were workers they would add at least that sum to the common wealth of the country. Moreover, in estimating the cost of vagrancy it would be necessary to take into account what these gentry cost in workhouses and prisons, and the losses that arise from their depredations. This army of the worthless who prey upon society are encouraged, if not recruited, by the good-natured souls who do not realise that almsgiving is no charity unless it is based upon knowledge and directed to a definite end. In every great town in England at this moment there are men and women living lives of drunken debauchery, and bringing up children to their infamous trades, who derive their means for riotous extravagance from the ignorant kindness of decent hard-working people. George Atkins Brine has told how he "stood pad" at Shudehill Market in Manchester on the Saturday night when the artisans were making their weekly purchases. Brine hired three children decorated with placards stating

that they were "Motherless," and stood with them in the street making only a mute appeal to the passers-by. In five hours he received 30s., as much as some of his benefactors would earn in a week. Mr. Ribton-Turner says that in the course of his long experience, extending to several thousand cases, he has never met with a beggar who was driven to beg by sheer want or misfortune. When Brine, already named, was asked what induced him to adopt a life of vagrancy, he replied

"I left Sherborne to seek employment at my trade (that of a butcher), and not succeeding for a time, I soon discovered that more money could be got without work than with it."

The ranks of the professional beggars are continually recruited from the "wastrels" of all classes. Drunkenness may lead a man of ability from the common room of a college to the kitchen of a licensed lodging-house.

There are, however, hereditary vagrants, if that is not too harsh a term for those protests against Western civilisation—the gypsies. Not all are gypsies who "go a-gypsying"; and the true Romanis look with something of scorn upon both the *posh-and-posh* and upon the mere *gaiujo* tramps—the Hinditimgre. The Romanis, in their Westward march from Hindostan, have now reached America, but in England they are beginning to feel the pressure of the surrounding civilisation. They are no longer all tent-dwellers. Some have taken to vans, and some—for a portion of the year at least—are now house-dwellers. By and by the School Boards will capture the children, and their talents will be turned to something better than cheating by "fast and loose" or fortune-telling.

Wherever Mr. Ribton-Turner's book is opened the reader will light upon some suggestive fact. Its miscellaneous character will be a recommendation to many, while those who from taste or official position have to deal with social problems will find it helpful. There are some notable omissions. For instance, no mention is made of Count Rumford's Bavarian experiments. The book is encouraging; for grave as are the sores of the body politic here unveiled, yet they are milder forms of the diseases that have perplexed English rulers for centuries. Generations of repressive legislation have had but little fruit. The wiser policy is to remove the causes, since "prevention is better than cure"; but it will be a good while before the manufacture of vagrants and beggars comes to an end, if that consummation is ever reached.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Ballads of Books. Chosen by Brander Matthews. (New York: Coombes.)

THE title of this book is to some extent misleading, inasmuch as the greater portion of the selection does not consist of "ballads," but of epigrams, sonnets, rondeaus, triolets, and various other forms of verse; and it includes, also, George Crabbe's somewhat lengthy poem entitled "The Library," Dr. John Ferriar's "Bibliomania," and Lord Lytton's "The Souls of Books." It is, however, a very attractive and very interesting little volume, and will doubtless obtain, as it deserves, a prominent and permanent place among modern anthologies. The editor has,

with but few exceptions, made his selection with judgment and good taste; and he aptly describes the scope and limitations of his volume in the following paragraph, which I quote from his "prefatory note":

"The present collection of varieties in verse has little or naught to do with the great world and its errors; it has to do chiefly, not to say wholly, with the world of the Bookmen—the little world of the Book-lover, the Bibliophile, the Bibliomaniac—a mad world, my masters, in which there are to be found not a few poets who cherish old wine and old wood, old friends and old books, and who believe that old books are the best of old friends."

And no doubt they are the best of old friends, for, as Thomas Fuller quaintly observes, "they always receive you with kindness"; and they have, moreover, this great and excellent quality, that you can always put them aside when you grow tired of them. It is, I think, Prof. Dowden who tells us, in one of his sonnets, how he spent the whole of an afternoon "in the green heart of a wood," with a copy of Keats's poems by his side, but—"not a line read of rich 'Endymion.'" Probably this is an experience with which we are all more or less familiar; and it is in consonance with the witty observation attributed to the statesman, Fox, that there is nothing more delightful than to lie under a tree, in the summer, with a book, except to lie under a tree, in the summer, *without a book.*

Mr. Matthews's volume, however, is one which few persons, we should imagine, will keep long by their side without reading, and probably enjoying its contents. There is to be found in its pages that happy blending of the old and modern poets which lends a special charm to so many of our recent anthologies, and enables the reader to compare the respective merits of past and living authors. Thus we here find, on opposite pages, lines by Isaac D'Israeli and Mr. Austin Dobson; and again we find Charles Lamb and Mr. Andrew Lang gazing at each other across the board with a merry twinkle in their eyes; and Mr. Walter Herries Pollock seated in juxtaposition to Barry Cornwall. Of the compositions by the older poets represented in the selection that by Robert Southey, beginning "My days among the dead are past," is *facile princeps*; but among those by living authors the lines by Mr. Edmund Gosse, entitled "The Sultan of my Books," appear to be especially deserving of praise. The following are the two first and two concluding stanzas of the poem, which will enable the reader to judge for himself of the lightness of touch, the graceful facility, and rhythmic excellence of these verses:

"Come hither, my Wither,
My Suckling, my Dryden!
My Hudibras, hither!
My Heinsius from Leyden!
Dear Play-books in quarto,
Fat tomes in brown leather,
Stray never too far to
Come back here together!

"Book: writ on occult and
Heretical letters,
I, I am the Sultan
Of you and your betters.
I need you all round me;
When wits have grown muddy,
My best hours have found me
With you in my study.

"No book shall tap vainly
At latch or at lattice
(If costumed urbanely,
And worth our care, that is);
My poets from slumber
Shall rise in morocco,
To shield the new comer
From storm or sirocco.

"I might prate thus for pages,
The theme is so pleasant;
But the gloom of the ages
Lies on me at present;
All business and fear to
The cold world I banish.
Hush! like the Ameer, to
My harem I vanish!"

It is true that "slumber" and "comer" is an imperfect rhyme; but we must not be too exacting in these days, when Mr. Browning has familiarised us with such curious rhymes as "equals" and "weak walls," or when we remember that our finest lyric, Shelley's "To the Skylark," abounds with rhymes which are equally incorrect. Nevertheless, it is a defect which Mr. Gosse would do well to remove before reprinting the verses.

Among other noticeable poems included in the selection may be mentioned Mr. E. D. Anderson's humorous lines, entitled "The Baby in the Library," Mr. Monkhouse's "De Libris," Mr. Scollard's "In the Library," and Mr. Dobson's version of Horace's epistle, beginning:

"Vertumnus Janumque, liber, spectare videris."

These are admirable; but the same cannot be said of the rondeaus by which Mr. Peck and Mr. Beverly Chew are here represented. I am disposed to think that this is not the fault of the authors, but of the particular form of verse in which they have chosen to write. The manifest trickiness and artificiality of the rondeau will always prevent any poetry of permanent value being written in that form. Mr. Matthews would probably have been well advised had he omitted one or both of these contributions, and inserted in its place Cowper's translation of Vincent Bourne's Latin poem on "A Manual: more Ancient than the Art of Printing, and not to be found in any Catalogue":

"Exiguus liber est, muliebri creber in usu,
Per se qui dici Bibliotheca potest."

But, so long as the compilers of anthologies are not gifted with omniscience, we must not complain because they may perchance have overlooked this or that particular poem, even though the poem in question may be an especial favourite with ourselves.

There is one striking feature of many of the compositions here printed which should be referred to, and that is their being markedly characteristic of the respective authors by whom they are written. For instance, when we read the following lines:

"What famous folk of old are here!
A royal duke comes down to us,
And greatly wants his Elzevir,
His Pagan tutor, Lucius.
And Beckford claims an amorous
Old heathen in morocco blue;
And who demands Kobanus
But stately Jacques Auguste de Thou!

"They come, the wise, the great, the true,
They jostle on the narrow stair,
The frolic Countess de Verrue,
Lamoignon, ay, and Longepierre,
The new and elder dead are there—
The lords of speech, and song, and pen,
Gambetta, Schlegel, and the rare
Drummond of haunted Hawthornden"—

we know by the lilt, and by the proper names set to such excellent music, that Mr. Lang alone can be the author of them. So, too, when we read the lines, "To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century," we at once recognise Mr. Dobson's characteristic manner and delicate workmanship; while no one who peruses such verses as these—

* * * * *
"Before her, in the street below,
All powder, ruffs, and laces,
There strutted idle London beaux
To ogle pretty faces;

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair;
Wigs, powder, all out-dated;
A queer antique, the sedan chair;
Pope, stiff and antiquated"

—will hesitate for a moment to affirm that they also are by Mr. Dobson; yet, strange to say, they are *not*—they are by Mr. Walter Learned. The sonnets by Longfellow, Leigh Hunt, and Tennyson-Turner, are also typical of their respective authors; but these are hardly equal to the celebrated sonnet by William Roscoe, "To my Books on parting with them," which is here printed opposite another excellent sonnet by Lord Rosslyn.

Before parting with this dainty collection we would call the reader's attention to a striking epigram by the poet Burns, which is to be found at p. 31. Burns, we are told, saw a splendidly bound, but sadly neglected, copy of Shakspeare in the library of a nobleman in Edinburgh; and he wrote these lines on the ample margin of one of its pages, where they were found long after the poet's death:

THE BOOKWORMS.

"Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But oh, respect his lordship's taste
And spare the golden bindings!"

There are many good things in Mr. Matthews's volume, but it would be difficult to find anything wittier or better than this.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

NEW NOVELS.

Poor Nellie. By the Author of "My Trivial Life and Misfortune." In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

Ismy's Children. By the Author of "Hogan, M.P." In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Gretchen. By "Rita." In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Can it be True? By F. H. Cliffe. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

St. Bernard's. By Aesculapius Scalpel. (Sonnenschein.)

A Professor of Alchemy. By Percy Ross. (Redway.)

Mr. Barnes of New York. By A. C. Gunter. (Vizetelly.)

No one who knows a fresh and unusual talent when he sees it could fail to experience some curiosity as to a second book by the author of "My Trivial Life and Misfortune." To say that *Poor Nellie* shows a great advance on its forerunner would not be true; to say that it shows any falling-off in talent would be still less true. The talent is, indeed, still, as was said, if we do not mistake, of Richter, *ohne Organ*, but there is no diminution of it. The story covers a considerable time—a

dangerous thing in itself—and is crowded with characters, and still more crowded with the author's reflections. She hunts rather too many hares at once. There is, to begin with, a satire on three generations of match-making and managing ladies, of whom No. 1 is a mere ordinary Belgravian mother; No. 2, a woman with some saving qualities in her, but still a "manager" first of all; No. 3, a kind of human fiend—a "white angel" in appearance, who is something more than an ordinary black angel in deed, who begins with cold heartedness and ends in positive murder. "Poor Nellie," the heroine, is the daughter of this white—this black-and-white—angel: neither manager nor match-maker, but a drunkard in fact, a light o' love, not indeed in fact, but in intention, and in the end a murderess and a suicide. This is a pretty scheme to fill up, and would have taken no slight powers to work it off in any way successfully. But the author has further burdened herself with all sorts of minor characters and all sorts of subsidiary interests. The boy and girl loves—cross loves and unlucky ones—of "Poor Nellie" and her sister Adela, George Crofton and his brother Charles, all of whom are played upon maleficiently by the black-and-white angel; the humours of the black-and-white angel's husband, an easy-going gentleman of large fortune, who is a temperance fanatic, and is punished therefor in the person of poor Nellie; the Croftons' uncle and father, "the admiral," the white angel's father, "the bishop," and divers other things and persons, major and minor, have to be attended to. It is a kind of Mahabharata of a novel—a gigantesque and superhuman plan. Also the author has awkward mannerisms and tricks of style and phrase. She dwells constantly on the "scattered bits" of the white angel's husband, that is to say what less original persons would probably call his scattered wits. She talks of a "dully" which does not rhyme to bully it would seem, and is guessed with much labour to mean a dull person; of "crocking," which does not mean, as it usually does, putting little bits of broken pots at the bottom of unbroken pots to drain them, but "cooking" or spoiling; and so forth. All these things, with her inveterate pessimism, her plethora of matter, and her slight tendency to preach, give the book an undigested, not to say indigestible, character, which prevents any critic from speaking of it with unqualified praise. But, at the same time, it is full of strokes of human observation, of acute phrasing, of "criticism of life" generally, which would make the fortune of half a dozen novels, if they were used with the economical discretion of an "old hand." We do not wish the author of *Poor Nellie* exactly that discretion; but we do wish her the happy mean between it and her present indiscriminate and somewhat inartistic prodigality. If she can hit that mean, the wicked people who complain that we have not got a really great novelist at present will have to cease their presumptuous fanning.

Another writer with whom, though in a less markedly original way, the reader is hardly likely to go wrong is the author of "Hogan, M.P." The merit here is not so much acute judgment of humanity in general,

as a distinct observation and a distinct faculty of reporting observation of certain local and out-of-the-way types. "Ismy's Children" are the two daughters and the son of a certain Ismay Mauleverer and her husband Godfrey, whose selfish and sleeveless neglect not only exposes his children to the stigma of bastardy, but loses them a great estate to which they are entitled. They settle, however, in or on the land that ought to be theirs under the charge of their mother's aunt, Juliet D'Arcy—a study of dying Irish character, perhaps the least commonplace and the best worth preserving that the author has yet done. That a handsome Englishman should fall in love with the handsome eldest daughter Marion is, of course, necessary—that is what Englishmen and Irish girls have existed for from the days of Strongbow (let it be quite understood that we are well aware that there are persons who don't call Strongbow an Englishman, as it seems to be necessary in this nineteenth century to say everything under penalty of being supposed not to know it). Originality is provided, however, in the immediate cause of their meeting, which is an infuriated ram. Bulls have had their day: *ventum est ad arietes*. The wild slip of a younger girl Gertrude is, also, comparatively commonplace, though only comparatively. The author has spent most strength on the character of Godfrey Mauleverer, the heir "kept out of his rights," who joins the Fenians and comes to a sad, though hardly a bad, end. The indefinable touches which make Godfrey so entirely different from what a high-spirited English boy would be are given with a great deal of skill, and the story draws to its close with much pathos. As the time is twenty years back, the author can show without improbability a somewhat happier state of things than prevails in Ireland now; but there are shrewd, though not obtrusive, hints on the interminable Irish question.

The most experienced reviewer is a little put to it to find new remarks for the novels of writers like "Rita." They are never mere duplicates of each other, but the family likeness is so strong that "Rita No. 1," "Rita No. 2," and so on, would seem, on the whole, to be their best designations. *Gretchen* is like her sisters—general colour decidedly hectic, chapters generally headed by something between inverted commas, an occasional (thank heaven! only an occasional) drop into the present tense, a kind of lump-in-the-throat sentiment pervading the whole, a certain cleverness, and little good result of that cleverness. It is the kind of thing that has its public, and of its public it will, no doubt, be justified.

We do not know whether *Can it be True?* is likely to have a public or not. It is a much simpler book than *Gretchen*, and begins with a private pupil, who is not in the least like Frank Fairleigh. That excellent youth never thought of ordering Dr. Mildmay to take his things out of his trunks on his arrival at Helmstone. But then Mr. Philip Beverley was older and wickeder than Frank, and the Reverend Mr. Berner was very much less of a scholar and gentleman than Dr. Mildmay. The book goes in a curiously amateur fashion through a crowd of improbable characters, and

not very probable incidents, just lighted up here and there by some touches which are not quite conventional. Unluckily for Mr. Cliffe, he is given to bursts of fine writing (there is one in particular which is sure to strike everyone, being on the first and second pages of the second volume), and then he is more than a little absurd. But smaller absurdities occur throughout. One lady reproaches another "for being such a powerful factor in bringing about her marriage." Oh, English language, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!

It must be becoming rather unpleasant to be a doctor if a man is also a novel reader. *St. Bernard's* is the second story which we have read in the course of a few months suggesting that most clever physiologists poison their wives, and that hospital practice merely means experimenting on patients by communicating to them worse diseases than they have, or operating on them in a perfectly unnecessary fashion. However, this does not much matter to a critic who is too old to be a doctor, and whom reasons sufficient, though not under his own control, prevent from ever being a doctor's wife. It is more to the point to suggest that this style of fiction is not very amusing. *St. Bernard's* has comic passages, manifests a certain amount of not always well-employed talent and good intention, and is a kind of description of medical student life generally. Whether its portraits are meant for personal satire those who know hospitals must decide.

Mr. Percy Ross has made a not unaffecting story out of the misfortunes of the alchemist Denis Zachaire, which he seems to have learnt from M. Figuier. The book would have been better with more incident and conversation and less miscellaneous talk on the author's part. The late Dr. Strauss told in his *Bohemian Reminiscences* an excellent story of a certain Scotch guest at a literary dinner who cried out, "Man o' the hoose! Gi' us less o' yer clack and mair o' yer Jairman wine!" This sounds rude; but it is a capital caution to writers of renaissance or mediæval stories.

There are some bad things about *Mr. Barnes of New York*. A great deal of it is in the present tense. The English heroine (there are two, a Corsican and an English) is meant to be an angel, but is rather too much of the downright Dunstable description of angels, and is sometimes almost vulgar; while "Mr. Barnes, of New York," the Yankee Crichton, owes copyright to Mr. Marion Crawford and others. However, there is a duel in the beginning which is interesting though too long, and there is a certain vivacity here and there which keeps the reader going.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME BOOKS ON INDIA.

Kristo Das Pal: a Study. By Nagendra Nath Ghose. (Calcutta: Lahiri.) This is a book which, though for some reasons not very well suited for circulation in England, we would commend to the attention of those who take their ideas of the "Bengalee baboo" from the calumnies of the English press. The author, who himself belongs to that much-abused class, bears a family name which ranks with those of the Tagores and the Mitras

among the cultivated Hindus of Calcutta. He is a barrister of the Middle Temple, and must therefore have spent some three years in this country. Considering the absurd ignorance that prevails about "baboo English," it may perhaps be as well to say that he writes with a perfect command of our language, and with a studied simplicity of diction. Here is an example taken at random (p. 107):

"Kristo Das realised, as has been pointed out, the earnestness of life; he had not grown weary of it; but it is doubtful if he had fully appreciated the end of life to be worked for its own sake. He had closed his Byron, not opened his Goethe."

But we must pass on from the writer to his subject. The story of Kristo Das Pal's life is of extreme interest for all who concern themselves with that pressing problem—the future government of India. Sprung from a comparatively low caste, with no special advantages of education, and unaided by hereditary wealth or influential connexions, he raised himself to the highest place open to a non-official native of India. When he died, at the early age of forty-six, he was recognised, alike by his fellow countrymen and by the English, as the political representative of modern Bengal. And this position he attained by no arts such as are sometimes reckoned characteristically oriental. As the editor of the most influential native newspaper in Calcutta printed in English—the *Hindu Patriot*—he lived neither by vilifying nor by flattering the government, but by expressing in plain and well-reasoned language the opinions of his principal supporters, the landowners of Bengal. Similarly, as a public speaker, he made no pretension to the flowers of rhetoric, but impressed successive governors and members of council with the sobriety of his views and the cogency of his arguments. Nor was the slightest imputation of corruption, or even of self-seeking, ever breathed against his name. In short, Kristo Das might seem to us to be cast in a peculiarly English mould—hard working, clear headed, moderate, and pre-eminently practical—precisely such a man as our own municipal institutions are credited with producing. His biographer laments that he has left no successor. But the influence of his example must needs be very great in his own country; and this "study" of his career ought to be of no little service in dispelling the gross delusions that are entertained in England concerning the capacity of "Bengalee baboos" for public life.

A Short History of the Bombay Presidency. By Edmund C. Cox. (Thacker.) In a small volume of little more than 400 pages, Mr. Cox has sketched the history of the presidency in which he has for some years been serving. The result justifies the motives which prompted the task. The history of India (the word being taken as a name for the vast peninsula enclosed between the parallels of the Himalayas and Cape Comorin) cannot be given in a single volume without great discomfort to the reader. Of the multitude of such histories scarcely one is free from the faults of tediousness and dryness. The best of them, perhaps, is that of Colonel Meadows-Taylor; and his is a book to be plodded through rather than read with any special interest. Not only is the mass of matter too vast to be dealt with satisfactorily in a single book, but the interest of the subject is well nigh-lost when we find ourselves reading what is really the history of many distinct countries. Even if we confine ourselves to the rise and growth of British power in India, we must be content to make some one part more prominent than the rest. Mr. Cox has, therefore, done wisely to take in hand the history of the province which he knows best; and the introduction of his book

into government schools will be a boon to the students who still have to use manuals written in insufferably stilted Johnsonese English. Mr. Cox speaks of Bombay as a province whose annals abound with incident. The remark would be true, even if the historian had before him simply the great drama of the rise and fortunes of the Maratha power. The student who has leisure for the task may find mines of information in the Bombay Government Records and Gazetteers; but the general reader will look in vain for a concise work on the subject. Mr. Cox's narrative is, of necessity, brief; but it nowhere has the look of toilsome abridgment or compression, while throughout it is the work of one who has the gift of knowing how to use his own tongue, and whose judgment may be taken as sound and trustworthy. This soundness of judgment is conspicuous in all the remarks which bear on the Russian scare, and on the circumstances which led to the dealings with the Amirs of Sind in reference to that scare. These chiefs would, perhaps, have been left to themselves, if the English Government had been free from fears of Russian aggression. After the successful expedition to Karrak "it was urged," Mr. Cox tells us,

"upon Lord Auckland and his Council that Russia could only act through Persia; and that, Persia being now dealt with, nothing further need be done, and Doet Muhammed should be left in peace at Kábul. Subsequent events have shown what Russia can do without aid from Persia."

The dealings with the Amirs of Sind led to some bloody battles and to not a little diplomacy which has called for very strong language from some critics, and which provoked a long and painful controversy between Major Outram and Sir C. Napier. Whatever the injustice done may have been, Mr. Cox rightly insists that it was not a wrong done to a nation.

"It was against Amirs who had usurped the country within the memory of living men, and who were the most atrocious tyrants that can possibly be imagined. The British camps offered an asylum to thousands; and of the Queen's subjects in India none have gained more from the British Government than the peaceable inhabitants of Sind."

The struggle with the Amirs, when it came, was a fierce one; and the battle of Miáni (Meenae) was one of the most brilliant of English military achievements in India.

"Dashing across the plain, swept by the Beluchi cannon and matchlocks, the British troops pressed eagerly on to close with the numberless masses of the enemy. When they were within a hundred yards of the high sloping bank, over which the heads of the Beluchis could be seen, they wheeled into line. The voice of the general, shrill and clear, commanded the charge; with a British shout the guns were brought into position, and the infantry rushed up the sloping bank. For a moment they staggered back at what they saw beyond it. Far as the eye could reach, the wild Beluchi warriors covered the ground, brandishing their sharp swords. . . . A moment later the Irish, and the Bombay Sepoys, with cheer upon cheer, met their charge and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood. For three hours and a half the furious contest raged. . . . Nearly all the English officers were slain or wounded, and victory had not yet shown itself. Napier saw that in another twenty minutes the battle must be lost or won."

It was won by the charge of Napier's reserves; and a force of less than 2,000 had discomfited a savagely brave army of 35,000. The contrast of these gigantic conflicts with the puny growth of English power in Bombay in its earlier days is wonderful indeed. Having traced the course of British enterprise to the

time when Calcutta was founded by Job Charnock in the little fishing village of Chutanati, Mr. Cox reminds us that "the three Presidency towns of modern India are entirely of European origin." The prosperity of Bombay was virtually insured by the possession of "an impregnable stronghold and an unrivalled position for trade." In the spelling of local names Mr. Cox has, as a general rule, followed "the authorised government spelling," and he gives a table of sounds explaining the system. The authority of government may disarm criticism; but if some exceptions are made, it is not quite easy to see where the line should be drawn. Twenty-five names are given which are spelt in the older English way—among these are Cawnpore and Lucknow. If the exceptions are made on the score of the familiarity of these names to English readers generally, why should Benares and Meerut appear as Banáras and Mirat? The question here, as with Greek names, is an extremely difficult one. For some time to come, perhaps, we must be content to tolerate inconsistencies in systems which may be made complete hereafter.

Fortune's Wheel: a Tale of Hindoo Domestic Life. By K. Viresalingam, Pandit. Translated by J. Robert Hutchinson. (Elliot Stock.) This book, as first of its kind, is full of interest for all who love India and its people. Though the scene is laid 250 years ago, it is the life of the present day that passes before our eyes. Adventures with tigers and robbers are, indeed, no longer possible where there are English sportsmen and English rule; but the actual customs in a Brahmin's home, and the mode of thinking of the people, are here unveiled to us as they still exist. We are told that the author first intended to give his fellow-countrymen a Telugu version of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, but preferred to write them this transcript of their own lives. A mirror thus held up to nature causes many an unconscious alteration in those who see their own image reflected. For ourselves it awakens keen sympathy for the credulous people, grown old in superstition, and brought up with fears and prejudices which hedge them around on all sides. Dreading alike their *guru*, their deities and daily portents, their lives are rendered bitter by a ceaseless anxiety to avoid they know not what malicious fortune. Rajasekhara, of an open, confiding, generous temper, fond of flattery and approbation, spends all his fortune on parasites, astrologers, alchemists, *yogis*, *byragis*, and priests. Every detail of Hindu religion and ceremonial, and the peculiar customs entailed by each event, are most cleverly interwoven in the tale. The two opening chapters are by far the best. They are full of naive, truthful touches. The description of the river Godaveri, with which it opens, will bear comparison with the well-known tale of the German river, the *Princess Ilse*. The tender family love, which makes the members of the Brahmin's household so lifelike, is indicated with great simplicity, and constant little homely touches; also the sameness of their lot. When about to start for Benares, we are told, "their only pilgrimage up to that time had been from the bank of the Godaveri to the house, and from the house to the bank of the Godaveri; but further from home than this they had never travelled." The father thus moralises on the delight of his children in enjoying the sight of nature's beauties for the first time:

"When we constantly remained close at home, we knew nothing whatever of such delights, and yet we piqued ourselves on being happier than all the rest of the world. How fortunate are those uncivilised wanderers of the wilderness who, living their whole life among such scenes, enjoy pleasures which have as their source the goodness

of that Great Spirit who is kinsman to the lowly!"

Oriental words are scattered throughout, which add to the local colour. They are all translated at the foot of the page. Of one word, "Namaskara," a young civilian gave the present writer an amusing anecdote. He thought the *munshi* told him that the word meant "basins," and henceforth he never washed his hands without using it. All the servants quickly fell into his notion; and, whenever he called "Namaskara," his brass basin was brought. By mere accident he discovered that the word really meant "obeisance," made by bowing to the earth with joined hands. The simplicity of the natives of India is far greater than those who have received an artificial training can give them credit for. A Telugu ayah who had come to Bath in charge of some children, was anxious to find her old mistress. During two months, when she went out with her charge morning and evening, she asked all she could approach "if they knew where Mrs. C— lived." At last, after two months' patient questioning, a stranger took out her pencil, and wrote the address at Weston she had so long been seeking. The history of Subrahmanya, as *comedwar* at the rajah's court, shows just the same patient endurance and pluck. The account of the witch doctor in the thirteenth chapter is an admirably drawn picture of a whole village turning round on their would-be persecutor, who becomes such an object of dread that he overpasses his mark, is "boycotted," and perishes miserably. We cannot close without a remark on the chivalrous appreciation of woman the book discloses. The charms of youth and beauty call forth some pages which show the power that feminine grace and modesty possess over the heart of man in every clime. The conversation at the bathing-place in the second chapter proves the deep sympathy of the author with the trials and woes of his countrywomen.

The Rane. A Legend of the Indian Mutiny. By Gillean. (Cohen.) We hardly required the publishers to inform us that the anonymous author of this book himself took an active part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. We regret that he did not think fit to publish his own memoirs or autobiography. Such a work would have been equally interesting, and of some historic value. The author tells us in his preface that he "does not claim to himself any merit for originality of invention, a great number of the events recorded having really taken place, and some of them being well known historical facts." This is undoubtedly true. The evil genius of the plot, the Rane (*sic*) of Ranepore, is unquestionably the Rani of Jhansi, whom Sir Hugh Rose called "the best and bravest military leader of the rebels." Our author paints her in the blackest colours, allowing her no virtue but bravery. Even the Rani's treachery at Jhansi, where she is alleged to have caused the slaughter of the English garrison after giving them a written safe conduct, has been questioned; but our author is not one of the Rani's apologists. Whether he be too severe in this case or not, he has only availed himself of the license allowed to a historical novelist. His object was to write an interesting book, and in that he has succeeded. If the criticism be not too minute, we wonder at an Anglo-Indian of "Gillean's" experience making the Brahman Balnukind Shastri refer to Nirvana (p. 60). A Brahman no more believes in the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana, than does a Jew in Purgatory. Again, is not "Gillean" wrong in finding any Gondes (*sic*) near Jhansi? No praise can be given to the author for his English, which is wooden and involved; but praise is his due for a story the interest of which never flags.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE result of Mr. Froude's recent visit to the West Indies will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *The English in the West Indies*; or, the Bow of Ulysses. The volume will be illustrated with numerous sketches made by the author.

A LITTLE while before his death the late Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Philip van Artevelde," formed a selection from his correspondence for posthumous publication. The materials extend over a period of sixty years, from 1824 to 1884; and letters are included from statesmen as well as men of letters. Among the former are Lord Aberdeen, Lord Grey, and Mr. Gladstone; among the latter Wordsworth, Southey, Sara Coleridge, Caroline Norton, and Lord Tennyson. The volume is now being seen through the press by Prof. Dowden, of Dublin. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans early next year.

TOGETHER with the Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, which work will itself form three volumes, Mr. John Murray will issue new editions of *The Origin of Species* and of *The Descent of Man*, each printed in large type in two volumes.

MR. MURRAY also announces a translation of Virgil in English Verse by Lord Justice Bowen, consisting of the *Eclogues* and the first six books of the *Aeneid*.

MR. DAVID NUTT has in the press, to be published shortly, an English version of *Aucasin et Nicolette*, by Mr. Andrew Lang, illustrated by Mr. Jaccob Hood. The format, typography, and illustration will follow the best specimen of Elzevir workmanship. The edition will be a limited one.

IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Sir West Ridgeway, writing on the Afghan frontier question, expresses the hope that some one will give his readers, whose appetite he desires to whet, a full history of the Boundary Commission. It would seem that Sir West has but to wish to have; for we learn that Messrs. Sampson Low will issue in November a new volume by Dr. Lansdell, entitled *Through Central Asia*, with an appendix on the diplomacy and delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier. The work will give a compendium, showing the course of events and the political correspondence that led to the appointment of the Commission, with a sketch of the manner, in which the matter is reviewed from a Russian, English, and general standpoint. The book will be copiously illustrated with engravings, and will also contain a map showing the frontier as officially determined, as well as the author's route.

MR. GIFFEN's address as president of Section F at the British Association meeting at Manchester, upon "The Recent Rate of Material Progress in England," will be published shortly, in a separate form, by Messrs. George Bell & Sons.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES's book for this winter will be entitled *Life and Labour*; or, Characteristics of Men of Culture and Genius.

THE next two volumes in the "Eminent Women" series will be *Madame de Staël*, by Bella Duffy; and *Hannah More*, by Charlotte M. Yonge.

A NEW work, entitled *William Wordsworth, the Story of his Life*, by Mr. J. M. Sutherland, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish at an early date *The Romance of Life-Preservation*, by Mr. James Burnley. The work will cover a wide field, opening with the romance of the

sea, and concluding with the story of the Red Cross.

A COLLECTION of Crashaw's poems will be issued in a few days by Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Hull.

WE are informed that "Max O'Rell," accompanied by his wife, will sail for America in the *Germanic* on November 2, and give his first lecture in Chickering Hall, New York, on November 14.

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON will publish immediately, in New York, a volume under the title of *Famous American Authors*. The sketches are made additionally interesting from Mrs. Bolton's personal knowledge of many of the persons described.

UPWARDS of a quarter of a million copies of the forthcoming issue of *Yule-Tide* have already been sold in advance of publication; and the publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., have been obliged to issue a notification that they cannot guarantee to supply any further orders unless they are immediately registered and accepted by them.

THE first working meeting of the west branch of the English Goethe Society took place on Wednesday last, October 19, at the house of Mr. H. S. Ashbee, in Bedford Square, when Goethe's play, "Die Geschwister," was read by the members.

THE Aristotelian Society has just published a small volume of *Proceedings*. It represents the work done during the eighth session, which terminated last June; and contains lengthy abstracts of the papers read, most of which were noticed in the ACADEMY at the time. The ninth session will open on Monday, November 7, with an address by the president, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, on "The Unseen World." Other papers of interest are announced, among them being "Darwinism in relation to Design," by Mr. G. J. Romanes; "The Philosophical Importance of a true Theory of Identity," by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet; and "The Demarcations and Definitions of the Subject Sciences," by Dr. Bain.

A COLLECTION of the *Œuvres littéraires de Napoléon Bonaparte* is about to be published at Paris in three octavo volumes.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. EDWARD EGGLESTON will furnish a novel to the coming volume of the *Century*, entitled "The Graysons: a Story of Illinois," based upon a trial in which Abraham Lincoln was a chief actor; and Mr. George W. Cable an Acadian story, entitled "Au Large," with the double meaning of the Acadian usage, "Out on the open prairie, and the larger application, "Out in the world abroad."

AMONG the contributors to the first part of the *Woman's World*, which, will be ready on October 26, will be Lady Archibald Campbell, the Countess of Portsmouth, Miss Thackeray, Violet Fane, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Francis Jeune, Miss Amy Levy, and Mrs. Johnstone, besides the opening chapters of a new serial story by George Fleming, entitled "The Truth about Clement Ker."

ENGRAVINGS, from portraits never before published, of the late Mr. Grierson and of the late Dr. Wilson Fox will be given, with memoirs, in the November number of Mr. F. G. Heath's *Illustrations*. The memoir of Dr. Wilson Fox is written by Mr. Kinglake; that of Mr. Grierson by Mr. Heath himself. In the same number will be included (in the series of "The English Church and its Buildings" by the Rev. J. Donald Mackey) some account of Glastonbury Cathedral, with engravings from drawings by the author of the papers.

St. Nicholas for 1888 will have a series of papers on Australia, by Mr. Joseph O'Brien, a member of the editorial staff of a leading Australian journal.

ON Thursday next, October 27, *Pump Court* will appear as a weekly journal. The first number will contain a signed article by Lord Bramwell, on "Legal Fraud," and one by Mr. Poland on "Courts of Appeal in Criminal Cases"; a facsimile of the anonymous letter to Lord Monteagle, by means of which the Gunpowder plot was frustrated; and a full-page picture of Knebworth House, and a portrait of the Earl of Lytton.

ANOTHER new legal periodical is announced to appear on November 1, called the *Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence*, under the editorship of Mr. Pym Yeatman. According to the prospectus its main objects are "to uphold the honour of the bar, and to restore to our system of jurisprudence all that is venerable and still of worth, which, through modern vandalism, has been discarded; and, by drawing attention to the necessary reforms, to strengthen the hands of the bar committee, and of those willing to co-operate in this work."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. SEELEY is lecturing at Cambridge this term on "Europe during the Reign of Frederick the Great."

WE regret to hear that Prof. H. N. Moseley has been compelled by ill health to take a complete rest from his work at Oxford during this term. During his absence, Mr. Hatchett Jackson will be in charge of the anatomical department at the Museum.

MR. EDWARD GOSSE, the Clark lecturer at Trinity College, will deliver a course of six lectures at Cambridge during this term on "The Poetry of the Second Quarter of the Eighteenth Century," dealing, in particular, with Young, Blair, Thomson, Collins, and Gray.

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, the Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, will deliver during this term the second part of a course of lectures on "Mediaeval Art as applied to English Churches." Prof. Middleton is also undertaking class-work on "Greek Architecture" and "The Forum Romanum."

THE Disney professorship of archaeology at Cambridge is vacant by the appointment of Mr. Percy Gardner to the reconstituted professorship of archaeology at Oxford, to which Merton College now contributes as well as Lincoln. The electors are the heads of houses, and the day fixed for the election is November 30. We understand that an application has been addressed to the Rev. G. F. Browne, of St. Catherine's College, to induce him to offer himself as a candidate. It is greatly to be hoped that he will permit his enthusiasm for early English art to overcome his natural reluctance to add another to the many academical duties which he already discharges.

PROF. GARDNER was to deliver his inaugural lecture at Oxford on Wednesday of the present week.

IN connexion with the Teachers' Training Syndicate at Cambridge, Dr. James Ward is taking a class this term through Mr. Sully's *Handbook of Psychology*; while Mr. Sully is himself announced to lecture next year on "The History of Education."

AT Oxford, no less than three courses of lectures are to be given in connexion with the Association for the Education of Women: on "Mind, its Conditions and Functions" by Mr. W. L. Courtney; on "The Outlines of the History of Education," by Mrs. Scott, formerly

vice-principal of the Bishopsgate Training College; and on "Elementary Physiology," by Mr. Dixey, demonstrator of physiology at the Museum.

THE current number of the *Oxford Magazine* contains a portrait of the vice-chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Bellamy, of St. John's. It is reproduced from a photograph by the Collotype permanent process; and, while less ambitious, it is certainly more successful than the former portrait of the Dean of Christ Church.

At the meeting of the governors of the Owens College, Manchester, held last week, it was stated that the college had received during the past twelve months more than £32,000 in bequests or gifts. Of this, £21,000, from the estate of the late Sir J. Whitworth, will be devoted primarily to establishing a laboratory in the engineering department; and £10,000, left by the late Abel Heywood, to providing instruction for women and girls.

MESSRS. FIELD AND TUER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE Grievances between Authors and Publishers": being the Report of the Conference of the Incorporated Society of Authors held in Willis's Rooms, in March, 1887, with additional matter and summary; "Beauty and the Beast," by Charles Lamb, with an Introduction by Andrew Lang, illustrated with eight steel plates engraved in facsimile from the original edition; "The Duties and Conduct of Nurses in Private Nursing," by Dr. William L. Richardson, with some notes on preventing the spread of infectious disease; "Silver Voice: a Fairy Tale, being the Adventures of Harry's Mother, Harry's Sweetheart, and Harry himself," with hand-coloured comical illustrations; "The Story of a Nursery Rhyme" (new edition), by C. B., with numerous whole-page illustrations by Edwin J. Ellis; *Forgotten Picture-books for Children*, being reprints of the coloured picture-books—from the original blocks, hand-coloured—(1) "Dame Wiggins of Lee," (2) "The Gaping Wide-mouthed Waddling Frog," and (3) "Deborah Dent and her Donkey"; "The Bairns' Annual: for 1887-8," edited by Alice Corkran, illustrated by Mrs. Mack (Lizzie Lawson); "Modern Men," by A. Modern Maid; "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne, with six unpublished illustrations in aquatint, printed direct from the original copper-plates, engraved in 1820, and an introductory note by John Oldcastle; "The Seasons," by James Thomson, with four illustrations and extra portrait printed direct from the original copper-plates, engraved in 1792, and an introductory note by John Oldcastle; "The Mother: the Woman clothed with the Sun," part the second; "The Henry Irving D. eam of Eugene Aram," by F. Drummond Niblett; "Our Sea Fish and Sea Food," by the Rev. E. W. L. Davies; "Sybil's Dutch Dolls," by F. S. Janet Burne, profusely illustrated; "Eight Tales of Fairy-land," by Louise Poirez, with "three times eight are twenty-four" illustrations by V. Gertrude Muntz.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SCENTS AND FANCIES.

(To J. R. W. on the Upper Congo.)

ODOURS unlock the gates of memory:
What virtue was there in a bruised leaf—
One spray of blue-gum 'mid a careless sheaf
Of gathered garden-flowers—that thought should flee,
With that faint resinous scent across the sea,
To far-off scenes of childhood's joy and grief;
And snatch in fragments back from Time the thief
Days when Otago was the world to me?

Yet not the gates of memory alone,
For these, your letters—many a hoarded sheet
From lands that I have longed for, never known,
Where fierce and strong Earth's fiery pulses
beat—
Set me a-dreaming, with faint breaths of sweet
Strange spice o'er Ethiopian rivers blown.

A. WERNER.

OBITUARY.

MRS. G. L. CRAIK (MISS D. M. MULOCK).

A FEELING of sincere regret must have been felt throughout the country when the newspapers of Friday last announced the death of the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Fame is a dubious term; and a great literary fame was what Mrs. Craik, better known as Miss Dinah Maria Mulock, never sought. She was content to know that her books were more widely read than are the productions of any other writer after Dickens; that she had cheered, amused, helped, and even materially changed the lives of innumerable readers in all parts of the world; and that for over thirty years she had continued to hold the first place in the school of novelists to which she belonged. Notwithstanding the lapse of time between the death of Jane Austen and the appearance of *The Ogilvies* and *Olive*, it could with justice be said that Miss Mulock had entered into the literary inheritance bequeathed to the worthiest claimant by her famous predecessor. Literary historians of the future will have little difficulty in classifying the women-writers who belong to one or other of the chief schools of fiction; and, beyond doubt, a large and important section will be grouped under the leading names of Jane Austen and the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*—the foremost painters of domestic tragedy and comedy. Mrs. Craik will never occupy the literary rank wherein are Charlotte and Emily Brontë, George Sand, and George Eliot. It may be added that if she envied none of these their great reputations, neither had she the least desire to be classed with them. An intellectual gulf divided her from her great English contemporary, a moral gulf from the greatest woman-novelist of the world. The agnosticism of the one was as disagreeable to her as the social revolt of the other. If she could not love, she could, however, admire the author of *Silas Marner* and *Adam Bede*. As for the author of *Conuelo*—well, perhaps neither could have understood the other.

If in many ways it is helpful, it is also—as I have heard Mrs. Craik say herself—something of a handicap to a popular author to have made so great a mark by one book as thenceforth to find writer and work undissociable. It was doubtless pleasant for the young novelist when instantaneous success followed the publication of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Reputation and prosperity are too exclusive visitors not to be welcomed with prodigality of pleasure. But, in course of time, she had to learn that critics have an evil habit of minimising the literary value of a book by comparing it with that by which celebrity was won—a comparison generally depreciatory to the newer production. And Mrs. Craik always considered that the critics and the public were wrong in ranking her most famous work as her best. *A Life for a Life*, she invariably maintained, was her highest reach in fiction—an opinion shared by many of her literary friends. But there is no doubt, however various opinions may be as to *John Halifax*, that a book read and loved by the great majority of "reading families" of the English-speaking races in all parts of the world must have qualities of an unusual kind. And it is by such books as *John Halifax, Gentleman*, *A Life for a Life*, *Agatha's Husband*,

and *The Woman's Kingdom* that Mrs. Craik will hereafter be remembered. It may safely be prophesied that, so long as the social views and individual ideals therein faithfully represented are those dominant among our middle classes, so long will Mrs. Craik hold her place.

It is curious to reflect that in 1849 were published three such different books as Miss Mulock's *The Ogilvies*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*, and Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. Of these, only the last-named has survived the lapse of time, and won assured fame. *Olive*, *The Head of the Family*, and *Agatha's Husband* were Miss Mulock's next ventures; and it was not till after seven years' of authorship that she made her great hit with *John Halifax, Gentleman*. A goodly portion of this novel, if I remember aright, what its author told me, was written at an inn in the old town of Tewkesbury. When, in 1865, Miss Mulock was married to Mr. George Lillie Craik (one of the partners in the publishing firm of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) she had cause to realise how strong a hold she had gained upon the gratitude of innumerable readers of her books. Among many letters and presents from strangers, what pleased her most was a gift from an anonymous donor of a gold penholder whereon was inscribed "John Halifax."

Mrs. Craik's later works are too numerous to particularise here. Among the best are *Christian's Mistake*, *A Noble Life*, and *The Woman's Kingdom*. The novel entitled *Young Mrs. Jardine* (1879) is an extreme example of her unfitness to deal satisfactorily with certain phases of life. In addition to her novels, she was also the author of several stories for girls, some volumes on social and domestic subjects, translations from the French, and innumerable magazine articles on a great variety of subjects. In the course of her busy life, Mrs. Craik also found time to write many charming verses, which her admirers can read to most advantage in *Thirty Years Poems, New and Old* (1881). If she failed to make any real mark as a poet, she succeeded in writing at least two lyrics which will outlast much more familiar poetry of the day—"Rothessay Bay," and those fine lines "Philip my King," written for her godson who afterwards was to become known as "the blind poet," the late Philip Bourke Marston.

Since 1869, Mrs. Craik (who, it may be added, was borne at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826), resided at The Corner House, near Shortlands, in Kent—a house purchased and furnished, as she once told me, practically out of the proceeds of her most famous book. In the neighbourhood she was universally known and respected. Her good deeds only fell short of her good wishes. She will be greatly missed not only by all the neighbours and friends who were wont to find a genial welcome at "The Corner," but by many, near and far, who have known her true kindness of heart.

Of late Mrs. Craik had aged much in appearance, though her face had always a particularly youthful freshness. With the advent of October she complained of a lack of her usual energy; but her indisposition was apparently too slight to occasion any anxiety to herself or her family. On Wednesday afternoon (October 12), she did not feel well enough to leave her bedroom. Between four and five o'clock she was alarmed by a sudden weakness of the heart, and strove to cross the room to summon assistance—which arrived too late, though it could, in any case, have availed nothing. In less than a quarter of an hour she had quietly breathed her last.

Any writer of an obituary notice upon Mrs. Craik who had the honour and pleasure of friendship with the deceased lady must of necessity find himself circumscribed as to adequate expression. For Mrs. Craik had a

strong antipathy to the publication of private details. To compilers of "Celebrities" and other books of personal reference she was wont to reply that she had no information to give save the dates of her birth and marriage and those of the appearance of her books. It was also her hope, as I have heard her say more than once, that after her death little should be said in public about the woman—whatever of praise or blame should come to be uttered concerning the author. Under these circumstances, it is only due courtesy not to expatiate upon personal details.

The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was buried on Saturday last at Keston Churchyard, about three miles from Bromley—a spot whose quiet beauty had led her to express the wish that she might ultimately be interred there. Mr. John Morley, Sir George Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Holman Hunt, and other eminent friends were present; and among the many wreaths from old acquaintances and unknown admirers was one from Mrs. Craik's well-loved comrade Mrs. Oliphant, and another from Lord Tennyson.

It may be added that in 1864 a pension of £60 a year was conferred upon Miss Mulock. It is understood that very little unpublished manuscript is available for use. One of her latest undertakings was *An Unknown Country*, a series of Irish sketches, with illustrations by Mr. F. Noel Paton, the son of one of her oldest and dearest friends, Sir Noel Paton.

W. S.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE must give a warm welcome, if somewhat late, to the rejuvenated magazine for girls issued by Messrs. Hatchards. The moral implied in the title of *Atalanta* seems rather forced; nor do we care for the stiff design on the cover by Mr. Walter Crane. But, when the contents have been unearthed from amid the massive envelope of advertisements—an introductory poem by Mr. Edwin Arnold; a story by Mrs. Molesworth in her best style; a new chapter from the life of Allan Quatermain; a poem by the late Philip Bourke Marston, worth all his stories together—these would alone make up a marvellous return for the outlay of sixpence. And the programme conveys proof that the future contents will not fall below the sample. Besides all this, there are abundant illustrations—of which we would particularly notice those in a new *genre* by Mr. Gordon Browne—which owe not a little of their effect to having been printed by the printers of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, though the new venture is less faithful than the old to the legitimate processes of wood-engraving.

The *Antiquary* of to-day fills the place occupied by the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the days of our grandfathers. It is not a dull archaeological compilation, but written for the most part by men who know the times they are living in, and are aware that historical science, like every other branch of knowledge, requires thought and selection as well as mere industry. The most important article in the number before us is that on "Olympia," by Mr. E. Gambier-Parry. The way lads are taught Greek in our public schools is calculated to stamp out any desire for knowledge as to the life of the Hellenic world. If it were not for this, we should find it difficult to account for the fact that the highest and widest culture that the world has seen appeals so little to the hearts and minds of those among us who pass for educated men. The dreams of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are yet indulged in; and simpatons may still be found who fancy that Latona represents a tradition of Eve, or is a type of the Blessed Virgin. The discovery of Olympia ought to have attracted more atten-

tion in this country than it has done. We trust that Mr. Gambier-Parry's brightly written paper will turn men's minds to the subject. Mr. Clinch's paper on "Hayes' Place," the birthplace of William Pitt, is useful. It contains a pretty little engraving of the house, which seems to be in general character what we may call middle Georgian. Mr. H. P. Malet gives us a second part of his article on "Bone Caves." It condenses lucidly the knowledge which at present exists on an obscure subject. Mr. C. A. Ward's memoir on John Felton the murderer—if indeed murder be the right name to give the act for which he suffered—will be useful to students of the history of the reign of Charles I. The manorial customs of West Sheen, Petersham, and Ham are printed, or rather as we gather, reprinted by Mr. Andrew Hibbert. It is important that all these old customs should be preserved from chance of destruction. These, however, contain little that is noteworthy, except the fact that the manorial tenants held their lands by the tenure known as "Borough English." The youngest son succeeded, and if there were no son, then the youngest daughter.

THE contents of the *Revista Contemporanea* for September deal chiefly with social, legal, and economical questions. S. Guardiola y Valera treats of the mission of woman and modern schools of sociology. Cristóbal Botella begins some chapters on socialism, tracing its history from early times; and Lorenzo D'Ayot sketches the position of the aristocracy in face of progress. Pérez y Oliva continues his valuable essay on the law of prizes at sea; and Gonzalez Janer advocates protection as a necessity in the present agricultural crisis. Of literary articles the most striking is García-Ramón's "Letter from Paris," criticising the novels of Fernan Caballero, and describing the enthusiasm which they awakened in the young on their first appearance. A paper on bull-fights, by C. Cambronero, gives, among other particulars, the cost of the bulls in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

No. 4, tomo v., of the *Revista de Ciencias Históricas* opens with a vindication, by the editor, of Andobales and Mardonius from the charges of treachery and rebellion against the Romans attributed to them in Bofarull's History of Catalonia. Father J. Segura prints documents throwing light on the state of manners in Catalonia during mediæval times, especially as regards parental authority and conjugal morality; and J. Corolleu collects others to illustrate prices and the relations of the nobles with the king. Conde de la Viñaza continues his important additions to the Dictionary of Clean Bermudez, terminating the letter C.

FASCICULE XIV. of the *Archives Historiques de la Gascogne* consists of the "Sommaire description du Pais et Comté de Bigorre," for the first time printed entire and attributed to its real author, Guillaume Mauran, advocate at Tarbes, 1595-1640. The description of the country is interesting, and the history has the weight of contemporary authority for the religious wars of the early part of the reign of Henri IV. The text is enriched with full introduction, notes, facsimiles of signatures, and index, and forms an important complement to "Les Huguenots en Bigorre" in the same series.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BISSE, A. Die Entwicklung d. Naturgefühls im Mittelalter u. in der Neuzeit. Leipzig: Veit. 8 M.
BOURDE, P. En Corse. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 8 fr. 50 c.
BRÜCKNER, A. Die Aerste in Russland bis zum J. 1800. St. Petersburg. 2 M. 50 Pf.
DAUBEAUX, E. La vie et les mœurs à la Plata. Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.

- FAVRE, Mme. Jules. Montaigne moraliste et pédagogue. Paris: Fischbacher. 8 fr. 50 c.
GÉRAUD, O. Éducation et instruction. T. IV. L'enseignement supérieur. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
KRIENS, E. Prince Bismarck. Rudolstadt: Bock. 15 M.
LANGGUTH, A. Goethe als Pädagog. Halle: Niemeyer. 4 M.
PROBENZ, A. Handbuch der Clavier-Literatur von 1490 bis 1890. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 8 M.

THEOLOGY.

- DRLITZSCH, F. Neuer Commentar üb. die Genesis. Leipzig: Dörfling. 12 M.
HARMUTH, C. F. A. Der chronologische Rhythmus d. Alten Testaments. Breslau: Preuss. 1 M.
HARNACK, A. Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte. 2. Bd. Die Entwicklung d. kirchl. Dogmas. I. Freiburg-L-B.: Mohr. 9 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- OZYHLARZ, K. v. Die Eigenthumsverhältnisse d. Pandektenrechts de acquirendo rerum dominio 41, 1. 1. Bd. Erlangen: Palm. 12 M. 80 Pf.
DARDON, A. Notes pour servir à l'histoire de la guerre de 1870. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
MARQUARDT, J. u. Th. MOMMSEN. Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer. 3. Bd. 1. Abth. Römisches Staatsrecht v. Th. Mommсен. 3. Bd. 1. Abth. Leipzig: Hirzel. 15 M.
PREGEL, W. Ü. das Verhältnis der Taboriten zu den Waldeslern d. 14. Jahrh. München: Franz. 8 M. 30 Pf.
RENAN, Ernest. Histoire du peuple d'Israël. T. 1. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
SCHROEDER, L. v. Indiens Literatur u. Kultur in historischer Entwicklung. Leipzig: Haessel. 18 M.
VAN HOGENDORP, Mémoires du général Dirk, p. p. son petit-fils. The Hague: Nijhoff. 7 fr. 50 c.
VOIGT, M. Ü. die Bankiers, die Buchführung u. die Litteralobligation der Römer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BASTIAN, A. Die Welt in ihren Spiegelungen unter dem Wandel d. Völkergedankens. Prolegomena zu e Gedankenstatistik. Berlin: Mittler. 9 M.
GREDLER, V. Zur Conchylien-Fauna v. China. Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 80 Pf.
KITTL, E. Die Miocenablagerungen d. Ostrau-Karwiner Steinkohlenrevieres u. deren Faunen. Wien: Hölder. 7 M.
LUTHARDT, Ch. E. Die antike Ethik in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung. Leipzig: Dörfling. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- CICERO, M. T., pro M. Caelio oratio. Ad optimos codices denuo collatos recognovit J. C. Vollgraf. Leiden: Brill. 2 M.
CORPUS scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum. Vol. XVI. Poetae christiani minores. Pars 1. Leipzig: Freytag. 16 M. 40 Pf.
DRUSSEN, P. Die Sūtra's d. Verdānta od. die Cātraka-Mīmāṃsā d. Bādarāyana, nebst dem vollständ. Commentare d. Cankara. Aus dem Sanskrit übers. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 18 M.
HARTMANN, I. I. Analecta Xenophontea. Leipzig: Harrasowitz. 10 M.
KELLNER, H. C. Sāvitrī. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M.
MARTIN, E. Observations sur le roman de Renart. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M. 50 Pf.
TEXTBIBLIOTHEK, altdeutsche. Nr. 8. Reineke de Vos. Hrsg. v. F. Fren. Halle: Niemeyer. 4 M.
WINDISCH, E. Ü. die Verbalformen m. dem Charakter R im Arischen, Italischen u. Celtischen. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAPTURE OF SAMARIA BY THE ASSYRIANS.
Queen's College, Oxford: Oct. 15, 1887.

A kindly notice of a little book of mine has lately appeared in the *Literarische Centralblatt*—all the more appreciated by me from the fact that the initials at the end of the article disclose the name of one of the highest authorities in Germany upon Assyriological matters. But there is one suggestion put forward in it by Prof. "F. D." with which I find myself unable to agree. It relates to the capture of Samaria by the Assyrians.

Three years ago Mr. Pinches discovered an annalistic account of Babylonian history between the reign of Nebonassar and the accession of Salsdukhnos, written from a Babylonian point of view, which he has termed "The Babylonian Chronicle." He has published the text with a translation in the last volume of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (xix. 4). Four lines are devoted to the reign of Shalmaneser IV. (727-722 B.C.), which Mr. Pinches translates as follows:

"On the 25th day of Tebet Shalmaneser in

Assyria sat on the throne. He destroyed Sabarahin. In the 5th year Shalmaneser died in the month Tebet. Shalmaneser had ruled the kingdom of Akkad and Assyria for five years."

Now, Prof. "F. D." very ingeniously proposes to see in Sabarahin the equivalent of Samaria. But three difficulties stand in the way. There is first the strange form of the name, which, in the Assyrian texts, is written 'Samerina. Secondly, the order of words seems to imply that the "breaking to pieces" of Sabarahin took place at the beginning rather than at the end of Shalmaneser's reign.* Thirdly, there is the express statement of Sargon: "[At the beginning of my reign] the city of [Samerina I besieged and captured; 27,280 of its inhabitants I carried away; I took possession of fifty chariots belonging to them; and the rest of their goods I seized."

If, then, Sabarahin is really meant for Samaria, the Babylonian chronicler must be transferring to a king of "Akkad" the honour of an achievement that properly belonged to a king of Assyria, unless—which is also possible—reference is made to the overthrow and imprisonment of Hoshea three years before the capture of his city. In any case we must continue to believe that Sargon and not Shalmaneser was the actual conqueror of Samaria.

A. H. SAYCE.

AN ISOLATED PEOPLE IN SWITZERLAND.

Oxford: Oct. 15, 1887.

Mrs. Knight, in her letter printed in to-day's ACADEMY, once more brings up the supposed singular position of the inhabitants of the Val d'Anniviers or Einfischthal in the Valois. The matter has been often discussed previously, and it has been conclusively shown that the supposed singularities are really non-existent. Herr G. Berndt, in his remarkable monograph on the valley ("Das Thal d'Anniviers und das Bassin de Sierre," *Ergänzungsheft* 68 to Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, published at Gotha in 1882) has minutely investigated the question. He states that there is no historical authority whatsoever for the invasion of the Alps by Huns, the story having probably arisen through a confusion with Ungari. These latter and the Saracens did often ravage what is now Western Switzerland in the ninth and tenth centuries; but they were simply bands of robbers, and did not settle anywhere. I may say that some years ago I had occasion to examine all the original authorities as to the Saracens in the Alps, and that the conclusion I arrived at was that, though they may possibly have settled in the Valley of Saes, there was no evidence for their permanent settling in any other alpine valley in the Valois (see *Alpine Journal* ix. 254-282, x. 269-274). Herr Berndt concludes from a review of the dialect, customs, and habits of the Anniviers people, as well as of their physical peculiarities, that they are the remains of an indigenous Celtic population, which has later been strongly affected by Romance influence. The dialect (of which he gives specimens), like that in Valois and Vaud generally, resembles Provençal. Many apparent singularities in their customs and manner of living disappear when other parts of the Valois or of Switzerland are compared with the Val d'Anniviers, or are found to be due to the rather secluded situation of the valley. They are now rapidly disappearing.

So far Herr Berndt. I may add that I believe that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the upper valley is only inhabited in summer, and that the legend of a separate origin is

* *Ikhtepi* means literally "he broke in pieces"—a very unsuitable expression to be used of a city upon which, immediately after its capture, Sargon imposed the tribute of "the former king" as well as an Assyrian governor.

common in other parts of Switzerland, and has no historical foundation in any—e.g., the Scandinavian origin of the men of Schwyz and Hasli, which is the subject of a well-known *Volkslied*.

W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

"CAVE IN."

Oxford: Oct. 15, 1887.

Mr. Wedgwood does not seem disposed to "cave in." He sees no reason at present to give up the connexion of the expression "cave in" with our English *calf* ("vitulus"). I cannot accept Mr. Wedgwood's etymology, because it unfortunately fails to account for the whole of the matter that has to be explained. We are asked to believe that the expression "cave in" is due to a metaphor taken from an interesting incident in country life—a cow dropping a calf. Such an operation is denoted in English by the verb *calve*, in Dutch by *kalfen* or *afkalfen*.

Would Mr. Wedgwood be kind enough to tell us what is the force of the preposition "in" in the expression "cave in," on the hypothesis that "cave in" is connected with the verb "to calve"? If Mr. Wedgwood be right, one would expect some such preposition as "off" or "out" rather than "in." I do not think that Mr. Wedgwood has made out his etymology; but, on the other hand, I am by no means certain now that our "cave in" is borrowed from the Dutch *inkalfen*, to fall in, or is connected with the Dutch words cited by De Vries.

It is quite possible that Mr. Wedgwood and I may both have been led astray by one of "the *idola* of the cavern": I mean in this instance, a misleading tendency—alas, too common among etymologists!—to ignore the obvious and simple explanation of a word for one that is strange or paradoxical. I think, if we will only wait patiently for part iv. of the *New English Dictionary*, we shall probably find evidence that will satisfy us that the expression "cave in" is connected, after all, with Latin *cauus* and the other "cave" words, and that a derivation, from the Lincolnshire *cauf* is quite out of the question, whether this word be a representative of *calf* ("vitulus"), or, on the other hand, represent the Dutch *kalf* (= *kalve* = English *callow*).

A. L. MAYHEW.

DANTE ON ALEXANDER AND DIONYSIUS.

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Oct. 17, 1887.

With reference to Mr. Toynbee's able letter in the ACADEMY of last week—about the vexed question whether, in the words "Alessandro e Dionisio fero" (*Inf.* xii. 107), Dante meant by "Alessandro" Alexander the Great or Alexander of Pherae—I would call attention to these lines of Petrarch (*Trionfo d'Amore*):

"Que' duo, pien di paura e di sospetto,
L'un è Dionisio, e l'altro è Alessandro."

Here Alexander of Pherae is spoken of "simply as Alexander, without any further description."

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 24, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Joints of the Human Body," by Prof. John Marshall.
FRIDAY, Oct. 28, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," I., by Prof. John Marshall.

SCIENCE.

The Languages of China before the Chinese. Researches on the Languages spoken by the pre-Chinese Races of China proper previously to the Chinese Occupation, pp. 148. By Terrien de Lacouperie. (David Nutt.)

THERE are very few men who have either the requisite knowledge or the power of research

to enable them to write such a work as that under review. The subject is an extremely intricate one and is hedged round with linguistic and historical difficulties which might well appal a less enthusiastic scholar than Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie. It has for some time been generally recognised that the Chinese arrived as immigrants into China from Western Asia; and all those who are acquainted with the classical literature of the country are aware also that they found the country populated by aboriginal peoples and immigrant tribes. But who these primitive populations were; what influence their languages and civilisations exercised on those of the Chinese; and what has become of them—are questions which have been little mooted, and which, until now, have never been seriously discussed.

Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie's researches have shown that the Chinese on entering China "began to spread individually or in groups according to their well-known practice of gradual occupation by slow infiltration." It is curious to observe that this practice is still characteristic of them; and that at the present day the same silent individual advance is being made by them into the more fertile districts of Mongolia and Manchuria. But at the time of which we speak the tide set southwards; and those tribes which were ready to acknowledge the supremacy of the highly cultured strangers were freely incorporated into the Chinese states, while those which attempted to resist the progress of the invaders were either coerced into submission or were driven southward. For many centuries the Chinese merely ruled over a small portion of China proper, and it has only been within the last hundred years that the most southern provinces may be said to have been subjugated by them.

We shall not attempt to follow Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie in his enumeration and records of the various tribes. It must suffice to say that he has something to tell us about some 400 pre-Chinese tribes, and that in some cases he is able to give us vocabularies from their languages. But the point on which it is more appropriate here to dwell is the effect produced on the Chinese language by the social contact which took place between the Chinese and the possessors of the soil. The languages spoken by these peoples differed widely in every respect—the one, Chinese, belonging to the Ugro-Altai group, and the others to the Indo-Pacific and Kuenlun group. As Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie says

"the phonetics, morphology, and sematology of the Chinese language bear, also, their testimony to the great influence of the native tongues. The phonetic impoverishment, and the introduction and growth of the tones as an equilibrium to make up deficiencies from wear and tear are results of the same influence. In the process of word-making the usual system of post-placing particles for specifying the conditions in space and time common to the Ugro-Altai linguistic alliance has been disturbed in Chinese, and most frequently a system of preplacing has been substituted for the older one. And, finally, in the department of sematology, we have to indicate, also as a native influence on the language of the Chinese, the habit of using numeral auxiliaries, or segregative particles, otherwise classifiers."

By a clever method of classification Dr.

Terrien de Lacouperie has succeeded in arranging the linguistic affinities of vocabularies and ideologies by numerical notation, so that by the use of a few figures it is possible to express the ideology of any language. For example, he expresses the modern formula of all the Chinese dialects by 1, 3, 6, 8, vi, by which is to be understood that the genitive precedes the noun, that the noun follows the adjective, that the object follows the verb, and the verb the subject. For purposes of comparative study this system is very convenient, and brings before the eye at once the points of agreement and disagreement between languages which one may desire to describe. Though, however, the above formula represents Chinese as it is now spoken, there are traces of older ideologies, which carry us back to a time before that admixture of races of which we have spoken. But there are also other and more palpable evidences of the plurality of ethnic elements in the former populations of the country. In the words for river we have, for instance, an obvious indication of separate linguistic derivations.

"In the whole basin of the Yellow river, or *Huang ho*, the latter term *ho* is applied to all, or nearly all, the rivers. . . . Coming down to the basin of the Yang-tze *kiang* and the south, we find another term, *kiang*, spread everywhere. . . . Northwestward we meet with a third word, *shui*, properly water, . . . which is apparently simply the Chinese transcription of the Tibetan *ts'hu*. The first two, *Ho* and *Kiang*, have now the accepted meaning of 'river' in Chinese; but they do not belong to the ground-stock of the Chinese language, which possessed but one word and symbol for 'a stream,' *ts'uen*, and none for 'river.' The same fact finds confirmation in the formation of the characters for *ho* and *kiang*, which is a late one, and made up of the mute ideogram determinative for 'water,' and a phonetic to suggest the sound. *Ho* is the representative of a word cognate to Mongol *ghol* 'river;' and *kiang*, formerly *kang*, *kung*, *kong*, is a survival of the same linguistic formation to which belongs the name of the Ganges."

But Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie does more than register the traces left by the primitive tribes in China, he follows them into their new homes and environments, and gives us an ethnological panorama of their migrations. That his record is incomplete he is the first to acknowledge; but those who understand the difficulties of his task will fully appreciate the success which he has achieved. We most cordially congratulate him on his present work, which is a monument of scholarly instinct and of patient research.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

TWO BOOKS ON FUNGI.

An Elementary Text-Book of British Fungi. Illustrated.

The Fungus-Hunter's Guide, and Field Memorandum Book. With analytical keys to the orders and genera, and notes of important species. By W. Delisle Hay. (Sonnenschein.)

AUTHORS like Mr. Delisle Hay are the critic's despair. Within six months he has brought out these two books, which would appear, at the first glance, to fill distinct gaps in fungological literature. But the more one studies them, the more one fears that their acceptance by the public will increase the death-rate from fungus-poisoning. The author is as plausible

as the outcome of his work is mischievous. One cannot, without seeming malevolent, point out a tithe of the instances where he grievously errs; but it is a duty which one owes to society to assert that his statements should rarely be accepted unless they are confirmed by the knowledge of the reader. Further than this, a good-natured reviewer has little heart to go, when considering a Text-book and a Guide.

The worst of it is that the books both seem so learned and so nice that only a professed mycologist is likely to discover how they may lead to the sacrifice of human life. The present reviewer is an enthusiastic "toadstool-eater," but he would long ago have been among the lost majority if he had trusted to no better guides than Mr. Hay. The truth is that there is a vast number of fungi which may be eaten with impunity; but it is never safe to experiment upon a fresh one until the eater is perfectly certain that he knows, and moreover knows all about, the species on which he may be risking his life. And it is just here, in the accurate definition of species, that Mr. Hay most egregiously fails. "Blind leading the blind" should have been his motto. He does not even help us by following accurately the classification of the illustrious Fries, as every English botanist does. Still worse, he "does into English" all the names of the species which he enumerates. It is a sufficient burden to the memory to retain the scientific names of such an assemblage as even the higher fungi of Great Britain; but each name learnt is the key to all available knowledge. When, however, besides these, which are essential, we have also to remember such inventions as Archbane, Beelzebub's Cushion, Brazenface, Grisette, Snake-in-the-Grass, the Sickener's Sister, and so forth, which are utterly unnecessary, we lose all sense of gratitude to our new author. And yet, if we will not master these, his index is useless. Still this is nothing to saying that *Agaricus sinuatus* is wholesome, in the face of the fact that Mr. Worthington Smith and two of his friends nearly lost their lives through tasting it. The cases in which fungi are commended as edible by continental mycologists alone are too many to cite; but we hope that nobody, save some pest of society, will have these species cooked. Many kinds are noted as esculent which are no more eatable than Mrs. Hussey's well-known "saddle-flaps." *Ag. pilosus* is described, we presume, from imagination, for no one knows it! *Ag. lacrymabundus* is said to be "bowed with the weight of its guilt," but it is used in immense quantities in the manufacture of mushroom-catsup in Northamptonshire. *Polyporus tuberastrer*, like *Ag. caesareus*, never occurs in England; so why are they, with several other aliens, included at all? And did Mr. Hay ever really cultivate the former? The statements on pp. 132 and 194 do not quite tally. The species now known as *Russula decolorans* is not the *Ag. ruber* of Dr. Badham. It is not edible; it turns black when cut; and it never grows under beeches, but only under firs. *Cortinarius cinnamomeus* is not in the least like spice in either fragrance or flavour. The name simply denotes its colour, and connotes nothing else akin to cinnamon. But why multiply examples? Who would entrust his life to such an author, whose descriptions are often as inaccurate as they are misleading? It is worse than useless to try to popularise mycology without the profoundest knowledge; otherwise the public, once misled, will more than ever despise the delicacies which have but to be known to be appreciated. On the cultivation, chemistry, and cooking of fungi, Mr. Hay's remarks are, however, not to be despised. Only his imagination is for ever apt to run riot, and his notes on "Mushrooms dedicated to Saints" read like a joke. Poor Cecilia E. Berkeley, she is

actually canonised! But to find Judas Iscariot among the saints (on p. 228 of the text-book) surely passes everything. As to the fifty-nine plates in the larger book, they are evidently issued as padding. To not one quarter of them is any reference made in the text, and the majority are almost microscopic. However, they are all old friends, and have done good service in their day, even those that are represented (as on plates xv. and xxxi.) upside down.

After showing what the Text-book is, so far as our space will allow us, we need say little about the Guide. It has some useful blank leaves, but it has no index. The analytical keys can be hardly any good to anybody whose knowledge is not sufficient to do without them. There is a woodcut on almost every page (also old friends), but not one has a name attached to it, so they are useless. The descriptions are too brief and vague to be of any aid in diagnosis, nor are the species mentioned generally the commonest or the best marked.

Before Mr. Hay writes a third book on fungi, we hope that he will make the acquaintance of some one who is better qualified than he is himself to guide the British public along the fascinating path which he has this year strewn with such dangerous stumbling-blocks.

HENRY T. WHARTON.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S.

ROBERT HUNT—well known as an authority on statistics relating to mining and metallurgy, and still more widely known as a popular writer on physical science—died on Monday, October 17, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The son of a naval officer, he was born at Devonport, but at a very early age he came to London and at once commenced the study of medicine. In consequence of bad health, he returned to the West of England; and after a rather desultory career was appointed, in 1840, to the secretaryship of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society at Falmouth. Here he carried on some valuable researches in experimental physics, including an enquiry into the electrical phenomena of mineral veins, and also embracing the important optical investigations which he afterwards published in his *Researches on Light*. Photography engaged his early attention; and he introduced certain improvements, which were duly recorded in the *Philosophical Magazine* and in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and which ultimately led to his election to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. Mr. Hunt was the author of an excellent *Manual of Photography*, and of certain works of a lighter character, such as his *Poetry of Science* and *Panthea*. From 1845 to 1883 he held the office of Keeper of Mining Records, and during the greater part of this period edited the annual volumes of *Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom*. In the preparation of these statistical returns he travelled extensively through the mining districts of England and Wales, and by his general urbanity was markedly successful in procuring voluntary returns from the representatives of our mining and metallurgical industries. For a short time Mr. Hunt was lecturer on Mechanical Science and Experimental Physics at the Government School of Mines. After Dr. Ure's death, he took up the voluminous *Dictionary of Arts*, and brought out successively the fifth, sixth, and seventh editions. His large treatise on *British Mining* did not appear until 1883. During his busy life he was a constant contributor to the periodical literature of science, and for many years he enjoyed much popularity as a lecturer. Mr. Hunt was practically the founder of the Miners' Association of Cornwall and Devon,

and always took a deep interest in the welfare of the metal miners of our Western counties. Another direction in which his intellectual activity found scope was in the collection of Cornish folklore, on which he published an interesting volume. In connexion with the great Exhibition of 1851, and its successor of 1852, Mr. Hunt was extremely active. Indeed, few men have contrived to press into a single lifetime more intellectual work than was accomplished by the ability and industry of Robert Hunt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LUCIAN HARL. 5694.

Queen's College, Oxford: Oct. 17, 1887.

Some points that I have lately observed in the Harleian Lucian may serve to confirm Maass's interesting theory (*Mélanges Graux*, p. 749 sq.) of its relation to the other MSS. possessed by Arethas of Patrae. In several places in the text (ff. 51 verso, 55 recto, 55 verso) lacunæ left by the scribe are filled up by the hand that wrote the scholia; and, assuming the writer to be Arethas, a specimen is incidentally obtained of his minuscule hand. At f. 99 verso the words τὸν μέγωνα are supplied by this writer, μέγωνα being abbreviated into a μ crossed by a ζ surmounted by an α: further in the scholion f. 92 verso the word ξσταί (wrongly read ἐστὶ by Maass, p. 759) occurs, also abbreviated. Neither of these abbreviations are common, except in mathematical MSS., and it is unlikely that an ordinary scholiast would have used them. On the other hand, they are appropriate from the pen of the possessor and annotator of the D'Orville Euclid, in which not only μέγων μέγωνα, &c., but ξσταί are frequently expressed by compendia. The learned commentator employed abbreviations, with which he was familiar in his Euclid, in a book not concerned with geometry. The later history of the MS. may receive light from a note pointed out to me by Mr. Walter Ashburner of Merton College. It appears to support the tradition given by Wanley (quoted in the *Catalogue of Ancient MSS.*, part i., p. 15) that the book at one time belonged to a monastery near Naples. On f. 57 rect., a late hand has: δ κατὰς κἀγαθὸς λουκιανὸς δ πάντα καλῶς ἐλέγξας καὶ πάντων τὰ ἤθη παιδεύσας ἄριστος μένει ἐν καλαβρία.

T. W. ALLEN.

PAINTED CUNEIFORM WRITING.

New York: Sept. 26, 1887.

Dr. C. Bezold describes, in the *ACADEMY* of August 13, an Assyrian tablet, of which he says: "It is, so far as I know, the first time that painted cuneiform writing has been discovered." In Layard's *Monuments of Nineveh*, second series, plates liv., lv., two fragments of brick or pottery are figured with painted inscriptions. One of these is described in Layard's *Babylon and Nineveh*, pp. 167, 168.

WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. HENRY SOTHERAN & Co. announce for publication, in December, a new work by Mr. Henry Seebohm, entitled *The Geographical Distribution of the Charadriidae*; or, the Plovers, Sandpipers, Snipes, and their Allies. In addition to a systematic account of each species, the work will form a practical lesson in evolution. For Mr. Seebohm has taken the family of the Charadriidae as a text from which he discourses upon the development of birds in general, upon the differentiation of species by the glacial epoch, migration, and other causes, and upon the neglect of sub-specific forms by British ornithologists. The book will be published in a quarto volume, containing about 500 pages of letterpress; and it will be

illustrated with some 200 woodcuts by Messrs. G. E. Lodge, J. G. Millais, and R. E. Holding. A limited number of copies will be additionally illustrated by the insertion of twenty-one plates, drawn on stone by Mr. J. G. Keulemans, and coloured by hand.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Cambridge University press announce immediately the first part of Mr. E. S. Roberts's long-promised work on Greek Epigraphy, dealing with the archaic inscriptions and the Greek alphabet.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "New Phoenician and Israelitish Inscriptions," by Prof. A. H. Sayce; "Yemen Inscriptions: the Glaser collection" (concluded), by Prof. Hartwig Derembourg; "The Deities of the Indo-Scythian Coins," by Prof. C. de Harlez; "A so-called Hittite Seal from Tarsus," by Prof. E. Reville; "Akkadian Etymologies," by Mr. Theo. G. Pinches; "A Royal Tithe of Nabonidus," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.

AN excellent article that recently appeared in the *Red Dragon*, by Mr. Ivor James, on "The Welsh Language in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," has since been reprinted by Messrs. Daniel Owen & Co., Cardiff, as a separate pamphlet. Mr. James attempts to show, and with a good deal of success, that by the time of the Civil Wars Welsh had been driven to the mountains, and that English was decidedly in the ascendant, which he ascribes to the influence of the castles and the Englishmen dependent on them. The Civil Wars changed all this. Welsh once more obtained the upper hand, and Eisteddfods began again to be held. He criticises Mr. Freeman's account of the English-speaking populations of Gower and Pembrokeshire.

FINE ART.

"British Museum Catalogue of Greek Coins." —*Peloponnesus*. By Percy Gardner. (Printed for the Trustees.)

THIS splendid series of publications, which still improves as it advances, has now brought us well-nigh to the end of European Greece. The present volume is the penultimate one of the ten which deal with the lands between the Tyrrhenian sea and the Aegean. It is, moreover, the last which will come from the hand of Prof. Gardner, who is now severing his connexion with the British Museum in order to occupy a new field of activity at Oxford.

It might have been expected that Peloponnesus, the citadel of Greek nationality and the home of so many of the earliest Hellenic traditions, would prove one of the most fruitful soils for the numismatist in the whole world. Its multitude of small cities and countless local cults promise a rich harvest for those who approach the study of coins from the point of view of the historian and the mythologist. Its prominence in the development of art holds out an equally enticing prospect to those who prize coins for their aesthetic value, or for the light which they throw on the rise and decay of the various artistic schools.

For those who approach Peloponnesian coins with these high expectations a sad disappointment is in store. In the whole peninsula but a single state supplies a series of coins of first-class interest; and even that state—the

great and wealthy religious centre of Southern Greece—only commences its issues after the Persian wars, when archaic art was drawing to its close. Nor is Elis exceptional in the lateness of its appearance as a striker of coins; not more than two or three other Peloponnesian towns can claim a higher antiquity for their pieces. Corinth, indeed, was one of the very first states to the west of the Aegean which saw the advantages of coined money; but Corinth, like Athens, was bound down by the exigencies of her vast trade to adhere to a single type for all her issues, and her πῶλοι with their prancing pegasus were well-nigh as stereotyped as the "owls" of her rival. Corinth, moreover, has been reserved by the British Museum authorities to appear in another volume in company with Athens and Aegina, and does not form part of Prof. Gardner's book.

Of the other Peloponnesian cities, Argos, Mantinea, Heraca, and Cleitor are the only places which seem to have struck coins before 480 B.C., and none of them produced types of any artistic or historical note. Argos, indeed, is one of the most disappointing states in Greece, as unsatisfactory in her coins as she habitually was in her politics. Excepting two very beautiful early fourth-century pieces—the didrachm with the head of Hera crowned, and the drachm with Diomedes carrying the Palladium—she never put forth any noteworthy coins in a monetary history extending over three hundred and fifty years. Her ancient king, Pheidon, though he made the Aeginetans strike money for him, does not seem to have started a mint of his own; and, when the state commenced coining, a hundred years later, it adopted two types—a half-wolf and a large letter A—which proved as fatal to artistic impulses as the cup of Corcyra or the shield of Thebes.

Down to the Persian wars, then, the issues of Peloponnesus are unimportant; and even afterwards, when the stimulating effect of the great victories was making itself felt all over Greece, we do not find, save at Elis, any very notable coins appearing. It is true that many states began to strike money immediately after 480 B.C.; but Peloponnesus was a poor country, and in very few cases were coins of any size produced. The hemidrachm is not a large enough piece to display a striking type with any adequacy, and hardly a state issued any higher denomination. In fact, the Peloponnesian coinage was for the most part intended only for small change, as the stater of Aegina circulated everywhere, and continued to be used for all large payments. Moreover, the southern half of the peninsula, from sea to sea, was in the hands of Sparta, whose conservatism opposed itself to the issue or use of coined money at all, while in Achaia, on the Northern coast, only two places, Aegae and Sicyon, were rich enough to establish a mint. Of the coins which did appear in the period 480-420 B.C., the long series of hemidrachms bearing the inscription ΑΡΚΑΔΙΚΟΝ deserve mention, as they vouch for the continued existence of an Arcadian league throughout the fifth century—a fact which we should not have suspected from our knowledge of Peloponnesian politics during that period. But the issues of Elis are of absolutely first-rate importance. They bridge over the period between the later archaic art and the master-

pieces of Pheidias and Polyeletus in the most perfect way. Three figures of a running, a standing, and a seated Niké, between the engraving of the first and the last of which not more than forty years can have elapsed, give us the history of fourth-century art in a nutshell. The first is hopelessly stiff, the last (the figure which was copied in our own century for the reverse of the Waterloo medal) is as beautiful a type as has ever been attained. It is simply astonishing to place them side by side, and reflect that only one generation intervened between them. Luckily that generation has left its coin also, and the development is made clear, if not explained. All the Elean didrachms from this period down to the time of Alexander the Great are noteworthy pieces. Two especially deserve mention as unapproachable in their own line—the one with the head of a Zeus of a very severe style, with short hair and beard, which Prof. Gardner attributes to about the year 420 B.C., and the noble piece with the crowned Hera which comes a few years later, and far surpasses any other representation of the goddess, notably the contemporary head at Argos which we have had occasion to mention in an earlier paragraph.

The only period in which the coinage of the Peloponnesus can be called rich is that comprised in the second and third quarters of the fourth century. The overthrow of the Spartan hegemony by Epaminondas appears to have had a more stimulating effect on the Peloponnesus than any other event before or after. It was immediately followed by the issue of didrachms of great beauty by the new Arcadian league, the recently established city of Messene, and the towns of Stymphalus and Pheneus; while many other places, such as Hermione, Cleitor, and Tegea, produced smaller coins of great merit. The Elean money continued as fine as ever, and some good pieces were also produced in the neighbouring islands of Zacynthus and Cephallenia. This impulse lasted down to the days of Alexander, when political causes closed most of the mints of the peninsula, or set them striking Alexandrine staters of the ordinary type. Even King Areus of Sparta, when he rose against the Macedonian, and broke the old national usage by issuing silver money, adopted the types of the oppressor and placed his name on staters bearing the well-known seated Zeus of Alexander.

The Macedonian supremacy killed monetary art in the Peloponnesus. When the cities gradually recovered their liberties in the third century, the coins which they began to issue are most deplorable objects. Even the Elean Zeus becomes a coarse, moody, matted-haired creature on these pieces; while the Heracles of Sparta and the Zeus on the league coins of Dyme are almost as badly designed as the heads on a contemporary piece of a Gaulish or Thracian tribe. The only interest attaching to the third-century Peloponnesian coinage is that which can be extracted from identifying the obscure mint-marks of the various towns of the Achaian League—a puzzle of no small difficulty, from which even Prof. Gardner retires without attaining complete success. For example, we cannot believe in his attribution of the coins with the trident and the fish respectively to Ceryneia and Lyrcia.

We may mention as minor points of note in this volume the wonderful strength which it shows the British Museum to possess in the coins of the West-Greek islands. No other collection in the world has such a fine series, for example, of Cephallenian money. Of attributions which will be new to many readers, that of the half-drachms, with a head of Pallas and a bunch of grapes, to the Messenian town of Corone is satisfactory. The old reading of KOP as Coreyra is evidently wrong. The idea that the coins with a portrait head, struck by an anonymous king at Sparta, belong to an earlier age than that of Antigonos Dason is also worthy of all consideration. We cannot terminate this review without expressing the regret which we feel when we reflect that no more Museum catalogues are to come from the able and untiring pen of its editor. C. OMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

Liverpool: Oct. 17, 1887.

Mr. Brock, in the *ACADEMY* for October 15, says that the interments, &c., on the slope of the hill at Chester, like those found at Newgate, in London, "indicate that the walls in both cases were erected to enclose an area once outside the original settlement." If he will refer to *Roman Cheshire*, p. 92, he will find I have said:

"Lincoln, I think, gives us the clue, and enables us to ascertain that the castrum proper was on the summit of the hill; while, at a much later period, a wall was probably built exterior to the western side, close to the bank of the estuary, which enclosed the suburban buildings and the private graveyards attached to them, as at Lincoln."

I have marked this later wall—which I think would, as at Lincoln, be only a *town* wall, much inferior in strength and thickness to that of the castrum—on the plan of Deva which accompanies the work, as starting from St. Martin's church, at the south-west angle of the original castrum, proceeding more or less down the street Blackfriars (formerly called Walls Street), the angle (or rounded corner) where it turns to the north being a little north by east of the hypocaust found in 1886, thence proceeding slightly inside the present western wall to near Bonewaldesthorpe's tower, at that point again making a right angle, and following more or less the track of the present north wall to Morgan's Mount, where it again joined that of the original castrum. But this later wall has, I believe, utterly perished, through many successive landslips on to the Roodeye. One portion of the present line of the western wall, and a large one after heavy repairs in 1608, fell down bodily in 1609; and the numerous large items for repairs to the walls which we find named in the *Calendarium Rotulorum Patentium*, especially between the reigns of Henry III. and Richard II. (*Roman Cheshire*, p. 99), make it almost impossible for any Roman work to be found in the present structure (on the west), which, in fact, does not keep the straight Roman line.

On September 22, I wrote to Sir James Picton, advising that excavations should be made in rear of the large stones on the Roodeye. My motive for this was that I feel sure Roman work will be found behind them, probably a waterside boundary wall belonging to the villa, or a pier, or landing-place, which may also have formed the abutment of a bridge which crossed the creek, in this respect being succeeded by the above-named large stones, which have clearly been brought from a Roman

building, from the fact of Roman mortar adhering to them. Sir James took up the project warmly, and excavations are being made. The base of a wall has been laid bare, but of its nature I have not as yet had any report. I hope it may prove Roman.

There seems, however, to be a disposition to depart from the original lines of this controversy, which were:—(1) The theory which both Mr. Shrubsole and myself hold—with some slight differences between us—and which was endorsed by the Archaeological Institute last year, that no Roman work remained in the walls above ground *in situ*. (2) My repeated statements, in *Roman Cheshire* and elsewhere, that Roman work probably does exist in the walls below ground *in situ*. (3) The question as to whether the fragment lately laid bare is Roman work or not.

With regard to No. 1, as the members of the Institute still adhere to their decision, it is merely a question between them with Mr. Shrubsole and myself, against Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Brock, as to which is right concerning the wall above ground. No new light has been thrown on this, though I infer from Mr. Brock's letters that he does not think the wall above ground, at the site of the new excavation, to be of Roman date, in this agreeing with the Institute, &c. But, possibly my inference is incorrect. The Kaleyards Mr. Brock shelves for the present. The cornice and wall by the north gate no one denies to be composed of Roman stones, but Mr. Brock has not seen behind it. (On this, see my letter in the *Builder*, October 1.) The new excavation at the Roodeye will eventually form a separate subject for discussion.

Head No. 2. I still hold and believe that Roman work will be found *in situ*, in some places in the present walls, on the north and east sides, but not elsewhere, except at the back of the Roodeye stones, which are outside the area, and are no part of the city wall. It is quite possible that a wall may extend from the back of these Roodeye stones to the massive foundation which crosses Watergate Street, some distance inside the gateway; but neither of these are the walls proper as they now exist *above* ground, and it is chiefly on this point that the discussion has arisen.

Head No. 3. is that which is now being discussed. Mr. Brock admits that he never saw the wall of a Roman castrum in Britain built without mortar, but refers to several continental examples, in which, like this portion at Chester, the walls are built of Roman tombstones, cornices, and architectural fragments. It happens that the Roman origin of these continental examples has been disputed, as even Mr. Roach Smith admits (though he considers the opposition futile). I should therefore opine that this Chester fragment could only be put by Mr. Brock in the same category as the continental portions of the walls named. Sir Henry Dryden has a very pertinent remark (*ACADEMY*, October 8) on this portion when he says, "It is certain that the builders of this part of the wall began with sculptured stones"; and again, "it is certain that it (the wall) is not, at this part, *exactly* in the position of the *first* wall. Repairers do not pull up well-laid foundations." My hope was that the original Roman foundation, resembling that of the southern wall, would have been found in this north wall, though I hardly looked for it at this spot, as it is the well-known site of the breach. I cannot understand Mr. Brock's remarks:

"During the siege were the combatants likely to have devoted much time to the unearthing of Roman stones from the spot where their battery was erected? Supposing that some were found, would the builders, after the siege was over, have been likely to cross the ditch to fetch these small

stones, when, had stone been wanted to repair the walls, there were the suburbs lying in ruins closer at hand, as well, I fear, as many a goodly building battered to pieces within the walls."

On this it may be said that, when throwing up earthworks in a cemetery, Lady Barrow's Hey, the Royalists could not avoid unearthing any tombstone that might be in their way; next, that there was no occasion to "cross the ditch," for the cemetery was within the then existing (and present) walls, which fact Mr. Brock does not seem to know; finally, Mr. Brock has seen the tombstones. I leave him to say whether they are, generally, *small* stones.

Then, again, Mr. Brock says Chester was surrounded with cemeteries which have been built over, "including even the one specially referred to"; and then remarks on the paucity of Roman tombstones found in modern times within them. Mr. Brock does not know the facts. The cemetery "specially referred to," has not been built over, but is a green field of large extent in the north-west angle of the present city; and the paucity of Roman tombstones in the extra-mural cemeteries may possibly (though I doubt it) be accounted for by their presence in the disputed portions of the wall, especially if, as Mr. Brock suggests, the suburbs were handier for getting these large stones and rolling them into position than intra-mural spots.

Mr. Brock asks whether I can bring evidence of records as to the battery on the north and east sides. I have not studied the history of the siege extensively; but, from the standard works on the subject, Mr. Brock will find that it was only the north and east sides which appear to have been assaulted and battered. The language as to where breaches were made is vague, except in the case of one. This was between the Northgate and the Water Tower, and near Morgan's Mount. Though the besieged are said to have repaired it, the statement is made that they threw up intrenchments in Lady Barrow's Hey, evidently as an internal line of defence. But it will no doubt interest Mr. Brock much more to hear that the breach near the Phoenix Tower has always been more or less known. He will find that the then mayor (Mr. C. Brown) spoke of it at a meeting of the Chester Archaeological Society, December 3, 1883; and again it was treated of by the city surveyor, Mr. J. M. Jones, at another meeting of the same society, February 4, 1884, during discussions on the very question which is the cause of this correspondence.

The "ecclesiastical" stone has produced great differences of opinion. The Rev. J. C. Bruce and Mr. Blair refer it to the Roman period; the Rev. H. M. Scarth thinks it decidedly ecclesiastical, and many architects and antiquaries take the same view, while Mr. R. S. Ferguson, without speaking absolutely, thinks it is more like a mediæval-ecclesiastical stone than otherwise. But though, if mediæval, this stone would prove the walls to be of (at least) comparatively modern origin, it will not, if eventually decided to be Roman, help to fix the date of the walls, any more than the tombstones and cornices.

Finally, the position taken up by the Archaeological Institute last year, as to nothing Roman being above ground *in situ*, remains virtually unshaken, while no work positively or undoubtedly Roman has yet been found in the buried part of the walls. It is to be hoped that by perseverance genuine Roman work may be brought to light.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

Chester: Oct. 17, 1887.

Mr. Brock, in his last letter (ACADEMY, October 15), asks, "Who has said that where the pig of lead was found there was the wall?" and replies for himself, "Certainly not I."

Allow me, on my own behalf, to say, too, "Certainly not I," since I am fully aware that the pig of lead was found in one place, and the wall is in another. It is Mr. Brock who sets up a man of straw, and then indignantly knocks him down. The material point to remember is that Mr. Brock's wall and the Roman relics are both found on the Roodeye, the old bed of the river, with twenty-two feet of accumulated material since Roman times.

If Mr. Brock thinks that he has found the wall of the castrum in the oozy bed of the old river, of course he is quite welcome to the opinion. In Chester we prefer to think of the Roman wall as standing at a much higher level, and on a rock foundation—a more fitting position than the bed of the river with its twenty-two feet of silt.

Mr. Brock must excuse me correcting him upon another point. Sir Henry Dryden, in his letter (ACADEMY, October 8), says, "In the part recently opened, no mortar, Roman or mediæval, *no pottery*, no coins, no iron remains were found." To this Mr. Brock, in a post-script, refers (ACADEMY, October 15): "It may be of interest to Sir Henry Dryden to know that a vast quantity of fragments of Roman pottery were found in the excavations." Upon this I remark that in his statement Sir Henry is strictly correct, and Mr. Brock in error. The point involved here is that on the outside of Roman walls there is invariably found a quantity of Roman *débris*. The absence of this in the Chester walls, as stated by Sir Henry, is evidence of their non-Roman age. Not a handful has been found in all the excavations alongside the walls. On the other hand, on the outskirts of the city, a Roman rubbish heap has been opened, and yielded a cartload of Roman pottery. Mr. Brock, not too well posted up in our local archaeology, has mixed up two things—the walls and the rubbish heap—not connected in any way. This correction I feel to be needful, since accuracy in details of this sort is of the first importance.

GEORGE W. SHRUBSOLE.

GOMME'S "ROMANO-BRITISH REMAINS."

Lancing College: Oct. 17, 1887.

May I be allowed to say that Mr. Gomme's *Romano-British Remains*, noticed on p. 257 of the ACADEMY of last week, is not a complete collection of the passages relating to Roman antiquities in England which occur in the *Gentleman's Magazine* down to 1868. I have elsewhere criticised the book and need not write at length; but I may add that, though I think Mr. Gomme's two volumes defective as an index, I am by no means ungrateful for the trouble he has taken in a very laborious undertaking. I hope some time to print a list of the passages—they are not a few, I fancy—which do not appear in his collection.

F. HAVERFIELD.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. A. S. MURRAY, keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, will deliver this year the Rhind lectures on archaeology in connexion with the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland. The subject he has chosen is "The Archaeology of Greece"; and the lectures, six in number, beginning on Friday of the current week, will be abundantly illustrated with antique specimens, reproductions, and drawings.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL will open their new galleries at 160, New Bond Street, on Monday next, October 24, with an exhibition of drawings by Mr. Charles Gregory, entitled, "Summer Time on the South Coast, from Rye

to Penzance"—views principally made at Bye, Corfe Castle, Lyme Regis, Beer, Branscombe, Polperrow, Helford, Newlyn, and round the Lizard.

Two other exhibitions will also open next week—that of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society, in the Conduit Street Galleries; and what promises to be a very interesting collection of water-colour drawings by members of "Het Hollandsche Teeken-Maatschappij" (the Dutch Water-Colour Society) in the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street.

THE pages of *Punch* have rendered us all so familiar with the genius of Mr. Harry Furniss as a humorous draughtsman that there is little reason to do more than call attention to the exhibition of his original drawings now being held at the Gainsborough Gallery in Old Bond-street. Here are all the wonderful designs for *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament," with the immortal caricatures of Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, &c., in every variety of attitude and character. Here, also, is his gallery of Parliamentary Portraits, from the wonderful last appearance of Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons to the still recurring phenomenon of Mr. O'Brien. As an illustrator, perhaps, he is less known; and his designs for Mr. Burnand's *Incomplete Angler* and *The Comic Blackstone* testify to his sympathy with the humour of others, while they display to the full his power as a master of "black and white."

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE town has got a new theatre, though it has not got a new piece. Mr. Walter Emden, one of the three recognised theatrical architects—the others, of course, are Mr. Phipps and Mr. Verity—has built for Mr. Edward Terry what seems to be a model playhouse in the Strand. The place is said to be comfortable from stalls to gallery, and the decoration pretty; but what is laid the greatest stress upon is the curious immunity from danger enjoyed by those who visit it. Mr. Bright once said that upon the whole one of the safest spots in England was a first-class railway carriage. He has lived to see the day when perhaps the very safest is a model theatre. Mr. Terry's new house is built, not of brick and wood, but of concrete and iron. There is an iron curtain. Where there is any wood, it is covered with non-inflammable paint. On the roof there is every convenience for the instant application of an immense shower bath. There are doorways through which half-a-dozen Daniel Lamberts might walk easily. The famous "New Zealander," we confidently trust, is never destined to see this temple of the drama in ruins. Surveying the scene from the corner chosen for him by Macaulay—it was a broken arch of London Bridge, was it not?—he is to behold this latest monument of London, rising intact when there is nothing else that is complete. The pleasure of seeing a new house, and the relief of being at last in a theatre where fire and panic may be defied, were supposed, we take it, to make it unnecessary to present a new piece this week. At all events the genial and sunny comedian, the quaint charm of whose performances must hereafter be a chief attraction, appeared only in the familiar "Churchwarden." But a new play by Mr. Pinero is promised before long.

THIS afternoon an interesting experiment will be made at the Princess's. Miss Grace Hawthorne, the lessee—who has not yet appeared at the theatre, but whose intention to

do so in "Théodora" has often been announced—comes out in a translation into English verse of M. François Coppée's "Le Passant." "Le Passant" in Paris, was, in more than one respect, rather an "epoch-making" production. To begin with, it introduced to the public the young poet, known before then only to a very few people of letters. Then it permitted to a valiant and serious artist, Mdlle. Agar, one of the most impressive of her performances. Of all the things tragic or melancholic that she did at the Odéon perhaps her Sylvia in "Le Passant" was the most touching and the most picturesque. Then, again, in the part of Zanetto, the young minstrel for whom the heroine is at least temporarily touched, it was possible for Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt—then in her first youth—to reveal her grace and lightness, the delicacy of her artistic method, or of her artistic nature. All these things were nearly twenty years ago, and every one has changed a good deal since then. M. Coppée is an academician. Mdlle. Agar and Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt have entered the Français and have left it. To-day Miss Hawthorne, an artist who knows her business, is, as we understand, to play Sylvia; and Miss Mary Rorke, an actress essentially poetic, is to play Zanetto. We should be very sorry to guarantee for any translation of "Le Passant" a single month's run with the English public of the vulgar gallery or vulgarer stalls; but there must be a few people sure to be interested and willing to be delighted in an experiment so rare and so creditable.

PLANQUETTE, the composer of the immortal "Cloches," furnishes the music to "The Old Guard," which is to be brought out at the Avenue on Wednesday, with a fairly strong cast. The period of the piece, as the name suggests, is of the First Empire, so that a very pretty and somewhat bizarre spectacle may confidently be looked for. On the stage, and especially with light music, nothing in the world is so effective as the dress of 1804. A little of the eccentricity of the Directory remains in it; and that is corrected pleasantly, or chastened if you will, by the dignity which is of the Empire alone.

MUSIC.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

On the Wednesday evening there was a miscellaneous concert. The programme was excellent of its kind; and with Mdme. Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and other well-known names, as vocalists, there was a full hall and no lack of applause. Mr. Lloyd sang a new song by Gounod, "The Holy Vision," the music being in the composer's usual fervid style; and Miss Hild a Wilson sang a new scene of Mr. Prout's, entitled "The Song of Judith," which begins in a promising manner, but ends tamely. Both were much applauded. Mr. Randegger's fine orchestra gave no less than four overtures in the course of the evening.

The second novelty, on Thursday morning—Signor Mancinelli's sacred cantata, "Isaias"—attracted a large audience, and was listened to with considerable interest. In the work are reflected—and strongly at times—Gounod, Verdi, Wagner; but since, in addition, the individuality of the composer makes itself felt, such reflections are natural, nay, desirable. Signor Mancinelli has decidedly dramatic power, and a strong feeling for contrast. Though he dearly loves chromatic and augmented intervals, he writes, at times, in quite simple strains. Sometimes his orchestra makes "a horrid noise"; but sometimes it is soft and gentle.

"Isaias" has its weak as well as its strong points. Signor Mancinelli frequently sets at

naught the ordinary laws of harmony; his writing is unequal; passages of real power are followed by others comparatively weak; and he appears to have no deep knowledge of counterpoint—the foundation of all really great work. He has, however, much to say for himself; and when time and study have toned down his extravagances and strengthened his powers, it is not at all improbable that he may fully satisfy the promise given by "Isaias." With all its originality and striking effects, this cantata has not sufficient strength to be an epoch-making work.

The libretto, written in Latin, by Signor Albini, deals with the siege of Jerusalem by Sennacherib. The English text, from the pen of Mr. J. Bennett, while reflecting well the spirit of the words, does not at all times suit the music, for words of little moment occur more than once on accented portions of the bar. The cantata opens with a short but effective prelude, based on the theme of the maidens' prayer which follows, and on a second theme which plays an important part throughout the work. The prayer itself is melodious and dignified. After a short recitative and introductory chorus, the elders relate to King Hezekiah the unsatisfactory result of their interview with the Assyrian monarch. In this chorus for tenors and basses the music is vigorous and well suited to the situation. The form of the movement, too, with its well-contrasted sections and definite return to the opening theme, is highly satisfactory. Another short recitative leads to the prophecy of Isaias. This is a long movement, and contains some fine stirring passages; but the composer would do well to shorten it, for it has the spirit, yet not the strength, of Wagner's declamatory scenes. The section marked *Adagio religioso* indeed reminds one of Wagner's "Parsifal," with a touch of Gounod's "Nazareth." After a short chorus we have a very characteristic duet between Judith, the prophet's daughter, and Anna, sister to King Hezekiah. The music is flowing and original. The closing strain is tinged with oriental colour. The chorus and prayer with which the first part of the cantata concludes is one of the strongest numbers: the music is broadly conceived, and is worked up to an imposing climax. The story, taken from the Talmud, here represents the maidens, with Anna and Judith as leaders, passing out of the gates of Jerusalem as a new embassy to the foe. The people, struck with wonder, bid them godspeed. Part the second opens with a prelude quiet and dreamy. The king and the prophet at the foot of Mount Zion are engaged in earnest conversation. The music is appropriate, and the orchestration exceedingly effective. The maidens return, and sing in quaint strains of their deliverance from the Assyrians. Anna, in a very dramatic solo, tells of the insolence of the pagan monarch and his warriors, and how deep sleep suddenly fell upon all the camp, so that they were able to escape. Then comes a tone-picture of the destruction of Sennacherib's host. This is the least successful portion of the cantata. The composer had, in truth, a difficult task; but even if he could not give an adequate description of the terrible event, he ought to have given us an interesting piece of music. But it is sound with little sense. The orchestral effects, although they show a certain amount of cleverness, are tawdry. The movement reminds us of Liszt at his weakest. A weird solo for Sennacherib in 7-4 time (suggested possibly by Herod's air in Berlioz's "Enfance du Christ") leads to the final chorus of rejoicing. This second *finale* is powerful, though not equal, in our opinion, to that of the first part.

Mdme. Albani did full justice to the soprano music, and Miss Lena Little was highly satisfactory in the contralto part. The composer

was indeed lucky to have Mr. Barton McGuckin (Hezekiah), Mr. Alex Marsh (Sennacherib), and Mr. Barrington Foote (Isaias)—three vocalists capable not only of singing difficult and, to a great extent, thoughtless parts, but also of delivering them with intelligence and power. Mr. Foote, as the prophet, was the most heavily taxed, and acquitted himself admirably. Chorus and orchestra deserve much praise. At the close of the work Signor Mancinelli received an ovation. His cantata ought certainly to be heard in London.

The morning programme concluded with Cherubini's Fourth Mass in C, conducted by Mr. Randegger.

On Thursday evening Sir A. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" filled the hall. The concert commenced with Dr. Stanford's "Irish" symphony; but the performance was to some extent spoilt by late comers, for whom apparently the "Golden Legend" was everything, and an instrumental work by one of our best English composers, nothing. Dr. Stanford conducted, and was well received. The performance of the "Golden Legend" was, on the whole, satisfactory. The composer, in spite of severe indisposition, conducted. The soloists were Mdme. Albani, Miss L. Little, and Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, and Alec Marsh. The Norwich choir was at its best.

On Friday there was a performance of "The Messiah" in the morning, and of Berlioz's "Faust" in the evening.

This twenty-second Norwich Triennial Festival has, all things considered, been an artistic success. Of the two novelties, one has introduced to the musical public a composer who may one day accomplish great things. Signor Bottesini's oratorio, though less original than "Isaias," may find ready acceptance by small societies. The Norwich choir, among festival choirs, still stands low in the scale; but vigorous pruning and careful selection may improve it in the future. To Mr. Randegger all praise must be given for the care and patience shown by him at all times. The orchestra, too, with its excellent *chef d'attaque*, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, well deserves its share of commendation.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MASTER J. HOFMANN appeared at the first Crystal Palace concert two weeks ago. Having frequently noticed his performances last season, it will be sufficient to say that, in Beethoven's concerto in C minor and in some short pianoforte solos, he played wonderfully, and excited the greatest enthusiasm. In the first movement of the concerto he showed a certain excitement which we had not before noticed. The little fellow seemed more anxious than when passing through the severe "Philharmonic" ordeal. The programme of the concert included a concert-overture, by Mr. G. J. Bennett, a well-written work and of considerable promise.

MASTER J. HOFMANN gave two recitals at St. James's Hall on Monday and Saturday, October 10 and 15. The hall was crowded on both occasions, and his playing was astonishing. In Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique and Chopin's Nocturne in E (Op. 62, No. 2) he could not do full justice either to the composer or to himself. Handel's "Blacksmith" variations, however, were given too much *à la Rubinstein*—too fast, and not always clear.

LAST Saturday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, Herr Waldemar Meyer, an excellent violinist, played a Vieuxtemps concerto and some solos, and was well received.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

No. 808, *New Series*.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

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LITERATURE.

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. By Andrew Lang. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

THE reader must not expect an impartial notice of this treatise from a reviewer long prejudiced in favour of its purpose. It aims at proving that a main origin of myth, involving no small share of the beliefs and rituals of the world, is to be sought in early stages of human knowledge, going back to rude and ancient savagery. Thoughts which among uncultured tribes were consistent with common opinion, and, indeed, were often childish attempts to account for the phenomena of earth and sky, and the ways of birds and beasts and men, were kept up and carried on into higher civilisation, till, their old simple sense forgotten, they passed into sacred traditions and mysteries. While enforcing this theory with all his might, Mr. Lang is anxious to show that he is propounding no new doctrine, but one which wise men have declared for ages. Confucius claimed to be, as he said, like "our old Pang," a transmitter and not a maker of wisdom; and even so Mr. Lang goes back for authority to the Fathers of the Church. Some passages of Eusebius of Caesarea in the *Evangelical Preparation* are certainly to the purpose, describing the early wandering beast-like life of men, and how they made divinities of the sun and stars, and worshipped the ghosts of the dead, till, in times of wider knowledge, the philosophers, though not daring to touch the time-honoured legends of their ancestors, devised for them physical and moral explanations. One wonders whether Eusebius himself was an old Pang, repeating the wisdom of some still earlier sage, and whether fifteen centuries later Fontenelle was doing the like in his clever essay *De l'Origine de Fables*, which Mr. Lang reminds the world of in an appendix on "Fontenelle's Forgotten Commonsense." The witty academician touches off point by point a whole scheme of rational mythology: the Greeks told such incredible and revolting legends because these were inherited from men of almost inconceivable savagery and ignorance; the incidents are monstrous, because these savages were in a state to see things which did not exist. Men of old were already curious about the causes of things, though their rude philosophy was easily satisfied with such explanations as that a river flows because there is somebody always pouring it out of a jug. Fontenelle knows of the supposed transformation of animals and the actual transformation of words as sources of myth, and even sweeps away with a neatly turned sentence the difficulty some students feel in treating the Iroquois and Kafirs as representatives of early men, notwithstanding

that they have as many ages behind them as we have. Nowadays there are more exponents of the development theory of myth, and the question is who shall prove it with the most convincing evidence. For instance, one of the makers of modern anthropology, Prof. Bastian of Berlin, took it up in an early book of travel (*Afrikanische Reisen*, 1859), where he scoffs at the modern student striking a lucifer to light his lamp, and spreading out his classics before him to trace Hephaistos into Pthah, and work out the comparison of Vesta, Behram, and Agni. This, Bastian argues, is beginning the study of fire-worship at the wrong end. We ought to get our minds back from this age of lucifer-matches to the times when fire-making, difficult even to some modern tribes, seemed an actual miracle, and the Fire himself a kindly deity guarded by his priests in his temple for the good of man.

No one sees more clearly than Mr. Lang the need of bringing his readers' minds to bear on myths from the point of view of ruder ages when myths were reason and even philosophy. To this end he collects (vol. i., p. 91) examples of black men resisting attempts to displace their native myths by white men's science. Thus

"Lient. Haggard, R.N., tells the writer that during an eclipse at Lamoo he ridiculed the native notion of driving away a beast which devours the moon, and explained the real cause of the phenomenon. But his native friend protested that 'he could not be expected to believe such a story.'"

Indeed, we see by the world-wide distribution of the eclipse-monster that he is to the minds of barbarians as easy to imagine as our physical astronomy is difficult. These children of nature can receive with childlike faith the most unpractical stories when founded on a real underlying idea. Mr. Lang (p. 170) mentions an Australian story of the jay who had many bags full of wind, and when he opened them he blew Pund-jel the Creator up into the sky. This Aeolus-myth of course comes from the fact, still delightful to children, that one can keep wind in a bag and let it out. So with the Brazilian myth of the Night-bringer (p. 127). There was endless day till the serpent sent night to his newly-married daughter. It was bottled up in a gourd, and the messengers were to keep it close till they arrived; but they were curious, and opened the gourd and let the night out prematurely. Of course they did, for such a bottle is always full of night till one pulls out the stopper. These stories may be said to be qualitatively rational. It is only quantitatively that they fail, and they serve as explanatory theories of the nature of wind and night. A good remark of Mr. Lang's (p. 49) touches on the reason why so many nations have legends telling what brought "death into the world and all our woe." He refers their origin to times when popular physiology had not yet learnt that men must die, even if not killed; and there still prevailed

"the notion that 'natural deaths' (as we call them) are always *unnatural*, that death is always caused by some hostile spirit or conjurer. From this opinion comes the myth that man is naturally not subject to death; that death was somehow introduced into the world by a mistake or misdeed is a corollary."

Mr. Lang seems less successful in his

attempt to distinguish between rational and irrational elements in mythology. Thus, in the religion of the Vedas, he takes as rational the idea of Indra, lord of Thunder, borne in his chariot; but the same Indra turning into a quail or a ram, getting drunk with *soma*, and otherwise misbehaving himself, seems to him irrational. But if he put the decision to a modern student of physics and physiology, he might probably hear the opinion that both the turning into a ram and the making thunder and lightning were difficult to imagine, but the drunkenness and debauchery a comparatively natural detail.

Most of the points here touched upon are preliminary to the main work of the book, which lies first in describing the lower mythologies, and then showing by a multitude of examples that the mythologies of the Hindus, Greeks, and Romans are of the same stuff, only less clear by lapse of time, and more artistically dressed. Of all modern writers on mythology Mr. Lang has taken up the strongest strategic position; for when he has settled the general analogy of myth-types he need only go so far as he can see his way in the myth-interpretation, which has lured on many a scholar to his harm. Prof. Tiele is quoted here as laying down for himself the rule, "I shall explain what I can, but I cannot explain everything." This sounds reasonable; but after reading his interpretation of the bringing-up of Zeus in Crete we wonder how there can be anything he cannot explain. It runs thus:

"In conformity with his nature, Zeus is fed with the honey of the bees that nest in the cave of Ida (the stars of night) and with the milk of the she-goat Amalthea (the moon), that is to say, with light."

Far from giving free rein to his fancy in this way, Mr. Lang is, for a mythologist, very cautious, and, in fact, keeps closer to Prof. Tiele's maxim than that learned scholar himself does. He is ready to devise or accept an explanation if it seems convincing, whether it be naturalistic or etymological, and he has even a word to say for euhemerism now that it is down. But with him the actual interpretation of a myth is secondary, and the proof that it has come on from lower culture is primary. He is not bound to tell the origin of Artemis, but wishes to make it clear that her connexion with the bear-myth of Callisto takes us back to a period when men's ideas as to transformation into beasts or constellations were like those current among Australian or Californian natives now, while the bear-dances of the Athenian girls kept up savagery in the age of Pericles. Demeter, whether as Earth-goddess or Harvest-goddess, is the same mother-earth as ruder tribes know and pray to still. To understand the story of Persephone, it is well to read the myth of the Maoris about the food of the dead, which the living cannot taste of and return to earth. But such a course of argument, to be followed properly, must be taken at large in the work itself. Considering how great a share of education is devoted in England to classical mythology, books ought to be welcome which give some notion of its real meaning. This one, to borrow a title from the author's favourite predecessor, will do service as a "Mythological Preparation." E. B. TYLOR.

Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

In his preface Mr. Jeaffreson claims a twofold purpose for this biography of Emma, Lady Hamilton. He has aimed, he tells us, at combining entertainment for readers in general with serious historical research for students who are more especially interested in the subject. As a whole, the result is highly satisfactory, since, without depriving his volumes of their more attractive character, the author is enabled to give us much new light on his heroine's character; and, at the same time, in dealing with controversies which have had their defenders and opponents during the last forty years or so, he has analysed and dissected the rival theories with skilful care. By access gained to a long series of letters containing, with all their laughable weak points in orthography, so much new and graphic detail about the life of Lady Hamilton, more particularly during the time that she lived at Naples, her latest biographer has earned the hearty thanks of all students. These documents belong to that striking collection of MSS. owned by Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Fonthill, Wiltshire. Some three or four years back Mr. Jeaffreson reported upon them officially for the Historical MSS. Commission; and to them he declares, on his credit as a record-expert, no sort of doubt of authenticity belongs. Only about half a dozen letters relating to Lady Hamilton were printed in his official account; now we have before us more than a score. With the help of these interesting fragments of autobiography we are glad to say that Lady Hamilton's character stands out in bolder relief than it has hitherto done, and is better able to bear the strong light brought upon it by that rigid examination which our critical schools of to-day demand.

From the very opening of her existence Lady Hamilton surprises us with mystery. Thus, all previous writers have assigned Emma Lyon's birth to Preston, in Lancashire, in reliance on her own statement to the Heralds' College and on Mr. Calton's copy of her death-register, which he found in the municipal records of Calais. But Mr. Jeaffreson now proves that these were altogether incorrect, when he prints a certificate of baptism of May 12, 1765, which she herself obtained from the parish register of Great Neston in Cheshire. In a township of that parish, Nesse by name, she was born on April 26 of some year in the earlier part of the sixth decade of last century. As yet, enquiry has been baffled in its effort to fix the precise year. Once, however, that the place of birth has been settled, we may hope that by the aid of local research further facts may be brought out as to the year of birth. Mr. Jeaffreson assumes 1763 as not unlikely; but in suggesting the possibility of a year or two earlier, he does not refer to the date of 1761, given in the opening pages of the Hamilton Memoirs. True, it is utterly without the support of any quoted authority; but even thus, is it not worth considering? As for our author's conjecture (ii. 137), by which he partly seeks to explain how it was that Emma thought of using Preston as her birthplace, viz., that she had an idea of connecting her family with that of the founder

of Harrow School, we must say that it seems far-fetched and unlikely in the extreme.

In dealing with Emma's early career, Mr. Jeaffreson doubts whether Capt. John Willett Payne, R.N., was really the father of her first child and the primary cause of her straying from the highway of womanly rectitude. His argument for this point of scepticism is not a convincing one, and we incline still to belief in the accepted version of the story, and would place it in 1780. But in the matter of Emma's having assisted that quack Dr. Graham, by personifying the Goddess of Health at his once famous lectures, our author gives us strong assurance for crediting the main fact while rejecting any innuendoes of indelicacy thrown round it by busybodies and scandal-mongers. Passing on to her life with Mr. Greville, we find that previous biographers have been led astray as to dates. "Instead of living with Mr. Greville for six or seven years, she lived with him for barely four years"—1782 to 1786; and this short period proved a happy one for her. Her many letters to her "dear Greville" attest this, written as they are in terms of true affection; and correspondence was kept up between them almost till the year of Greville's death. But to all her repeated manifestations of love, Greville returned a cold, calculating admiration too much akin to the pride of a connoisseur over one of his choice works of art. Mr. Jeaffreson writes, *apropos* of one of her letters from Parkgate, a bathing-place in Cheshire, where she spent several weeks in 1784:

"Possibly, some readers may concur with me in thinking the entire letter countenances a rather strong opinion that, if Mr. Greville had loved this beautiful young woman as much as he admired her, and had married her in 1784, she would have been a true wife to him till death parted them, and might perhaps have lived to be more highly honoured for her goodness than she ever was honoured for her beauty."

Most readers, we think, will agree with the author in the above opinion, when they have read through the story of the negotiations by which Emma Hart was handed over by Greville to his uncle Sir William Hamilton, and the repeated letters of pathetic appeal that she wrote from Naples to Greville, because he vouchsafed her only one or two vague communications. Her biographer points out to us that

"she had not the faintest suspicion, nor the faintest glimmer of a conception, of the real purpose for which she was being sent out of her native country to a far-distant land."

She had, indeed, known and liked her future husband in London in 1784, when she usually called him "Pliny," while he, in return, spoke of her to his nephew as "the fair tea-maker of Edgware Row." But she still loved Greville well, and several months passed before she realised what her future was intended to be. A specially indignant letter to her late protector (i. 167) requires the earnest attention of anyone who holds a righteously (as he thinks) strong unfavourable opinion of her character. Greville's repellent behaviour to her caused her affectionate nature to throw itself where he had designed it should do so. In 1787 Emma had transferred her affections wholly to her former "Pliny"; and four years later she

obtained the matrimonial position long sought for, but long denied.

Thenceforward Lady Hamilton's character changed. Her position as ambassador's wife, Queen Maria Caroline's attachment to her, the famed beauty and talents with which she was naturally endowed—all these acted on the warm temperament of a woman who had passed through ascending grades of society too quickly to be able to maintain a balance of judgment in matters of weight. She became an instrument of communication between the Queen of Naples and the British ambassador, and wrote to Greville in London asking for political news for Maria Caroline. Sir William's health had begun to fail, and she relieved him from much of the work of interpreting for British naval officers. Thus she came into contact with Capt. Horatio Nelson in 1793. Two years later she was transmitting secret intelligence of Spanish affairs to England; but Pettigrew's account of the part she took in announcing an open rupture between Spain and England is, perhaps, rather too loosely worded for full acceptance. She clearly intimated at that time how important she deemed her services had been to the British Government (i. 317); and this fact needs to be remembered, when we consider her claims in later years for a pension.

The much-debated question whether Lady Hamilton contributed to the annihilation of Brueys's fleet in Abukir Bay, by enabling Nelson's squadron to water and victual at Syracuse, is dealt with in detail by Mr. Jeaffreson. He has, indeed, added a supplementary chapter, in order to combat Prof. Laughton's views on the Syracuse question and on the Horatio controversy. Mr. Jeaffreson places before his readers a clear statement of the difficulties that surrounded the "Fountain of Arethusa" letter; and he contends, with reasoning both close and exhaustive, that letters from Naples to the governor of Syracuse probably *did* procure Nelson facilities in obtaining supplies, and that they *might* have included the queen's order mentioned by Pettigrew. He points out that Prof. Laughton's fiat of destructive criticism is hardly justified by searching examination of the internal and external evidence of the "Arethusa" letter. The "laurel and cypress" ending of this disputed letter was not only used by Nelson to Sir W. Hamilton in a letter a month earlier, but had been written by him in 1797 to Sir John Jervis just before the ill-fated night attack on Santa Cruz de Tenerife. The classical allusion, as Mr. Jeaffreson remarks, would be derived from Sir W. Hamilton; and the assured feeling of victory is in harmony with what we know of Nelson's character. At best, Mr. Laughton's flat contradictions and "palpable forgery" only amount to discrepancies which we cannot yet hope to explain, and to a suspicion of genuineness. Here we agree with Mr. Jeaffreson; and even those who differ from him will surely be grateful for so masterly a comparison of the documents bearing on this question.

Of events at Naples and Palermo during the critical year 1799, the author treats at length, disputing his ground almost step by step with Alison, James, Southey, Brenton, and other writers, in defence of Lord Nelson. On poor Southey Mr. Jeaffreson is over hard

pouring out the vials of his wrath in language "which o'erleaps itself." He will not hear of a word of slander against the hero of Trafalgar up to the time of what he calls "a grave and lamentable misadventure" that happened in 1800. The pack of lies and abuse which surrounded the names of Nelson and Lady Hamilton have been rightly exposed and disposed of. But in strongly denying accusations that Lord Nelson ever neglected duty for pleasant dalliance in the company of a woman who fascinated him as much as his character attracted her, we are liable to forget how more and more the dangerous mutual adoration was growing. Lord St. Vincent had written to Lady Hamilton herself in October 1798, warning her not to let the fascinating Neapolitan dames approach too near Nelson, "for [he added] he is made of flesh and blood, and cannot resist their temptations." This, perhaps, was playful compliment; but under the stream of gossip which circulated through the Mediterranean fleet lay that fact which broke the charm of Nelson's later years.

Mr. Jeaffreson attributes the "incident" that resulted in Horatia's birth to the Malta trip on board the *Foudroyant*, and speaks of it in plain language as Lord Nelson's "first error . . . a mere momentary frailty." Such a phrase will be open to question, when we consider the two other people who each in turn suffered for this "frailty." Poor Lady Nelson, with faults no doubt, deserves truer sympathy than is usually allowed her. Sir William Hamilton, too, in his last year or so of life, was far from happy, as our author proves by a curious document (ii. 252-3), the following extracts from which give some gist of its importance:

"I have no complaint to make, but I feel that the whole attention of my wife is given to Lord Nelson and his interest at Merton. I well know the purity of Lord Nelson's friendship for Emma and me. And I know how very uncomfortable it would make his Lordship, our best friend, if a separation should take place, and am therefore determined to do all in my power to prevent such an extremity, which would be more sensibly felt by our dear friend than by us. . . . I am fully determined not to have more of the silly altercations, that happen too often between us, and embitter the present moments exceedingly. If really we cannot live comfortably together, a wise and well-concerted separation is preferable; but I think, considering the probability of my not troubling any party long in this world, the best for all would be to bear those ills we have rather than fly to those we know not of. I have fairly stated what I have on my mind, there is no time for nonsense or trifling. I know and admire your talents, and many excellent qualities, but I am not blind to your defects, and I confess having many myself. Therefore let us bear and forbear,

"For God's Sake."

His own death shortly after fulfilled the separation which the aged diplomatist thus hinted at so sternly. He knew nothing of Horatia's birth, nor of Nelson's letter to Lady Hamilton of March 1, 1801, addressing her as "my own dear Wife, for such you are in the eyes and in the face of heaven"; and happier was it for him to die in ignorance of these matters. As for the array of arguments which Mr. Jeaffreson produces to disprove Prof. Laughton's view that Lord

Nelson's attachment to Emma Hamilton never amounted to adultery, we can only find space to say that the former takes up a position so strong that, without the springing of a mine of new documents, successful attack seems a long way off.

The last four chapters of this work display the sad picture of extravagant expenditure, increasing debts, detention within the rules of the King's Bench, flight to Calais, and the close of a career that calls for more pity than scorn. Mr. Jeaffreson tells us succinctly what Lady Hamilton's financial position was after the deaths of Sir William and Lord Nelson. He corrects Pettigrew's perverted account of Earl Nelson pocketing Nelson's last codicil written on the immortal October 21, and declares that Lady Hamilton did not deserve the pension she applied for; and that even if she had received it could not have been able to stave off her evil day of financial shipwreck. We have thus followed, under Mr. Jeaffreson's guidance, the rise, decline, and end of a singular character and career, and have seen its varying phases of light and darkness. His pages contain a strange mingling of virtue and its contrary, of womanly tenderness and proud yielding to flattery, celebrity, and self-assertion. After all, we can say with the author as he closes his biography, "she was, upon the whole, far more sinned against than sinning." It only remains for us to compliment Mr. Jeaffreson upon the reliable, painstaking, thorough way in which he has dealt with the story of Lady Hamilton, without offending the moral sense of his readers. GEORGE F. HOOPER.

Lotus and Jewel. By Edwin Arnold. (Trübner.)

THE twenty-one peoples who occupy the vast peninsula that we call "India" are so remote from us in every respect that it is sometimes hard to realise how much human nature we have in common with them. We owe, therefore, a grateful appreciation to a writer like Mr. Edwin Arnold, who devotes himself to showing the community of thought and feeling that exists between two countries which fortune has so strangely brought together.

The European in India, when he sallies forth in the cool of the morning to take his needful ride, passes through the streets already alive with the stir of early occupations. The chintz-stamper has brought out the cot on which he has passed the night, and begun to impress his simple patterns upon the cloth there stretched out. The rice-husker is at work with his pestle, and the confectioner has fastened his viscous wares upon a hook from which he is busily pulling threads of spun sugar. The money-dealer has got out his scales and his account-books stitched in dull crimson calico. The *ásán* is sounding from the roof of the mosque; and the Bráhman, in full canonicals of napkin and twine, is pouring water over the phallic emblems in front of his temple. Out in the fields the bullocks are patiently turning round the well, and the perfunctory boys are waving slings, with hoarse outcries, on *macháns* elevated above the crops in the fields. Through such a motley scene the Anglo-Indian saunters or scampers on his half-broken hack, thinking of the daily labour before him, hardly noticing

and not at all comprehending the manifold and ancient forms of life around. To understand that, indeed, requires both a knowledge of history and a sensitive intelligence. It is a fusion of old, and less old, with very little of modern civilisation; yet it is by no means savage. The simple, contented, habits are survivals from a distant past, before the Aryans had come down from Central Asia. The Hindu temple contains germs of the nature-worship of the first invaders; the mosque tells of Tartar conquest.

It would not be correct to say that Mr. Edwin Arnold's Indian poetry is steeped in such a colour. We trace the Bombay professor and the kindly, observant tourist; but we do not find either the accurate scholar or the man of prolonged and profound local knowledge. The scholarship, it may be surmised, is hardly up to the mark of Sir Monier Williams and the pandits of philology; while the social attitude is—to put it courteously—metropolitan. The Sanskrit slokes—even to a smatterer—appear diffusely and vaguely rendered; and false quantities are not absent. For example, the penultimate of "Draupadi" is scanned sometimes short, but also sometimes long; while the final syllable of "Yudishtiv" is always lengthened; as is also the *u* of Arjuna. Such a line as the following,

"Al hamdu wa al manat Lillahi,"

strikes one as not only poor prosody but bad Arabic.

Still, when all this hypercriticism has been recorded, it remains a pleasant duty to acknowledge that the book is full of charm. The first poem is an idyll, in the best manner of Mr. Browning, describing the meeting of a European visitor with a priest and a dancing-girl; and it is appropriately entitled "In an Indian Temple." The visitor applies to the priest for instruction in the meaning of the mystic "OM," (spelt "Om" by the author). In the midst of the lecture breaks in the dancer, Ganga, picturesquely described as

"A feather, blown
From peahen's neck at pairing-time."

This young lady—who is understood to be amiable and cheerful, though otherwise no better than she should be—plays upon the entire meeting the ceaseless fountain of her interruptions, many of which are models of lyric grace, and ends with a cry of "Salaam," never used (surely) at parting, least of all by Hindus. The next division of the book is called "A Casket of Gems"; and in this, by a pretty fancy, the poet supposes himself to be handing to a lady named "Fanny Maria Adelaide" the various jewels whose initial letters form those words. The folklore of the various stones is very agreeably blended with well-told stories; and, taken as a whole, this may be pronounced at once the most artistically wrought and the most originally conceived portion of the collection under notice. The verse is uniform but sweet, the quatrains of what may be called "English Elegiacs"—consecrated by Gray—are of sound workmanship and musical rhythm. Such a stanza as the following may be taken as a fair sample:

"Either the Universe is Chaos, Chance,
Or else the Universe is Order, Law;
If that—die! and let pass the drunken dance;
If this—live! and rejoice in love and awe."

To these pretty pieces succeed "Other Poems," all graceful, and some striking. The volume terminates with some translations from the Sanskrit, of which by far the most remarkable is the extract from the Mahábhárata, called by Mr. Arnold "A Queen's Revenge." If the first idyll was in the manner of Mr. Browning, the last will remind many readers of Lord Tennyson, whose quasi-dramatic detachment and echoes of Shaksperian blank verse are often most happily reproduced. Sometimes, however, the metre falters; and the best-intentioned reader would probably find the scansion of a few of the lines beyond his faculty. Take these examples:

"None might believe. Presently it befell."
 "Is Kichaka, not old Viráta."
 "To wear armlets and ear-rings, and to sit."
 "From under Kichaka, so that both fell."

It is a pity that such technical blots should have been let fall—evidently by mere carelessness—on these pretty pages. All the bad feelings, towards one another, of various races are traceable to ignorance. Mr. Arnold brings to the task of our instruction a lively fancy and a sympathetic mind; and the well-known literary skill which governs the use of these gifts only requires a little more use of the file. As it is, his Indian poetry is the only thing of the kind with which the English-speaking public will have anything to do; and both that public and Mr. Arnold himself may be respectfully congratulated on a fresh and most delightful opportunity of studying Indian thought and Indian feeling.

H. G. KEENE.

Mohammed Benani: a Story of To-day.
 (Sampson Low.)

IN a detached slip, intended, we presume, to temper the anonymity of its title-page, the reader is informed that this volume is "by an American gentleman resident in Tangiers, who lately went to Washington to expose the cruelties existing in Morocco under the protection of the American flag"; and, furthermore, that the Sultan "has, in consequence of these representations, demanded an entire abolition of the *protégé* system throughout his dominions."

To anyone familiar with the social history of the old Moorish town opposite Gibraltar, the first portion of this statement is altogether superfluous. For the best part of two years the events narrated in the book, under the thinnest guise of romance, have been the theme of endless squabbles and recriminations. They have parted old friends, and reconciled old enemies. They have filled the consular courts with suits more personal than important; and if gossip does not lie, some of the aftermath of the quarrels arising out of the incidents are likely before long to occupy tribunals more distinguished than that to which they have hitherto been confined. They have given rise to pamphlets, blue books, and even to the play of black-thorn shillalags! It requires, therefore, no great penetration to see that the author is Mr. Ion Perdicaris, who figures as Ivan Paulovitch; that Lazariah is Larache; Tingizirah, the "City preserved of the Lord"; and that El Makamah is the writer's beautiful residence of El Mínzah, which is so pleasantly remem-

bered by the many visitors to Morocco who have shared its graceful hospitality.

The first part of the scene is laid in Africa, the second in Russia. Russia is, of course, the United States, and Warsaw, Washington; while under the name of Count Mazenoff it is easy to recognise Colonel Matthews, the late Consul-general of the United States in Morocco, and Baron Jasperotti, his son Jasper; while M. Porteroff, the Under Secretary, is Governor Porter of the Department of State. It is also easy to fix upon Sir Richard Burvil, an Eastern traveller, Major Roville, Lieut. Werner, Commander Coffinski, Col. Maeder-mott, Sir James Drummond, M. Oreille, Eltomah, El Zenagi, and Frank Weston, and to determine the personalty of Mohammed Benani, the nominal hero of the novel. In reality, however, the actual heroes are Mr. Perdicaris and the American representative, Col. Matthews; and the story is a slender peg on which to hang their widely divergent views regarding the abuse of the *protégé* system. All the other characters are mere lay figures. They appear when wanted, and are propped up to speak their pieces in the interest of the *motif*, which seems to have been the sole object in writing this book. But they are not very interesting people, with their dialogues composed of bits of blue books, and their speeches which remind us of nothing so much as pamphlets chopped into chunks, or a leading article distributed among the party.

The abuses exposed in the volume are, however, so crying that they would appeal to any thinking man, even without the adventitious aid of being embodied in the pages of a novel. Whether the Sultan has been led by Mr. Perdicaris's interposition to demand their redress is not very clear. In truth, they have all along been a sore point with Muley Hassan; and the feeling is gathering in Tangier that the time has come when, in fair play to him, they might be abolished without any serious danger to European trade. By treaty every consular officer and diplomatist is entitled to so many native servants, who are not under the jurisdiction of the Moorish Government, while every merchant not a subject of Morocco can demand to have his "semsars" or agents travelling in the interior withdrawn in like manner from the native authority, which we fear means, in too many instances, the native extortioner. But within the last few years the system has grown into a gross abuse. Protections have been granted wholesale; and in too many instances the granting of these exemptions from the liabilities of a Moorish subject has been made the means of extracting money from the *protégés* by the petty vice-consuls, many of whom eagerly compete for their posts with this object in view. The result has been that the buyers do their best to make profit out of their purchases by oppressing their fellow countrymen less fortunately situated. Claims are manufactured and enforced by the consular Powers, through the hateful machinery which the Bashaws have always at their disposal, until "protection," which was originally intended to be a humane means of enabling commerce to be carried on without the interference of a barbarous government, has become

"a mechanism which grinds not grain, but human creatures between the upper and nether stones of Jewish and Moorish oppression—

awful mills to which the placid breeze of Consular support imparts continuous motion."

This scandal *Mohammed Benani* illustrates, often very forcibly, and generally without exaggeration, though we do not pin ourselves to vouching for every incident in the volume having occurred, or even being possible. There are a stag hunt, a boar hunt, and a mesmeric scene. There are a hero and heroine, a lover or two, and a villain. But they are for the most only "walking ladies and gentlemen," and are, we daresay, not intended to play a very leading part in this drama with a motive. At all events, their doings will not concern anyone who is not acquainted with the originals, or who does not, in the language of one of them, believe that the most lucrative business in Morocco is "running a legation." That Mr. Perdicaris has written this book with the best of intentions is unquestionable. That he has done well to expose an abominable system which has done much to disgrace European and American civilisation in Morocco, and retard the progress of the country, is equally undeniable. For this he deserves well of humanity, and is certain to obtain a hearing at a time when the daily papers are so busy with the affairs of Morocco. But that he has been well advised to chose a story as the proper medium for doing so is a point upon which his friends will not be so generally agreed.

ROBERT BROWN.

Gnosticism and Agnosticism, and other Sermons.
 By G. Salmon. (Macmillan.)

THE plan adopted by Dr. Salmon for at least the second time of naming a volume of sermons by the sensational title of one of the group is not to be commended. *Gnosticism and Agnosticism*, like the *Non-Miraculous Christianity* of his previous collection published a year since, cannot be regarded in any sense as describing the general contents of the volume. Doubtless "and other sermons" is added in both cases; but the leading title-giving discourse—the bell-wether of the flock, so to speak—proclaims itself in large capitals; while the other sermons are announced in type of a less imposing magnitude. This arrangement, however admirable as an advertisement, is calculated to induce a feeling of disappointment in the unwary buyer. He invests, e.g., in *Gnosticism and Agnosticism* in order to see how one of the leading questions of the day is treated by a well-known and esteemed author, and finds that the attractive title belongs only to a single sermon, and that the interest of the book is for him exhausted in its first twenty-three pages. He discovers, in other words, that all his particular big strawberries are merely a few on the top of the basket, and that the bulk does not correspond with the sample. The case would have been different if the "other sermons" as well had dealt with questions related to or suggested by the first; but, for the most part, they do not. They are discourses on ordinary subjects, doubtless all worth consideration, and some of them handled with greater ability than the leading sermon, but still without any direct relation to the ostensible theme of the volume.

Inasmuch, however, as Dr. Salmon has chosen to put his "Gnosticism and Agnos-

ticism" in the fore-front of his collection I cannot in courtesy do less than follow his example, and accept it as indicating the general tone of the book and the treatment bestowed by its learned author on religious questions of a similar kind. And first, I may say, taking the volume as a whole, that it is characterised by sterling qualities. All the sermons alike are marked by genuine feeling, and evident sincerity of purpose. They maintain an uniformly high tone, both spiritually and ethically. They are clear and impressive in style, and, accepting the author's standpoint, well reasoned in argument. Without being particularly striking, the illustrations are generally well chosen and happily applied. On the other hand, they are deficient in vigour and originality. They lack intellectual fibre and philosophic breadth. They are models of calm equable professorial dissertations rather than of creative power or true pulpit eloquence. They have little of the fire, spontaneity, and unctious for which we are accustomed to look in Irish preachers—the qualities, *e.g.*, which rendered Professor Archer Butler's Sermons models for all succeeding time.

Turning now to the leading sermon of the book, its title is evidently suggested by its polemic with the mode of thought known as Agnosticism. Whether, excepting for the sake of the alliteration, Dr. Salmon did wisely in choosing Gnosticism as its opposite may well be open to doubt, the term having long been exclusively employed to designate certain sects of the early Church. He would have done better to have chosen a term by which the lineal descendants of those seotaries—those who share their chief characteristics—are best known in the present day. Who these descendants are he himself intimates in his account of Gnosticism (p. 6):

"The adepts in this philosophy claimed to be *par excellence* Gnostics. They *knew* when simpler Christians must be content to *believe*."

In other words the present-day successors of the ancient Gnostics are Dogmatists—those who for whatever reason propound articles of Faith as conclusions of demonstrable and infallible knowledge, and who by their unwarrantable and arrogant omniscience are responsible for much of the Agnosticism that exists.

But leaving Dr. Salmon's nomenclature, his classification of thinkers into Gnostics and Agnostics is much too trenchant and arbitrary to meet the facts of the case. Like the division of mankind into good and evil, its exceeding simplicity is purchased at the expense of veracity. It ignores the various shades both of Gnosticism and Agnosticism. It says nothing of the qualified Dogmatism which is content to accept articles of faith on grounds of probability, or of emotional as distinct from intellectual conviction; nor, on the other hand, of the modified Agnosticism, which is purely a position of non-affirming, non-denying suspense. His polemic is waged against extreme forms of the two classes, especially against Agnosticism taken in the sense of Dogmatic Nescience. Of thinkers of the latter type—Atheists, Infidels, &c.—Dr. Salmon's criticism is at once obvious and unanswerable: *viz.*, that "Agnosticism is the most arrogant form of Gnosticism." He might have added that, in a world constituted as

ours is, the merely denying spirit—"der Geist der stets verneint"—is of all others the most unjustifiable; and Dr. Salmon hits a patent blot on much of our current philosophy and science when he thus calls attention to its dogmatic Negation. But his argument not only leaves untouched, it is absolutely untrue of Skepticism in the original sense of the term—*i.e.*, the attitude of devout, reverential enquiry, which is content with provisional, probable truth while carefully searching for further light. To take a special and illustrious example, his criticism would not apply to Coleridge's "Enquiring Spirit," even if that restless being had carried his inquisitiveness much further than he actually did.

But Dr. Salmon is not content with telling these extreme Agnostics that they are arrogantly dogmatic, he reasons with them in this wise; consider how much you lose by resigning your faith in this or that belief. But the effect of this plea, though perfectly justifiable, is neutralised by his own definition of legitimate knowledge, for he rightly holds that this must necessarily be partial, employing St. Paul's well-known definition. Dr. Salmon does not see that he thereby lays himself open to a twofold retort from his Agnostic adversary. The latter would at once object that a similar sacrifice is required of the believer, who is compelled to accept partial for complete knowledge, uncertainty for demonstration, faith in lieu of sight. Moreover, the Agnostic might with still greater force further retort, that however incomplete in theory theologians and scientists admit their knowledge to be, they continually act and argue as if it were the most unquestionable certitude in the universe.

Dr. Salmon stands on firmer ground when he admits that "the clouds that obscure the region of speculation do not descend [*sic*] upon the region of practice" He is probably not aware that this apt distinction is frequently insisted upon by the most determined Agnostics in the whole history of human thought—the Greek skeptics. Even Sextus Empeirikos, admitted (*Hyp.*, Book I. ch. xiii.) that skeptics acquiesced in phenomena, and led their lives like other people, for an entire freedom from action was an impossibility. Probably their modern successors would be just as unwilling as they were to ignore the practical exigencies and duties of daily life. Philosophers do not seem to be less keen than their critics in discerning the material limits of their speculations. Bishop Berkeley, *e.g.*, could never be induced to knock his head against a post in order to give a practical demonstration of his disbelief in the existence of matter. If, however, a man's practice be normal and usual, it seems hard to deny him freedom of speculation, the *libertas philosophandi*, even assuming that the latter did occasionally assume an extravagant or eccentric form.

Summing up this leading theme of the volume, I cannot say that Dr. Salmon's treatment of it, though not destitute of insight and ability, is wholly satisfactory. His prepossessions are too firmly enlisted on the side of dogma to allow his rendering adequate justice to Agnosticism. He does not realise, with the philosophic breadth or imaginative sympathy essential in such a case, the causes

which in every age of the world and in every stage of human progress must inevitably create some form of Agnosticism. More than all, he has never studied the various forms which Agnosticism has actually assumed in the history of philosophy.

I have treated Dr. Salmon's leading discourse at such length that the space at my disposal for the "other sermons" corresponds only too closely with their humbler position on the title-page. In reality, however, they are far from deserving any such subordination. Some of them are of exceptional interest. The fifth sermon, on "Pain and Disease," is a praiseworthy protest against the shallow sentimentalism which can see in pain only positive evil. Sermon vii., "Bowing in the House of Rimmon," is a dexterous handling of a difficult theme. The following extract from this sermon will serve to show the occasional felicity of the author's remarks: "In particular this may be said . . . that two persons at the same point may be judged very differently according to the direction in which their face is set. One may have reached it in the progress of struggling upwards for more light; the other fallen to it from shutting his eyes to the light before him. Naaman's bow in the house of Rimmon may be but the last remaining relic of an idolatry which he is in the process of forsaking altogether; in the case of an Israelitish visitor to Syria it might be the first sinful compliance in the catalogue of those by which his allegiance to his father's God was given up" (p. 173).

In the last sermon in the book, Dr. Salmon makes a good point by placing side by side Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and Mr. Cotter Morison's *Service of Man* on the subject of the forgiveness of sins.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Missing Rubies. By Sarah Doudney. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Modern Magician. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Mona's Choice. By Mrs. Alexander. In 3 vols. (White.)

Marras's Crucifix. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Frau Wilhelmine: Sketches of Berlin Life. By Dr. Julius Stinde. Translated from the German by Harriet F. Powell. (Bell.)

An Indian Wizard. By Arthur Lillie. (Simpkin & Marshall.)

Her Will and Her Way, and other Stories. By Mrs. Newman. (S. P. O. K.)

The City of Sarras. By U. Ashworth Taylor. (Blackwood.)

The Missing Rubies is a well-constructed story, pleasantly and readably told, and with a bright, cheerful, womanly heroine, naturally drawn. The main situation of the plot is that the orphan nephew of his mother's three surviving sisters, who lives with them, is suspected on strong circumstantial evidence with having disposed of a valuable ruby necklace left in his keeping by one of his aunts, the widow of a Russian nobleman, who had himself become possessed of it, in no very creditable fashion, among the spoils of a Polish patriot. This latter personage, Count Gliska, is one of the leading characters in the book; and he is cleverly grouped and contrasted with

another Pole of the moody and fierce type, excitable to the verge of insanity, and constantly brooding over the wrongs of his country, and the possibility of vengeance on her oppressors. The mystery of the rubies is ingeniously disentangled; and, as the whole setting of the story is honestly treated, the book, though an unpretending one and weak in special knowledge of Slavonic matters, is a sound piece of workmanship, and merits a word of sincere commendation.

A Modern Magician is but a feeble reflexion of Lord Lytton's *Zanoni*, as that was a simple idealisation of Cagliostro. The Benoni of the present story, precisely like Lord Lytton's hero, is one of those mysterious beings from the far East who has solved the secret of indefinitely prolonged existence, and, therewith, has acquired occult powers over the forces of nature. Like Zanoni, moreover, he is coupled with a yet mightier sage than himself, and Mr. Molloy's Amru is merely Lord Lytton's Mejnour. One variation from the original there is, in that Mr. Molloy works in the terminology of the Esoteric Buddhism imposture, which had not been invented when *Zanoni* was written. But while, if the dedication of the book be not intended to throw dust into the reader's eyes, Mr. Molloy would appear to accept for himself the genuineness of the alleged Tibetan marvels, he has not been at all so successful in creating an illusion as his predecessor in this field, and fails to impress the imagination with the possibility of all the marvels he recounts being around us in potential action even now. Nor does the supernatural part of the machinery fit in well with the society novel, of which it is a factor. Parts of that are vigorous, notably the situations where the reprobate of the story—a disreputable clergyman who has gone entirely to the bad—appears on the scene; and if Benoni had been simply cut out, with all his astral body and similar stage-properties, we should have had a better novel.

Mona's Choice, though a fairly readable tale, is not quite up to the level of former work by Mrs. Alexander. There are marks of haste in composition, especially the misnaming of several characters—a Miss Jocelyn or Craig, the heroine, appearing as Miss Clifford in the very first chapter; a Captain Lisle figuring once as Leslie, which is one of the names of another character; and one Watson being called Wells—and this probably accounts for the falling-off. It is, however, not marked enough to prevent a reader who is not too exacting from being able to pass a couple of hours comfortably with the book. Its plot is simple enough. A handsome man about town amuses himself with a poor and pretty girl on her introduction into society, so as to make her think that he cares seriously about her, as she begins to do about him; and then suddenly he awakens her from her dream by recommending her to accept the addresses of another gentleman whom she looks down on as a rough, awkward boy. He is a good fellow, however, and very rich, so she takes her adviser's counsel; but, as she is a frank and honest girl, lets her suitor know that she accepts him merely for a marriage of convenience, forced upon her by family necessities, so that she can give him only respect and duty, but not love. He is content with the

terms, and they are engaged. But some changes in her circumstances free her from the obligation to support her relations, and she breaks off the engagement; after which her first dangler, now a man of wealth and title, reappears on the scene, and renews his attentions. How he prospers, and how Mona Craig finally settles her affairs, readers must ascertain for themselves; and they will find the society portions of the story fluently and cleverly written.

Marzio's Crucifix is one of Mr. Marion Crawford's best pieces of work, being a very careful and subtle study of character. Marzio Pandolfi, his hero, is a worker in silver, whose artistic tastes and pecuniary interests both lead him to the production of church plate, chalices, monstrances, crucifixes, and the like; but who is a furious Italian anarchist in politics and religion, hating the Church and the clergy above all things, and especially hating his own clerical brother Paolo, an amiable, honest, and sensible man, who is, besides, his most important means of support, because procuring for him lucrative commissions to execute works of art. The crucifix which gives its name to the story is one of these works, and plays a certain part in the development of the plot. But, in truth, Marzio is himself the story, for the other characters and the incidents are mere foils and settings to bring out his idiosyncrasy into higher relief; and the union of artistic strength with moral weakness, of fierce passion with ingrained cowardice, is skilfully depicted, at the same time that even the obstinate wrong-headedness of the man does not lead the reader to dislike him, but only to realise him more thoroughly as a perfectly natural character.

This volume is the concluding part of the "Buchholz Family" series, and, like its precursors, is cast in autobiographical form. Dr. Stinde has escaped the usual fate of continuators, for he has succeeded in keeping Frau Buchholz quite up to the standard of his earlier portrait. She is the same fussy, meddling, underbred, touchy, conceited, and withal well-meaning and affectionate creature as before; and the distinctive setting of her figure this time is her experiences with two lady-helps whom she has undertaken to train, but neither of whom has much aptitude for the position. There is some humour in the situations which bring out their several peculiarities. But Herr Stinde's power lies much more in delineation of character than in the invention of ludicrous incident; and the innocent self-revelations of his heroine remain, as before, the real attraction of his book. How he, being a man, and a German man at that (if the Americanism may be ventured on), has contrived to draw a woman of her stamp so cleverly, with no blundering masculine touches to mar the presentment, remains a puzzle, even after study of his method. There are usually some flaws of the kind in the works of far greater masters of fiction than Herr Stinde, and a woman will put her finger unerringly on them. But, given the type to which Frau Buchholz belongs, if not too foreign for an English lady to criticise justly, it is very unlikely that any inconsistency should be detected. She is a humorous portrait. She is not a caricature.

An Indian Wizard is a shilling dreadful, and gives plenty of horrors for the money. It is so far on the same lines with *A Modern Magician* that it contains a character with supernaturally prolonged existence, and that it tells of necromantic spells exercised in the present day by Eastern sorcerers. But it differs in one salient particular—that Mr. Lillie's magic is the genuine article, the real traditional necromancy of India, and not the recent invention of a knot of impudent adventurers, who merely want to exploit a credulous public. Mr. Lillie has read a good deal about Brahminism and Buddhism, and has worked his reading into this story, so that it has a much greater air of reality about it than its competitor, and makes a correspondingly deeper impression upon an imaginative reader. And there is literary skill shown, besides, in the manner of winding up the story, so that the reader is left in doubt as to whether the whole thing actually happened, or was a sort of nightmare or delusion. There are some echoes of Southey's *Thalaba* noticeable, but they do not amount to direct borrowing.

Her Will and her Way is the longest, though not the first in order, of a group of wholesome stories of the type which used to appear in *Household Words* many years ago, exhibiting marks of Dickens's literary influence, but having a character of their own. These are good specimens of their school, though not calling for individual comment.

The City of Sarras (a name borrowed from the *Morte Arthur*) is a mystical romance, containing but a slight element of plot, as the characters are merely personified types and dispositions, while the incidents are allegorical. The marks of Fichte's influence are many, and it is possible to trace Novalis also. The writing is pure and elevated throughout, and sometimes graceful; but the method of treatment robs the story of human interest, and—like *Phantasmion*, a kindred book—it is too pale and bloodless for vitality. Besides, the scale is altogether too large for work of this particular kind, which needs compression, if it is to possess force and pith. Here there are 336 pages; and only a few congenial readers will persevere to the end, for the book must be caviare to the general, and to a good many of even the select or inner circle.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

The Ruling Principal of Method applied to Education. By Antonio Rosmini Serbati. Translated by Mrs. William Grey. (Boston, U.S.: Heath.) Messrs. Heath are most honourably distinguished among American publishers for the excellence of their paedagogic books, but they have hardly any on their list of greater interest than this treatise of Rosmini translated by Mrs. Grey. Rosmini himself is a peculiarly attractive person. A Liberal Catholic and a priest, he was attacked by all parties in turn, and by some of them relentlessly persecuted. His public life began under the harassing jealousy and surveillance of the Austrians, and to the end of his days he was the mark of Jesuit hatred. He met and worsted the patriots Mamiani and Vincenzo Gioberti, who both came over to his side. The Congregation of the Index prohibited his works; but

at a subsequent meeting, inspired by and presided over by Pius IX. himself, the censure was removed and high praise substituted. The work translated by Mrs. Grey is really but a fragment of a larger work which Rosmini did not live to complete; but it probably contains all that the author wished to set forth in regard to at least infant education. Basing his pedagogy on the sciences of

“anthropology and psychology, giving the knowledge of the human faculties to be educated and their modes of action; on idealogy and ethics, giving the objects, both proximate and ideal, by which the human faculties must be stimulated in order to be properly educated; on ontology and theology, giving the knowledge of the ends towards which the human faculties should harmoniously tend,”

it is clear that Rosmini might claim with good reason that his philosophical system was something more than a barren exercise. Few things strike one in reading his book more than the urgent sense he had of the importance of the goal of education—a sense which really gives his work a more inspiring quality than most formal treatises on pedagogy known to us. The periods into which he enquires he computes by the degrees of cognition successively attained in intellectual development. τὸ πρότερον ἐν συμφοῖς καὶ ῥάσιον ἀπὸ δὲ μελετᾶν, as he quotes approvingly from Plato. Mrs. Grey's translation rightly begins with a sketch of Rosmini's life, and a lucid introduction to his method. Book I. treats of the ruling principle of method, stating the law governing the progress of the human understanding. Since

“a thought is that which becomes the matter, or provides the matter, of another thought,” then “present to the mind of the child (and this applies to man in general), first, the objects which belong to the first order of cognitions [intellezioni]; then those which belong to the second order; then those which belong to the third, and so on successively.”

Book II. applies the ruling principle of method to the education of little children. Having demonstrated in the first section the necessity of classifying the cognitions of the human mind according to their order, successive sections explain the nature of the cognitions of five progressive orders and the development of faculties corresponding thereto. This brings the work down to the time when the child acquires the free use of reason. We are told in the preface that Rosmini left a memorandum showing that he had intended to treat of four following periods, and we may well lament that so rich a promise was only partially fulfilled. Yet the treatise here rendered into English by Mrs. Grey is of itself of high and enduring value. It is most instructive to observe how closely Froebel and Rosmini, working under circumstances so different, and unfluenced the one by the other, correspond in all the desiderata they note for infant education. Of Mrs. Grey's part of the work, it is sufficient to say that the translation reads like an original, and her notes are to the point.

Levana. By Jean Paul Richter. Selections translated by Susan Wood. (Sonnenschein.) It is very easy to overestimate the value of the study of technical psychology as a preparation for the teacher's task. To people who are lacking in tact and sympathy and imagination, the most excellent handbooks will be useless. But nothing can do better to smooth the way for the more formal study than the careful reading of such stimulating books as those in which writers like Rousseau and Locke and Richter have delivered themselves of educational theories and experiences. They help to put the teacher in the right position for sympathising with the mind and heart to be trained. It would be hard to find more

profitable reading in this kind than *Levana*. It is true that it is generally better to read a book, whole and un mutilated, than extracts from it, and there is an English translation of *Levana* ready to our hands; but many of us, it must be confessed, are not likely to have the time necessary for the assimilation of the original, and may be glad to receive even selections when they are so well translated as those before us. The editor, as we must call her, seems to have chosen with great discretion; and her little book, though it must needs want the coherence of an unabridged translation, abounds in good and wise reflections and advice. It is worth noting, too, that Richter himself called the subdivisions of his books “fragments”; and we cannot doubt that the editor has here treated them in the only way likely to secure them a general hearing, which they richly deserve. Richter's most curious suggestion is that special pains should be devoted to the cultivation of wit. He himself kept a “Bon-mot anthologie” of his pupils, from which quotations are made in *Levana*. He seems to have encouraged a sense of the grotesque by way of making the ideas of children mobile, capable of being detached, as it were, and used as refreshing rests in the treatment and illustration of subjects in matters quite dissimilar. The passage dealing with this is not the least interesting of an altogether interesting book. Perhaps the editor, when a second edition is required, will be able to be rather more explicit in the connecting passages and comments, which are apt, especially in the first part of her book, to be rather too abstruse for the general reader, for whom the book is meant and should be most useful.

The Home, the Kindergarten, and the Primary School. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. (Sonnenschein.) The writer of the eight lectures and “glimpses of psychology” in the book before us is well-known as an enthusiastic and self-sacrificing apostle of Froebelianism, and one to whom the cause of education in America owes very much. The lectures are well worthy of the author's other labours, and will give explanations of the kindergarten system very welcome to many who have had no opportunities of making themselves acquainted with it more formally. There is by no means any exhaustive treatment of the subject in the successive lectures, nor is the style always quite happy in a literary sense; but it would be very ungracious to find fault with Miss Peabody for such a small matter when she has attended to other points so well. She is particularly to be thanked for her alternate insistence on the duty of every mother to take rational pains with her children's up-bringing, and the necessity of the utmost vigilance lest the task seem easier than it is. If it is clearly understood that Miss Peabody's book consists merely of eight discursive lectures and is not a systematic treatise, it will be useful to many at present ignorant of the method and aims of Froebelianism; and it contains hints and information worthy of the notice of those to whom the subject is familiar.

A Short Sketch of the Life of Friedrich Fröbel. By Emily Shirreff. (Chapman & Hall.) This is a new edition of perhaps the best sketch available for ordinary readers of the life of the great educator whose work the author has done so much to make known in England. It incorporates some letters of Fröbel published, we are told, in the *Rheinische Blätter für Erziehung und Unterricht*, and very interesting they are. They were written in 1839 to his first wife, then ill at Berlin. Miss Shirreff rightly claims for them the interest attaching to records of a most earnest and simple nature, for they give us in colloquial form Fröbel's account of the progress of his work in Dresden at a very critical period.

An appendix contains a translation of the Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow's recollections, hardly of less interest than the rest of the book. We wonder what possessed the printer to date a letter on p. 71 “1887”?

Modern Gymnastic Exercises (Elementary). By A. Alexander. (George Philip & Son.) No one who has seen the excellent performances of Mr. Alexander's pupils at the Liverpool gymnasium can doubt that a book of exercises from his hand is worth having. The little manual before us consists of a series of exercises, ten in all, with dumb-bells, bar-bells, clubs, bars, and the rest. It is most commendably free from complicated directions. The author gives us the words of command, directions for pupils, and on the right-hand side of the page appropriate music—a very important part of the compilation, seeing that the exercises are so much more grateful and easy under the delicate constraint of musical rhythm. We wish Mr. Alexander had forbidden the exercise of children at hours when their meals are still undigested. Great harm is done by neglect of this precaution, and the warning is very much needed.

The Teacher's Manual of Drill. By Mary E. Hudson. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) It would be hard to decide between the merits of this book and Mr. Alexander's. Miss Hudson's is certainly the more elaborate and fuller; but Mr. Alexander's is profusely illustrated and has the music. For the ordinarily equipped school the former is the better, the latter requiring apparatus not usually found in any but specially fitted gymnasia. We cannot quite share the author's wish that “ere long our large schools will have the hours of play and recreation equally under supervision as the hours of study”; but gymnastics are good, and the more methodical and well-ordered the better. Miss Hudson's little book is handy and interesting, and should be “generally useful.” It is, moreover, very cheap.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE results of M. du Chailu's Scandinavian researches will be published this winter by Mr. John Murray, in two volumes, with more than one thousand woodcuts. The book is entitled *The Viking Age: the Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-speaking Nations*, illustrated from the Antiquities discovered in Mounds, Cairns, and Bogs, as well as from the Ancient Sagas and Eddas.

THE Life of Bishop Colenso, by the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, will be published by Mr. W. Ridgway, in December.

MESSRS. BUTTERWORTH have in the press a work by Mr. W. R. Fisher, which contains a history from the earliest times of Epping Forest. The book, which is illustrated with maps compiled by the author from ancient documents, includes an account of the disafforestations made by Henry III., Edward I., and Charles I., and of the attempts of the latter to enlarge the forest. It also describes the laws and courts of the forest; the duties of its ministers; the ancient regulations concerning the deer; the nature and origin of the rights of cutting wood and of pasture; and it concludes with a concise description of the circumstances which led to the purchase of the wastes by the Corporation of London, and their dedication to the use of the people.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, following the example of Messrs. Macmillan and other English publishers, have just opened a branch house in New York, and will henceforth place “New York” on the titlepage of their books.

THE two next volumes in the series of “Epochs of Church History,” published by

Messrs. Longmans, will be *The Arian Controversy*, by Mr. H. M. Gwatkins, of St. John's College, Cambridge; and *The Church and the Eastern Empire*, by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, of Exeter College, Oxford.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish early next month two new novels: *Love in Idleness*, by Iza Duffus Hardy; and *A Devout Lover*, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron.

MRS. C. HUNTER HODGSON'S new story, *A Day of Life*, will be published next week, by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. The scene is laid in Wiesbaden, in the old gambling days.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" (Walter Scott) will be *Smollett*, written by Mr. David Hannay.

MESSRS. WYMAN & SONS announce a volume on *Peru*, containing information about its resources, including its gold and silver mines, useful to merchants and emigrants. The author is Mr. H. Guillaume, Consul-General for Peru, at Southampton.

MR. GEORGE COTTERELL has accepted the editorship of the *York Herald*, the leading Liberal Unionist organ in the north of England. Mr. Cotterell's new volume of poems, announced in the ACADEMY a short time ago, will not be published till the spring.

MR. QUARITCH'S trade-sale dinner was an event of some significance, from the fact that it was attended by bidders from India, America, and the provinces, while almost entirely neglected by the metropolitan booksellers. The result was also curious: not a single copy of the beautiful memorial edition of Bewick finding a purchaser, and the grand new catalogue (already subscribed for by many private collectors) being similarly neglected. The American edition of Edward Fitzgerald's works was, however, a considerable success, and proved how deeply the public mind has been impressed by the unique genius of the translator of Omar Khayyam.

THE first annual report of the council of the Scottish History Society was read at a general meeting held in Edinburgh on Tuesday last, October 25, Lord Rosebery in the chair. Two volumes—*Pococke's Tours in Scotland, 1747-60*, and *Cunningham's Diary, 1673-80*—will be issued to members in the course of the week. The publications now in the press for next year are—the *Gramiad*—a Latin epic describing Claverhouse's campaigns by an eye-witness, edited, with a translation, by Canon Murdoch; and the Registers of the Kirk Session of St. Andrew's, 1559-82, edited by Mr. Hay Fleming. Among other works in preparation there is announced an English version of John Major's *De Gestis Scotorum*, first printed in 1521, which will be edited by Mr. Archibald Constable and Mr. T. G. Law, the hon. secretary. The society is reported to be financially in a flourishing condition.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton, who are, we believe, the inventors of the system of publishing novels in a syndicate of newspapers, have just issued their programme for 1888-9. The following is a list of the authors with whom they have entered into arrangements, in chronological order: Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Wilkie Collins, J. Strange Winter, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Mr. W. Clarke Russell, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. G. R. Sims, the author of "Mehalah," Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. J. Hatton, Mr. W. E. Norris, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. We have heard that Mr. R. D. Blackmore is almost the only novelist who declines to publish in this form.

IT is now about ten years since that indefatigable worker, Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis, published, in two volumes, his *Dizionario Biografico degli Scrittori Viventi*. He is now pre-

paring a new and greatly enlarged edition, under the title of "Dizionario Internazionale degli Scrittori Viventi," which he hopes to issue next year. He begs that all communications may be addressed to him—Villino Vidiyà, Florence.

THE bibliography of the historical and archaeological works issued by French learned societies, undertaken by the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique some years ago, is in progress. The first volume, compiled by MM. de Lasteyrie and E. Lefèvre-Pontalis, comprehending the societies of the departments Ain to Hérault, is nearly ready for publication. A complete summary of the work has lately been issued by the Comité des Travaux Historiques et Scientifiques under the title of *Bibliographie des Sociétés savantes de la France*, par E. Lefèvre-Pontalis.

THE second volume of the late Prof. Karl Müllenhoff's *Deutsche Altertumskunde* has just been published by the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung of Berlin. The first volume appeared so long ago as 1870, and was followed by the first part of the fifth volume in 1883. The second volume treats of the relations of the early Germanic tribes with the neighbouring nations, especially of the wars waged by the Cimbri and Teutones against the Romans. At the author's death, in February, 1884, the volume was nearly ready for press. Prof. Scherer was to be its editor, but he died prematurely in August, 1886, a short time after Dr. Pniower, whom he had entrusted with the last revision of the author's copy, had acquitted himself of his task. So the duty of seeing the book through the press devolved upon Prof. Max Roediger, from whose preface all students of old Germanic philology and history will be glad to learn that they need not despair of seeing Müllenhoff's grand work completed.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

A NEW illustrated magazine for book-lovers is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock, entitled *The Book-Worm*. The first number, which will be published on November 25, will contain introductory verses by Mr. Andrew Lang.

MR. ERNEST L. GRANGE, of Great Grimsby, and the Rev. J. Clare Hudson, of Horncastle, have together undertaken to edit a quarterly journal of *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, the first number of which will be published in January by Mr. W. K. Morton, of Horncastle.

MESSRS. WYMAN & SONS announce the publication, in November, of a new illustrated monthly magazine, entitled *Baby*, a magazine for mothers and those who have the care of children, being a guide to their management in health and disease.

THE new volume of *Good Words*, which begins with the January number, will have a novel by Mr. D. Christie Murray, entitled "The Weaker Vessel," besides contributions by Mr. Andrew Lang, Miss Jean Ingelow, Sir Charles Warren, and Capt. Markham.

THE *Century* for November will contain (among other articles) "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals," by Mr. George Kennan; "The Home and Haunts of Washington," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

THE November number of *Murray's Magazine* will have another article by Dr. Axel Munthe, the author of *Letters from a Mourning City*, to be called "Monsieur Alfredo."

THE forthcoming number of the *Political Science Quarterly Review* (published in this country by Mr. Henry Froude), will contain papers on "Ferdinand Lassalle," by Lewis J. Huff; "England and the Colonies," by H. L.

Osgood; and "State Control of Industry in the Fourth Century," by W. Adams Brown.

AMONG the contents of the November number of *The Scottish Church* will be "Poetry of Plant Names," "Organs in the Ancient Scottish Church," a piece in verse entitled "A Parochial Tragedy," and the conclusion of the story, "A Vain Young Woman."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

DR. J. A. HORT, hitherto Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was on Wednesday last unanimously elected to the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity, vacant by the death of Dr. Swainson—which is, we believe, both the oldest and the best endowed of the Cambridge chairs of theology.

THE following dates have been fixed for the performance of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles at Cambridge: Tuesday, November 22, and each following evening of that week, at 8 p.m.; Wednesday, November 23, at 11.30 a.m.; and Saturday, November 26, at 2 p.m., thus making seven representations in all. The text and translation by Prof. Jebb will be used for the acting edition; and Mr. A. W. Verrall has written a verse translation of the choruses adapted to the music which has been written and will be conducted by Mr. C. V. Stanford. Mr. John O'Connor has painted the scenery and proscenium. Mr. J. W. Clark, the treasurer and secretary of the committee, will be responsible, as on former occasions, for the stage management. Applications for tickets should be addressed to him at 64 Park Street, Cambridge. We may add that Sir George Young has just published (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) a translation of the "Oedipus Tyrannus," which he originally made some years ago, with blank verse for the dialogue and lyrics for the choric odes.

THE new honour school of modern European languages, and also the proposed amalgamation of the professorships of Poetry and English Literature, will again come up for discussion in Congregation at Oxford on Tuesday next, November 1.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, the Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, proposes to lecture this term on "Etching," and to give a practical exhibition of the art.

AT the first meeting this term of the Cambridge Aniquarian Society, to be held on Monday next, October 31, the new president, Prof. A. Macalister, will deliver an inaugural address.

THREE new volumes of the publications of the Oxford Historical Society are just ready for issue to subscribers. Two of these are a continuation of the register of the university from 1571 to 1622, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln. An introduction will give a description of the complicated system of lectures, disputations, and dispensations, which then formed the regular course for a degree. One volume will contain lists of incorporations, privileged persons, distinguished visitors, &c.; the other the matriculations. The degrees are reserved for another volume. The third volume now ready consists of a collection of letters from two members of Queen's College in the latter half of the last century, edited by Mrs. A. J. Evans.

THE current number of the *Oxford Magazine* contains an obituary notice of Henry Musgrave Wilkins, Fellow of Merton, and well known by his *Manual of Latin Prose* and translation of the speeches of Thucydides. He died, in his college rooms, on September 7, at the age of sixty-four.

THE publication agency of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, will issue immediately, in a limited edition, a facsimile of the text of *The Teaching of the Twelve*, with a commentary by Prof. J. Rendel Harris. The MS. has been reproduced by the Autotype Company, and printed at the Pitt Press. The price to subscribers is five dollars (£1).

THE Aberdare Hall for women, in University College, Cardiff, has begun its third session with almost the full number of students that can be accommodated in the present buildings. It is noteworthy that the majority of the students have come from girls' schools in England.

A TRANSLATION.

ON AN ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.

Giosuè Carducci, "Nuove Poesie," 13.

WHEN sad Mentana's hour comes round with every year returning,
Amid the monumental slabs that keep its memory green,
The ghosts of those who fell arise, their hearts with anger burning,
With sorrowing eyes amid the tombs they stand distinctly seen.

No ghastly skeletons are they, but proper forms and stately;
The rosy twilight undulates around them like a veil,
From their far deeps the stars look down upon the brave sedately;
The clouds of heaven around their heads in wreaths of victory sail.

"Now when the mother mourns her sons on couch by memories haunted;
Now when the spouse weeps her lost love thro' nights of sleepless pain,
Again we seek the upper air with breasts pure and undaunted,
Once more to greet thee, Italy, to look on thee again.

"As in the muddy pathway before his queen and lady,
His silken mantle fine the knight laid down on bended knee,
Our lives we gave up freely, in thy service ever ready,
And yet thou livest unmindful of the sons who died for thee.

"On others, O, sweet Italy, bestow thy smiles, but never,
O, never, may the dead forget what they on earth loved best!
And Rome is ours, the champions of her name are we for ever,
We on her lofty Capitol shall triumph ere we rest."

The vision fades, as melts away a faint cloud in the heaven,
And as it fades a groan escapes Italian bosoms all,
Her brightness and her harmony lays down the golden even,
While the sad sound rolls sternly up the lofty Quirinal.

M. R. WELD.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD THRING.

IN the Rev. Edward Thring, Head Master of Uppingham, whose death took place on October 22, there has passed away a man of undeniable genius. It was a genius which manifested itself most conspicuously in the practical sphere of building up a great school, and organising within it a system of common life and discipline. But it had its manifestations too in the field of letters, upon a scale necessarily restricted by his busy, and often careworn, life, but of a highly characteristic order. His chief publications are: *Education and School* (1863), in which

he set forth his theory of a public school and of classical training; *Theory and Practice of Teaching*, more recently printed at the Cambridge University Press, which has run through three editions; *Thoughts on Life Science*, a venture in the field of religious philosophy; three volumes of Uppingham School Sermons; a Latin Gradual, before graduates began to abound; an English Grammar; several recent addresses on educational topics; and two volumes of verse, *School Songs*, and *Birth Lyrics*.

This is a fairly varied list; and there is in all the items one common quality, very indicative of genius, which strikes the reader first and last—the extraordinary interfusion of the writer's character and his style. To those who knew both, "the style is the man" seemed almost a weak description instead of a paradox. Name almost any of his personal qualities and you name a feature of his literary work. The abounding energy, which sometimes administered a kind of electric shock to strangers at first contact, makes itself felt in the emphasis and insistence of his writing; the earnestness which knew nothing too small or common to become its object gives a sometimes curiously impassioned treatment to homely subjects; the quick decisiveness of his temper reads itself off in the short, trenchant epigrammatic sentences; his absoluteness of view and his moral fearlessness, in their broad unreserve of statement; his chivalrous warmth of feeling runs over the page in a luxuriance of tropes; his strong animal spirits supply the good red blood of his healthy, if at times dogmatic, criticisms; and his sympathy with sound common life moulds the vigorous and humorous apophthegms which endeared his speech to plain men. It is almost a corollary to all this to admit that the style has faults: a tendency to overstatement, a want of modulation, a failure to estimate the amount of strain which a thought will bear, and generally a want of artistic finish. This last, again, is due in part to the constitution of his mind, which was strong in architectonic design, not supple in the management of details. Pliny the Younger would have called him a "barbarian" in literature.

"Invenire praeclare, enuntiare magnifice interdum etiam barbari solent; disponere apte, figurare varie nisi eruditis negatum est."—Letters iii. 13.3.

But largely also it is due, as we are led to guess from his sometimes expressed views on oratory, to a disbelief in the value of the artistic element in literature. Himself rapid in improvisation and intense in emotion, he held a doctrine of the inspiration of the moment which would be a dangerous precept for ordinary men.

And still the chief merit of his writings remains untold; and we have space only to say that to those who were disgusted with or themselves enervated by the over-refinement, the literary fastidiousness, the intellectual and moral irresoluteness of the time, his confident uncompromising voice seemed the right tonic of the age. His style might be rugged, quaint, unacademic, but to many ears of his contemporaries

"The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew Soul-animating strains—alas! too few."

J. H. S.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *English Historical Review* (Longmans) maintains an exceptional standard of excellence in all its departments—articles, documents, and reviews. In particular, all the articles are "original," in the best sense of that term. We must be content to draw attention to two of them—by Prof. Bryce and

Mr. S. R. Gardiner. The former is a marvelously lucid piece of criticism, which demolishes for ever the authority of the common statements regarding the Slavonian descent of the Emperor Justinian. The latter, on the other hand, is conservative, maintaining the genuineness of the several documents which the Earl of Glamorgan declared to have been executed in his favour by Charles I. A third article, of more popular interest, examines the question of the employment of Indian auxiliaries in the American War—a question made famous by the impassioned rhetoric of Lord Chatham. The writer, who appears to be himself an American, points out that both sides alike did their best to obtain help from the Indians, though the Americans were the less successful; and that the real blame upon the English is that they used their allies in such a way that they were unable to restrain their savagery.

THE current number of *Mind* offers a sufficiently varied bill of fare. Nobody interested in things psychological or philosophical can fail to find something to his liking in a review which contains contributions from pens alike so able, and yet each so distinctive, as those of Prof. Bain, Prof. W. James, Dr. Maudsley, Mr. James Ward, and Mr. T. H. Bradley. The substantive articles are all good and worth reading, and these are supplemented by one or two excellent bits of "Discussion." Mr. Ward's reply to Mr. Bradley on the subtle point of the ultimate constituents of mind will delight anyone who likes the spectacle of a dialectic duel between two intellects trained in acute vision and in rapid and delicate movement. Nor should the reader fail to glance at the modest section of the review headed "Notes," where he will find recorded by the editor's pen a singularly curious instance of the temporary loss of memory resulting from an injury to the brain. Of the principal dishes it may suffice to say that Dr. Maudsley displays his customary pungency of manner and contempt for what, a little too flatteringly, he styles metaphysics, in his discourse on "The Physical Conditions of Consciousness"; Prof. W. James is as usual eager and brilliant, but perhaps just a shade too unmindful of the courtesy due to reputation, in recommending his new theory of space-perception; while Mr. J. M. Rigg, a newer name, proves himself an acute logician with no mean gift of utterance in a paper which criticises Mills' theory of causation, and contends for the necessity of hypothesis dealing with the ultra-phenomenal in all scientific induction.

THE original part of the October *Livre* contains two articles, the first of which is a little disappointing. It is by M. Drujon, and the subject is Peter Anthony Motteux. But on reading it, it turns out to be (and quite honestly pretends to be) nothing more than an adaptation of M. Van Laun's monograph, published in England some years ago. The second is by M. Victor Fournel, and is devoted to the tragic writers of France before Corneille, from Montchrétien to Mairat. The author, whose competence for the subject is well-known, devotes himself chiefly to the later parts of his matter, that is to say to the early contemporaries of Corneille rather than to his forerunners. There are two full-page illustrations—one a bookbinding, the other a well-executed chromolithograph from Mostaert's interesting "Kitchen Interior" in the Brussels Musée.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ANREP-ELMPT, R. Graf. *Reise um die Welt*. Leipzig: Gressner. 12 M.
BODWERTOT, F. *Sakuntala*. Illustriert v. A. Zick. Leipzig: Titze. 20 M.
CESNA, Amédée de. *Les Bourbons de France*. Paris: Gautier. 15 fr.

- JONCOURT, Journal des. T. 2. 1862-1865. Paris: Charpentier. 8 fr. 50 c.
 JAMSTEL, M. Pékin: souvenirs de l'empire du milieu. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
 MAHRENHOLTZ, R., u. A. WÜNSCHER. Deutsche Dichter von Gottsched bis auf unsere Tage in Urtheilen zeitgenössischer und späterer deutscher Dichter. Leipzig: Brandstetter. 6 M.
 MARCIEU, A. Luçon et Palacou: six années de voyages aux Philippines. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
 PETIT DE JULLEVILLE, L. Les comédiens en France au moyen âge. 3 fr. 50 c. La comédie et les mœurs en France au moyen âge. 3 fr. 50 c. Paris: Cerf.
 PSEUDO-SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYS. IV. The Birth of Merlin. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.
 SANDRAU, Jules. Un début dans la magistrature. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 5 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BROC, Le Vicomte de. La France sous l'ancien régime: le Gouvernement et les Institutions. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 DUQUET, A. Les grandes batailles de Metz, 19 Juillet—18 Août 1870. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 FOUCAULT, P. Campagne de Prusse (1806). d'après les Archives de la Guerre. Jéna. Paris: Berger: Levrault. 10 fr.
 GARDEN, le Comte de. Histoire générale des traités des paix etc. depuis la paix de Westphalie. T. 15. Paris: Le Poutel. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GROSS, V. La Tène, un oppidum helvète. Paris: Baillière. 8 fr.
 MAUG, H. C. Der praefectus fabrum. Halle: Niemeyer. 5 M.
 NAUM, J. Die Hügelgräber zwischen Ammer- u. Staffelsee. Stuttgart: Enke. 86 M.
 STIEVE, F. Wittelsbacher Briefe aus dem J. 1590 bis 1610. 2. Abtdg. München: Franz. 3 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ANKEL, O. Grundsätze der Landesnatur d. Westjordanlandes. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Jaeger. 3 M.
 CARBAU, L. La conscience psychologique et morale dans l'individu et dans l'histoire. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 CLAVA, C. ÜB. Apeudes Latrelli Edw. u. die Tanaiden. II. 12 M. ÜB. Larneascus Nematoxys Ols. u. die Familie der Philothiden. Wien: Hülder. 6 M.
 DWOLETZKY, R. Das Seitenorgan der Nemertinen. Wien: Hülder. 4 M. 80 Pf.
 ROSKOSCHNY, H. Die Wolga u. ihre Zuflüsse. Geschichte, Ethnographie, Hydro- u. Orographie nebst Mittheilgn. üB. das Klima d. Wolgabieletes. Leipzig: Gresener. 10 M.
 SKEIL, K. Vorlesungen üB. die Abstammung d. Menschen. Hrsg. v. R. Seydel. Leipzig: Arnold. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 TERQUIM, A., u. B. C. DAMIEN. La physiq. que expérimentale. 1^{re} Fasc. Paris: Hermann. 10 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

- ODIN, A. Etude sur le verbe dans le patois de Bionay. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 ROBERTKEM, H. Die epische Kunst Heinrichs v. Veldeke u. Hartmans v. Aue. Halle: Niemeyer. 5 M.
 TALBERT, F. De la prononciation en France au 16^e Siècle. Paris: Thorin. 3 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WORD "MORT" IN SHAKSPERE.

Cambridge: October 28, 1887.

When Leonatus is watching the conduct of Polixenes and Hermione, he begins to feel jealous, and breaks out:

"But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
 As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as
 'twere

The *mort* o' the deer," &c.

"Winter's Tale," i. 2. 118.

The usual explanation of *mort* is not a little strange. Theobald has: "A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer"; and even Dr. Schmidt has: "A flourish blown at the death of the deer." If this were right, no simile could be worse. We might as well liken the sound of weeping to the joyful shout of victory.

The fact is that *mort* just seems "death"; neither more nor less—"la mort, sans phrase." The sigh is that of the exhausted and dying deer; and the simile is natural and easy. The commentators wanted to air their learning, and Steevens quotes from Greene: "He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees"; see this quotation, and another like it, duly entered in Nares. Again, Steevens refers us to the oldest copy of "Chevy Chase"—"The [they] blew a

mort upon the bent"; and so, indeed, the line appears in Percy's *Reliques*.

I regret to say I have fallen into the trap myself. I have so printed the line in my *Specimens of English*, part iii., p. 63, l. 16. But I honestly collated the text with the MS., and duly made a note that the MS. reading is *mot*. And *mot* happens to be quite right. The careful Cotgrave duly explains the French *mot* as "the note winded by a huntsman on his horn," and it is the true and usual word. We have Chaucer's authority for it in the *Book of the Duchess*, l. 376. In the "Treatise on Venery," by Twety, printed in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, i. 153, we read: "And whan the hert is take, ye shall blowe foure *motys*." It is clear that the phrase "to blow a mot" was turned into "to blow a *mort*" by that powerful corrupter of language, popular etymology; and we may allow that the change is highly ingenious, with just that ingenuity which the populace so unthinkingly admires.

Finally, the *Mort d'Arthure* simply means "the death of Arthur." Let us be thankful that it has not been explained to mean "a lesson upon the horn at the death of Arthur."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

ISIS—THAMES—OXFORD.

Oxford: Oct. 21, 1887.

It seems possible to illustrate and combine, though with some modifications, what has been recently suggested as to these names by correspondents of the ACADEMY.

Mr. Hall follows Leland in thinking that "Isis" and "Och" represent the Celtic "is" and "uch" (low and high), and this suits the circumstances well. The two streams belong, so to speak, to the same country-side, and are likely enough to have been distinguished in a primitive fashion by calling one "the high" as being nearer the downs, and the other "the low" (isa), as being farther from them. Other rivers running in pairs are not unfrequently distinguished from one another by names of similar origin: thus "Isara" (or Isa), the Oise, is contrasted with "Auxona," the Aisne. It is universally admitted that "Isara" is from *is*; as for "Auxona," it is clear, from the Spanish Uxama (Osma), and many like names, that *uch* was pronounced "uchs"; and the diphthong in the first syllable is, perhaps, due to the habit of writing "a-uch" for "uch" (Zeuss, *Gramm. Celt.*, p. 673). That the river really was "Auxona" rather than "Axona" may be inferred from the towns of "Auxena" and "Axuena" on its banks. In exactly the same way the Bavarian Iser contrasts with the Oenus (Inn). The latter name, in its Roman form, seems already to have been softened into a form like "Aisne"; indeed, that the first syllable had *a* is clear from the transliteration of "Oeniatina" ("the country of the Oeniates") into the modern "Engadine." So, again, we find that the two great branches of the Lower Rhine were called "Vacalis" and "Isala" (Waal and Yssel). The names are clearly from *uchel*, "high," and *isel*, "low." As to the former, Zeuss quotes at p. 100 an Armorican *veh* = the weaker form *uhel*; the existence of this, perhaps, shows why the name is also written "Vahalia." Sometimes it seems to have been thought enough to describe one of the two rivers in this way. Thus, the Provençal Isere (Isara) and the Rhone were considered, as Polybius and Livy tell us, to be the boundaries of the so-called "Insula" between them; but, so far as we know, the name "Rhodanus" was not superseded during its companionship with the Isere by any other meaning "high."

As to "Thames," authorities seem fairly agreed in supposing its first syllable to be a form (probably earlier) of the Welsh *taf* ("ex-

panded" or "an expanse"). But, then, the question rises, What is extended? Is it the river or the country on its banks? Are we to look in "Tamesis" for the sense "broad river" or for that of the plain? Ferguson and Mone are inclined to make it a shortened form of *taf-insg* (expanded water), and they quote "Tabuda" (the Scheldt) in defence of their position. It seems, however, more likely that "Tamesis" = *taf-isa*, the "low plain," the Thames valley being thus described from a Welshman's higher point of observation. In exactly the same way the Gauls of the Lower Danube called their river "Ister," that is, *is-tir*, the "low land." "Taf-is" would also account for the "Temes" on which Temesvar stands; its ancient name of "Tibiscus" differed only in being = *taf-isach*. *Ach* is the regular comparative suffix in Welsh, though *isach* is now disused. Compare, however, the Tirolese "Eisach," anciently "Isarus," and another river called "Isaca," on the low part of the Dorsetshire coast; there is no reason to alter this last to "Isca." The Brutian "Temesa" or "Tempsa," again, seems one of a small nest of Celtic names near the strait of Messina,* and the situation of the town on a low plain of some extent is in favour of its being cognate to "Thames." The uncompounded *taf*, plural *teifion*, seems to appear in the Galatian "Tavium," as well as in the Taff, Tay, and other rivers at home. With *taf-isa* is contrasted, as we might expect, *taf-uch*. Thus the "high-plain" of the river Olti, near Kars, which comes out so strikingly in Kiepert's map of Armenia, was the country of the "Taochi"; it is even now called "Taos," and the *f* is preserved in "Tawnskiar," a place on its banks. Indeed, the geography of the Galatic region of Asia is not a little helpful to our enquiry, seeing that in the river "Iris" and in "Themiscyra" we probably have "Isis" and "Thames" over again, the name of the town and district meaning "the coast (cwr) of the low plain (*tafisa* or *tumisa*)."

The question as to the meaning of "Oxford" is somewhat more difficult. To answer it satisfactorily, we must, of course, try to account for all the most authentic forms of the name. These are "Uxanaford," "Uxeneford," and "Orsnaforda." The last, as Mr. Hall tells us, having in its favour the strong evidence of Alfred's coinage, the others being respectively in the Saxon Chronicle and in Domesday Book. For the two first we must, doubtless, have recourse to *uch*, but this time as a preposition governing *an* or *en*, the definite article, and *fordh*, which means "a road," and is not in any Celtic language a synonym of *rhod* or *rith* ("a ford"). Hence "uchanfordh (or Uchenford)" means "On the Road"; the mode of naming being that which we have in "Strasburg" or "Chester-le-Street," and the omission of any word equivalent to "town" being like the use of "ad Pontes," "ad Fines," "ad Ansam," for the names of stations. Compare, also, "Anderida," explained by Zeuss as = *ind-rith* (the passage), and such modern names as "Ardrossan" ("at the ferry"—*dros* = *tros* = *trans*).

Of course the probability of this derivation will be strengthened if "Orsnaford(ae)" is found to have the same meaning. And this is, in fact, the case; for it differs from Uchanford only in writing *guor* (ἄνερ) in its common abridged form *or*, instead of its synonym *uch*. Zeuss (p. 629) shows by several quotations that the preposition in the form *for*, when com-

* Such are the very un-Italic sounding "Clampetia" (Welsh *clamp*, a mass or lump) and Cape Caenys (*caen-is*, the low head). Above all, we may surely trace the Welsh *chwyrfu* ("to whirl") and *chwyrfad* ("a whirl") in "Charybdia." The transliteration is in this last most instructive, and deserves a paper to itself.

bined with the article *na*, becomes *forena*; dropping the first letter of this, or of the corresponding *guorena*, we have the *Orsna* which is required.

There remains only the question proposed by Mr. J. G. Evans, why, if the name of Oxford was originally Celtic, it should have been newly translated (so early as the twelfth century) into the Welsh "Rhyd-uchain" (Zeuss "rytychen") "the ford of oxen." It might be enough to say that by that time "Oxenford" must have assumed status as a "Saxon word," and that its ever having expressed anything but what it now seemed to mean must almost necessarily have been forgotten. Hence the Welsh (or, rather, some Welshman of more or less influence) thought that, if expressed in his own language, the name should have *rhyd* instead of *ford*. And, moreover, "Uch(s)na" would come as fatally near in spelling to the Welsh *yctain* as "Oxen" did in sense. Besides this, the translator would get the elements of his compound in the right order, instead of beginning with the awkward plural. And, finally, he would prove, to the satisfaction of his own people, and in vindication of ancient British rights, that "Oxford," like many other Saxon names, was nothing but a verbal translation of a "Rytychen" originally Welsh. It is said that the actual London was recently "made Welsh again" (by waving a sword and other ceremonies) in order to make it possible to hold the last Eisteddfod there. The same spirit might lead Welshmen long ago to reconquer an Anglicised name.

CHARLES E. MOBERLY.

"CAVE IN."

London: Oct. 24, 1887.

Mr. Mayhew has changed his line of objection to our derivation. He no longer relies on De Vries, and only asks that I would "be kind enough" to tell him what is the force of the preposition *in* on the supposition that the expression had its origin in the figure of a cow dropping a calf. In that case, he says, one would expect some such preposition as *out* or *off* rather than *in*.

Well, I suppose that the force of the preposition *in* "calve in" is pretty much the same as in "cave in" (from the notion of the hollowing out of the bank) or "fall in." It seems to indicate motion towards the speaker. When Mr. Peacock's "bankers" saw signs of the cutting "calving in" upon them, they exclaimed, "Here is a calf a-coming," and they jumped out of the way of it. But Mr. Mayhew will find that the prepositions "out" and "off," which seem to him more appropriate for the expression, are, in fact, used in composition with the Dutch *walken* to signify the same thing. De Bo gives *witwalken* synonymous with *inkalven*, rendering them both by the French *s'écrouler*, "to fall crumbling down"; while Mr. Mayhew himself cites *afkalven*, "to break away, to fall away, used often of the falling away of embankments." The choice of the preposition would depend upon the point of view from which the speaker contemplated the phenomenon. It so happens that expressions corresponding to the Dutch *witwalken* and *afkalven* have not been developed in English.

The considerations which make us regard the form "calve in" as the original are, for one thing, that it is the earliest historically known to us, and is still in current use in Lincolnshire, where, as it appears from Mr. Peacock's anecdote, the figurative nature of the expression is distinctly understood. Then the correspondence with the Dutch *inkalven* shows that "calve in" cannot be a corruption of "cave in," to which there is no corresponding form in Dutch; while the corruption in the opposite direction, from "calve" to "cave," is easily understood.

H. WEDGWOOD.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "EMBELIF."

Melbourne, Victoria: Sept. 10, 1887.

In a recent letter to the ACADEMY (October 8) I proposed an etymology for Chaucer's word *embelif*, which was based on the assumption that Old French *belic* or *belif* was derived from Latin *obliquus*.

This derivation is established almost beyond question by an analogous word *belongue* (presumably the feminine of *belong*) which occurs in the *Roman de la Rose*:

"Autre [miréor] font diverses ymages
Aparoir en divers estages,
Droites, *belongues*, et enverses,
Par composicions diverses."—vv. 18370-18373.

If it be admitted, as it assuredly must, that *belong* comes from Latin *oblongus*, there need be no further hesitation about accepting the derivation of *belic* from Latin *obliquus*.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

[See the note in the ACADEMY of October 8, where *belong*=*oblongus* is quoted.—ED.]

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, Oct. 31, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," II, by Prof. John Marshall.
TUESDAY, Nov. 1, 8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "The Tombs at Aswân, excavated by Sir F. W. Grenfell," by Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge; "A Papyrus in the British Museum recording an Egyptian Oracle," by Dr. W. Playte; "Histoire des deux Filles de l'Empereur Zénaa (in Coptio)," by Prof. Amélineau.
THURSDAY, Nov. 3, 8 p.m. Chemical: "The Atomic Weight of Gold," by Prof. Thorpe and Mr. A. P. Laurie; "The Interaction of Zinc and Sulphuric Acid," by Messrs. M. M. Pattison Muir and R. H. Adie; "Safely Taps," by Mr. W. A. Shenstone; "Guthrie's Compound of Amylene with Nitro Peroxide," by Dr. A. K. Miller; "The Dehydration of Metallic Hydroxides by Heat, with special Reference to the Polymerisation of the Oxides and to the Periodic Law," by Dr. Carnelley and Dr. J. Walker.
8 p.m. Luncheon "Sears on Steam of *Dummers robusta*," by Mr. S. G. Slack; "Pennantula of Margut Archipelago," by Prof. A. Milne Marshall; "Fossils of Northern India," by Messrs. J. G. Baker and O. B. Clarke.
8 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Work of the Egypt Exploration Fund in the Spring of 1887," by Mr. F. L. S. Griffith; "Antiquities in Brittany lately visited by the Archaeological Institute," by Mr. Herbert Jones.
FRIDAY, Nov. 4, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," III, by Prof. John Marshall.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association: Presidential Address, "Fifty Years' Progress in British Geology," by Mr. F. W. Rudler.
8 p.m. Philological: "Notes on English Etymologies," by Prof. Skeat.

SCIENCE.

FICK'S RECONSTRUCTION OF HESIOD.

Hesiods Gedichte. By August Fick. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht.)

HOMER and Hesiod were the two names around which gathered the traditions of the earliest literature of cultivated Greece; and Prof. Fick's successful restoration of the original Homer would, therefore, have been incomplete without a restoration of the original Hesiod. If his view of the history of the Homeric text be correct, it follows that the Hesiodic text also must reveal the same history, when properly questioned. An examination of the Hesiodic poems ought not only to determine the origin and date of the various elements out of which they have arisen, but also to verify and illustrate the method employed by the critic.

The problems presented by the text of Hesiod are simpler than those presented by the text of Homer. They have accordingly yielded with greater facility to the magic wand of comparative philology, knowledge of the Greek dialects, and good commonsense, of which Prof. Fick is master. Without committing myself to the acceptance of all his conclusions, some of which seem a little

too fine-drawn, I must acknowledge that his arguments and results appear to me for the most part to be convincing. Though much, doubtless, remains to be done before all the details are finally settled, the broad lines have been drawn along which the future criticism of the Hesiodic poems must move. The genuine Hesiod has been separated from later accretions, and his original text has been restored.

Fick shows that the genuine "Theogony," the date of which may be placed at the earliest about 675 B.C., was composed in the sacred dialect of Delphi, while the genuine "Works" were written in the Aeolic of Kymê. With the latter have been bound up three originally different poems, "The Five Ages of the World," "The Poem on Justice and Wrong," and a sort of alphabetic list of agricultural aphorisms. Fick ingeniously endeavours to prove that the "Works" were composed after the "Theogony," and suggests that the order of the Hesiodic poems should be: (1) the "Poem on Justice," (2) the "Five Ages," (3) the "Theogony," and (4) the "Works." These have formed the nucleus of a large mass of post-Hesiodic matter—the two introductions to the "Theogony," the description of Hades "in the mixed epic dialect," and, therefore, later than 540 B.C., and the Peasants' Calendar in "Works and Days," (vv. 448-616), which is also later than that date. The whole was subsequently redacted with various additions and interpolations in the Ionic dialect, the redactor being, according to Fick, Kerkops of Miletos, an Orphic and Pythagorean. The same fate has thus befallen the Hesiodic poems as has befallen the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the original text of each having been Ionicised about the time of the Ionic revolt.

But Prof. Fick does not stop here. He believes he has made a discovery which will materially affect the future criticism of the epic poetry of Ancient Greece. This is the fact that the earlier compositions which enter into the Hesiodic poems all consist of a definite number of lines, the lines in each case being subdivided according to a fixed numerical system. Thus the genuine "Theogony" was divided into three songs or books, each of which contains 144 lines, subdivided again into four parts, the number of lines in each part being a multiple of 18. With great ingenuity and considerable success Fick has traced the existence of a similar numerical system throughout the compositions which form the pre-Ionic portion of the Hesiodic poems. Once convinced of the existence in Hesiod of this regular system of numerically corresponding lines, which answers to the regular system of measured feet in the lines themselves, he has transferred his researches to Homer, and has found the same system prevailing there also. By the rejection of interpolations and the assumption, now and then, of the loss of portions of the text, he points out that each of the older constituents of the Homeric poems—the "Mesis," the "Oitos," the old "Nostos," &c.—is based on a particular cipher, multiples of which determine the number of lines in the work itself as well as in its several parts. I confess that Fick's conclusions upon this point in regard to Homer seem to me to require more revision than his conclusions in

regard to Hesiod. To decide what is and what is not an interpolation is frequently a matter of individual taste, and the question sometimes arises why the critic should correct a linguistic error of the Ionicised text in one case and refuse to do so in another.

At the end of the volume Prof. Fick sums up the results he has arrived at as to the history of the Homeric poems. The invention of the hexameter and the division of a poem into a regular number of lines were due to the Pierians of Olympos, whose labours were inherited by the Aeolic school of Asia Minor. To the latter belong the "Menis" or "Akhilleis" (about 730 B.C.), the old "Nostos" of the *Odyssey* (about 710 B.C.), and the enlargement of the "Menis" (about 700 B.C.), as well as the "Little Iliad" (600 B.C.). A Kretan school had already come into existence, producing books xiv.—xvi. of the *Iliad*, as well as the "Tisis" and the "Telemachy," the latter pre-supposing a knowledge of the Aethiopia of Arktinos (660 B.C.). A poet of Myrina transferred the epic to Kypros, and there composed the "Oitos, or Doom of Troy" (about 680 B.C.), which was followed by the "Kypria" and the "Hymn to Aphroditê," and about 600 B.C. by the amalgamation of the "Menis" and "Oitos" into a single whole. The later "Nostos" appears to have arisen in Teos, where it absorbed the legend of the Argonauts; while the Dorians of Rhodes contributed their share to Homeric verse in the episode of Tlépolemos (*Il. v.*). After 540 B.C. the old epic was transferred to Ionia, and finally, about 504 B.C., the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were thrown into their present shape by Kynaithos of Khios, and the poems of Hesiod by Kerkophos of Miletos. Our text, however, goes back, not to the original Ionic redaction, but to an Attic redaction, like the second "Nekyia" in the last book of the *Odyssey*. It was, in fact, written in the old Attic alphabet, and we need not be surprised, therefore, if it is full of Attic forms.

From these last words it will be seen that Prof. Fick has come to substantially the same conclusion as Dr. Paley. Both would refer the existing text of Homer to Attica, the only difference between them being that, whereas Fick ascribes the Attic recension to about 490 B.C., Paley would bring down the date some fifty years later. That he is justified in doing so he has shown by the evidence of Greek literature. Before the time of Plato there is no provable trace of acquaintance with our present text on the part of any Greek writer.

I have left myself but little space for any criticisms of my own. There is one point, however, on which Fick's conclusions need correction. This is where they depend on the date of the Kimmerian invasion of Lydia and Aeolis. Fick adopts the old chronology, and, accordingly, places the migration of Hesiod from Kymê about 690 B.C., and that of the author of the "Oitos" about 680 B.C. The Assyrian inscriptions, however, have shown that the Kimmerians could not have made their way to the western shores of Asia Minor before 670 B.C., so that if the migrations of Hesiod and the author of the "Oitos" were occasioned by the Kimmerian inroad the dates assigned to their migrations must be slightly changed.

There is yet another point to which I would draw attention. The cosmological system of the genuine "Theogony" is not only of Babylonian origin, but has been modified by Phoenicians in its passage to Greece. How such a cosmology could have become known at Delphi in the seventh century before our era, or how it could have been embodied in verse by an emigrant from Kymê whose muse was otherwise occupied by agriculture and shipbuilding, are questions which I must leave to others to answer.

A. H. SAYCE.

SOME BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY.

Exercises in Quantitative Chemical Analysis. By W. Dittmar. (Dublin: Hodge & Co.) Every page of this volume reveals the practical acquaintance of the author with the methods which he describes. The collection of examples is rather miscellaneous and very far from complete, while the arrangement or succession of the exercises is by no means systematic. But Prof. Dittmar's object has been to present a sufficient number and variety of typical examples for chemical drill in the quantitative laboratory rather than to produce an exhaustive treatise. There are two features of the work before us to which special attention should be called. We refer to the number of cases in which improved and new processes and apparatus have been introduced by the author; and to the very great care which he has taken, in many instances by means of original work, to secure correct data and formulae for the numerous calculations involved. We should add that a considerable part of the volume is devoted to gas-analysis, the apparatus employed in the several operations being fully illustrated by woodcuts. The only serious fault we have to find with Prof. Dittmar is his attribution to Bunsen (p. 34) of the pump invented by Dr. H. Sprengel. The time had gone by, we hoped, when this injustice was possible. A few odd words and expressions (such as "had the kindness of designing for him," p. 95; "in the heat," p. 109) are of no importance. The volume has been brought out in an admirable form and at a moderate price.

The Owens College Course of Practical Organic Chemistry. By J. B. Cohen. (Macmillan.) Dr. Cohen describes the preparation of eighty-seven organic bodies in this admirably planned series of laboratory lessons. The directions are clear and concise, while the illustrative woodcuts adequately represent the form and disposition of the apparatus required in the several operations. An introductory chapter gives the preparation of pure alcohol, ether, and benzene, and includes accounts of the method of fractional distillation and of the determination of boiling-points. Besides foot-notes, there are several pages of explanatory observations on the chief re-actions described in the body of the work. This course of lessons will be found very useful in laboratories where advanced organic chemistry is taught. We know of no volume of similar scope.

Agriculture in some of its Relations with Chemistry. By F. H. Storer. (Sampson Low.) We have here two goodly volumes, together extending to more than 1,000 pages, and mainly occupied with the applications of chemical science to the art of agriculture. The subjects discussed are treated in forty chapters, which contain the substance of the lectures which the author has been in the habit of delivering at the Bussey Institution of Harvard University, Massachusetts. There is some lack of system in the arrangement of the abundant material which Mr. Storer has here gathered together. And there is one most

important section of his subject which the author has ignored. He says practically nothing as to the composition and the rational employment in cattle-feeding of the various kinds of food produced on the farm. One looks in vain even for a single analysis of wheat, oats, maize, or clover. It is obvious that Mr. Storer's book, whatever may be its merits (and they are incontestable), will not by itself suffice for the needs of the student of agricultural chemistry.

Handwörterbuch der Chemie. Herausgegeben von Dr. A. Ladenburg. (Breslau: Trewendt.) The fifth volume of this important chemical dictionary (the work was commenced in 1882) is now nearly completed, and brings us as far as the letter I. The chief articles comprised in the 384 pages before us are "Harnsäuregruppe," "Harnstoff," "Harze," "Hexylverbindungen," "Hydrazine," "Indigogruppe," "Indium," "Jod," "Iridium," and "Isomerie." With the single exception of the paper on "Resins," the descriptions are eminently satisfactory, while due attention is given to theoretical considerations. If we may judge from the account of the manufacture, assay, and applications of indigo, the technological aspect of the substances described is regarded by Dr. Ladenburg as of secondary importance. The list of papers with which each article begins is a remarkable feature of the work. Thus, in the article on the "Uric Acid Group," with which this fifth volume opens, the bibliography includes no less than 439 separate and numbered references to the periodicals or other chemical works in which memoirs on the subject have appeared.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. A. SIDGWICK'S EDITION OF THE "EUMENIDES."

Bournemouth: Oct. 25, 1887.

It appears to me that the demand for small and low-priced manuals of classical texts is introducing the practice of compilation which it is not always easy to distinguish from plagiarism. An editor who takes the material of his notes, and most, or even many, of his references unacknowledged from larger works, which perhaps represent the labour of a life-time, makes a good show of scholarship; and those who use his books may not know to what extent he is shining in borrowed plumes. Now, without doubt, learning and scholarship and their results, once published, become common property, and every one has a legal right to make full use of them; still, I think that when an editor draws largely on the labours of another he should briefly acknowledge his obligations, and not conceal them, much less so do as up his notes as practically, and even ostentatiously, to ignore them.

These remarks are suggested by the school-edition of the *Eumenides* just issued by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, bearing on its title the well-known name of Mr. A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. On reading his notes I felt that I was virtually reading my own commentary in a new dress, and I thought that some notice of this "indebtedness" would be given in the preface. But, no! All that the author does is to name six editions, one of them mine, which he has "studied most carefully," and of these six he gives the chief praise to Wecklein.

There is nothing in his text materially differing from mine, except that here and there he has adopted a reading which I had deliberately rejected. But I wish to point out, by one or two brief examples, the principle on which, as it seems to me, these notes are compiled.

On 467 my note is this (on $\pi\alpha\rho\delta\alpha\varsigma$ $\epsilon\upsilon$ $\sigma\omega\lambda$ $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\rho\alpha\chi\eta$): "However I may have fared, I shall be content—So *Antig.* 634, η $\sigma\omega\lambda$ $\mu\epsilon\upsilon$ $\eta\mu\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha$

ταχῆ δρῶντες φίλοι," &c. Mr. Sidgwick's note is, "idiomatic use for 'howsoever I fare.' So *Antig.* 634."

On 599 (πέπεισθι) I write: "A form of reduplicated aorist with a termination like ἄνωχθι, *Cho.* 759, κέκραχθι, *Acharn.* 335, and the Homeric κέκλυθι, τέτλαθι, δείδιθι." Mr. Sidgwick: "The form somewhat resembles the epic κέκλυθι, τέτλαθι, and κέκραχθι (*Ach.* 335)."

On 903 (νίκης μὴ κακῆς ἐπίσκοπα) my note is: "Such prayers as have for their aim a not dishonourable victory.—*Cho.* 126, *Ajac.* 976." Mr. Sidgwick: "Such as hath regard to no dishonourable victory. The word is similarly used *Cho.* 126, *Aias,* 976."

On 697 (περιστέλλουσι) I remark that the verb means "to wrap about one," "maintain," and that the poet is taking the middle part between the parties of Cimon and Pericles. Mr. Sidgwick translates accordingly, "wrapping round," "maintaining"; adding that "Aeschylus protests against the despot and anarchy."

No one who examines this manual can for a moment doubt that my notes have been rather largely drawn upon without acknowledgment. Indeed, I seem to see some disposition, as if to throw the student off his guard, to disparage my well-considered criticism of the text. Thus, in 631, where I now propose to read (in place of ἀπὸ and τὰ πλείστα) τὰπὸ στρατείας γὰρ νῦν ἡμποληκῶτα κἀλλισθ' ἄμ' αἰνοῖς εὐφροσιν δεδεγμένη, "receiving him with genial praises for having so excellently conducted (made his trade of) the affairs of the army," Mr. Sidgwick, rejecting my emendation ἄμ' αἰνοῖς for ἄμ' εἰνον (confirmed as it is by αἰνεῖν in *Agam.* 917), merely says that ἄμ' αἰνοῖς is "harsh in itself [!], and leaves ἡμποληκῶτα untranslatable."

In 220, where I retain τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι, with abundant references to prove that γίνεσθαι with an infinitive is perfectly good Greek and good sense too, he dogmatically asserts that τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι "must be wrong," and reads τίσεσθαι, which, he says, "it is not a great stretch to use for 'to get payment.'"

When an old hand at editing is told by a much younger scholar that "he must be wrong," he is apt to ask if the objector has considered the matter in all its bearings. However, my present object is merely to suggest, in a general way, that a somewhat extensive obligation to the notes of another should, in literary fairness and courtesy, be in some form specially acknowledged. I would not willingly do the least injustice to the independent thought shown in this work; but I think "appropriation" should have certain recognised limits.

F. A. PALEY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Mathematical Society, to be held on Wednesday, November 10, it is proposed to present to Prof. Sylvester the De Morgan Memorial Medal, which was awarded to him by the Council in June last. The retiring members of the Council are Prof. Cayley and Mr. J. M. Hill. Mr. A. Buchheim and Dr. J. Larmor have been nominated to fill the vacancies for the ensuing session.

The opening meeting of the new session of the Geologists' Association will be held on Friday next, November 4, at 8 p.m., in the library of University College, London, when the president, Mr. F. W. Rudler, will deliver an address on "Fifty Years' Progress in British Geology."

AMONG the papers in the November number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute—which appears this quarter rather earlier than usual—may be specially mentioned Capt. Conder's communication on "Hittite Ethnology," and Mr. Gomme's paper on the

"Primitive Human Horde." Dr. George Harley compares the recuperative bodily power of man in a rude state with that in a highly civilised condition; Lord Ducie describes some curious "Hagstones"; Mr. Reed, of the British Museum, writes on some stone spinning tops from New Guinea; Lieut. Elton communicates interesting notes on the Solomon Islanders; and Mr. Wallach has something to say about the Guanchos.

PROF. LEPSIUS, of Darmstadt, has written the first part of a treatise, entitled, *Geologie von Deutschland*, which promises to be, when completed, a very convenient work of reference. It forms the introductory volume of a series of "Handbücher zur deutschen Landes und Volkskunde," to be published by the "Central-kommission für wissenschaftliche Landeskunde von Deutschland." Dr. Lepsius's instalment deals with the structure of the western part of Germany, and is accompanied by a neatly coloured geological map.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A NEW attempt at Oriental bibliography is to be made in Germany, in continuation of the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of Friederici (1876 to 1883) and the *Literaturblatt für Orientalische Philologie* (which closed with last year). It will be under the general editorship of Prof. August Müller, of Königsberg, assisted by a numerous staff; and it will be published by Reuther, of Berlin.

The *Old Irish Glosses at Würzburg and Carlsruhe*, edited with a Translation and Glossarial Index by Whitley Stokes, is the title of a volume which has just been published by the London Philological Society (Trübner). This part, which consists of 352 pages octavo, contains only the glosses and translation; so the Glossarial Index is still to appear. The glosses are found, we are told, in four Latin MSS. of the ninth century; and those in three of them have already been published by Zimmer, but "so incompletely and inaccurately," so Mr. Stokes thinks, "as to render a revised edition desirable." Moreover, Zimmer's edition, unless we are mistaken, contains no translation.

THE China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society is doing most useful work, and its *Journal* (Trübner) invariably contains articles of importance and interest. The present number is no exception to this rule. It opens with an article on the family names of China, by Mr. Giles, in which the origin of each name is given so far as is possible. In some cases the record goes back to the time of Yü (2205-2197 B.C.) and many of the entries contain matter of great ethnological interest. The second article is on the "Manchu Relations with Tibet," by Mr. E. H. Parker. This is evidently a translation, though we are not told of what work it is a version. At all events it will be gratefully received by Mr. Robert Gordon and the geographers who follow him, since it states in the most unequivocal terms that the Yarusangpu is an upper portion of the Irrawaddy. A justly appreciative notice of the life and labours of the late Alexander Wylie follows, and is succeeded by some reviews; in one of which Mr. Giles, in the spirit of a lenient fellow-worker, criticises Dr. Legge's edition of Fahren's travels. The number concludes with a paper on Corea read before the society by Mr. Carles, and the council's report.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 1.) JOHN TAYLOR, Esq., president, in the chair.—At this meeting, the first of the thirteenth session, Mr. Taylor, the outgoing president, gave an address on

"The Positive Evidence that Shakspeare wrote his own Plays." Mr. Taylor reviewed the contemporary allusions to Shakspeare, beginning with Greene and Chettle, and others, going on to Meres in 1598, and to many in the Reign of James I. With reference to the alleged authorship of Bacon, it was impossible to believe that the author of the *Novum Organon* could have written "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Bacon's genius was analytic; Shakspeare's was sympathetic. Commentators agree that the author of the plays was altogether ignorant of the Greek language. Bacon's writings are saturated with Greek learning. The classical errors of name and characteristic which exist in the plays would have been impossible to Bacon. The first collected edition of the plays was published seven years after Shakspeare's death by Heminge and Condell, his personal friends, whose expressions in the dedication are so genuine that they must be accepted as trustworthy, and the idea of fraud must be completely set aside. Much other contemporary evidence was brought forward, all regarding Shakspeare as the unquestioned author of the plays. The parallelisms by which Mrs. Henry Pott seeks to support the theory would be fatal to the cause, so weak and strained are they. Many of these were cited in detail, and the Warwickshire allusions in the plays brought forward.—Mrs. C. I. Spencer was elected president for the session, when the following are to be considered: "The Taming of the Shrew," "Every Man in His Humour," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Antonio and Mellida," Poems and Sonnets, "Antonio's Revenge." The hon. secretary (9 Gordon Road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any magazine articles, newspaper scraps, or anything else to add to the society's library.

(Saturday, Oct. 22.)

Mrs. C. I. SPENCER, president, in the chair.—"The Taming of the Shrew" was the play for consideration. A paper by Miss Louisa Mary Davies was read, entitled "A Ten Minutes' Twitter on Two Tender Topics." Miss Davies thought Katharina had been unfairly dealt with by author and critic. Her temperament had been misjudged by the terms applied to her from the beginning. She suffered from contact with her sister's lymphatic mood. A superhuman meekness places ordinary mortals at a horrible disadvantage. No lady of birth and education could patiently submit to such a wooing as that with which Petruchio opens his suit; and the systematic course of insult, mockery, and starvation to which he afterwards subjects her would not in real life attain the result given in the play, for since the world began no man ever won his wife's loving submission by treating her like a dangerous wild beast.—Mr. P. A. Daniel's "Time Analysis" of the play was read, and also a part of Mr. Albert R. Frey's recent paper on "The Taming of a Shrew," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

HELLENIC SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Oct. 20.)

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. A. S. Murray on "Two Vases from Cyprus, now in the British Museum." These were recently found on the site of the ancient Marion and were clearly of Athenian manufacture. The first was an alabastros with female figures drawn in fine black lines on a creamy surface. It bore the signature of Pasiades, a painter not previously known. The second vase was an Athenian lekythos, with red figures on a black ground, but with accessories of white colour and gilding. The subject was Oedipus putting an end to the Sphinx, and the figures represented were Oedipus, the Sphinx, Athena, Apollo, Kastor, Polydeukes, and Aeneas—the three last named being subordinate and possibly typical of Oedipus's companions and helpmates. Mr. Murray fixed the date of the vase at about 370 B.C.—Mr. Cecil Smith urged the undertaking of further excavations in Cyprus, when such Athenian vases were beginning to be found there.—After further remarks by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd and Mr. Thacker Clarke, an abstract was read of a paper by Mr. E. L. Hicks, on a Thasian decree found last year by Mr. Bent. Mr. Hicks considered the decree to refer to the revolution at Thasos in 411 B.C. described by Thucydides

(viii, 64). The full text, with Mr. Hicks's restoration and commentary, will appear in the next number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*.—Mr. Bent gave an account of the finding of the stone.—Mr. Cope Whitehouse exhibited a fragment of an uncial MS. of Demosthenes found in the Fayoum, and dwelt upon the importance of investigating the district thoroughly before it was injured by irrigation works.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Oct. 21.)

Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL, director, in the chair.—The chairman read a paper on "Henley-in-Arden, Stratford-on-Avon—Shakspeare's Country," being notes on his recent stay in Henley-in-Arden, and visits thence to Temple Grafton, Bidford, Febworth, Marston, Wixford, Stratford, and Kenilworth, where he was enabled, by the assistance of Dr. Atkinson, to get an idea of the place as it was before its destruction in the Civil Wars, and which the exhibition of contemporary prints, &c., helped the meeting to realise.—Mr. S. Lee (hon. treas.) read a paper by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, entitled "Notes on certain Criticisms on the 'Merchant of Venice,'" dealing first with the *a priori* criticisms of Gervinus, and his theory of the play as "the relation of man to property," which did not stand careful comparison with the facts, being subtle enough, but hopelessly wrong. Mr. Beeching then dealt with Prof. Dowden's theory of Antonio's melancholy, which he was quite unable to accept; and passed on to Mr. R. G. Moulton's study of Shakspeare's dramatic art in the play, where Mr. Moulton appeared to be in error in his account of the materials of the play—in speaking, for instance, of two stories, the "Cruel Jew," and the "Heiress and the Caskets," and placing them in apposition, whereas there was no story of the "Heiress and the Caskets"; and in his character of Antonio, and other points.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria, with Cettigne in Montenegro and the Island of Grado. By T. G. Jackson. In 3 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MR. JACKSON has conferred a great boon upon all who are interested in early Christian architecture by the publication of these valuable and charming volumes. The districts into which his architectural investigations carried him are evidently not well adapted for the visit of an ordinary tourist; and readers who enjoy the fruit of the accomplished author's labour feel a reposeful and grateful sense of the discomforts which he has endured on their behalf and has described so pleasantly.

The history of the country on the east side of the Adriatic is, comparatively speaking, little known. Mr. Jackson has taken great pains to elucidate it by reference to original authorities. Nearly half of his first volume is devoted to the general history of Dalmatia, tracing it through the Romans, Byzantines, Huns, Venetians, Turks, and Austrians. In the earlier parts of the history he has fallen somewhat into the style of Gibbon, while "vanished Promona" and "Roman Narona" show that he has also sat at the feet of a more recent master. In addition to this general view of the history, which to some extent gives the impression of overcrowding, Mr. Jackson prefaces his visit to each place of importance by a little *résumé* of its story; and these parts of his book are interesting and useful, not infrequently having a direct

bearing on the architectural details which follow. In many cases the narrative has a special interest for the present generation, which has witnessed stirring events in those regions. Some readers will learn for the first time that the present gallant Prince of Montenegro represents a hereditary line (from uncle to nephew) of archiepiscopal princes, his uncle and predecessor being the first of the family to decline to take orders.

Everyone will naturally turn to Spalato first, for it seems to be allowed on all sides that under the hands of Diocletian's Greek architect the germs of the post-classical styles of architecture were laid there.

"The palace of Spalato marks the era when the old art died in giving birth to the new. The date of Diocletian's building is from 284 to 305. Of the architecture of the next five centuries Dalmatia has not a single perfect example remaining. In Istria and Friuli, however, the continuity of examples is better preserved, the irruptions of the barbarians having been less disastrously destructive there than on the eastern side of the Adriatic. At Parenzo still stands the magnificent basilica of Euphrasius, built between 535 and 543. At Grado the duomo of Elias was completed between 571 and 586, and we may still admire the wondrous pavements and grieve over the shattered capitals of the original building. The magnificent basilica of S. Maria di Canneto at Pola has unhappily disappeared, and its rich columns of marble and Oriental alabaster must be looked for at Venice, but at Trieste there are still some remains of early Byzantine architecture in the apse of the church of S. Giusto (i. 207).

So far as the Roman work at Spalato is concerned, Mr. Jackson does not profess to add much to the magnificent folio of Adam (published in 1764, when the modern name of Aspalathus was still spelled Spalatro); but on the Christianised temple of Jupiter in the palace, now the Duomo, we learn much that is of great interest. His view of the circular interior of this externally hexagonal temple, with its eight free pillars above and eight below supporting the two entablatures, is beautiful. Another plate is devoted to the pulpit of marble and limestone standing on six pillars, whose capitals Mr. Jackson knows "nothing in romanesque art to surpass in point of technical execution and ingenuity of design" (ii. 44). Though this ornament is purely romanesque, Mr. Jackson imagines it to be of the earlier part of the thirteenth century, from the analogy of the great doors, to which we shall refer later. The early work in Dalmatia is Byzantine, but

"with the Hungarian conquest the last thread which bound Dalmatia to the Byzantine empire was snapped. Dalmatian art took a fresh departure, especially in those cities which were most constantly subject to Hungarian rule. Its direction veered round from east to west, from Byzantine to romanesque, and in a great measure to that form of romanesque which prevailed north of the Alps rather than that of Italy. . . . The architecture of Hungary down to the Tartar invasion was governed by the example of the great romanesque churches of Austria and Carinthia just across the frontier. . . . A great period of rebuilding followed the re-establishment of law and order, but the artists were still foreigners. . . . not only from Germany, but also from France, where by this time gothic architecture was fully developed. The architecture of Hungary, after the middle

of the thirteenth century, was gothic" (ii. 153-55).

We have a useful warning against supposing romanesque in one country to be of the same date as romanesque in another:

"In France and England round-arched gave way to pointed architecture at the end of the twelfth century. In Germany the new ideas took root more slowly; but gothic architecture began to supersede romanesque about 1230 or 1240. In Italy churches arose between 1220 and 1300 at Assisi, Venice, . . . and Florence, in which Italian gothic reached its fullest development; but in Dalmatia we find the people contentedly working on at romanesque architecture through the whole of the thirteenth and well into the fourteenth century" (i. 217).

Mr. Jackson's treatment of the great campanile at Spalato, both in his plates and in the letterpress, is very valuable. Many of its ornaments are copied from those of Diocletian's work, in the midst of which it stands. The campanile is throughout thoroughly romanesque, and that, too, of an early type, though begun thirty years later than the angel choir at Lincoln, and barely finished when Brunelleschi commenced his dome at Florence. There is another lovely campanile at Arbe, "the city of campaniles." It is to be wished that it had entered into Mr. Jackson's plan to treat the general question of the romanesque campanile, with special reference to its early appearance in the British Isles and to the source of its appearance in Italy, &c.

The magnificent romanesque Duomo of Traù, finished throughout in one style between 1206 and 1251, receives like adequate treatment. The west doorway is beautiful beyond description; and though Mr. Jackson's plate gives rather the general charm than the marvellous details, it far excels other representations in one important particular—namely, the presentment of the great lion, on which Adam stands, on the south side, than which nothing could be finer. The exterior generally is very good—a usual contrast between Dalmatian and Italian churches. In connexion with this beautiful church Mr. Jackson gives a valuable description of the Hungarian church of Ják, which it greatly resembles. As in a large number of cases, Mr. Jackson is here on ground already occupied by Kitzelberger.

To turn to the remains of earlier periods, at Salona Mr. Jackson conducted a careful exploration of the great basilica, only recently excavated, 135 feet long from narthex to apse, with an unexplained apsidal building stretching forty-five feet beyond the apse, and an additional aisle and three large apsidal chapels on the north side. The enclosed choir in the nave was only eight and a half feet wide, and on the east of it the basilica was strangely cut in two by a solid wall three feet thick, pierced by five small doorways. In the apse is the sarcophagus of a chor-episcopus. Mr. Jackson remarks that this title and office are said not to be older than 450; the ordinary books state that the name is found for the first time in the canons of Ancyra, A.D. 314, and that the office had a considerably earlier origin. The ground within and around the site is full of sarcophagi. It is to be hoped that the makers worked in the spirit which Theodoric impressed upon the marble-cutter to whom he

gave the monopoly at Ravenna—"Do not let a relative be forced to the alternative of wasting his substance in funeral expenses or else throwing the body of his dear one into a well" (Hodgkin, *Cassiod.*, p. 207).

At Zara, among much else that is of great interest, we have the account of an investigation which may fairly be called an important discovery. S. Donato, a round church in connexion with the cathedral church of S. Anastasia at Zara, is said by Constantine Porphyrogenitus (about A.D. 950) to have had another church above it. The interior effect is much like that of the Holy Sepulchre Church, Cambridge. The piers are lighter and loftier, and the radius is greater by about seven feet; the circular ambulatory is about the same width in the two. The probable date of S. Donato is about 812. Mr. Jackson says:

"I penetrated a dense net-work of courts and houses to the south of the church, and by hunting in cellars and mounting to attics succeeded in tracing walls four feet thick forming a square building of the full height of the double-storied aisle. This building had no opening to the church on the ground floor except by [one doorway] . . . but on the upper floor it evidently opened to the gallery or triforium by two pairs of arches . . . This made a large addition [some forty-five feet long with an average breadth of twenty feet] to the area of the upper story, and rendered it worthy to be described as *another church over the first*" (i., 255).

It is pleasant to find Mr. Jackson decidedly in favour of the earlier date (about 543) of the great basilica of Euphrasius at Parenzo. It is complete in all its features—an octagonal baptistery, then an atrium, then the church, the north and south walls of the church and atrium running in a straight line 183 feet long. The interior width is about 58 feet. The columns of the atrium are of marble, taken from some classical building; but the capitals are Byzantine, and as like the capitals at S. Vitale in Ravenna as they could well be. The exterior of the great western wall and gable, above the roof of the ambulatory of the atrium, have been covered with glass mosaics, of which portions remain. Of the interior it must suffice to say that it is "inferior in size alone to the great Ravenna basilicas, in beauty of execution it is quite their equal." "The magnificent mosaic at the east may challenge comparison with those of S. Apollinare in Classe and S. Vitale." "Maes is said at" the high altar in the Duomo of Parenzo "from the eastern side, the priest standing behind it with his face towards the congregation, according to antique usage" (iii. 327). The same is true of the Duomo of Ravenna; but owing to the great size of the altar there the effect is that of the chapter having their own celebration in their own part of the church, using the east side of the great altar as a matter of convenience.

We must leave untouched the Duomo of Aquileja, with its vast width of 95 feet from aisle wall to aisle wall, and its vast length of 160 feet of nave arcade, a Gothic interior with arcades of pointed arches on the site of an ancient basilica, to say a few words on the *bonne bouche* of Mr. Jackson's book, the Duomo of Grado. This is a great basilica, about 120 feet long and 65 wide, of the type of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna and the

Euphrasian basilica at Parenzo. At Grado alone, of all the great basilicas, is sufficient of the old pavement left to show how glorious these pavements were. The colours and patterns will bear comparison with the most beautiful Roman mosaic pavements. And among the patterns are square spaces with inscriptions, one recording the restoration of the church (570-580), the others recording the donations of various portions of the pavement—the deputy Count Palatine gives 200 feet, four servants of Euphemia give 100 feet, and so on. Besides the Duomo, S. Maria delle Grazie is a beautiful little Byzantine church six bays long, abounding in fragments of mosaic pavements with inscriptions, knot-work slabs, &c.

Dalmatia can claim to possess at least two of the smallest churches in the world, including the smallest cathedral. Many persons will remember the surprise with which they saw for the first time the very small dimensions of the mausoleum of Galla Placidia; but still the distance between the extremities of the two arms of the cross is 40 feet. The round church at Cambridge is nearly 23 feet from core to core of the pillars, and 41 feet from wall to wall. The chancel of Bradford-on-Avon is 13 feet by 10, and the porch is 10 feet by 10½. The porch of Monkwearmouth is 11½ feet square. S. Croce, at Nona (about the same latitude as Ravenna), which used to be the cathedral, is a cruciform church with a central dome. The dome is about 9 feet across, the nave is 8 feet long, the arms and the chancel are rather shorter, total interior length 25 feet; the width of the nave is less than 9 feet. The church of S. Nicolo, a mile off, is still smaller. The chancel is 5 feet long, the nave and arms 4½ feet, total length 19½ feet; the doorway is 3 feet wide, and occupies nearly half the interior width; it is 5 feet 8½ inches high. But that these dimensions are too small for large sarcophagi we might have taken this to be a mausoleum. The ground plans of these and many other Dalmatian churches are not apsidal at the extremities, but square. The corners are rounded off inside by "squincies," and the curved wall thus formed carries a semi-dome.

Mr. Jackson's drawings of many of the beautiful examples of metal work in the treasures of the churches he visited are a notable feature of his book. The pastoral staff of Archbishop Valaresso at Zara (1460) and of Bishop Patrizio at Lesina (1520), the chalices at Zara and Mezzo, the crosses, lamps, and five-bread-platter, at Savina, the statuette and reliquary of S. Biagio at Ragusa, the ostensorio at Ossero—these and many others deserve more than a passing mention at our hands. The greatest works are probably the casket of St. Christopher at Arbe (twelfth century) and the ark of S. Simeone at Zara (1380). On the cover of the former Mr. Jackson shows a quadruped on each side of our Lord, instead of the lion and eagle of his letter-press. Eitelberger—as his way is—brings together in his drawing the best side of the casket and the best portion of the lid, which makes it difficult to compare his drawing with Mr. Jackson's; neither seems to support Mr. Jackson's remark that an arrow shot at St. Christopher has put out the eye of the king. The woodwork is another remark-

able feature of the churches and of the book alike. The great doors of Guvina at Spalato (1214) "are among the earliest as well as the finest specimens of mediæval woodwork in existence." Here, again, Eitelberger puts the best borders to the best panels. The great doors of S. Sabina at Rome are probably very much earlier than these, and the subjects are finer; and, speaking from a recollection of some years ago, the knotwork borders on the doors of St. Mary in the Capitol at Cologne are more varied and ingenious. Some of Mr. Jackson's drawings of woodwork are lovely—*e.g.*, the choir stalls at Zara. In his drawing of the choir stalls at Spalato he differs from Eitelberger in the pattern half hid by the seat, giving two concentric circumferences unbroken where Eitelberger makes the larger circumference break off and go to form the inner, as at Monasterboice in Ireland and in many Anglian examples. The divergence between the two artists comes to its height in the baldacchino at Arbe, where the two drawings are irreconcilable, even after full allowance for Eitelberger's habit. No doubt the later artist has corrected the earlier.

Certain remains of early work in the districts visited by Mr. Jackson make their appearance now and again in an isolated manner in his book. He does not draw attention to their remarkable interest as bearing on early work in the British Isles and in Rome. These are the sculptured slabs and fragments of marble posts covered with interlacing work, which he found in several of the earliest buildings. Yorkshire, Durham, and other northern counties are full of beautiful work of this kind; but a far closer parallel is to be found in Rome, where there are very many slabs or pieces of slabs and pillars, between which and the fragments shown by Mr. Jackson there is practically no difference at all. At S. Sabina there is a slab superior to anything Mr. Jackson shows; but, except in that respect, it might have been cut by the same artist. The south elbow of the patriarchal chair at Grado is the best piece of interlacing work shown; indeed, at first sight, it looks as if it had come out of the book of Durrow, or was a copy of a lovely little slab in the vestry at Monkwearmouth. In the Tabularium at Rome there is a fragment with the same clever pattern, except that the continuous lines which form semicircles and diameters travel a little more independently. A fragment at Spalato has the same pattern as a white marble post lying in the Forum below the temple of Faustina; and there is the same pattern on shafts at Leeds and Brompton. Eitelberger shows another Spalato slab, with a great circle of interlacing bands, symmetrical foliage in the spandrils, and a pentalpha within the circle. At S. Maria in Trastevere is a slab with the same foliage, the same great circle, and an approximation to the pentalpha; but in other respects it is far more elaborate. At Muggia Vecchia there is a post *in situ*, as part of a screen, cut into a spherical ball at the top. The same post, practically, is lying in the Forum in the Basilica Julia. Under one of the arches of the Colosseum, as risers of steps in the Colosseum and in the garden of St. Andrew's, built into the wall in the vestibule of the Santi Apostoli and in the atrium of the Quattro Santi Incoronati, in the cloisters of the Lateran

and of S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura, and especially—among many other places not named—in the vestibule and entrance of S. Maria in Trastevere, these slabs and posts are found in Rome. Taken in connexion with Mr. Jackson's Dalmatian fragments, and the abundant similar fragments at Torcello, Murano, &c., they show the uniformity with which the Western Christian churches of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries were equipped with this ornamentation, the origin of which is still a vexed question. They show, also, the closeness of the link between Northumbrian Anglia and Italian art. The Anglian work differs from the Italian and Dalmatian work in one important particular among others—its interlacements are not made up of isolated figures linked together, as in the southern work. The northern artist devoted himself to making his bands continuous; the southern artist linked together rhombuses with re-entering curvilinear sides, or Latin crosses with narrow limbs, or other more irregular symmetrical figures, and thus produced the effect of continuous interlacement. The explanation of the difference seems to be that the southern artist copied slavishly from classical work. Grado contains the problem in its chair and the solution in its pavement. In the pavement it was desired to have frequent variety of colour; and so, instead of making one long band do its own interlacing, they linked together rhombuses of blue, green, red, and black bands. The marble-cutter copied their patterns, made up of isolated figures; the Anglian put his soul into the work, and developed the ideas of endlessness and eternity.

In the amphitheatre at Pola Mr. Jackson found that the windows of the towers, of imperial Roman date, have curious stone traceries, pierced through upright slabs. This he believes to have been the origin of the pierced stone shutters which served as windows in the early Istrian and Dalmatian churches, e.g., Zara, S. Lorenzo in Pasenatico, and Grado. This last example (iii. 420) is as though one of the Ravenna perforated screens had been taken to fill a window. There can be no doubt that the bronze and marble screens of imperial Rome were the origin of the choir screens of which so many fragments remain, and similar screens were used for windows. Prof. Middleton took me, a few months ago, to see two—copies in marble of the horse-shoe bronze screen—yet *in situ* at S. Martino ai Monti and the Quattro Santi Inconronati. The same thing in bronze, with Latin crosses further "cancelling" the openings, still forms the window of the confessio at S. Apollinare in Classe. Built into the cloister wall at S. Lorenzo fuori is a large piece of elaborate interlacement, semicircular at the head and rectangular below, 4½ feet by 5½. Among the interlacements are six circular orifices—probably the openings for light in one of the seventh-century windows of the church. In Barnack Church (Northants) there is a pre-Norman window filled with a slab pierced to form the interlacement of two circles with a band. It is curious that Bede, in speaking of the glass at Monkwearmouth in 684, says it was used *ad cancellandas ecclesias fenestras*, the idea of "putting screens in the windows" being apparently familiar to him.

Mr. Jackson has taken great pains to repro-

duce accurately the inscriptions found in some of the churches, many of which are given by Eitelberger. For the most part he does not enter upon translation. It would be interesting to learn his view of the inscription of Handegis at Pola (857), where it is tempting to suggest *alec* for *aleo* (iii. 295, 813).

Mr. Jackson's architectural training renders him a delightful guide in the ornamentation of the capitals of pillars. One feature he thinks peculiar to Dalmatia—a half leaf, half roll. At Grandson, however, where so much that is startling is to be found, there are leaves with a spiral scroll at the head of one half.

G. F. BROWNE.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours has not invited contributions from the general art-public to its present exhibition at Glasgow, as was the case in some former years, but has confined its display exclusively to work by its own numbers. The society, however, includes all the best water-colour painters of the North; and, though among these Sir William Douglas, Mr. G. W. Johnstone, and Mr. A. Melville, are unrepresented on the present occasion, the exhibition is fairly illustrative of the condition of the art in Scotland. As usual in Glasgow exhibitions, the influence of foreign aims and foreign ways of art is abundantly visible. It appears in a somewhat exaggerated form in the two blottesque productions of Mr. J. Crawhall, and, with more fruitful results, in the contributions of Mr. J. Patterson. The most important work that the latter artist sends is a river-scene with a corner of grass starred with marguerites, and a clump of alder trees overlooking quiet water in which the sky is mirrored in deepest blue—a subject marked by style, inspired by a definitely artistic aim, and treated with an effective breadth of touch.

Mr. W. MacTaggart sends several of his free and spirited renderings of sea. The "Dulse Gatherers," seems a little black and opaque in its foreground passages; but another sea-piece, the "Bathers," rendering a sober effect of light, with tiny figures of children plunging in the water and bending to catch the shoreward sweep of the waves, is excellent for freedom of handling and sense of motion. The artist, however, is essentially a painter of high-pitched sunlight—as such unrivalled among Scottish artists. He is at his best in "A Sunny Shore," with the ripple and the softly shifting hues of its waves swallowed up towards the right in the white splendour of a space of intensest sunshine, and its "beached" margin of the sea" where a pair of children recline among the white sand and richly tinted rack. The president of the society, Mr. F. Powell, shows several of his warmly toned and scrupulously finished sea-pieces; and Mr. W. Hole attains a certain impressiveness (suggestive of Doré in the towering masts and outspread breadth of black sails) in his "Lost at Sea"—a subject which would have gained by greater attention to form, and greater truth of tone and lighting in the space of nearer water.

We can name no Scottish water-colour-painter whose work is fresher or more vigorous than that of Mr. Tom Scott, who exhibits an "Autumnal Landscape—Near Earlston"—one of those subjects of uncommon size and importance to which he has recently been devoting himself. It shows a stretch of south-country landscape—fields and running brook for foreground, with beyond a few cottages, with their hayricks and sheltering trees, gathered

at the base of a grassy hill that slopes upwards to the left. The leafage and herbage only touched and slightly mellowed by autumn and the effect is one of clearest atmosphere showing the details of the landscape and of the cloud-forms above with a precision that do not entirely escape a touch of hardness and rigidity. The same artist's "Road Bit Capri" is a pleasing example of the delicate yet crisp handling and the brilliant colouring of his smaller Italian subjects. Mr. R. Nisbet shows several quiet, well-considered little landscapes. Among Mr. D. Murray's drawings are various subjects sketched in Brittany and Mr. R. W. Allan attains telling contrast in the flickering points of light that play over his dark-clad groups of peasants pacing the broad square of Middleburgh or grouped beneath the shadows of the lofty west front of Rouen. The examples of still-life include several flower-pieces by Mr. R. Herdman precise in their rendering of form and effective in their brilliant colouring.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOMME'S "ROMANO-BRITISH REMAINS."

Barnes, S.W.: Oct. 24, 1887.

I am sure we shall all be pleased to have Mr. Haverfield's list of omissions from my book; because this, together with my book, will supply a complete index of Roman remains recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 138 years, and this is surely a boon. But I cannot help suggesting that it would have been better for students if I could have seen the list before the second volume was printed off, so that I could then have included the omissions in my appendix, instead of waiting for a second edition. No one knows better than myself how almost impossible it is not to miss some of the paragraphs of two or three lines in the 240 volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and I venture to hope that my sins do not much exceed this limit. Mr. Haverfield was kind enough, a short time since, to send me a proof of his intended review, containing some specimens of my omissions. Some of these he will find in the appendix to vol. ii.; others are marked for my numismatic volume; and others, being reports of meetings of learned societies having their own special publications, are, of course, not included in my reprint.

Mr. Haverfield is kind enough to say a word of appreciation of my single-handed labour. May I add that, although I know full well my work is not perfect, yet I believe it presents a faithful summary of all the principal contents of the original. More than this I cannot hope to obtain without a degree of labour which would be out of all proportion to the results.

G. L. GOMME.

Liverpool: Oct. 25, 1887.

I can corroborate Mr. Haverfield's remarks upon these volumes. Though we are indebted to Mr. Gomme for the conception of the idea of republishing the extracts, I fear that they must be called practically useless from the large number of omissions. One or two I would like to mention, as they are of importance, and possibly a reference to the London journals of the day may throw some light upon them.

The first is a Roman tessellated pavement bearing an inscription found in Little St. Helen's, London, August 15, 1733 (*Gent. Mag.* 1733, p. 346). This is, so far as I can remember, the earliest antiquarian item of news given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The second is an inscribed Roman sarcophagus with a skeleton and vase of coins, &c., found at Leyton, near Hackney (*Gent. Mag.* 1783, p. 899).

The third is an inscribed Roman vessel found in excavating for the foundations of Cambridge gaol in 1802 (*Gent. Mag.* Nov., 1802, pp. 1000-1001 and Pl. ii. Fig. 1). The remains of the inscription are given, but in the *Gentleman's Magazine* they are very unsatisfactory.
W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

"JACOB" AND "JOSEPH" IN THE INSCRIPTION OF THOTHMES III.

Paris: Oct. 26, 1887.

In reference to the articles published of late in the ACADEMY on the proposed identification of the names of *Iaakab-aar* and *Iasap-ar* (mentioned in the list of the vanquished nations of Thothmes III.) with the Biblical tribes or families of Jacob and Joseph, it may be well to refer readers of the ACADEMY to the opinion of the late Vicomte de Rougé on this subject. That eminent Egyptologist analysed the names of the second list in his excellent memoir, published in the *Revue Archéologique* of 1861, under the title of "Etude sur divers Monuments du règne de Toutmes III." The following are the passages which bear upon the two names in question:

"*Iasap-ar*. La finale *ar* nous est connue comme correspondant à אר. L'adoption de l'exception *p* pour א est ici forcée, car on reconnaît immédiatement le radical אשפן *habitare*—: d'où le nom parfaitement régulier אשפן *habitationis dei*, composé exactement comme אשפן (I, Paralip., 4, 17) *sedes patrie*. C'est un nom tout à fait analogue à celui de אשפן, Bethel" (p. 56, No. 77 of the separate extract).

"*Iaakab-aar*. La transcription hébraïque donne forcément אקבאל, nom au sujet duquel il serait facile de se livrer à des conjectures réduisantes; il est exactement composé comme Israël, et signifierait *Insidiator-dei* ou *Sequens asum*. Est-il permis de supposer que ce nom de localité conserve un souvenir d'un des établissements de Jacob en Palestine? C'est ce que je n'oserais décider; toutefois, il est à remarquer que la famille de Jacob ne devait pas être en Egypte depuis un temps bien considérable sous le règne de Toutmes III." (p. 59, No. 100).

M. de Rougé concludes by saying:

"Nous avons fait remarquer l'emploi du mot אשפן comme le nom de la Divinité. On voit qu'il était usité dans toute cette contrée (la Palestine) d'une manière générale et que son introduction ne peut en aucune façon être rapportée à la famille de Jacob ou d'Abraham."

P. J. DE HORRACK.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. FULLEYLOVE has just returned from his summer's absence in Oxford, bringing with him some of the sketches and drawings which are to form the material of his second exhibition, to be held at the rooms of the Fine Art Society early next spring.

MR. HERBERT HARLAKENDEN GILCHRIST—who came back lately from America—has brought with him a work which must be destined to excite some degree of interest. It is the latest, and certainly not the least forcible, of the portraits of Walt Whitman. It shows the poet, ruddy and snow-white, seated in his chair and engaged, or next moment to be engaged, in the act of writing. Mr. Whitman, of course, gave the painter a series of sittings for this portrait, which we are sure his English admirers would like to see reproduced in popular form.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish next week a new and enlarged edition of *Colour: an Elementary Manual for Students*, by Mr. A. H. Church, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Academy of Arts.

THE season of winter exhibitions is now at its full. Next Monday no less than four will open: the sixth annual exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers, which now comes back to London (New Bond Street) after more than one visit to the provinces; a collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. Ernest George, at the Fine Art Society's; and the two exhibitions of Mr. McLean and Messrs. Tooth, side by side, in the Haymarket.

WE would also mention the exhibition of Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, which opened a fortnight ago in the Hanover Gallery. It comprises examples of Meissonier, Delaroche, Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, and other foreign painters.

WE hear that Mr. Thibandean has sold his unique collection of M. Legros's etchings—which he had been twenty years in forming—to Mr. T. G. Arthur, of Barshaw, Paisley. When M. Legros gets his due—is recognised at his true value—this collection will become historic. At present it is only known to a few amateurs. Mr. Thibandean, it may be remembered, made, in conjunction with M. Poulet Malassis, a *Catalogue raisonné* of Legros's etchings about ten years ago. But Legros has etched a good deal since then, and Mr. Thibandean has not failed to possess himself of all he could. His collection contained, on the day of its sale, nearly six hundred impressions, being the different "states" of two hundred and fifty-four plates. Of these impressions, about a hundred and forty are unique, and there are only three plates by the austere engraver—this "belated Old Master," as Mr. Wedmore ventures to call him—which Mr. Thibandean has not possessed impressions. It will be interesting that we should mention what they are. One of them is the portrait of M. Sinet, who owns the only example of it. Another is a scene baptism in a church, which M. Legros recollects etching, but of which no specimen whatever is known. And the third is a study from the nude, executed before the pupils of the etching class at South Kensington, and to be found only at the British Museum Print Room, at South Kensington, and at the Dijon Museum. The best things by Legros in the Anderson-Rose, Burty, Malassis, and Valentin collections long ago passed into Mr. Thibandean's hands. Thus there will be an extraordinary accumulation at Paisley. And it is very worthy of note, that within a few miles of the finest possible collection of Legros, will be found likewise the finest possible collection of the other great French master-etcher, Charles Méryon. We refer to the Méryon collection of Mr. B. B. Macgeorge, of Glasgow, which consists of the Heywood and the Mdlle. Niel collections rolled into one, and of additions to these. It is not very fortunate for London, and it is certainly very discreditable to France, that collections of the works of the two French master-etchers, which it will hereafter be impossible to rival, should be found in a remote region of North Britain.

MR. HAVARD THOMAS's marble statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley was unveiled at Bristol last Saturday. Not only is it a good likeness of one of the most philanthropic of politicians in his habit as he lived; it is also a work of art that reflects credit on one of the most studious and realistic of our younger sculptors.

THE STAGE.

"LE PASSANT" IN ENGLISH.

IT was a very bold, a very praiseworthy, and, perhaps, not a very remunerative experiment which Miss Grace Hawthorne made at the Princess's on Saturday afternoon. For "*Le Passant*"—the first piece of any importance by perhaps the most acceptable and graceful of living French poets—has exquisite versification and a plentiful absence of action; and on the English stage, the exquisite versification being necessarily withheld, the plentiful absence of action must needs be felt all the more. "*Le Passant*" deals, with the utmost delicacy of feeling and expression, with a subject difficult to treat at all on a stage not given to "psychological problems"—not given even to the appreciation of the thing that is perfectly said. The subject is the sudden love which a minstrel youth—himself light of heart when he arrives, though dangerously responsive before he departs—inspires in the breast of a splendid but meretricious Florentine, who has many lovers, and might have been a mistress of the most famous of the Medici. Sylvia, the courtesan of the Renaissance, is discovered in the garden of her villa—by San Miniato it may be, or even as far as Fiesole—in a moment of depression, when there appears to her this minstrel youth, all joyousness and carelessness; and his freshness fascinates and stirs her. The question is, Shall she exercise her wiles upon him? Shall she keep him as her lover, or send him blameless away? In poetry, nothing is, perhaps, quite so touching as renunciation. Unavoidable loss, however deep and fatal, does not appeal to us so strongly; and, by a true instinct—or by the real understanding of his art—M. Coppée settled that the decision should lie in Sylvia's hands, and that she should, of her own proper motion, send the lad away, and for ever. Nay more, he is told by her only to halt when one day, in some strange village, he shall see some girl as simple as himself, some girl "aux yeux de fiancée." A girl with "husband-loving eyes"—Mrs. Logan's unfortunate equivalent for the pretty phrase of the poet—may be seen one day. Meanwhile, the minstrel with mandolin and light step, but with heart a little touched already, sets out upon his travels; and the courtesan, with her "soul of goodness," turns wearily homewards, all the possibilities that had opened to her in an hour closed again, and the old path to be trod in the old way.

There is a certain limited and cultivated public for whom this theme, perfectly presented, would have an attraction. But about Saturday's performance—satisfactory as it was in some respects—there were disadvantages. The presentation, literary and dramatic, left something to be desired. We are not advocates of magnificence of scenery. It is now ridiculously overdone. Still, a certain appropriateness of decoration helps the effect extremely; and this Renaissance Garden would have been better if, without being realistic or gorgeous, it had had in it the elements of style and taste. Then, the versification. It was clear that Mrs. Logan had felt the beauty and the delicacy of the incident: not so clear that she had been able even to approximate, in the English she employed, to

the consummate charm of M. Coppée's verse. The interpretation by the two actresses—Miss Hawthorne, after all, as Zanetto; and Miss Mary Rorke as Sylvia—was not faultless; but it was much better than one generally meets on a stage so little accustomed as our own to the accents of delicate poetry and the interest of the most refined and reticent suggestion. We watched Miss Hawthorne with curiosity. It was a continuation of her *début*. She had impressed us in "The Lady of Lyons" several months ago, at the Prince of Wales's, as knowing her business thoroughly—as capable of very serious work. Nor do we unsay whatever we said then to that effect. But she seemed less at home in the part of the Minstrel Youth than in that of Pauline, and now and then wanted gaily. She was best where she was justifiably gravest. Without being perfectly satisfactory, hers was a praiseworthy performance, and a clever one. Greater finish it may have, we hope, hereafter. Miss Mary Rorke's Sylvia was very pleasant to behold. It was tender, distinguished, and refined. The poetic element, which belongs to this actress somewhat peculiarly, told, of course, with good effect. That was what we expected. A bad cold, veiling the voice and often destroying the intended subtlety of its inflections, was a drawback no one could have counted on. Let us see the piece again.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MONSIEUR COQUELIN duly appeared at the Royalty Theatre on Monday night, but only in M. Gondinet's "Un Parisien." "L'Aine" was produced too late to be noticed this week.

At the St. James's, when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal return early in December, the performance of "Lady Clancarty" will be resumed. Meanwhile the theatre is to be occupied by a company under the direction of Mr. C. M. Rae, whose "Witch" will, it is hoped, be found a sufficient attraction.

THE Dramatic Students intend to give, for their eighth performance, Dr. Westland Marston's comedy, "The Favourite of Fortune," which was first produced by Buckstone at the Haymarket in 1866. The proceeds will be given to the Westland Marston testimonial fund. Mr. Terry has lent his new theatre for the purpose of this performance, which will take place on Tuesday, November 8, at 2.30 p.m. We may add that the Dramatic Students have selected as their next piece "The Taming of the Shrew," which is very rarely seen on the stage.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Mr. WALTER BACHE gave his tenth annual pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. It was the anniversary of Liszt's birthday, so the whole of the programme was devoted to his compositions. We have always admired Mr. Bache's perseverance and missionary zeal in his master's cause; but with the cause itself we have but little sympathy. However, it must be acknowledged that on the first anniversary after the death of his teacher and friend Mr. Bache could scarcely do less than give Liszt, and nothing but Liszt.

The first piece was suitable to the occasion—the mournful Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 5, entitled "Héroïde-élégiaque." The rest of the programme consisted of ten numbers from the "Seconde Année de Pèlerinage." One of these describes the impression made upon the composer by Raphael's "Sposalizio" picture, another the effect produced by Michael Angelo's statue "Il Penseroso." Mr. Bache played his very best, and his refined and sympathetic rendering of the Rhapsodie made of it a true threnody. There was not a large audience. The worshippers of Liszt, in this country at any rate, are not legion.

The true London winter musical campaign commenced last Monday evening with the first Monday Popular Concert of the thirtieth season. M^{me}. Norman-Néruda was leading violinist; and in Spohr's "solo" quartette in A major (Op. 93) she proved that she has lost nothing in technique, in power, or in delicacy. The habitués of the Popular Concerts will be pleased at the announcement that she is to appear at every Monday and Saturday concert—one excepted—up to Christmas. Miss Liza Lehmann sang "Thou, O Lord" from M. Saint-Saens' Nineteenth Psalm, and, as at Norwich, obtained great success. The cello *obbligato* was given in an able manner by Mr. Howell, the violoncellist of the evening. The pianist was Master J. Hofmann; and it was a curious sight to see the little fellow—like another Siegfried, for he seemed not to know fear—bowing and smiling on the platform which in past years so many distinguished pianists have trod. If only his life be spared, he will one day rank among the highest. He played three short solos: Rameau's Gavotte with variations, Chopin's posthumous Valse in B minor, and Mendelssohn's Spinnlied. The first and last were dashed off with wonderful brilliancy and energy. The Valse was less successful. Master Hofmann tried to escape the encore; but the public, showing little discretion, insisted, and he gave a Romance by Rubenstein. In the second part of the programme he played, with his father, Schumann's beautiful Andante con Variazioni (Op. 46) for two pianofortes. One could admire the beauty of the boy's touch, the firmness of his tone, and the courage with which he attacked the difficult passages; but with his small hands, he certainly found the piece somewhat beyond his strength. It seemed, indeed, rather a pity to disturb the usual order of the programme, for surely Master Hofmann could have played with as much success, and greater ease, a pianoforte trio by Haydn or Mozart. M^{me}. Norman-Néruda was heard to advantage in Ries's Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo; and Miss Liza Lehmann charmed the audience by her graceful singing of an old German Volkslied, to which Brahms has written a delicate pianoforte accompaniment, and a Mädchenlied by Meyer-Hellmund. M. Ries played second violin, M. Hollander, viola, while Mr. Frantzen proved a skilful accompanist. St. James's Hall was very crowded on the occasion.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Novello Oratorio Concerts commence on Thursday, November 10. There will, as usual, be six. The principal works announced are Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride," Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Ruth," Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," Sir A. Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Dr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," and Gounod's "Redemption." Dr. Mackenzie will only conduct at the last two concerts. The dates will be November 10, December 1 and 15, 1887; and February 22, March 13 and 28, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

THREE CHURCH DICTIONARIES.

A Church Dictionary. By Walter Farquhar Hook, late Dean of Chichester. Fourteenth Edition, adapted to the Requirements of the Present Day. Edited by Walter Hook and W. R. W. Stephens. (John Murray.)

A Dictionary of the Church of England. By the Rev. Edward L. Cutts. (S.P.C.K.)

A Dictionary of Religion: an Encyclopaedia of Christian and other Religious Doctrines, Denominations, Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Terms, History, Biography, &c. Edited by the Rev. William Benham. (Cassell.)

THE three works which stand at the head of this article—all intended for popular use, and not merely for the clergy—are a strong indication of the immensely increased interest which has been felt of late years in ecclesiastical subjects. The first, Hook's *Church Dictionary*, is itself in its various editions a kind of monument of the changes which have passed over the Church of England in the last forty-five years. It was first published in 1842. The earliest edition which I possess (the fifth, 1846) is a dumpy little duodecimo of some 900 pages. It was, we are told in the Preface, "intended by the writer to explain things relating to the Church to his poorer parishioners," and was written, so far as appears, wholly by Dr. Hook himself, in the midst of the manifold cares and occupations of the vicarage of Leeds. The book everywhere bears traces of the vigour and decision of its excellent author. His trumpet gives no uncertain sound. And, as was to be expected from its design, there is everywhere present a flavour of genial controversy. It is intended not merely to "explain things relating to the Church," but to vindicate the position taken by the High Churchmen of that day with regard to the Church of England. It filled the place for which it was intended extremely well, and remained for many years the only convenient and accessible book of reference on the matters of which it treated. It was not to be expected that the busy Vicar of Leeds could bestow upon it any deep research, nor did he claim to have done so. His articles are, he says, "abbreviated from works of established reputation and authority." This was all that could be expected from a very busy man in the year 1846.

Since those days "things relating to the Church" have received a good deal of attention; and an amount of research is now required from writers on ecclesiastical subjects, if they are to be received as authorities, which was scarcely thought of

fifty years ago. Hook's *Church Dictionary* has accordingly been more than once re-edited. The last edition is that issued in the present year by Mr. Walter Hook, the son, and Prebendary Stephens, the son-in-law, of the author, which differs considerably from the stout little book of 1846, not only in size and shape but in treatment. It is still decidedly Anglican, but it lacks Dr. Hook's heartiness—a quality which he could not help giving even to a dictionary.

The tendency to polemic, which was visible in the earlier editions of Dr. Hook's dictionary, appears sometimes rather oddly in its present shape. Thus, under "Advertisements of Queen Elizabeth," first Lord Grimthorpe states very clearly the lawyers' view of their legal force, and then Mr. Stephens states "the reasons why a large number of persons are unable to concur in the legal decisions referred to in the foregoing account." Surely, the natural thing in a dictionary would have been to state the principal historical facts relating to the Advertisements, and the decisions of the courts with regard to their legal force. The views of this or that party might be left to the Church periodicals. But if statements of opposing views are to be permitted, why was not Lord Grimthorpe allowed to crush Chancellor Espin on the subject of "Affinity," where the views of only one party are stated? It is not a little odd, in a book which does not profess to deal with the criticism of the text of the Gospels, to find an appendix of two pages devoted to a defence of the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel. Against the article itself I say nothing; but, however magnificent, it is not dictionary. And, if such appendices are to be admitted at all, why is the passage of the adulteress, in St. John's Gospel, left undefended?

The articles on the Books of Scripture are generally so slight that it may well be doubted whether it was worth while to insert them. That on Isaiah, for instance, does not even mention the fact that critics of very high authority consider a large portion of the book to be of the period of the Exile. I should not have thought a string of texts, such as that under "God," for instance, appropriate to a Church dictionary; but it certainly would have been fitting to give, under this heading—what is *not* given—some account of the different conceptions of the Divine Nature found in such teachers as Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian. Biography is not attempted, except that under the heading of a party or sect some account of its leader is given. Thus under "Lutherans" we have a short account of Martin Luther, in which (by the way) "Alexander II." is an obvious misprint for "Alexander VI." (Borgia). It is curious that Erastus, who in England alone has given name to certain opinions, is generally misrepresented in English books. He is so here, under "Erastianism." He did not hold "that there was no authority over religion except the state," but—in opposition to the Presbyterians of his time in Heidelberg—that ecclesiastical censures are not the proper method of punishing *crimes*, which should be left to the civil magistrate; that persons might be repelled by the Church from Communion on the ground of *misbelief* he fully admitted.

Having said that I have not quite the same conception of a Church dictionary which the editors of the work before me hold, and that there are here and there mistakes of detail such as no editorial vigilance can prevent, I have to say further that, taken as a whole, it is an extremely useful book of reference, containing articles on many subjects which, so far as I know, are not treated in any other dictionary whatever.

It is not too much to say of Dr. Cutts's Dictionary that it is by far the best book of the kind which, so far as my knowledge extends, has ever been produced at so low a price as 7s. 6d. Its range is narrower than that of Hook's Dictionary. It is a dictionary of the *English* Church and not of the Church in general. On the other hand, it has—what Hook's has not—biographical articles, accounts of the several English dioceses under their proper heads, and illustrations, which in some instances add considerably to the value of the book. Where it covers the same ground as Hook's its vocabulary is smaller. There are no articles, for instance, on the books of Scripture, or on the terms in the Calendar of which explanations might be desired; there are no articles on "Letters Dimissory" or "Letters Testimonial," or on some other matters which might perhaps be thought to belong to a Dictionary of the English Church. But what is given is good and well-proportioned. The editor has not fallen into the mistake of inserting articles too short to be useful, or of allowing crotchets to be paraded at the expense of useful matter. Some of the articles are, in truth, more satisfactory than the corresponding ones in Hook. The article "Cathedral Chapter," for instance, in Cutts is better and fuller than "Chapter" in Hook, which last ought, however, to be regarded as supplementary to "Cathedral." Here and there the desire to edify appears in rather a ludicrous way. Under "Latitudinarianism" we have, not an account of the really able and influential school of "Latitude-men" in the seventeenth century, such as might have been expected; but a dissertation on Pope's famous lines—

"For forms and creeds let senseless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right!"—

in fact, a little sermon against *indifference*, as inappropriate as possible in a dictionary. Here Hook is decidedly superior, having a sensible little article enough, though Mr. Hook should not have quoted from the earliest edition of Maurice's *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy* a sentence which he saw reason to change in the latest. A useful feature of Dr. Cutts's book is the classified table of subjects, which "arranges some of the articles in such an order that the student, reading them consecutively, may find something like connected essays on various subjects." Certainly, a student might have a much worse manual of English Church history than he would find in the articles relating to that subject in this book.

In the *Dictionary of Religion*, Mr. Benham takes a much wider range than either of the two books which I have just noticed. It takes for its province the whole history and institutions of the Church, and gives also short articles on the principal non-Christian systems. It treats, in fact, exactly the same

class of subjects as the great German Church-lexicons—of course on a much reduced scale. In some respects it reminds one of Bost's very useful *Dictionnaire d'Histoire Ecclesiastique*; but Mr. Benham includes some subjects which Bost does not. He has, for example, very good articles on "Evidences" and on "Evolution," on which Bost has nothing. Mr. Benham is to be congratulated on having produced a very creditable and very useful book. In fact, I do not know any work which is to be put into competition with it. I have rarely failed to find information on any matter for which I have consulted it, and information well and clearly put. The great defect is the almost total absence of references to authorities.

Nothing is more difficult than to compile a short dictionary of a great subject. It is difficult to determine what subject must be excluded; and in short articles it is most difficult to seize exactly the salient points of the subject. The writer should have wide knowledge, and yet not lose himself in details. As it is impossible to pass in review the whole of such a work, I will criticise, from the point of view of an old editor, what meets my eye at a single opening of the book (pp. 180, 181). The name "Buchlein" should have been given, with a cross-reference to "Fagius," whose German name, Buchlein, should have been given under the latter heading. So distinguished a missionary as Claudius Buchanan, and so distinguished a reformer as Bugenhagen, certainly deserved a few lines better than Charles Buck, who is given. It may be doubted whether it was wise to include non-Christian systems in a book of this size; but, if they were to be admitted at all, so important a system as Buddhism should have had more space allotted to it than is given here. Thirteen lines are given to "Bulgarian Church." We are told that thirty years ago American missionaries established schools among the Bulgarians; but the interesting struggle in the ninth century between the Eastern and the Western patriarch for the possession of Bulgaria is not noticed. Bishop Bull has a whole column. A well-known anecdote—the omission of which would have made room for Buchanan and Bugenhagen—is given at some length; but no account is given of the nature and scope of his *Defence of the Nicene Faith*, which gives him his title to appear in the dictionary at all. All this is only saying that my judgment differs somewhat from Mr. Benham's as to the articles to be inserted, and as to the proportions of some of them. What is given is good and sound matter; and the book is, I repeat, an extremely useful one, and—so far as I know—unique in English literature. S. CHEETHAM.

Prince Lucifer. By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.)

THERE are many exceptionally fine passages in this poem. It abounds in quotable lines, and the lyrics scattered through it are gems. But regarded as a whole the poem is disappointing. It is in the form of a drama without being at all dramatic. There are various characters in it, but they are all mere names, and every name is only another sign of one personality. Adam, a gravedigger, talks in the same Socratic strain as Prince

Lucifer; and Eve, a simple shepherdess, and Elspeth, a village maiden, phrase their speeches with academical precision. The plot—such plot as there is—is of the most shadowy description. Prince Lucifer has relinquished a crown in order that he may live an untrammelled life among the hills. His castle in that airy situation is rightly called Tourbillon, for metaphorically it is altogether in the clouds. The prince is an idealist, who discards all the conventionalities, including the forms of religion and the bonds of wedded love. He one day rescues Eve, who has followed a stray lamb to a spot where she is herself in danger. She faints in his arms, but recovers quickly, and responds with surprising facility to his moods. He infects her with his philosophic doubts and idealisms, and presently we find them living together. Count Abdiel, another of the shadowy personages of the poem, has shared Prince Lucifer's solitude and his opinions; but when he is smitten by the charms of Elspeth he very promptly forgoes his objections to marriage, and weds her outright. A child is born to Eve and Prince Lucifer, and the child sickens. Eve thinks, in a dim half-hearted way, that the child's illness may be a retribution for her disregard of old observances; and she begs Prince Lucifer to relight the taper before a long-neglected image of the Virgin. The taper is set burning, but the child dies, and the mother's remorse is then a little deeper. She persuades Prince Lucifer to go through the ceremony of marriage with her, and their own nuptials and the child's funeral are two parts of one dismal office. The parents almost apologise to each other for the limitation which this external sign of union seems to put on their mutual love. After this, Prince Lucifer's old subjects—who had quarrelled with him when he wanted to do away with marriage and religion—resolve to offer him the crown again on his own terms; for they also by this time have discarded these conventionalities. But Prince Lucifer is now married; and Count Abdiel, who, though married, renounces his wife as promptly as he espoused her, steps in and ascends the throne in his stead.

Though this sketch of the plot is a mere outline, it is almost as full and lucid as the plot disclosed by the poem. It is therefore difficult to see with what object the poem was written. Mr. Austin can scarcely have intended to vindicate marriage and religion, for he certainly has not done that. In one of these two instances marriage is resorted to from motives of lust, and is afterwards renounced from motives of ambition. In the other the ceremony is undergone to satisfy scruples founded, not on shame and conviction, but on doubt and fear. But whatever the object of the poem, and whatever its structural defects, there is much in it for which all readers will be grateful. This pathetic ballad, for instance:

"The crab, the bullace, and the sloe,
They burgeon in the Spring;
And when the west wind melts the snow,
The redstarts build and sing.
But death's at work in rind and root,
And loves the green buds best;
And when the pairing music's mute,
He spares the empty nest.
Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown,
Close the coffin, and hammer it down.

"When nuts are brown and sere without,
And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are passed about,
And trickle down the chin;
When comes the reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves,
O then it is that Death is blithe,
And saps among the sheaves.
Death! Death!
Lower the coffin and slip the cord;
Death is master of clown and lord.

"When logs about the house are stacked,
And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
And faggots blaze and spit;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
Sits down and doth not speak:
But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,
And she tingles in the cheek,
Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Shovel the clay in, tread it down."

The movements of the plot are accompanied by a chorus, furnished by the mountains and a mountain-torrent—the Weisshorn, the Visp-Thal Torrent, and the Matterhorn—and these profound natural voices are the most living things in the poem. They impart more human interest to it than all the acts and speeches of the characters. Did ever mountain-stream attune itself to a pleasanter melody than this of the Visp-Thal Torrent, as it ran with Eve from Castle Tourbillon down to her flock in the valley?

"Not alone, not alone, little maiden, your heart
Down the mountain is going.
The edelweiss watches your feet, and the runnels
Are foaming and flowing.
The sentinel summits look down, and the stars
That you see not attend you;
And the pine-forests listen and brood, and
Rejoice in the fragrance they lend you.

"Not alone, not alone, little maiden, or upward
Or downward you ramble:
There is dew in the cup of the cistus, the
Blossoms are pink on the bramble.
The clouds as they sail in the sky spread a
Billowy carpet below you,
And the motionless mountains afar with their
Long shadows follow and know you."

To turn from the mountains to the men and women is not refreshing; but, regarding them also as voices only, they say some notably good things. When Adam, the gravedigger, talks in this wise, for instance, he is worth listening to:

"I toll the bell for burial, marriage, mass,
The self-same clapper and the same worn rope
Serve for all three. Time's the sole difference.

• • • • •
Birth, wedding, dissolution, are but stops
In the one tune whose cadence still is death.

Here, again, is a striking bit of wisdom in another vein:

"O thou sophist, Man!
Reason by reason proved unreasonable,
Continues reasoning still! Confronted close
What is this Reason? Like the peacock's tail,
Just useful for a flourish, nothing more;
And when 'tis down, the world goes on the
same."

Little sparkling touches that show a close familiarity with nature are not infrequent. Here is a very apt one. Count Abdiel has been protesting over-much his love for Elspeth, and she reproves his too-ready fervour in this fashion:

"When, like the cuckoo, love repeats its note,
And doubles all it says, one knows, full sure,
'Twill soon depart."

But here is another natural illustration, which is by no means apt :

“EVE.

O if we could be
Like to the high inviolate stars that keep
Aloof from contact, and for ever shine
As young and virginal as on the night
When first they dawned on space !

LUCIFER.

But, sweet, you know
That there are double stars whose motion is
To circle round each other, round and round.

EVE.

Yet do not even these some distance keep,
Lest they should perish of propinquity ?”

An astronomer, perhaps, but nobody else, would be likely to talk about the propinquity of the stars. Yet this learned and highly philosophical young woman was only a shepherdess. Blank verse in which plain speech is not employed has a tendency to become turgid, and Mr. Austin has yielded to this tendency much more frequently than can be excused in so accomplished a writer. Many an ordinary reader may be deterred from going beyond the beginning of this poem by a grandiose passage on the second page. The gravedigger, Adam, makes the sapient remark that “marriage is the half-way house to death, where heedless men make merry” ; and Prince Lucifer at once delivers a homily on the subject, which would surely have bewildered the poor gravedigger if he had not himself been a philosopher. This is the homily in monologue :

“Hardly there !

Save one be minded, in a moonish freak,
To dally with the coy and nimble wind,
Kiss the cold glacier, court the unmelting snow,
Fondle the sacred body of the pine,
Woo the escaping cataract, embrace
The monstrous avalanche, what business here
Hath the warm insurrection of the blood,
Or quest of pillowed softness ? Stair on stair
Of rugged steepness winding to the tower
Of spacious observation I behold,
But nowhere ledge or narrow shelf for love
To stretch its velvet body and prolong
Its languid gambols. Place alone is here
For austere thews, and boundings of the mind
Across the chasms of appalling thought,
Up to the crags of rimless speculation.
Love clings unto the valley, as beseeems
Its pampered homeliness. The mind delights
To commerce with the icy-sharpened peak,
And controvert the lightning.”

After this, it is not surprising that Adam considers Prince Lucifer “lost in the void altitude of his own thoughts.”

Prince Lucifer is not a work to make a poet's reputation ; but, nevertheless, no one but a poet could have written it.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9. By C. Edmund Maurice. (Bell.)

THIS is a well-informed, nay more, a valuable, work. One of the most interesting and striking episodes in the history of the present century is the reaction against the European settlement effected in 1814-15, which culminated in the Revolutions of 1848-9 ; and which, though sustained by mighty forces, was suddenly checked, and even stopped, until, under more happy auspices, it became in our day a successful movement, after a terrible ordeal of war and bloodshed. Mr. Maurice has traced with skill and care the

growth and progress of this eventful change up to the period of what seemed to be the catastrophe of the cause of freedom ; and he has clearly explained the great principles in conflict during these years on the continent. In these respects his book may be pronounced very good ; and, though his leanings are not doubtful, he is, on the whole, an impartial writer. His narrative, however, is not easy to follow. It might have been better arranged and digested, though the subject, no doubt, is extremely complex ; and it is overloaded with petty details, and somewhat deficient in breadth and outline.

Mr. Maurice has justly described Metternich as the master-spirit of the group of statesmen who remodelled the continent in 1814-15. That settlement was due to two main causes : the reaction in favour of arbitrary power, which grew out of the French Revolution ; and the precedents set by Napoleon I., unconsciously imitated by the kings, his conquerors, however violently they denounced his tyranny. The system perfected by the great Austrian minister—Mr. Maurice does not tell us that Metternich felt sincere regret at the fall of Napoleon, as that of a mighty ally in a common cause—rested on what he designated as the rights of sovereigns. But it was simply a system of despotic rule, without the slightest regard to popular sentiment ; and though it made an ostentatious show of legality, it was really one of combined force and cunning. Italy was held in bondage by Austrian princes, and other satellites of the House of Hapsburg ; the papacy became the tool of a new empire ; and the aspirations of the Italian race to unity and freedom, for years manifest, were steadily restrained and treated with contempt. Germany was meshed in the fetters of a feeble league, which practically obeyed commands from Vienna, and stifled the spirit of nationality born from the great German rising of 1813. The kings and princes of Germany were induced to break the pledges they had made to enlarge the rights, political and social, of their trusting subjects ; and the intellect of Germany, struggling for freedom, was restrained and perverted by all kinds of devices. In Hungary and Bohemia a deliberate attempt was made to destroy franchises that had been the growth of ages, and to lord it over Magyars, Czechs, and Slavonians, through a bureaucratic régime on the Danube. And the divine right of despotism was carried to such lengths that Alexander of Russia was actually led for a time to discourage the movement of Greek independence, and to acknowledge the legitimacy of Turkish rule. The Holy Alliance, as it was called, in a word, weighed heavily on the races of Europe, and kept them down in a state of vassalage ; and, if it was Napoleon's system that force was law, that of Metternich was that law was force, the policy of the Austrian being, however, masked by a show of respect for tradition and order, for which, in truth, he cared very little, and by a hypocritical reverence for religion and faith at heart despised by a Voltairian statesman.

The cardinal fact in the chequered history of the continent during the next thirty years is the reaction against this despotic system. Mr. Maurice has minutely described the characteristics of this great movement ; but his narrative ought to have been more clear

and graphic. From the mouth of the Rhine to the sea of Marmora, and from the Carpathians to the Mediterranean, there was a general impulse towards liberty exhibiting itself in many forms, but manifesting everywhere the same tendencies. The force, however, which upheld the movement was not the gospel of the rights of man—the exploded creed of the French revolution—it was the spirit of nationality combining races to seek unity and to demand freedom ; and, in fact, as Mr. Maurice truly remarks, French influence had nothing to do with the matter. The first triumph of the new principle was seen in the independence of Greece, which found an ally in the Czar Nicholas, the heir of the head of the Holy Alliance ; the second appeared in the revolt of Belgium, and its separation from the Dutch monarchy ; and, though the countenance given by England to the cause was not systematic and marked, she supported it through two of her great foreign ministers—George Canning and his successor Palmerston. In Italy nationality acquired strength through the questionable means of plots and conspiracies, but also through the writings of men of genius. It was fostered in Germany by commercial union, and by the teaching and culture of gifted minds. In Eastern Europe it was promoted by the passionate demands of the subject races of the House of Hapsburg for constitutional rights extinguished by cruel and fraudulent tyranny. Slowly, and by degrees, the system of Metternich, despite the heavy yoke he had laid on Italy, despite his intrigues and schemes in Germany, and despite his efforts to make Bohemia and Hungary purely Austrian provinces, began to lose authority and vital force. His satellites at Milan and Venice became unable to keep down the people ; some of his dependent princes forsook his cause ; his influence in Germany gradually declined ; and in the East, Magyar, Slavonian and Czech were banded equally in a common hatred of his arbitrary and bureaucratic despotism.

The France of Louis Philippe and Guizot had really been an ally of Metternich, and had done nothing to aid the movement against him. The French Revolution of 1848, however, overthrew the system of the Austrian Chancellor, already tottering and undermined, and like an avalanche changed the face of the landscape. Italy rose from the Alps to the shores of Sicily ; a National Assembly met at Frankfort intent on proclaiming German unity ; and from the Danube to the Carpathian lands, the subject races of Austria broke out into rebellion. The Revolution quickly reached Vienna, the centre of the tyranny that had enchained the Continent. The dynasty of the House of Hapsburg was saved only by a change of sovereigns ; and Metternich was driven in disgrace from power. An immense, violent, and far-reaching change seemed impending over a large part of Europe ; and it was thought not improbable, for several months, that republicanism, fashioning separate states, distinguished mainly by differences of race, would be the new order of a transformed continent. Mr. Maurice has very fully explained how these expectations were not fulfilled ; how the risings of nationalities were checked and quelled ; and how the counter-revolution

triumphed for a time. Princes proved false to the popular side; local jealousies weakened the movements of races; and diplomacy and statecraft increased these discords. The principal cause of the failure, however, was the extravagance of nationality, in certain instances, and the feuds between races that claimed to be nations. The Germans asserted a right to Bohemia, and to lord it over inferior Czechs; the Magyars claimed to be supreme in Hungary; the Serbs, the Croats, and other Slavs sought to establish a Slavonic power in the East; and furious civil wars and contests ensued, ending in a return to the old order of things. It should be observed, however, that amid this anarchy Italy instinctively turned to the House of Savoy, and Germany to the national state of Prussia, as the instruments through which they were to attain unity; and history has justified their faith in 1848. The contest was closed by the intervention of Russia, and, in some measure, by that of France; and the cause of nationality, which appeared defeated for many years after the fall of Rome, was destined at last to triumph through means very different from those of popular movements, through the far-sighted skill of Cavour, the cosmopolitan sympathies of Napoleon III., and the "blood and iron" policy of Prince Bismarck.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

The South Isles of Aran, County Galway. By O. J. Burke. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THE flocks of tourists who frequent Venetian waters, and who from year to year return and rave, in language that may be styled "diluted Shelley-ism," of the life on the lagoons, their cool, soft air at eventide, and roseate hues of morning, might find effects nearer home, on sea and land, as fine as those they seem to have, for the first time, enjoyed abroad. In the bays and among the islands of our western coast of Ireland the sun at rise or setting can transfigure the rippling waters and transparent depths of the Atlantic and clothe them in hues of emerald, sapphire, and topaz, as clear and pure as those of the Adriatic or the Mediterranean; while in our more temperate climates, where the odour of the salted breeze is blended with that of the heather and honey-scented furze, one breathes a far diviner air than it has ever been my lot to taste in Southern Europe.

These thoughts have been borne in upon me while reading Mr. Burke's charming little book on the islands of Aran at the mouth of Galway Bay. Memory brings back the night when, many years ago, I first sailed into Kiltonan, the little harbour of Aranmor. A breeze had sprung up just after sunset, which bore us gently towards the west. The sun went down into the broad Atlantic, and the stars came out one by one, and twilight passed into night. Then, presently, through the darkness we saw a band of fires burning at regular intervals along the shore to right and left, each fire casting down its long reflection in the sea. The low dark island lay like a level bar against the glowing west, and the long columns of light in the water below were as fiery pillars supporting a purple cloud-land. These lights were from the fires of the kelp-burners round the coast; and their effect was not diminished when, as we entered the

bay, others shone out from the village windows which also were reflected and prolonged in the rippling water, while, as if to crown the magical effect of the scene, the phosphorescent sea threw back its flames at each stroke of the oars now called into play as our sails were furled. The memories of such a night as that, and of the days spent afterwards on the delightful island, only make me bid a warmer welcome to a work such as this of Mr. Burke, where, in simple language and condensed form, he gives so much that is of interest in its flora, geology, statistics, antiquities, as well as many curious facts regarding the islanders, their superstitions and primitive customs, among which latter none are more interesting than their memorials of the dead. Mr. Burke observes (p. 61):

"Their reverence for the dead, and their affection for their loved departed friends, impel them to erect, sometimes in long lines on the road side, square stone pillars, about 10 feet in height by 3 feet each side, all of the same measurements, surmounted each with a well-cut stone cross, and with inscriptions, such as the following: 'Sta viator—Stay traveller—O Lord have mercy on the soul of Mac Dara Ternan, who departed this life 25 June, 1842.'"

These roads lined with monuments, erected to the memory of the dead, who are generally interred in some distant churchyard, call to mind the Via Sacra of the Ancients outside their city walls.

English readers have known Mr. Oliver Burke as an author who, since 1868, has given many and useful contributions to Irish literature, whether in the form of history, topographical sketches, or anecdote. In 1867 his autumn rambles through Galway bore good fruit in his account of the Franciscan monastery of Ross, now misnamed Ross Abbey; and he is possessed of much of that taste for antiquarianism which is indispensable for the enjoyment of the remains in these western districts, once the homes of learning and religion. Such a taste has been fostered in Mr. Burke by the fact that in the course of his professional duties a considerable amount of research was often necessary; and the study of ancient patents and of other old-world documents naturally led him to inquire into the lives of the men by and through whom they had been executed. He has thus given us the history of the archbishops of Tuam from 1152 downwards—from the time when Henry II., at his court in Rouen, gave to Stephen de Riddel the seals of office in Ireland, and when, at the Council of Kells, the archiepiscopal dignity was conferred upon Edan O'Hoisin, whose name may yet be seen inscribed upon the old High Cross of Tuam. In the present work we have the fruits of Mr. Burke's autumn vacation of 1886, when he devoted his leisure time to collecting all possible information concerning what he calls the South Islands of Aran. Why "south" we cannot say, since we never heard of more than one Aran island to the north. He was on the Land Commission at this time; and the book contains much of interest and value connected with the character of the people and the condition of the island, their fisheries, the project of restoring their plantations, and the covering of their once thickly wooded surfaces with forest trees. The roots of oak and pine wood still found in the earth

tell of the great trees that grew in Aran many centuries ago; and that such still continued to flourish in these islands in 1618 is certain, as appears from an indenture of that date, when Henry Lynch did demise a moiety of the three islands to his executors "excepting thereout great trees." In his chapter on the fisheries of Aran we are glad to see the hearty tribute paid to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—the one woman who has known how to use a great portion of her wealth for Ireland's good without degrading Ireland's people—by helping them to help themselves, by giving them the means of industry, by finding how they may be supplied with deep-sea fishing appliances and by giving them such, but not for charity.

Yet, having read this book, we ask, Will the day ever come when we can close any honest picture of Irish life without a sigh? Why is it that here we read that in these thickly peopled islands, covering an area of 11,288 acres, there is no hospital? Why is it that there is neither infirmary, nor midwife, nor jail, nor grand jury works—although, according to Mr. Burke, there is a grand jury cess of £34 12s. 2d. Why is it that no steamer plies between Aran and the mainland, and no communication, postal or otherwise, is regularly kept up with the inhabitants when the little Galway hookers cannot approach the shore? Added to these drawbacks, the Aran islander as a fisherman has little hope of bettering his condition. He is powerless to cope with those whose boats are built for deep-sea fishing. The manufacture of kelp is another source of livelihood now denied him. For whereas, in 1866, the seaweed was very valuable, and the kelp made on the islands realised £2,577, being £5 a ton, there is no kelp made now, owing to the fall in prices. And, added to all this, the gradual reduction of rents is in fact only hastening the doom that awaits all the peasantry of Ireland. Mr. Burke asks for the Aran islanders: "Would it be of material benefit to them to sweep from the landlord the last farthing of his rent and to grant the same to them?" To which we add, Will it prove a material benefit to the Irish poor when all of gentle birth and breeding are banished from the land, and the manor-house and lordly castle—at whose open doors, as we well remember in our youth, the sick, and maimed, and famine-stricken were wont to find relief and hospitality—are left desolate and roofless ruins, their lone and dismal walls haunted by the fox and night-owl, their gardens turned into a wilderness?

Mr. Burke gives various hints as to how capital, if forthcoming, might be wisely expended in this island. A steamer should be placed on the line between Galway and Aran. In the districts covered by sand, the *Pinus maritima* should be planted, "the interlacing of whose roots would do the twofold duty of fixing the sand and creating a soil enriched by the amount of nitrogen therein digested and deposited." And as the islanders' chief hope of subsistence would naturally spring from their fisheries, schools should be established to instruct the young in the natural history of the fish, and in the ways of science connected with the deep-sea fisheries, and in navigation and all its kindred branches, together with all the trades incident

to fishing, such as carpentering, ship building, nail making, sail, net, rope, and line making. There is not a single first-class fishing vessel attached to the islands; and if such were provided, a good harbour and pier should be erected, and telegraphic communication opened between the mainland and the island. All these suggestions coming from a Land Commissioner lately on the islands are deserving of respect, and ought not to pass unheeded. But such efforts for the amelioration of the people imply the existence of a cultivated intelligence, and an upper class possessing capital to inaugurate such changes. Would it were the ideal of every Irish patriot to bring the popular aspirations and sympathies of our people into harmony with such a class that so the work of raising the country from the abyss into which it has sunk might be accomplished! The so-called Nationalist claims to honour Thomas Davis; yet the freedom he spoke of in his ardent verse, and dreamed of for his country, was only to be wrought by "righteous men"—was that which, "coming from the right hand of God," needeth "a godlike train."

MARGARET STOKES.

Inductive Political Economy. By W. L. Sargant. Vol. I. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

Instruirs en intéressant is the device and design of this volume. Begin with real facts and actual cases, then bring in principles and definitions by way of reference. This method is applied to a variety of subjects of which we can only notice the most important.

The condition and treatment of the poor occupies a considerable part of the book. In the essay on "The Inequalities of Fortune" the writer, after adverting to the colossal fortunes of some English noblemen and American capitalists, adds:

"My sympathies are with the disinherited of the earth. I regard it as a scandal to humanity that one man, perhaps of less consequence in himself than an honest street-porter, should enjoy an income of £1,000 a day: an income as great as that of 2,000 curates or 8,000 labourers."

Mr. Sargant repudiates the paradox that it makes no difference to society whether a large fortune is spent by a few or many. The evil of inequality is not to be denied. The difficulty is to find a remedy. Mr. Sargant examines and rejects many popular panaceas. He is not much moved by "socialistic gabble." He justly observes that his negative criticism should not be discredited because he has nothing of his own to suggest. With his usual felicity of illustration, he tells us of a young physician who condemned the old practice of bleeding for pleurisy, because the patients so treated died. That he had no other treatment to recommend was no disproof of his argument. But Mr. Sargant does not altogether despair of a remedy. He thinks it might be possible to fix a legal limit to fortunes. To the objection that the law could not be carried out, he replies with an anecdote:

"A certain barrister with a seat in the House had made himself obnoxious to his party and had retired. Long afterwards it was announced that he had been made a judge; but, in a few days, we were told that his proposed appointment had been cancelled on account of the

earlier scandal. I asked a legal friend how it was that such a small offence was so long remembered, and he replied that another candidate for the judgeship had raked it up."

Private interest would enforce the execution of the proposed law. If anyone inherited £5,000 beyond the legal limit, that £5,000 would legally belong to somebody else, and that somebody else would not fail to press his claim.

The inequality of riches and the treatment of the poor are connected topics. Mr. Sargant defends the English poor law, and protests emphatically against Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine of non-intervention. "Mr. Herbert Spencer's Barbarism" is the subject and title of one chapter; his "philosophical vanity" is exposed in another part of the book. It is instructive—if the subject were not so serious, we should say amusing—to contrast the practical man, full of facts and overflowing with sympathy, and the rigid doctrinaire who is represented as "founding his advice not on experience and observation, but on a barren generality of a metaphysical kind."

A more technical part of social science is treated in the essay on "The Depression of Trade." Mr. Sargant plunges into statistics, and emerges with the conclusion that our exports in 1885, as compared with 1873, have dwindled to less than a half of what they should have grown to, account being had of the increase of population. They ought to have been £487,000,000, they actually were £213,000,000.

"The falling-off of our exports," says he, "is a sure indication of the depression of trade: we send fewer goods out and we bring fewer productions in. . . . I am aware that the quantities of goods we export have not fallen off so much as their value because prices have been seriously reduced; but there is no comfort in this, since the fall of prices has itself principally arisen from the depression of trade."

We should have liked a fuller discussion of this topic. The writer should have taken more pains to show that the unfavourable appearances presented by our export trade do not belong to the category of what in a former work he forcibly called the "lies of statistics." On the cognate subject of Free Trade it is interesting to know the opinion of Mr. Sargant. Citing the authority of Adam Smith, he advocates not protection, nor fair trade, but retaliation as a means of conquering free trade. Referring to a well-known *bon mot*, of which Macaulay was the subject, he says: "I have the happiness of being cocksure of one truth—that retaliation is necessary to free trade."

Another part of the work may be described as economical analysis. Seeking the definition of capital and other terms, the writer is led to draw many useful distinctions. It appears to us that these investigations would have been more instructive if the writer had not attached undue importance to the particular definitions which may have recommended themselves to his own use. He is unduly "cocksure" that he has seized the definition of capital. If he had realised that in the quest of definitions the hunt, rather than the quarry, should be our object, he would have led us a better chase. He would not have altogether lost sight of "social capital," as distinguished

by a more powerful analysis from "individual's capital."

However, it is not to be denied that, so far as he goes, Mr. Sargant is a good guide. He beguiles an arduous path with pleasant detours and new views—now the curious information that female domestics in England are as numerous as farm-labourers' wives; now the quaint remark that earth-worms are not capital. Faithful to his motto, he is always interesting and generally instructive.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

Hithersea Mere. By Lady Augusta Noel. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

From a Garret. By May Kendall. (Longmans.)

The Fiddler of Lugau. By the author of "The Atelier du Lys." (Hatchards.)

Hermosa; or, In the Valley of the Andes. By T. E. Martin. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Lesters. By F. M. F. Skene. In 2 vols. (W. H. Allen.)

Eunice. By the author of "Christie Redfern." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mère Susanna. By Katherine S. Macquoid. (S.P.C.K.)

Beforehand. By L. T. Meade. (Routledge.)

THE life of a reviewer of fiction has its dreary stretches, and while traversing them he is wont to take gloomy, not to say pessimistic, views of the future of English imaginative literature. Bad novels are apt to follow close upon each other's heels, to face the critic not singly but in a terrible companionship; and the task of varying his epithets of sad deprecation is a very gloomy one. Happily, good novels have occasionally, though less frequently, the same aptitude; and I gratefully admit that this week the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. Two such books as *Hithersea Mere* and *From a Garret* are in themselves sufficient to make one cheerful, and of the remaining six no fewer than four can be read with various degrees of pleasure. Surely for such a parcel of fiction some gratitude is due.

I learn from Lady Augusta Noel's title-page that she has written one or two novels; but *Hithersea Mere* is the first work of hers that I have chanced upon, and it has certainly made me wish to know its predecessors. It is a story of slow movement; but almost every page is so rich in quiet reposeful beauty that it never occurs to us to wish to hurry, because it is so pleasant to linger. At first we are impressed by the beauty only, as we are often impressed in a picture simply by the effect of lovely line and tender tone; but as we read on we feel that there is more than beauty in the book—that there is power as well, though not the power which startles and arrests the imagination, but that which slowly yet surely captivates it. What Lady Augusta Noel could do with a commandingly impressive *motif* I do not know, because I have no means of judging; but it is only the lack of such a *motif* which prevents *Hithersea Mere* from being not merely a good but a great novel. Had the author placed such

characters as John Mowbray and Hilary Marston in situations that would have exhibited their full potentialities of action and passion we might have had a book which would have bitten itself into the memory of the world; and even as it is, they will not soon be forgotten by any reader of *Hithersæ Mere*. Of John Mowbray—the narrow-thoughted, strong-willed, utterly unsympathetic but, at the same time, utterly unselfish clergyman—we see, indeed, comparatively little, and Lady Augusta Noel does not seem to have taken any special pains with the portrait; but he remains with us, just in the same way that a face, casually seen in a crowd, remains with us, we know not why. The portrait of Hilary—the child-woman with the frank, brave, boyish ways on the outside of her being, and inside the woman's heart which bears victoriously even the pain that kills—is a much more elaborate and carefully studied piece of work; but it is not over-elaborated or over-studied—the figure is never anything but intensely alive for us. The story of those sad later days, in which Hilary loses for ever the unconscious joy of living but finds her soul, is rich in that true human pathos which is not merely harrowing and, therefore, enervating, but bracing and strenuous. Equally living and real, though in every way subordinate to Hilary, are the brothers Heathcote—the fussy, good-natured, talkative Dick, and the blind sailor Geoffrey, with his violoncello and his tender gentle ways and his sad loyalty to the memory of the woman who had deserted him in that hour of supreme need when the world suddenly became dark to him. Rhona Somerville and Adrian Mowbray are, I think, a little less distinct in outline; but if we do not see them quite as clearly we apprehend them as truly, and it is this vital apprehension rather than clearly defined vision which is the chief essential of imaginative satisfaction. So much for Lady Augusta Noel's characters. A word or two must be given to their surroundings, which are painted with equal truth and beauty. The peculiar quality of the often desolate but never altogether unlovely flat country of eastern England is wonderfully rendered; and, though George Mason did not deal with this order of landscape, the general effect of the book is very similar to the general effect of most of his pictures. Mr. Quilter says of these pictures that

"they give us truly what is almost unknown in English painting—the combination of figure and landscape; not landscape with figures in it, not figures with landscape behind them, but the two in just relation and subordination to each other."

This is a true description of *Hithersæ Mere*. To say that it is a lovely book is to use an epithet which schoolgirls have vulgarised by all ignoble use; but it is the right epithet here.

I have not yet read *That Very Mab*, of which Miss May Kendall was part author; but I am told by competent judges that it was an exceedingly clever book. It is certain that there is something very much better than cleverness in the pages of *From a Garret*. The impression left by mere cleverness is too often that of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, which irritates us and sets our teeth

on edge. In this book we listen to "the still sad music of humanity . . . of ample power to chasten and subdue." *From a Garret* is not a novel, but a series of sketches of life in East London, written with intense and penetrating human sympathy, and bearing witness everywhere either to intimate personal knowledge, or to that quick imaginative vision which is hardly less trustworthy. It is a book with a wonderful air of reality about it. The writer has got a grip of the heart of the actual, even if the gross palpable body of fact be wanting. If the Recluse to whom these sketches are attributed has not lived he ought to have lived; and so ought Racketts, and the Curate, and Roger, and the Scholar, and Sally, and the Man with a Career. Their stories are truer than *Whitaker's Almanack* and the tables of mortality, because they are nearer to the centre and core of things. This truthfulness is emphasised and, as it were, thrown into relief by the sketch of the pompous Alderman, who is a director of the tram company that employs Racketts. This, we feel at once, is not true in the same way, perhaps because the hand which painted his portrait could not possibly be guided by the vital sympathy that is essential to all-round, vital veracity. There is, however, no other such lapse. The story of the childhood of the Recluse is perfect—finely individualised, and yet so true to universal child nature that everyone will feel that he is reading bits from his own history. The literary reminiscences will bring back to all of us the happy time when a book was to us what it can never be again; and who is there that has not something in his experience answering to the incident of the little lad sitting up in bed and saying aloud that he hated God just to see if anything would happen? This outburst and the subsequent fear that he had committed the unpardonable sin are wonderfully true to the implicit faith, the spiritual temerity, and the keen, tormenting conscience of childhood; but, indeed, there is not in the whole sketch a single unreal sentence. And what shall I say of such stories as that of Roger's pathetic romance, or of the gratitude of the little neglected "marchioness" of a poor lodging-house to the one friend who had been kind to her? I have no space to speak of them as they deserve; but either of them, were there nothing else in the book worth reading, would make *From a Garret* a thing of price, and the latter—the story of Sally—is of quite unique beauty. The volume has other attractions than those of mere charming narrative. Miss May Kendall never sets herself to be didactic; but here and there we come across a bright, wise, fructifying sentence which we are not likely to forget, and there is a little discourse on two kinds of love which is a real word of illumination.

The author of "The Atelier du Lys" never disappoints us, and *The Fiddler of Lugau* is a very pretty, graceful, and interesting story. The period is the close of the last or the beginning of the present century when Napoleon was ravaging the continent; the place is a quaint, old-fashioned German town; and the principal characters are the four musicians—Göda, the Stadtpfeiffer; Nake, the organist of the Marienkirche; Herr van der Gheyn, who plays the carillon, and for whom there is no

music but that of his bells; and his nephew Felix van der Gheyn, whom he is training to be his successor, but whose heart beats only when the bow of the violin evokes melody and harmony from the magic strings. Felix is a worshipping disciple of Göda, who, though looked down upon by everybody, is the one man of genius in the little town—the one man who can create, and who, though the world of the actual presses heavily upon him, finds his true life in an ideal world of sound. But Herr van der Gheyn is jealous for his beloved bells, and the rupture between the uncle and the nephew arising from the discovery by the one of the errant love of the other is a fine tragic situation. Another such situation arises out of the envious malice which the empty-brained Nake, whose musical reputation is based on skilful theft, feels towards the simple-minded Göda; and the story from beginning to end is full of quick life and movement. Göda is a character who could have been conceived only by a writer endowed with true sympathetic comprehension of the nature of the creative artist.

Hermosa is an odd kind of literary mongrel. It is neither a novel proper nor a book of travels proper, but something between the two; and it succeeds in missing the interest of the one and the trustworthiness of the other. People who read for information will be irritated by their inability to say where the fact ends and the fiction begins; people who read for entertainment will resent the long passages of topographical and other details which smother the story. The writer gives at the heads of his chapters synopses of their contents. Here is one of them:

"The framework of the house—Building. Description of house—Difficulties of building up mud walls—Ignominious failure—The log house—Sowing—Hunting guanacos—Their habits—Another herd—A Puma—Habits of the *Felis concolor*—A ravine, a gorge, and a lake—Ducks, chinchillas, and hares—The boiling stream."

This is really terrible. Of course there may be eccentric people who read novels in order to acquaint themselves with the habits of the *Felis concolor*, and to them *Hermosa* may be commended; but let others beware.

Mrs. Henry Wood in her very young days succeeded in the feat of writing a tectotal novel that was interesting as a mere story; but F. M. F. Skene is not Mrs. Henry Wood. *The Lesters* is a very dull book, unnatural in manner, and so exaggerated in matter that even as a Broddingnagian temperance lecture it must surely be a failure.

Eunice is a very bright and pretty story, with a strong American flavour. There is, perhaps, a rather too decided tendency in the direction of goody-goodness, mainly manifested in the rather morbid anxiety which everybody feels for the condition of everybody else's soul; but there is a large audience who will not feel this feature to be objectionable, and there is certainly nothing else to object to. The characters are well individualised, and Mrs. Stone is really good.

Mère Susanne is the title of only one of half-a-dozen stories which Mrs. Macquoid has collected together. There is no need to say much about the book. Mrs. Macquoid's writing is always graceful and workmanlike;

and, though these sketches—for they are little more—are very slight, they provide very pleasant reading.

Beforehand does not belong to a high class of art; but it is an exceedingly good specimen of the class to which it does belong. It is, indeed, one of the best of the short stories that depend for their interest entirely upon ingenious plot-construction which has appeared since the death of Hugh Conway. The idea of a murder being seen beforehand in a vision may not be new, though I have no distinct recollection of any previous acquaintance with it; but it is utilised here with real skill and freshness.

J. A. NOBLE.

GIFT BOOKS.

Bonnie Prince Charlie. By E. A. Henty. (Blackie.) Mr. Henty is one of those few writers, either for boys or men, whose style improves the more they write. *Bonnie Prince Charlie* is a book for boys, very much as *Quentin Durward* is, and, it is to be hoped, always will be, a book for boys; that is to say it is a historical romance of the best quality. As its name indicates, it deals with Jacobite intrigues and the Jacobite rising in 1745. But Mr. Henty, with the help of Ronald Lealie, a sort of Scotch Japhet in search of a father, succeeds very skilfully in introducing into his story the old connexion between Scotland and France. Ronald's adventures on French ground are even better than his hair-breadth escapes in Scotland. Then Mr. Henty, by his portraits of Malcolm Anderson, a fighting (and occasionally drinking) Scotch soldier of the Balafré type, and his douce brother the bailie, has accomplished the task (a very difficult one for an Englishman) of reproducing old Scotch humour as illustrated by character. Mr. Henty has written many more sensational stories than *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, but never a more artistic one.

THE first glimpse of Miss Palgrave's *Pictorial Geography of the British Isles* (S. P. C. K.) provokes a longing for a map to accompany it. In truth it is designed to accompany a map, and a more useful adjunct to a geography lesson cannot be desired. It consists of about 150 woodcuts of the most notable headlands, mountains, bridges, cathedrals, and the like to be found in great Britain and Ireland. Some of these are charming, the Strid, for instance, and Glencoe. Happy is the child allowed to look at and be catechised on all these beautiful parts of its native land. The letter-press is even more carefully written and arranged. The aid of geology and physical geography is called in to enlarge the pupil's mind, and a keen appreciation of scenery as interpreted by our greatest poets is inculcated in every page. Statistics are judiciously introduced. Green, Ramsay, and Geikie are laid under contribution together with Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Macaulay. The study of geography should henceforth be a recreation instead of a toil, banishing the repulsive lists of towns and bays with which we were nauseated as children. Miss Palgrave has caught the modern mode of looking at a landscape, and manages to make our mountains and coasts, lakes and rivers, old castles and great industrial towns, at once picturesque and faithful representations of the wealth of beauty which England possesses in town and country alike.

The Fugitives: or, the Tyrant Queen of Madagascar, by R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet), is a very clever and successful attempt to utilise for the purposes of juvenile fiction the persecutions of converts to Christianity in Madagascar in the beginning and middle of the present century.

There is plenty of adventure in the shape of imprisonment and combats with men and animals, and a negro and a sailor between them supply a comic element of the best quality. Mr. Ballantyne has carefully mastered his geography, and does not thrust his knowledge too offensively before his boy readers. He also introduces a mysterious and helpful stranger, who turns out to be the Moses of a band of the persecuted Malagasias, quite in the Jules Verne style. Everything considered, this is one of the best stories even Mr. Ballantyne has published.

Uncle Ivan, by M. Bramston (National Society's Depository), is a delightfully and simply told story, suited less for girls than for young ladies old enough to look upon a happy and romantic marriage as the consummation most devoutly to be wished for in life. Russian nihilism is very skilfully introduced into an English country home; and a spy is cleverly defeated by girls, aided by a Tory clergyman. Uncle Ivan, most amiable and domestic of uncles and conspirators, is, of course, the hero of the story; but the girl whom he marries is, if possible, even better drawn. Aunt Plummer is a very good example of the irritating, strict, and stupid relative, who is invariably, in fiction, left in charge of children, and invariably gets into difficulties.

Chivalric Days; Stories of Courtesy and Courage in the Olden Times. By E. S. Brooks. (Blackie.) It is somewhat early in the world's history to look for the word "chivalry" in the doings of Queen Nitocris (2500 B.C.), but noble purposes and bold deeds have existed in all ages. Mr. Brooks dwells on some of these in a series of historical novelettes for the edification of boys and girls. We should prefer a simpler narration, but certain boys and girls seem to exist who like the great characters of history to be brought before them in an *entourage* of imaginary pages, slaves and the like, with the customary garnishing of "Thou impudent churl!" "How now! no jokes with me!" and the rest of it. Such phrases, however, in the story of Nitocris as "at thirteen Nita was really quite a young lady"; Pharaoh was "bored"; and the calling a table spread for an evening meal (2500 B.C.) "a tea-table," jar on every cultivated ear. For the rest, several of the illustrations in this book are very pretty.

Walter Morris, by F. E. Reade (S. P. C. K.), is a story of a boy who is naturally rebellious of disposition, and, being too tightly reined in by an uncle, breaks loose, runs from home, to be, of course, finally brought back to religion and duty. It is above the average of stories of the kind, and is both well constructed and well written. Walter Morris and Jim, his companion in mischief and misfortune, are manifestly drawn from the life.

Stories of Old Renown. By Ascott R. Hope. (Blackie.) This is a collection of some "good old stories" not too much modernised to have lost their charm. The stories are excellently brief, and the little reader can begin a new tale before he is weary of the old one. The full-page illustrations, by Gordon Browne, are a little disappointing, but the sketches (with which the book is full) are distinctly humorous. We are only sorry to miss the charming women faces with which Gordon Browne has spoiled us in other books.

The War of the Axe; or, Adventures in South Africa. By J. Percy Groves. (Blackie.) A schoolboy story of the regular type carries the hero across the sea through the inevitable storm to the Cape. Hunting scenes and skirmishes with Kafirs succeed. Without any special purpose, this book is neither better nor worse than many another story of the same kind.

From the Bench to the Battle, by Lady Dunboyne (S. P. C. K.), relates the love-story of a youth who leaves the carpenter's bench and fights at Kassassin. The sentiment is too exalted for most youths who begin life as

carpenters' apprentices, and the offer of the prizes for plans of a town hall and law courts would not tempt many architects to compete. But the story will please little folk.

In *Hooks of Steel*, by Crona Temple (S. P. C. K.), we have a capital *mélange* of self-indulgence, self-sacrifice, yachting, Highland scenery and Highland pride. The main object of the story is to show the conversion of Mr. Montrose, a wealthy man—neither better nor worse than most wealthy men—from a lazy egotist to active altruism, with the help of a great misfortune and a few accidents besides. The best and most lifelike figures in the story, however, are Manus Ravie, his drunken and unscrupulous father Hector, and his magnanimous sweetheart Bell.

In *Cheviots Glens*, by Jane T. Stoddart (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier), is, apart from its gipsies and its clergymen, a readable story of border life, containing one or two really strong characters, and not devoid of humour. The love-making is skilfully managed; and Peter Thorsbrooke—a sort of Dandie Dinmont, who has given up head-breaking and litigation for politics and letters in newspapers airing his grievances—is as good a character as has recently figured in genuine Scotch fiction. Miss (?) Stoddart would probably do even better than she has done here were she to allow herself, or be allowed by circumstances or publishers, to write without an eye for religious or ethical effects.

Adam's Gorklake's Will, by C. E. M. (S. P. C. K.), is a good story for good people just emerging from their teens, rather than for good children in the ordinary sense of the word. As may well be understood, it is not so much the story of a will as the story of an attempt to upset a will. There is a worthy young man, Arthur Gorklake by name, who is for a time under a cloud, because he is believed to have obtained a competence by foul means; and there is a not less worthy man, Captain Hilton, who expected the competence, and for a time disbelieved, like other people, in Arthur's policy, because he did not understand his character. These two, and Carry, Arthur's sister, with her unfulfilled romance, are admirably sketched. This story is too long and too loosely put together; otherwise, it is deserving of high commendation.

Hawbrook Farm; or, Esther Gaunt's Wooing, by Laura M. Lane (S. P. C. K.), is an excellent story with an excellent moral. The plot is a slender thread which winds round the subjects of association farming. Naturally, a lady need not know much about that; but Esther "telling herself, as she walked home, that the solitariness of 'old maidism' was as nothing compared to the humiliation of winning a husband by stratagem," and in the intensity of her maidenly pride almost losing her lover, is a careful study, and one which the venerable Society does well to show to many country girls. We shall not tell the *dénouement*, but advise all whom it may concern to read the book for themselves.

In *Christ's Service, a Story for Soldiers*, by E. Garrett (S. P. C. K.), is, as may be gathered from its title, a touching recital of duty and affection spiritualised. The scene is laid first in England and then in Afghanistan; the sketches of Indian life are carefully drawn, and the book is in every way a worthy example of the excellent literature which the old Church Society is now so laudably circulating.

The Best Book. By the author of "Higher and Higher." (S. P. C. K.) This does not contain much of a story; but, after relating the fact of a Bible being presented to the Queen at her coronation, proceeds to press the study of the Bible upon the young. They are introduced to several historical episodes, which are pleasantly told, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew

and the like; while the structure of the English Bible is carefully explained.

THERE are as many startling incidents as ever in Rev. E. N. Hoare's *Foxholt, and the Light that burned There*. (S. P. C. K.) A runaway carriage, a desperate accident in an iron foundry, and a narrow escape from drowning on the Goodwin Sands, are surely enough for one story. But that story is well told; and the lesson that cheerfulness and uprightness are great blessings, though an old one, is none the worse for being inculcated afresh.

MISS ANNETTE LYSTER has produced a pretty tale in *Out in the Cold*. (S. P. C. K.) It shows how one good-natured, earnest child in a family can exercise a good influence on all with whom she comes in contact, unite angry brothers and sisters, and create happiness wherever she goes.

IN *Great Truths and Holy Lives*, by Elinor Lewis (S. P. C. K.), the deeper lessons of daily religion are earnestly insisted upon in a series of chapters addressed to young women's classes, mothers' meetings, and the like. These are plain and homely, but striking in their use of appropriate anecdotes and illustrations; and they seem exactly suited for the use of those for whom they are designed, avoiding alike the fatal errors of writing down to the poor and of writing over their comprehension.

It was a happy idea to publish the lives of half-a-dozen *Mission Heroes* (S. P. C. K.) in the form of tracts. These give the chief lessons taught by the noble lives of such men as Bishops Patteson, Cotton, and Selwyn. Their circulation will greatly benefit the cause of missions.

Aunt Hesba's Charge. By E. I. Lysaght. (Blackie.) This well-written book tells how a maiden aunt is softened by the influence of two Indian children, who are unexpectedly left upon her hands. Miss Lysaght's style is bright and pleasant.

A Tale of a Country Village, by S. E. Bryans (S. P. C. K.), is intended primarily for mothers' meetings. This would make a capital book for a village library.

Was he a Fool? By Julia Goddard. (S. P. C. K.) A pretty story of forgiveness of great wrongs, written in Miss Goddard's best manner. It is needless to recommend this little book.

WE have received the bound volume for 1887 of the monthly magazine, *Illustrations*, conducted by Mr. Francis George Heath. (W. Kent & Co.) The varied character of its contents is well shown by the index, which is thus classified: Amusement, Art, Biography, Economy, Invention, Literature, Science. Some of the articles are attractively fresh, both in subject and in treatment. The woodcuts, which number four hundred, are none the less effective for being rather rough. Altogether, we venture to congratulate Mr. Heath on his conduct of a magazine which, by its direct appeal to popular (though not vulgar) tastes, and by its low price, emphatically deserves to be supported.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first two volumes of Mr. W. L. Newman's long-expected work on the *Politics of Aristotle* will be published by the Clarendon Press before the end of the present month. The Introduction forms a volume by itself, while the second volume will contain two prefatory essays, besides the two first books of the text, with critical and explanatory notes. Probably two more volumes will be required to complete the work.

MESSRS. CASSILL & Co. announce for publication this month an illustrated edition of what we venture to describe as Mr. Rider Haggard's best work—*King Solomon's Mines*. The illustrations will consist of full-page drawings by Mr. Walter Paget.

FOR some time past it has been known that a new edition of *Chamber's Encyclopaedia* was in preparation. The original edition, begun in 1858 and completed in 1868, underwent repeated correction from time to time under the superintendence of the original editor, the late Dr. Andrew Findlater. But the new edition—which has been entrusted to Mr. David Patrick as general editor, with a large staff of permanent assistants—will be substantially a new work, though founded upon the same lines as the old. The greater part of the articles have been entirely rewritten, and all have been scrupulously verified and revised. While the total amount of space is not appreciably increased, many fresh articles have been added and others have been expanded in accordance with the change of times. Particular attention has been paid to both colonial and American subjects. Most of the latter have been entrusted to American writers; and special paragraphs have been added to many articles where the American point of view is of importance. The number of maps has been augmented. Most of the illustrations are entirely new, and those of plants have been specially engraved from photographs. The extent to which recourse has been had to acknowledged authorities may be inferred from the names appended to some of the articles in the first volume. "Addison" is written by Mr. W. J. Courthope. "Africa," by Prof. A. H. Keane; "Agriculture," by Prof. Wallace of Edinburgh; "Alphabet," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "Alps," by Prof. James Geikie; "Anthropology," by Mr. Grant Allen; "Archaeology," by Mr. Joseph Anderson; "Aristotle," by Mr. David Ritchie; "Art," by Prof. W. M. Conway; "Asia," by Prince Kropotkin; "Association of Ideas," by Dr. Bain; "Assyria," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen; "Atlantic Ocean," by Mr. John Murray, of the *Challenger*; "Atom," by Prof. Tait; "Bacon," by Mr. Sidney L. Lee; and "Bacon," by Messrs. D. and T. Stevenson. In addition, other articles have been subjected to the revision of specialists—such as "Animal Worship," to Mr. E. B. Tylor; "Aryans," to Prof. Max Müller; and "Basques," to Prince L.-L. Bonaparte and Prof. Julien Vinson. The work will be issued by Messrs. Lippincott in Philadelphia, simultaneously with its appearance here. We understand that the first volume—corresponding with the first volume of the former edition, from A to BEL—will be published in March of next year, while the remaining volumes will follow one another speedily.

PROF. ANTONIO FAVARO, of Padua, has been charged by the Italian Government with the supervision of a new and complete edition of the works of Galileo. He would be glad to receive information of any letters or writings of the great astronomer which may be in England, in public or private libraries; and he has officially authorised Mr. A. W. Thibandean, of 18, Green Street, St. Martin's Place, W.C., to receive any communication and to defray any expenses incurred.

THE proposed statute for founding an honour school of modern languages at Oxford was rejected in Congregation on Tuesday last, the number of votes—which was exceptionally large—being equal (ninety-two) on either side. On Thursday next, November 10, the statute regulating the loan of MSS. and books from the Bodleian will again come up for discussion in Congregation.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a print of a

little known chap-book which was widely read towards the end of the last century in Scotland, entitled *An Account of Mr. Maxwell, Laird of O'Cool*: his appearance after death to Mr. Ogilvie, a minister of the present establishment at Inverwick, three miles east from Dunbar.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY will publish this month the following, each in three volumes: *A Prince of the Blood*, by Mr. James Payn; *One Maid's Mischief*, by Mr. G. Manville Fenn; *The Nun's Curse*, by Mrs. Riddell; and also *The Diamond Lens*, by Mr. Fitzjames O'Brien, and *Luck at the Diamond Field*, by Mr. Dalrymple J. Belgrave.

THE English Publishing Company will issue early next month a volume entitled, *My Tour Eastward*, by Mr. E. H. Riches. It will include an account of a cruise in the Mediterranean and visits paid to Egypt, Constantinople, &c.

MESSRS. D. LOTHROP & Co., of Boston, U.S., are about to issue an American edition of Mr. W. Canton's *A Lost Epic, and other Poems*, recently published by Messrs. Blackwood.

The Seal of the Snake: a Secret in Seven Coils, will be the title of Grant & Co.'s forthcoming Christmas number, which is the fourteenth in which Mr. R. E. Francillon has taken a prominent part.

Life in the Riviera is the title of a new journal which will make its appearance at Nice on Saturday, December 3, and will be published weekly during the winter season. It is devoted to social and political life and issued in connexion with *Life*, of London.

THE Queen has been pleased to become the patron of the Selden Society.

AT the opening meeting of the Royal Society of Literature for the current session, Mr. Mackenzie Bell will read a paper on "Crabbe and Beckford."

THE current number of the *Indian Magazine* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) contains a report of the annual meeting of the Gujarat Vernacular Society, which was held at Ahmadabad last August. This society was founded so long ago as 1848, for the purpose of encouraging vernacular literature in Gujarathi—one of the two principal languages spoken in the Bombay presidency. The library of the society now numbers 1,026 volumes, of which 149 are school books and juvenile literature. In the past year, the society has circulated 1000 copies of a Gujarathi translation of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Education*, and has arranged for translations of Mr. Smiles's *Character* and Sir W. W. Hunter's *Indian Empire*. During the ten years ending 1884, the total number of books in Gujarathi published in the Bombay presidency has been 2,367, of which 1,659 were original works, 251 translations, and 457 republications. Except in the last class, these figures compare favourably with those of Mahrathi publications, for the greater literary activity of the Maratha Brahmans is compensated for by the Gujarathi-speaking Parsis.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for November offers a fair compromise between the critical and the popular standard of "exposition." As usual, it gives a wide extension to the range of exegesis. Hence Prof. Milligan can discourse in a more genial tone than one or two of his colleagues on the origin of the Christian ministry; and Dr. Taylor, with an academic "dryness" charming to scholars, on the "Didaché" and Justin Martyr. Prof. Beet, with a not misplaced seriousness, restates on exegetic

grounds the orthodox doctrine upon "Christ Crucified and Risen"; while on both sides the number is fenced in by curiously contrasting Old Testament articles. One bears the name of Dr. Ives Curtiss, of Chicago, and is a brief criticism, addressed to the popular ear, of modern recasts of the history of Israel, earnest, fair-minded, but wanting in subtlety and in humour; the other, that of Dr. A. B. Davidson, is a survey of the Book of Proverbs in the Revised Version, brimming over with a humour which is sometimes out of place, and may mislead the unwary student—notice, for instance, the concluding paradox, which we commend not to English but to German Bible students.

IN *Blackwood* this month the most remarkable paper is that on "Montrose and the Covenant of 1638." The writer's view of the political conduct of Montrose will strike most readers as novel, but his position is powerfully argued. An article, entitled "Captured Brides in Far Cathay," gives an interesting account of the survival of primitive marriage customs among the barbarous races of China, and of the traces of such customs in the traditions and language of the civilised Chinese. The book-notices in "The Old Saloon" are as usual good, and perhaps a little more lively than usual. The article might have been headed "Some Books of Personal Gossip." The volumes reviewed are the Thackeray letters, Mr. Ruskin's *Hortus Inclusus*, Dr. Wendell Holmes's *Hundred Days in Europe*, and—rather maliciously included in this group—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Underwoods*. Sir T. Martin contributes translations of Schiller's poem "The Ring of Polycrates" and "The Cranes of Ibycus." The number contains also, besides two political articles, a readable paper by Lord Lamington on "The Castle of Vincigliata"; and a story, intended to be tragic, entitled "The Dragon-tree of Telde."

IN MEMORIAM.

EDWARD THRING.

Loved father of the schoolboy multitude,
Friend of their short swift ages passed away,
Guide of their labour, champion of their play,
Who dared for zeal of noble masterhood
To stand alone, a rock above the flood
Of easy acquiescence, and gainsay
The dazzling bright ambitions of to-day
That tempt to learning's heights the scholar brood,
Thy presence fails for solace or command,
Thy soul is ours, thou great schoolmaster king;
Still father of thy children fatherless.
Unto thy voice of cheer the children press,
And hearts that honour truth in every land
Beat fast for names of Uppingham and Thring.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

Uppingham: Oct. 27, 1887.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ASBSTE, J. v. Bosnien u. die Herzogowina. 1. Abth. Wien: Hüder. 3 M.
- DAUBAUX, E. La Vie et les Mœurs à la Plata. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.
- DU CAMP, Maxime. La Vertu en France. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr.
- EHLER, J. Dietrich v. Nieheim. (Theodericus de Nym.) Sein Leben u. seine Schriften. Leipzig: Dürr. 11 M.
- FREISAUFF, R. v. Mozart's Don Juan 1787-1887. Salzburg: Kerber. 4 M. 50 Pf.
- GÖLLE, A. Die Entstehung der architektonischen Stifformen. Stuttgart: Wittwer. 12 M.
- HABERLANDT, M. Der altindische Geist. In Aufsätzen u. Skizzen. Leipzig: Liebkind. 4 M.
- KAWKAL, M. Klassische Bühnendichtungen der Spanier. III. Calderon. Der Richter v. Zalamea. Nebst dem gleichnam. Stücke d. Lope de Vega. Leipzig: Barth. 5 M. 40 Pf.
- OSOBRERAUSEN, A. v. Die Miniaturen der Universitäts-Bibliothek zu Heidelberg beschrieben. 1. Thl. Heidelberg: Koester. 30 M.
- ROBINSON'S, Th. Life and Death of Mary Magdalene. Nach den beiden allein bekannten Handschriften d. Britischen Museums u. der Bibliotheca Bodleiana hrsg. v. H. O. Sommer. Marburg: Elwert. 3 M.

- WALZ. Abhandlung üb. die Erklärung der Eokfiguren am Ostgiebel d. olympischen Zeustempels u. am Westgiebel d. Parthenon. Tübingen: Fues. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- WESSELY, J. E. Kritische Verzeichnisse v. Werken hervorragender Kupferstecher. 3. Bd. John Smith. Verzeichnisse seiner Schabkunstblätter. Hamburg: Haendke. 5 M. 50 Pf.
- WIMPFELD, H. Beschreibung der Vasensammlung der grossen vereinigten Sammlungen zu Karlsruhe. Karlsruhe: Bielefeld. 2 M.

THEOLOGY.

- BETSCH, F. Die Paulinischen Reden der Apostelgeschichte. Historisch-grammatisch u. biblisch-theologisch ausgelegt. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 6 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- GESCHICHTSQUELLEN der Prov. Sachsen u. angrenzender Gebiete. 14. Bd. Die Hallischen Schöffenbücher. 2. Thl. (1401-1480.) Bearb. v. G. Hertel. Halle: Hendel. 14 M.
- HERZOG, E. Geschichte u. System der römischen Staatsverfassung. 2. Bd. Die Kaiserzeit v. der Diktatur Cäsars bis zum Regierungsantritt Diocletians. 1. Abthlg. Geschichtliche Übersicht. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.
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- CHAIGNET, A. E. Histoire de la psychologie des Grecs. T. 1. Histoire de la psychologie des Grecs avant et après Aristote. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
- ROTH, J. Allgemeine u. chemische Geologie. 2. Bd. 3. Abth. Krystallinische Schiefer u. Sedimentgesteine. Berlin: Besser. 9 M.
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- SÜRTHELIN, L. Geschichte der Nomina agentis im Germanischen. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M. 30 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANCIENT ETHNOLOGY.

Bromley, Kent: Oct. 31, 1887.

During the spring I made a series of casts at Thebes from the portraits of foreign races on the Egyptian monuments, the British Association assisting the work by a small grant. This series is now on view in the room of the Palestine Exploration Fund, in the Science Department at South Kensington; and it will remain there until the end of this year. It comprises about 150 casts, of nearly all the races known to the Egyptians. These are fully

labelled and arranged, and supply a mass of genuine material for ethnological observation.

For the convenience of study I have also taken a set of photographs from the casts, on a uniform scale, and in the best light for each separately. These plates, which belong to the British Association, I have put in the hands of Mr. Browning-Hogg, 75 High Street, Bromley, Kent. His charge for printing copies is 2s. 3d. per dozen, if a selection is made from a loose set; or 45s. for the whole set of 190, mounted on sheets of parchment paper with printed titles. He will print copies as they are required; and I hope that this series will help the scientific study of early races. The object in placing them thus at public disposal at cost price has been to assist students without incurring a heavy expense for publication.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

A HITTITE SYMBOL.

Oxford: Oct. 23, 1887.

I have recently received impressions of a remarkable haematite seal from Asia Minor, now for sale at Constantinople. The under-surface is engraved, the design bearing a striking likeness to that on a haematite seal found at Yüzghâd and now in the British Museum, of which an account has been given by Mr. Budge in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology for November 1886. In fact, the designs upon the two seals are identical except in the following respects. First of all, the new seal, though rather smaller than that from Yüzghâd, has inserted in the outer circle of figures four new figures between the solar disk and the picture of a tree, one of the figures being seated; making amends for this, however, by omitting a standing figure on the left-hand side of a representation of the Hittite boot, and on the opposite side of the latter substituting a rosette for a triangle. Secondly, the new seal has three circles of figures instead of only two, the intermediate circle consisting of rosettes alternating with a peculiar symbol about which I shall speak presently. In the centre or third circle the new seal has three hieroglyphs (one of them being the well-known Hittite glove) in place of the six which appear on the Yüzghâd seal. Putting the two seals side by side, it is impossible to resist the conviction that they belong to the same age and locality, if not to the same engraver.

Now the Louvre has lately acquired five Hittite or Asianic seals, discovered at Aidin, casts of which have been kindly forwarded to me by M. Heuzey. One of these is of the same shape as the two seals I have been describing and the under-surface ornamented with two circles of figures divided from one another by the rope-pattern. The figures in the outer circle remind one of those on the Yüzghâd seal; those in the centre consist of three Hittite hieroglyphs (one of them the glove and another a symbol which occurs in the central circle of the Yüzghâd seal), while at their side stand representations of a triangle and of the peculiar symbol I have mentioned before. Another of the seals from Aidin represents the same two symbols at the back of a deity, with a staff or battle-axe in the hand and "tip-tilted" boots on the feet, who stands on the back of a horse.

But it is not only Yüzghâd in Kappadokia and Aidin in Lydia that have furnished us with these two curious symbols; a magnificent haematite seal, obtained by Mr. Greville Chester last winter from Tarsos, presents us with them likewise. They seem to have been an engraver's mark, which characterised Hittite seals in Asia Minor, like the "swastika" on the early pottery of Cyprus. Their extension through Asia Minor testifies to the extension of Hittite influence, and will in future be a sure indication that the

object on which they occur is of Hittite origin.

The triangle is found not unfrequently in the Hittite inscriptions. The other symbol is also met with on two of M. Schlumberger's Hittite seals (*Proceedings of the Soc. of Bibl. Arch.*, Feb., 1884, Nos. 13, 14). A comparison of the different forms assumed by it enables me to explain its origin.

It is simply a picture of the knotted girdle worn round the waist. That this is the case will be obvious to anyone who will turn to plates 331 and 332 in Perrot and Chipiez's *Histoire de l'Art*, vol. iv., where sculptured figures from Eyuk are represented. The knotted girdles round the waists of the figures have precisely the same shape as the symbol whose origin we are in search of.

In one case, however, the knotted girdle takes the form of the *crux ansata*, the Egyptian symbol of life. I believe, therefore, that it gives us the clue to the origin of this mysterious symbol. It would have denoted the knotted girdle worn by the primitive Egyptian over the seat of life. Some of the figures in the tomb of Ti of the Fifth Dynasty wear no other article of clothing.

I will conclude this letter with a few words on the picture of the Hittite boot, which on the Yûghâd and "Constantinople" seals is placed on the apex of the ideograph which represents "a king," and has attached to it a short line denoting the end of a paragraph. The boot is frequently combined with a symbol which Mr. Boscawen has shown is a picture of the eyebrow, and, as has long been recognised, must in the inscriptions express the idea of superiority. At Boghaz Keui the priest who supports the winged solar disk on his head stands on the boot, suggesting the inference that the boot denotes what is below, or the earth. On one of M. Schlumberger's seals the "eyebrow" and the "boot" are written in front of a deity who stands on the back of an animal, in another they take his place. It is difficult not to believe that they here represent the ideas of "above and below," or "heaven and earth." The conclusion is confirmed by a passage in an inscription from Carchemish (Wright's *Empire of the Hittites*, pl. xi, fig. 4) where we have what I should read "he that is below and he that is above," the two hieroglyphs being coupled together by the ass's head. I may add that elsewhere the head of an ass seems to interchange with a circular hieroglyph which probably denotes the conjunction, as in one of the Carchemish texts (Wright, pl. x., l. 3), where the king is called, as I fancy, "the Carchemishian and the Hittite." A. H. SAYCE.

EARLY HEBREW MSS. OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Cambridge: Oct. 31, 1887.

Dr. W. Robertson Smith, Librarian to this University, has in his private collection a Hebrew MS. of the Old Testament of an age certainly earlier than 1142. This MS. is of considerable interest in more than one way, and especially as being the means of convincing the dullest understanding that the date (856) assigned to MS. Mm. 5.27 (No. xii. of my Catalogue), belonging to this library, is the correct one, and that, therefore, this MS. is older than the Babylonian Codex. Of course, to a real palaeographer, who (like a poet) must be born, there is no need of further corroboration than the MS. Mm. 5.27 itself affords. Still, if the two MSS. are compared, both being Sepharadic (but by no means necessarily Spanish), one sees the fallacy of the common assumption that handwritings differ only by countries and not by ages—an assumption held even by persons who are supposed to be good bibliographers.

S. M. SCHILLER-SZINESSEY.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Oct. 31, 1887.

"I need hardly, at this time of day," writes Mr. Freeman, "go about to disprove the genuineness of the so-called Ingulf" (*Norman Conquest*, iv. 600). Could he have supposed, when he thus wrote, that in the present year of grace that venerable imposture would still be quoted, with a fervent and childlike faith, not by compilers of local guides, but by officials of the Public Record Office and of the British Museum? It is to be feared that a fresh lease of life has been given to this moribund delusion by the treatise on Domesday Book (S.P.C.K.), which has just appeared from the pen of Mr. Walter de Gray Birch. The authority of Ingulf is appealed to persistently throughout that work without the suspicion of a doubt as to the genuineness of his supposed chronicle. We have here a startling illustration of the truth of Dr. Stubbs's words:

"The proved discovery of the forgery of Ingulf's *History of Crayland Abbey* was a fact that necessitated the revision of every standard book on early English history. It is more than forty years since that discovery, long ago suspected, was proved beyond the possibility of doubt. Yet to this day the Ingulfine leaven remains in our elementary books—nay, in more than elementary books, in standard works of history, from which it is impossible to eliminate it" (*Lectures on Mediaeval History*, p. 46).

I had occasion recently myself, in criticising the other appeal to Ingulf to which I have already referred, further to expose the forgery (*Anti-quary*, June, 1877); but in a book such as that of Mr. Birch, which is sure to be widely read, the prominent appeals to its authority are a far more serious matter. Nor can one see how the revival, in a pseudo-historical work, of a belief in that grotesquely impossible tale, which "is still swallowed," in Mr. Freeman's words, "by novelists and local antiquaries," tends to "the promotion of Christian knowledge."

J. H. ROUND.

LADY HAMILTON AND THE FOUNDER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

St. John's College, Cambridge: Oct. 31, 1887.

Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's conjecture that Lady Hamilton attributed Preston in Lancashire as her birthplace, from her anxiety to connect her family with that of the founder of Harrow School, is undoubtedly inaccurate.

John Lyons was born and resided at the hamlet of Preston, *Middlesex*, close to Harrow. A. R. THOROLD WINCKLEY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 7, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Anatomy of the Face," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Unseen World," by the President, Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Presidential Address by Mr. G. B. Bruce, and Distribution of Medals, &c.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Colonial Conference of 1887," by Canon Dalton.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological Institute: Exhibition of Implements and Works of Art from the Lower Congo, by Sir Frederick Goldsmid and Mr. Delmar Morgan; "The Lower Congo: a Sociological Study," by Mr. R. C. Phillips.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9, 8 p.m. Geological: "The so-called 'Soapstone' of Fiji," by Mr. Henry B. Brady; "Some Results of Pressure and of Intrusive Granite in Stratified Palaeozoic Rocks near Morlaix, in Brittany," "The Obermittweide Conglomerate, its Composition and Alteration," and "A Part of the Huronian Series in the Neighbourhood of Sudbury (Canada)," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; "The Position of the Obermittweide Conglomerate," by Prof. T. M. Kenny Huxhes.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Synopsis of the British Recent Foraminifera," by Mr. H. B. Brady; "Metamorphoses of Amoebae and Actinophrya," by Mr. C. R. Beaumont.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Prometheus Unbound" considered as a Poem," I., by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Colour and Colours," by Prof. A. A. Churrah.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Differential Equations satisfied by Concomitants of Quantics," by Mr. A. R. Forsyth; "Pure Ternary Reciprocants and Functions allied to them," by Mr. E. B. Elliott; "The General Linear Differential Equation of the Second Order," by Sir J. Cockle; "The Stability of a Liquid Ellipsoid which is rotating about a Principal Axis under the Influence of its own Attraction," by Mr. A. B. Basset; "Geometry of the Quartic, and on Modular Equations," by Mr. R. Russell.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Deep sea Sounding in connexion with Submarine Telegraphy," by Mr. E. Stallibrass.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11, 8 p.m. New Shakspeare Society: "Shakspeare's Alterations of History in his Historical Plays," by Mr. W. G. Stone.

SATURDAY, 8 p.m. Physical: "The Rotation of a Solid Copper Sphere and of Copper-wire Helices when freely suspended in a Magnetic Field," by Dr. R. C. Shettle; "A Geometrical Method of determining the Conditions of Maximum Efficiency in the Transmission of Power by Alternating Currents," by Mr. T. H. Blakeley.

SCIENCE.

THE WORLD-FABRIC ACCORDING TO THE RIG VEDA.

The Cosmology of the Rig-Veda. By H. W. Wallis. Published by the Hibbert Trustees. (Williams & Norgate.)

RELIGION, wrote St. James to the emigrant Jew, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. "Religion," says Mr. Wallis, in the opening sentence of his book, "is the behaviour of man with respect to the natural forces and influences of the world which he regards as manifestations of super-human will." The antithesis represents, with antithetical half-completeness, the Christian and the Indian conception of that reflex tie which binds man, on the one hand, to his Maker, and on the other, to his fellow-men. The Christian idea tends to identify religion with morality; the Indian method results in the sublimation of religion into philosophy. This little treatise, the first-fruits of a studious life, now sadly cut short, serves as a reminder that the latter view is the more ancient one; and that the earliest aspirations of religious man were not to do righteousness or to show mercy to his neighbour, but to comprehend the divine nature, and to stand well with his God.

Mr. Wallis set before himself a definite and a limited task. He has accomplished it with conscientious scholarship. His object was to state the views of the composers of the Rig Vedic hymns regarding the creation and order of the universe, without attempting to discover the origin of those views, or to assign to them a chronological sequence. He simply reproduces the cosmological guesses of the Rishis, collated in well-considered groups. All he claims is to have given a presentment of the passages from which a complete picture of the cosmology of the Rig Veda might be drawn, and upon which the more elaborate superstructure of Hindu cosmology rests. Those who have had to study the development of religious thought in India will know how much this unpretending claim includes, and will appreciate the historical value of the work which Mr. Wallis has modestly performed.

The Rishis, or Vedic psalmists, represented themselves as the only true mediators between man and the gods. Sacrifice, conducted according to the ritual prescribed by them, was the only effective mediation. Their hymns disclose, indeed, a consciousness of rival mediators and rival gods,

But such rivals appear only as objects of religious hostility or contempt. It became the object of the Rishis to keep the sacred lore in their own families, and to magnify the value of sacrificial rites of which they were the hereditary custodians. The character and the individuality of the god seem not of so much importance as the accurate performance of the sacrifice. It thus came about that the ceremonies and formulæ of the ritual gradually overlaid the essential meaning of the offering, until they degenerated into the incantations of the Atharva Veda; while the sphere of activity assigned to each god became more indefinite and more confused. Mr. Wallis justly remarks that the deities of the Rig Veda differ from the gods of Greece and Scandinavia in the abstract and almost impersonal nature of their character and attributes. Instead of battle-stained Odin, or hammer-wielding Thor, or amorous Zeus, we behold a number of divine agents in the creation and maintenance of the universe. "They are," says Mr. Wallis, "little more than factors in the physical and moral order of the world, apart from which none, except perhaps Indra, has a self-interested existence." This states the case somewhat strongly, but it shows the importance of a careful cosmological study of the Veda such as Mr. Wallis has made. A collection of very human epithets as well as of cosmic attributes applied to the gods might, however, be got together from the Rig Veda.

The Rig Vedic hymns disclose three distinct lines of thought in regard to the creation of the world, yielding three separate views as to its construction. The simplest theory is that the building of the world was done very much as the building of a house, by architects and artificers. "What, indeed, was the wood? What, too, was that tree," asks a hymn, "from which they fashioned the heaven and the earth?" The space was laid out with the measuring-rod of Varuna. This measuring-rod was the sun; and hence the measurers of the earth are the solar deities, especially Vishnu, who "measured the regions of the earth, and made fast the dwelling-place on high, stepping forth, the Mighty Strider, in three steps." The edifice had three storeys, or flats (although the metaphor here becomes doubtful, the earth, the air, and the heavens; the measurement beginning from the front of the structure, or the East. "Indra measured out as it were a house with measures from the front." "The Dawn shone with brilliance and opened for us the doors"; the doors that "open high and wide with their frames." Mr. Wallis suggests that the roofing of the house is referred to negatively in the epithet of the sky as beamless or without rafters. The firmness of the edifice is marvelled at and praised. While the design and general structure are assigned to the greater deities, and especially to Indra as their representative, the woodwork and other details were done by artificer gods. *Tvashtar*, the carpenter god, and the *Ribhus* who made three Soma-cups to one of *Tvashtar's*, are duly honoured; but with an understanding that joinery is, after all, only for an artisan deity. As the first act of the Indian peasant on taking possession of a new house is to bring in sacred fire, so says Mr. Wallis, "the

first act of the gods after the formation of the world was to produce the celestial Agni." Such are the main ideas connected with the simplest or house-building theory of the construction of the world. In this, as in every branch of the enquiry, however, it is difficult to decide whether certain epithets were merely intended as poetical similes or to what extent they covered cosmic conceptions; in fact, how far the metaphor which to us is a figure of speech was with the Vedic psalmists a mode of thought.

The second Vedic theory of the creation, second in degree of complexity although not necessarily in sequence of time, takes as its basis the great natural or elemental operations which we see at work in producing animal and vegetable life. Its agents are not the measuring-god or the carpenter-god or the door-opening Dawn, but heat and moisture, fire, water, light. Its process is one of generation, not of handicraft. "The centre point of the theory of cosmological generation," says Mr. Wallis, "is the combination of the light with the waters, which presented itself to the eyes of the poets in the birth of the lightning from the rain-cloud, and in the exhalations which surround the light of the sun." Around this central point, however, four agencies in the work of creation grouped themselves: first, and naturally, the sun; second, the waters; third, the primordial substance or unit; fourth, desire. The sun is the main fructifying influence in the Rig Vedic hymns, alike for plants and trees and the human embryo. This ascription of all creative work, and indeed of terrestrial work generally, to the sun, forms an example of the narrow line which sometimes separates the guesses of primitive thinkers from the profoundest conclusions of modern science. The sun is accordingly elevated by the Rig Vedic psalmists from the Father-god to the one supreme God, with almost the plenary powers afterwards concentrated in *Brahmā*. It is the first-born of things, and finally the Unborn. "Though it is but one," says a hymn, "the poets address it in many ways. They call it Agni, Yama, *Mātariçvan*." "It is the life of all that moveth and standeth"; "but one in many forms"; "that alone in which all existing things abide." The next agency in the generation-theory of the world-fabric is the waters. The waters appear as the Mothers; the rivers, especially the Indus, being the most heavenly of Mothers. They brought forth whatever stands or moves. They are the wives and mothers of the world growing up together in one home. *Rudra*, or the storm-cloud, is the divine physician: the waters are his life-giving medicines. *Parjanya* is god of the rain-cloud, producing fruit in plants, mares, cows, and women. The light of the sun was the first germ, but the waters were the bearers and fructifiers of the germ. But whence came the germ? A hymn refers to a primordial substance or unit, "the one thing" (*akam*) "out of which," says Mr. Wallis, "the universe was developed." In the end, however, the theory of generation works round from the elemental agencies to a conscious agent, prompted by desire. Volition may thus be said to be the prime mover of the creative process. "So in the beginning arose Desire, which was the

seed of the mind. The wise found out by thought, searching in the heart, the parentage of the existent in the non-existent."

The third Vedic explanation of the world-fabric belongs to a still more complex region of speculation. It is evident that the weak point in both the house-building theory and the generation theory is the starting-point: how existence came out of non-existence, and the immaterial put on materiality. The Rig Vedic poets found a vague solution of the difficulty, or rather a dim escape from it, in the Law of Rita, or the *primateval*, all-compelling, and universal Spirit of Order. Compared to this, the gods sink into mere angels or heavenly ministrants, if not, indeed, into passive instruments of a necessity for being which preceded alike divine and human life. This Order of the Universe was too remote an abstraction to be realised as an object of human worship. But it showed itself to men in four great symbols: the unalterable alternation of day and night, the passage of the sun across the heavens, the unswerving downward motion of the rain from the sky, and of the streams along their courses. The Principle of Order seems to be conceived of as existing before the manifestation of any phenomena, although the process of formulating philosophical dicta out of poetical imagery can yield but doubtful results. Mr. Wallis thinks that the best illustration of the ideas connected with this Principle of Order is to be found in the character of the god *Varuna*. As a king, *Varuna* ordains all that happens on earth; as a legislator, he lays down the laws; while the soldier *Indra* punishes offenders against them. But as the policeman, especially the military policeman, is in India a more practically powerful official than the law giver, so *Indra* became more important than *Varuna*. The latter, moreover, was a god of peace, while the *Aryans* on the march into India needed a god of war. In this way, Mr. Wallis thinks, *Indra* became the favourite god of the Rig Veda. It is needful to remind the reader, however, that another explanation may be given for the rise of *Indra* to the supreme place.

Side by side with these three theories of creation in the Rig Veda runs a constant assertion of the potent and mysterious powers of Sacrifice. The personal interest of the composers of the Veda in making that assertion was explained at the beginning of this article. But apart from personal motives, there seems to have been a genuine conviction that Sacrifice continued as it were the work of creation; and that, if creation brought life into the world, Sacrifice conferred immortality. Prayer is the instrument by which the Rishis effect their works and beget children. Sacrifice seems to have been regarded first as a propitiation of the gods, and then as constituting a contract with them. The Rig Vedic psalmists held that continued existence after death, and the superhuman powers possessed by the Fathers, alike resulted from Sacrifice accurately performed. The effect of Sacrifice as a bestower of immortality is, indeed, complicated by the circumstance, says Mr. Wallis, that *Yama*, the king of the world hereafter, was not primarily a sacrificer. The superhuman powers of the Fathers obtained by Sacrifice,

and their association with the light, have led Roth to regard them as a race of higher beings between men and gods; while Weber conjectures that they were the priests of an earlier religion common to the Aryans of Persia and India. But even men may, according to the Rishis, earn by Sacrifice the friendship of the gods, and almost an equality with them. "The whole ritual of sacrifices, with all its appurtenances," says Mr. Wallis, "its priests and offerings, was bodily translated from the sphere of human action to the world of the gods." The *primaeva* sacrificer was also a creator.

It has been necessary to accept without comment Mr. Wallis's views of individual passages in order to present his general conclusions within a moderate space. But, even after granting this assumption, it is essential again to warn the student of the constant perils which attend the process of building up a theory of creation out of primitive and poetical epithets of the gods. Having entered this mild caveat, we cannot part from Mr. Wallis's excellent monograph without saying a few words regarding its author. Cambridge missed at the beginning of the present term a newly-elected Fellow of Caius, who, at the end of last term, had just entered on what promised to be a bright and useful career. Mr. H. W. Wallis had qualified himself, as few young Englishmen qualify themselves, for the vocation of a Sanskrit scholar. Mr. Wallis took his degree in 1883, being placed in the first class of the second part of the classical tripos, and was especially distinguished by the examiners for ancient philosophy and philology. He gave the following year to the study of theology and Hebrew, obtaining distinction in the Old and New Testament subjects, and the prize in Hebrew in the Theological Tripos of 1884. The next three years Mr. Wallis devoted to laying a thorough foundation in Sanskrit. After gaining the Hibbert Studentship he proceeded to Germany to attend the lectures of Prof. Kielhorn at Göttingen, and to study the Veda under the great modern Rishi, Prof. Roth, of Tübingen. On returning to Cambridge, he devoted a year to the Vedanta with Prof. Cowell. On June 18 he was elected a Fellow of Gonville and Caius College; on July 18 he died. Wherever he went he impressed those with whom he worked by his earnest and studious life. Prof. Kielhorn lamented in the ACADEMY "the loss which the University of Cambridge and English scholarship" have suffered by the death of one whom, even according to German standards, "certainly would have become a first-class Sanskrit scholar." We have reviewed his essay at some length, for, so far as we can learn, it will be the sole published result of a life of much labour and high promise. Short as that life was, it has served two purposes. To other English students, with generous aspirations and a willingness to work, it stands as a finger-post pointing the way to the heights of scholarship, although it cannot travel thither. To English scholars, and to the Indian historian, it has bequeathed a most admirable monograph on a subject which has never before been treated in the English tongue with such clearness, conciseness, and precision.

W. W. HUNTER.

TWO LOCAL FLORAS.

Flore Populaire de la Normandie. Par C. Joret.

(London: Nutt; Paris: Maisonneuve.)

The Flora of Cardiff. By J. Storrie. (Published by the Cardiff Naturalists' Society.)

LOCAL floras—accounts, that is to say, of the native plants of a given district—may be drawn up from two points of view, and these points are well illustrated by the two works at present before us. On the one hand, the object may be to put on record the popular names of the plants, so as to preserve the interesting matters which they embody. This study will not be without interest for the botanist, if only because (as A. de Candolle shows) the names may give useful hints about the history of species; but still it will chiefly attract folklorists and philologists. The former will trace in the names the legends or the supposed attributes of the plants; the latter will follow, with interest, the derivation of the names, and perhaps use them with other data to throw light on the origin of the population of the country. Thus, it is certainly curious, if one remembers the little map in Mr. Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*, with its abundant indications of Saxon names in Normandy, to learn from Prof. Joret (p. 67) how few Norman plant-names are of Germanic origin. Plant-lists have been drawn up on this principle before now, both abroad and at home, as the *Dictionary of English Plant-Names*, of Messrs. Britten and Holland; but none which we have seen is more carefully done than that of M. Joret, who has added to a considerable list of printed authorities the results of personal enquiry and the contributions of a large staff of voluntary assistants. The value of his list to future students will be largely increased by the fact that he scrupulously assigns each name to the commune, canton, or *pays*, in which it is current; while he introduces his subject (pp. 7-82) and puts it, as it were, in its proper setting, by explaining the value of names and giving a very entertaining sketch of the history and literature of botany in so far as it is connected with mythology, magic, or even medicine, down to the recent publications of Signor A. de Gubernatis and Mr. Hilderic Friend.

But in the second place the object of a local flora may be more purely botanical, to trace and record the distribution of plants—a task of great usefulness at a time when many agencies are tending to destroy native species and introduce new ones in England and elsewhere. The Cardiff ballast-hills are rich in floral waifs and strays, some of which may presently take to this country and establish themselves, even as *Galinsoga parviflora*, the Peruvian waif, has done about Kew; or as *Mimulus luteus* is actually doing about Cardiff. It is interesting to find that *Capella Bursa-Pastoris* is "common everywhere" about Cardiff; for the present writer noticed its absence or great rarity along the coast from Swansea to St. David's in 1882; and interesting to learn from M. Joret that *Zostera nana* is not found in Normandy, for it is abundant on the neighbouring coasts of Jersey. Mr. Wallace's *Island Life* has shown, once for all, the importance of securing a careful register of all native forms of life, and we welcome enquirers who will go about the work as conscientiously as Mr. Storrie. But he has also done something for philologists, in giving the Welsh names for his species; and he has added a diagnosis of the plants, i.e., a means of identifying the flowers which a collector may have found.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. A. SIDGWICK'S EDITION OF THE
"EUMENIDES."

Oxford: Oct. 31, 1887.

Mr. Paley has written a letter to the ACADEMY of last week, in which he makes

certain complaints of my edition of Aeschylus *Eumenides*. I am exceedingly sorry that Mr. Paley, whose eminence as an English scholar and student of Aeschylus is undisputed, should consider that he has cause for complaint against me. I can only say I had no intention to give such cause.

If Mr. Paley's letter be read attentively, it will be seen that he brings really three complaints against me:

(1) That I have adopted his text, notes, and references without sufficient acknowledgment.

(2) That in other places I have differed from him.

(3) That by so differing I have tried to conceal my appropriation of his work.

To (3) I do not think it necessary to reply. It is an imputation of a very grave kind, which is not true, and for which there is and can be no evidence. I feel sure that Mr. Paley will, on reflection, regret having made it.

With respect to (2) he quotes two instances where he objects to my "disparaging his well-considered criticisms of the text." This simply means that I do not accept his emendation and give very briefly my reasons. There is no "disparagement" here, save in the sense in which all divergence of view is disparagement. In his first instance, the passage itself is a well-known *crux* (*Eum.* 631), which has been very variously emended; and, so far as I know, no one has accepted Mr. Paley's view. In the second instance, what he really complains of is that I say the MS. reading $\tau\delta\ \mu\eta\ \gamma\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\theta\alpha\iota$ (which he defends) "must be wrong," and do not notice or reply to his defence of it. One cannot in a school edition reply to everything; and the MS. reading is rejected as corrupt by Pauw, Schütz, Wakefield, Schwenk, *Wallsauer*, Schultze, Kirchhoff, Meineke, Hartung, Dindorf, Hermann, Wecklein, and Linwood. I can find no recent editor who approves it, except Drake and he takes it differently, and calls Mr. Paley's version "harsh and improbable." Further Mr. Paley, no doubt unintentionally, by the turn of his phrase gives a misleading colour to my words. He says—"When an old hand editing is told by a much younger scholar that he must be wrong, he is apt to ask," &c. Now I do not say Mr. Paley must be wrong; I do not refer to him. I say the *manuscripts* must be wrong. One sees that Mr. Paley's sentence is considerably shorn of its effect if accurately rewritten as follows: "When an old hand editing, who is almost alone in defending the MS. reading, is told by a much younger scholar in agreement with most editors, that the MS. must be wrong . . ." The disrespect to the elder scholar disappears.

But it is (1) which he chiefly complains of that I have not enough acknowledged my obligations to him. My answer is, that Mr. Paley has greatly overstated these obligations; and that I believed, and still believe, that he has sufficiently acknowledged those that owe.

Mr. Paley says that my notes are "his own commentary in a new dress." I can only reply, that these words grievously misstate the facts. My edition may be of little value; but it represents honest study of Aeschylus, reading and weighing a vast mass of comment and suggestion, and the best that I could bring to thought or knowledge. Mr. Paley, at the very end of his letter, seems to have some feeling for this, for he says: "I would not willingly do the least injustice to the independent thought shown in this work"; but it is obvious, if I am Mr. Paley in a new dress, there is no independent thought. I owe much to other editors, as all must, and not least to Mr. Paley as the foremost English editor; but my edition is in no sense based on any other, still less on any other editor's notes in a new dress.

I have given, in the preface, the names

to six editions chiefly studied, among which Mr. Paley's is one. I selected these as the six to which I owe most; and the mention of their names was intended to acknowledge, and to be understood as acknowledging, the debt. In my commentary, moreover, my principle has been to quote the name of the editor whenever I was mentioning or adopting any view or information in any way original or important, or any references which were at all out of the way, often when it was a mere case of an editor's authority on a reading. Mr. Paley's name occurs thus twenty-seven times in my notes, although in eighteen of these cases his suggestion is not adopted. On the other hand, I have treated as common property, and needing no such mention, those views, comments, or references, which were obvious, which were to be found in ordinary books of reference, or were such as a writer would not wish to claim. Of course, one may err in drawing the line; and if I have erred, that is my error. But this is a bona fide slip, or mistake of judgment, and a very different thing from what Mr. Paley complains of.

Let me take his examples (which, I presume, are the strongest he can find) successively. 467. πράξας πανταχῇ. This cannot be translated otherwise than "however I fare"; and the *Antigone* reference is one which for years has been familiar to me, is given in Liddell and Scott under πανταχῇ, and is the only such instance given.

599. πέπεισθι. The Epic instances are obvious, and would occur to anyone. The Attic κίεραχθι is, I admit, an example both rarer and more in point. I may have erred in not acknowledging this. But it is not a grave omission; and I find Drake gives κέκλυθι, ἄνωχθι, κέεραχθι as examples, with no mention of Mr. Paley.

903. Mr. Paley objects to my quoting his references; but they are both in Liddell and Scott, and of course in the Tragic Indices, which every editor has always by him. As to the translation, I have adopted the one word "dishonourable": ἐπίσκοπα I render, I venture to think, more accurately.

697. περιτέλλουσι. The meanings are both in Liddell and Scott; and the comment is not only not taken from Mr. Paley, but is not in agreement with his note. He says the poet takes the middle part between Cimon and Pericles; I say, "Aeschylus protests against the despot who was no longer formidable) and anarchy: i.e., he recommends oligarchy under the usual pretext of moderation." This remark arose out of Aeschylus's τὸ μὴτ' ἄναρχον μῆτε δεσποτούμενον. I do not agree with Mr. Paley that the poet recommended a middle course between Cimon and Pericles. Cimon was not a despot.

Lastly, Mr. Paley says my text does not differ materially from his own, implying thereby that I have taken it from him. There is no shadow of foundation for this. My judgment may be worth very little; but I have carefully considered every difficulty, done my best to master all the suggestions, and come to the best conclusion I could, assigning every emendation to its author by name. How far my text, as a whole, agrees with Mr. Paley's I have no idea; but of the corrections of MSS. adopted in my edition, there are 174, and only four of these were suggested by Mr. Paley—only two of them really first proposed by him. In all four I have named Mr. Paley.

I think I am justified in saying that Mr. Paley's complaints are unreasonable, and that his description of my work as a "compilation" is not easy to distinguish from plagiarism, is untrue and unfair. And I am doubly sorry that such an attack should come from a scholar whom I, like other students of Aeschylus, have always regarded with gratitude and respect, and from whom I have learnt much.

A. SIDGWICK.

SCIENCE NOTES.

OWING to the serious illness of Dr. A. de Wateville, it will be impossible to publish Part 39 of *Brain* in October, and the indulgence of subscribers to the periodical is requested. It has been decided that instead of publishing Part 39 very much after its proper date, it will be best to issue Parts 39 and 40 together in January, 1888.

The Shell Collector's Handbook for the Field, by J. W. Williams, editor of the *Naturalist's Monthly*, a volume giving instructions as to the collecting and preserving of British land and freshwater shells, and describing the habitat of each, will be published immediately by Messrs. Roper and Drowley.

THE last part of the *Transactions* of the Edinburgh Geological Society well sustains the reputation of this body. It opens with the inaugural address, delivered at the beginning of last session, by Mr. Ralph Richardson. The subject of the address is the "Antiquity of Man"; and its special value lies in the care with which all discoveries of fossil mammals in Scotland are recorded, and the localities depicted on a map. Prof. Claypole has a paper on "The Lake Age in Ohio," which forms an interesting contribution to the history of the glacial period in America.

CAPT. DUTTON, of the U.S. Geological Survey, has published a valuable report on the Zuñi plateau, in Western New Mexico. The principal rocks are of cretaceous age, and occur in far-stretching horizontal beds; but in ascending to the plateau these give place to Jura-Triassic rocks, which in turn are underlain by palaeozoic strata, and finally by crystalline rocks—probably of Archaean age, which form the central mass. Numerous cones of Tertiary volcanoes occur to the north-east of the Zuñi mountains, the principal being Mount Taylor, 11,389 feet high.

WE have also received Nos. 34 to 39 of the *Bulletin* of the United States Geological Survey, containing, as usual, much interesting matter. Mr. Lester Ward presents a preliminary sketch, amply illustrated, of the flora of the Laramie group; Dr. C. A. White discusses the relation of the Laramie molluscan fauna to that of the succeeding freshwater eocene and other groups; Mr. Warren Upham describes the old beaches and deltas of the extinct Lake Agassiz, which in glacial times occupied the basin of the Red River of the North; Mr. Dillen gives a petrological description of the peridotite of Elliott Co., Kentucky; while Dr. Barns explains some original experiments on the subsidence of fine solid particles in liquids—a subject of much importance to geologists in connexion with sedimentation; and finally, this physicist, in conjunction with Dr. Strouhal, continues the discussion of the physical properties of the iron-carburets, upon which papers have appeared in the earlier *Bulletins*.

WE are requested to say, in contradiction of a statement that has appeared in a monthly scientific journal, that the author of the *Students' Guide to the Microscope* (Roper & Drowley), who is content to style himself "A Queckett Club-man," is not Mr. T. Charters White.

PROF. DITTMAR'S *Exercises in Quantitative Chemical Analysis*, which was reviewed in the *ACADEMY* of last week, was ascribed to a wrong publisher. It is published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate; the printers are Messrs. Hodge & Co., of Glasgow.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. T. W. RHYS DAVIDS has now entered upon his duties as the new secretary to the

Royal Asiatic Society, in succession to Sir Frederic Goldsmid.

DR. HENRY SWEET is giving a course of public lectures this term at Oxford on "The Elements of Phonetics." The subject of the first lecture, delivered on Thursday of this week, was "The Objects and Methods of Phonetic Study; the Organs of Speech and the main Divisions of Speech-Sounds."

PROF. TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE has reprinted from the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society a paper entitled "Formosa Notes on MSS. Languages, and Races," which may be obtained from Mr. David Nutt. The occasion of the paper was to describe nine Formosan MSS.—written in an old Pepohwan dialect, with Roman characters of Dutch origin and (in some cases) a Chinese translation—which had been sent home by Mr. Colborne Baber. But Prof. de Lacouperie has taken the opportunity to compile an exhaustive monograph about the peoples and languages of Formosa; while incidentally he throws some light upon the sources of information open to the famous impostor of Queen Anne's time, Psalmanazar.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, October 28.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL, president, in the chair.—The chairman congratulated the members of the society on the opening of its seventh session; and, speaking of the now widespread results of its labours, alluded to the fact that in America its papers are read and valued wherever the study of Browning's poems is looked on as one of the sources of culture. After intimating that the society hoped to produce "A Blot in the Scutcheon," early next year, Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Farren having promised their help, Dr. Furnivall announced that Mr. Revell and Dr. Berdoe would read short papers on extracts from poems of their own choosing.—Mr. Revell then briefly referred to the remoteness of thought in Browning's best poems, his preference of the abiding and eternal to the transient, his want of sympathy with the activities of our day, with scientific methods and results—a want of sympathy amounting to antipathy, and disqualifying him for the title of scientific poet. He instanced and read the poems "Tray," and "Prologue to the Dramatic Idylls," as proving this. Turning from this, Mr. Revell read "Rabbi Ben Ezra," as one of the poet's very best, containing a theory of life, theistic, religious, and therefore optimistic. No nobler contribution has been made to the higher life of the day, and its distinctive note is individualism, egoism. When a man has done all, he must reckon with himself.—Dr. Berdoe prefaced his paper by saying that he had no idea what Mr. Revell was going to read when he choose as his own subjects some lines of "La Saisiaz," and of "Fifine at the Fair," as illustrating two phases of Browning's view of life—the first a future state of reward by development, the second, present reward in the conflict of life itself. From "Pauline" to his last poem, Browning preaches a clear, definite gospel—ill tends to good; no factor in our life can be spared consistently with our development; the prize is in the process. Every poem illustrates this. Browning never ignores the most apparently insignificant fact in his characters. This is the method of science—to insist on the value of the little, overlooked forces that are always changing the face of the world.—Dr. Furnivall expressed the thanks of the society to Mr. Revell and Dr. Berdoe; and some remarks on the question raised by the papers as to Browning's scientific position were offered by different members.

FINE ART.

My Autobiography and Reminiscences. By W. P. Frith, R.A. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

WITH genuine modesty Mr. Frith says, "If I may presume to be known as an artist, it is

as the painter of large compositions"; and there is, therefore, some sort of consistency in his taking two good-sized volumes for the memories of an uneventful life. Not that his story is without interest—for no autobiography, if it be honest and genuine, can be uninteresting; but success came to him so early in his career, and in such abundant measure, that we do not have those contrasts of light and shadow which are needed to make up an effective picture. Mr. Frith is fully satisfied with the appreciation that has been bestowed upon his work as an artist, and we think he has every reason to feel so. We are also confident that the same public which has found pleasure in looking upon his pictures will derive no small amount of entertainment from his pleasant contribution to the literature of gossip.

Whatever may be the case with poets, painters (or, at any rate, Royal Academicians) are sometimes made. It does not appear that Frith evinced in his early youth any special aptitude for drawing. He copied, indeed, when he was eleven years old, a drawing of Morland's, which an admiring relative bought for sixpence; but he frankly confesses that the performance was a wretched one, and that it was the love of lucre and not of art that impelled him to further efforts in the same line. What he says upon the subject of "early promise" is thoroughly sensible, and, like every page in the book, displays such a modest estimate of his own professional worth that it makes one value his judgment all the more:

"I know very well that I never was, nor under any circumstances could have become, a great artist; but I am a very successful one, and my advice is often asked by anxious parents, who produce specimens of their children's work, and place me in the really awful position of a kind of destiny over the future of their sons or daughters. Let me advise all artists who may find themselves elected arbiters of the fate of others to be as dumb as the ancient oracle when difficulties were presented. Except in the rarest and most exceptional cases, judgment from early specimens is absolutely impossible."

The writer then goes on to specify what is required to make a successful artist. Long and severe study from antique statues and from life; close attendance at lectures dealing with perspective, anatomy, composition, and arrangement; an eye for colour; aptness in the choice of subjects, and a degree of industry which is at all times rare, and which, we may add, is seldom favoured by the habits of young Bohemia. For one who succeeds as Mr. Frith has done, a hundred fail; and, perhaps, oftenest fail from the lack of that faculty for taking infinite pains which does duty for genius. If Mr. Frith was born anything, he was born an auctioneer; and there were moments in his early career as an artist when he would have gladly exchanged the brush for the hammer. But he stuck manfully to the profession his father had chosen for him; and, when the first drudgery was over, felt an enjoyment in the exercise of his skill which has grown with the skill itself. He had the advantage of a good teacher in Henry Sass (among whose pupils were Millais, Edward Lear and Jacob Bell—better known as a patron than as a practiser of art), and probably derived as much benefit from the

severity of the master's criticisms as from his instructions in art. Premature success, as Mr. Frith admits, turns the heads of young artists; and "single-picture painters"—men whose one grand achievement has never been followed by another—are by no means unknown in the profession.

Like others, Frith had to undergo the usual trials to which the Academy subjects exhibitors. His first efforts were condemned to the Architecture Room, or to that gloomy limbo of disappointed artists, the Octagon Room; but he emerged triumphant, and got his place among the "liners," and, in due time, was elected an Associate. The latter honour does not seem to have been highly appreciated by its dispensers, however much it may have been coveted by aspirants. It gave Frith a place at the Royal Academy banquet, and an opportunity of hearing a criticism from the lips of the Duke of Wellington:

"The picture he was studying was called 'Rain, Steam, and Speed'—a rather eccentric representation of a train in full speed on the Great Western Railway. Unperceived, I watched the Duke's puzzled expression as he read the quotation from the 'Fallacies of Hope.' He then looked steadily at the picture, and with a muttered 'Ah, poetry!' walked on."

The "Fallacies of Hope" was the title of a MS poem attributed to Turner, and to the general public it was as enigmatical as most of that artist's later pictures. Frith's first large composition was that now known as "An Old English Merry Making." The date of its exhibition is not given, and it is difficult to discover it from the pages of the autobiography, where one jumps back from 1850 to 1848 in a perplexing manner. It has been engraved by William Holl, and, we are told, received the warmest praise from Turner, whose praise was not indiscriminately given. This was followed by a still more popular picture—the "Coming of Age," which was begun in September, 1848, and finished in April, 1849. It took the fancy of the people; and certainly deserved recognition, if only on account of the evident care bestowed upon its composition. The background—the Elizabethan mansion from which the young heir descends—is made up of studies from Haver Castle and Heslington Hall, and the costumes are the fruit of much research in the Print Room of the British Museum.

Mr. Frith's reputation was now fully established. He could always reckon upon a good place and a good price for his pictures, and could despise the critics. "Ramegate Sands" (which, with his usual candour, Mr. Frith tells us was described by a brother artist as "a piece of vulgar Cockney business, unworthy of being represented even in an illustrated paper") was sold for a thousand guineas to a dealer who, for a consideration, transferred his purchase to the Queen. It follows, as a matter of course, that the next big picture from Mr. Frith's studio—the "Derby Day"—commanded a still bigger sum, and that Mr. Frith had the pleasure of experiencing that "nothing succeeds like success." In justice to the artist, it should be borne in mind that his expenses are necessarily large. Mr. Frith never paints figures

except from living models (being in respect the opposite to Maclise), and the trouble of finding the right people and the cost of hiring them is considerable. Perhaps the most interesting parts of Mr. Frith's book are those in which he tells us the histories—sad and humorous—of the men and women who figure in his most popular paintings. We have no doubt they found in him a sympathetic hearer as well as a liberal patron.

Mr. Frith's pages are, like his picture crowded with folk of high and low degree. He talks about them in a simple, unaffected way and thus is consistent with himself when he pleads with the profession for a return to nature. He does not hold that eccentricity is a proof of genius or audacity an evidence of power. What he describes as "the *bizarre*, French impressionist style of painting recently introduced into this country" will, in his opinion, be disastrous to English art. His advice and his censure will, doubtless, be lightly esteemed by those who regard him as a mere photographer; but no one can read his autobiography without concluding that his popularity (whatever be its worth) is merited, and that this exercise of his pen will increase it.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

M. VERESCHAGIN cannot be congratulated on the success of his attempt to paint realistically the horrors of war. Callot, with the point of a needle and a few square inches of copper, could produce more effect than the Russian artist with an acre of canvas. Such huge scenes as "The Road of the War-Prisoners"—a long stretch of white road with portions of human clothing appearing through the snow at intervals—and "The Conquered," in which a priest is offering prayers on a field of battle covered with dimly seen bodies of men, are poor pictures and uninteresting without the information given in the catalogue, and even then they add little to the "thrill" of the literary description. The scene in which Skobelev is congratulating his troops after the battle of Shipka is very ineffective, despite the heaps of dead in the foreground; and the Emperor in Russia and his staff witnessing the assault on Plevna is the dullest of records. We have often seen such subjects as hangings, and crucifixions, and dead bodies surrounded by birds of prey, treated in a terrible and revolting manner; but it has been left for M. Vereschagin to show us how unexciting such scenes can be when treated in a thoroughly commonplace manner. Pictures need not have any "subject" in a literary sense, but they must have a "subject" in the sense in which artists use the term, and these large pictures of M. Vereschagin are all very poor "subjects" in the latter sense. In these pictures what feeling he has for colour seems to desert him. To see him at his best we must look at his smaller pictures of the East, such as the "Entrance to the Tomb of the Kings," the "Tomb of the Kings," "Entrance to the Grotto of the Mount of Tentation" and "Solomon's Wall," or "The Mosque in Futteypore Sikri." These are considerable, but by no means extraordinary technical skill.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's new gallery at New Bond Street there is a sunny collection of drawings by Mr. Charles Gregory, of "Summer-time on the South-coast, from Penzance." The country and the season are well suited to display Mr. Gregory's skill in painting vivid colours in sunlight. The ri

coloured rocks, the red houses, the gaily blossoming trees, the ripe cornfields, the flowery gardens, supply him with an endless source of bright material for his foregrounds; and he can be tender in his melting distances of sky and sea. Few artists give us such a bright and cheerful view of the world as Mr. Gregory, or are able to present so distinctly what they see, whether landscape or figure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOMME'S "ROMANO-BRITISH REMAINS."

London: Oct. 31, 1887.

In the compilation of my collection from the old *Gentleman's Magazine* I have had to examine 240 volumes of some 500 to 700 pages each, and then to arrange and sort my extracts. That here and there I may have omitted or misplaced an item belonging to any one of the various subjects is, as I have stated, only too probable. That anything of real importance has been thus left unprinted is, I am almost sure, not the case. But I have sought to guard against even the imperfections arising from what I have hitherto ventured to think were unavoidable causes by stating in the preface to one of the previous volumes my intention of printing in an addenda volume a list of errata, in which I include, of course, all omissions of any importance.

In the meantime Mr. Thompson Watkin, a specialist on Roman remains in Britain, comes down upon one section of the series and offhandedly pronounces it "useless." I have been a student of the Roman period of British history for some years, and would venture to state that the omissions from this volume will not affect its usefulness to my fellow students, and in this I am supported by the ACADEMY reviewer. But even taking Mr. Watkin's own ground of criticism, if my volume draws out from Mr. Haverfield a list of my omissions we shall then have a complete index of Roman remains as recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and when these omissions are printed in my addenda volume, the work will be complete. Surely such a result, if not in perfect form, can hardly deserve the epithet useless.

It is so easy for Mr. Watkin to condemn my work. It would have been more satisfactory to have aided it by letting me have his list some months ago. Other correspondents have been more generous.

More than one leading literary journal in noticing previous volumes have expressed a flattering concern that I was diverting my energies from more original work in undertaking this enormous labour; but hitherto I have felt that I was doing some service to literary students of various subjects. If I had any reason to think that Mr. Watkin's onslaught met with anything like general adhesion I have a simple remedy in stopping the work.

G. L. GOMME.

Lancing College: Nov. 1, 1887.

I do not wish to fill the columns of the ACADEMY with a discussion as to the exact extent of the omissions in Mr. Gomme's *Romano-British Remains*. I shall be content if those who use the book understand that it is, as an index, undoubtedly imperfect. This view, may I add, is consistent with gratitude to Mr. Gomme for having done a work suggested in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1753, but never yet carried out—the selection of a volume of antiquities from the magazine.

The mosaic found in 1733 and mentioned by Mr. Thompson Watkin (*G.M.*, 1733.436) is noticed also in *Read's Weekly Journal* (Saturday, August 18, 1733); but I have sought in vain for further information than that contained in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

I should like, however, to take this opportunity of calling attention to some Gallic inscriptions quoted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731.487) from the *Daily Courant* (November 18 and 23, 1731). The original article in the *Courant*—four columns long—is "a memoir of M. Vergile de la Bastide, a gentleman of Languedoc," and contains some inscriptions found on the road from Beaucaire to Nîmes—the ancient Via Domitia (not Aurelia or Aureliana). The inscriptions are:

(1) TI. CAESAR | DIVI AVG F. AVG | PONTIF. MAX. | TRIB. POT. XXI | REFOECIT ET | RESTITVIT | xiii. "A square figure 25½ inches by 18, 6 foot above ground."

(2) IMP . . . | DIVI F. AVG . . . | IMP XIII . . . "Of a round make, 24 inches diameter."

(3) TI CAE . . . "A square stone."

(4) The same as (1), but with XIII. for XIIII. at the end (misquoted in the *G.M.*).

(5) TI. CLAVDIVS | DRVSI F. CAESAR | AVG. GERMANICVS | PONTIF. MAX. TRIB | POT. COS. DESIGN | IMP II REFOECIT. "Round, 9 foot long, 24 inches diameter."

I have been unable to discover if these inscriptions have been republished before. They are not in Wilmanns or Orelli, but the first may be a complete version of one given by Herzog (*Gallia Narb.*, No. 630, p. 139). A sixth inscription quoted in the article is identical with Herzog, No. 632, though the situations are slightly different.

F. HAVERFIELD.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

READERS of the late Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* may remember his frequent allusions to antiquities in his possession, and, possibly, may have wondered what has become of them. It is not generally known that twenty years ago he gave this important collection, together with his large collection of Greek, Etruscan, and Roman antiquities, to Harrow School. They have fared badly there, having been packed away in the library in a case that was not air-tight in front, and rested against a damp wall behind. But, last year, a museum was built at Harrow for the school, and the collections were removed thither. Since then the Egyptian antiquities have been catalogued by Mr. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum, and the rest by Mr. Cecil Torr; and these printed catalogues can now be obtained from Mr. Wilbee, the bookseller at Harrow. Moreover, at Mr. Torr's request, the governors of the school voted a sum of money to purchase one new case, and to make a beginning of the repairing and mounting of the antiquities; and under Mr. Budge's direction all the Egyptian antiquities have already been repaired, mounted, numbered, and arranged for exhibition. But a further vote of money will be needed before the whole collections can be placed in a satisfactory state. The museum is open on Sundays from 12 to 1, on week-days from 12 to 1 and from 2 to 4, and generally at other times on application to the custodian.

THE exhibitions to open next week include the winter exhibition in oil colours of the Dudley Gallery Imperial Art Society in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and an exhibition of pictures from the salon of this year in Mr. W. W. Dierken's Continental Gallery, in New Bond Street; a sporting and coaching exhibition in the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street; and a collection of porcelain, metal-work, woodcarving, &c., brought by Mr. Litchfield from Scandinavia, at 28 and 30 Hanway Street, Oxford Street.

Mrs. TIRARD (Miss Helen Beloe) will give

two courses of lectures to ladies at the British Museum. The first will be upon "Life in Ancient Egypt," on Tuesday next, November 8, and the two following Tuesdays, at 11.30 a.m. The second will be on "The Tombs and Temples of Ancient Egypt," on Friday next, November 11, and the five following Fridays, at 2.30 p.m. Each lecture will be illustrated by diagrams, and afterwards by a visit to the Egyptian galleries. Applications for tickets should be made to Miss C. Goldsmid, 3 Observatory Avenue, Kensington. Half the proceeds of the first course of lectures will be given to the Egypt Exploration Fund.

THE STAGE.

M. COQUELIN AT THE ROYALTY.

M. COQUELIN, the particular star—or comet, rather—of Mr. Mayer's company, has already been too active in changing his parts, too multiform in his appearances, for any weekly paper to keep pace with him. "Un Parisien" has been succeeded by "L'Ainé," "L'Ainé" by "Don César de Bazan," and now "Don César" gives place to "The Grengoire" of M. de Banville, and the "Juif Polonais" of Erckmann-Chatrian. The object of all these changes is not only the pecuniary one of ensuring a full house; it is likewise the artistic object of proving the range of the performer who, within the last few years, in France, has crossed successfully the wide territory of art that divides a consummate comedian from a successful comic actor. Still, even to the success of M. Coquelin—even to his range—there may be limits; and the very effort to show us the extent of the ground he can cover discloses, perhaps, the whereabouts of the ground he can hardly occupy. The truth is, M. Coquelin, like almost every other actor, small or great, would but criticism oftener have the temerity to declare it, is controlled by the nature of his physique. A man is controlled in this way less positively than a woman—"make-up" can conceal his identity more effectually—yet he, too, must, in his measure, confess the limitations which physique imposes. Now, "Un Parisien" is a piece which a little taxes M. Coquelin's powers—not in the least his intellectual and emotional resources (these are tried much more elsewhere), but his powers of lending the required grace to the body and bearing of the individual he impersonates. The "Parisien," it is true, is not a Frenchman of the very bluest blood. The horizon of such an one would not be bounded by the cafés of Paris; "ses terres" would occupy him as much as his hotel of the Rue de Grenelle or of the Rue St. Dominique St. Germain. Still, the "Parisien" is a cultivated gentleman in his way; his manner charming, his carriage elegant. And this M. Coquelin does not, perhaps, quite perfectly realise. Alive the actor is, of course, to all the piece's intellectual requirements—his eye bright and keen; his mouth wonderfully expressive; and what an admirable way of launching his sentences; of making every word tell!

There is room for stronger emotion, and there are much stronger situations in "L'Ainé." On the other hand the piece is less witty. M. Delair has his own qualities, but he cannot have the qualities of M. Gondinet. He is more of a realist—very likely; and he is a realist in a different world. M. Delair, we understand, has not been a pure man of letters, and in "L'Ainé" he has put something of the experience that is supposed to be gained in what is called "practical" life. In so far as this is done with truth it is greatly in accord with the modern fashion: any real experience being held to be of the nature of a "document"—to be remembered, docketed, put by for future reference. But the actual story of "L'Ainé"—a story not free from repulsiveness,

though no doubt faultless in intention—required no experience of industrial or “practical” life for its invention. It is too late to tell it in detail. Suffice it to say that in *M. Coquelin* plays the part of a genuine lover, who loves under the burden of vices which he finds it difficult to throw off. The heroine is under obligations to him. He even stirs her feelings considerably. She consents to “save” him—and a woman does not generally “save” a man unless she has a tolerably enthusiastic regard for him too. At last, however, he is to be saved not at the cost of her sacrifice. She marries a more youthful and more blameless person. *M. Coquelin* has very strong scenes—a great variety of action and feeling. He finds, perhaps, just adequate, but certainly only just adequate support from the company.

The actor's love of a character, not so much comic as picturesque, romantic—shall we say Bohemian?—is evidenced by the choice of at least one part in his further performances—those of *Don César de Bazan* and of *Gringoire*. *Frederick Lemaître* was the great impersonator of *Don César*. *M. Coquelin* is ambitious to be the inheritor of many mantles. A fragment—and not so small a fragment either—of *Frederick Lemaître* has undoubtedly fallen upon him. And in “*Gringoire*,” as in “*L'Ainé*,” the eminent comedian of our day has taken care to secure to himself a mantle of his own. It will be a long time, we hope, before he will desire to bequeath that to anyone. We await, with extreme interest, his performance of *Mathias* in “*The Bells*.”

MUSIC.

“DON GIOVANNI.”

MOZART'S “*Don Giovanni*” was first heard at Prague on October 29, 1787. A hundred years have passed by, but the opera still retains its popularity. Some works improve by age; but in operatic music there have been such marked changes, both in character and in form, since the time of Mozart, that all the operas produced by his contemporaries, *Hiller*, *Hasse*, *Haydn*, and even *Gluck*, have become antiquated. The operas of the last-named have alone survived, but are seldom heard. “*Don Giovanni*” bears, it is true, marks of the eighteenth century; but its melodies are so fascinating, its dramatic power is so great, that in performance these marks almost escape notice. The idea, then, of celebrating the centenary of so remarkable a work was natural. And the most natural way of doing it was to give a performance of the opera. At Prague, where, as stated, it was produced, at Vienna, at Berlin, and at Paris this was, in fact, done last week. But in London there was nothing of the kind. At the Crystal Palace, however, an attempt was made to honour the day. “*Don Giovanni*” was given, not on the stage, but on the concert platform. We readily grant that there may have been insuperable difficulties in the way of getting together an efficient company. But in that case it would surely have been better to abandon the scheme. When “*Parsifal*” was performed a few years ago at the Albert Hall, in concert form, the true friends of Wagner had cause for dissatisfaction. Yet, at any rate, there was the excuse that this was the only way in which the London musical public could hear the work; for it is not given to all to go to Baireuth. “*Don Giovanni*” has been heard over and over again in London; only last season *Mr. Harris* gave it with an excellent cast at Drury Lane. Any opera must lose off the stage; none more so than Mozart's masterpiece. Every movement of the actors is reflected in the music, and much of the latter goes for nothing apart from the play. A concert-room performance gives, not a partial, but a false idea of the work. And then, again, at the Crystal Palace the artists engaged to sing the solo parts

had, we believe, but little knowledge of the boards, and were, therefore, unable to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the music. We refrain from giving the full list of names. Let it suffice to say that *Miss A. Marriott*, as *Donna Anna*, sang in her best manner, and that *Mr. John Probert's* pleasing voice was heard to advantage in “*Dalla sua pace*.” There was, of course, no fault to find with *Mr. Manns* and his excellent band.

The programme-book was not all that could be desired. It might surely have contained some music notes after the usual style of analysis. But there were no remarks about the music, although many a skilful point or characteristic piece of orchestration might have been pointed out. There was a short article on “*Don Giovanni*” of an historical nature, a very bad English translation of the Italian libretto, and an article reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*. Of the first and last we would say one word. In discussing Mozart's choice of subject, the writer of the former manages to drag in the “*Ring des Nibelungen*” and “*Tristan*,” to show that we are not better than our fathers in the matter of stage stories. He is free to think what he likes of modern books, but ought not to have accused *Siegfried* and *Tristan* of crimes which *Wagner*, at any rate, never laid to their charge. Of the other writer we would merely remark that to institute a comparison between two such different scenes as the “*Supper*” in “*Don Giovanni*” and the “*Dungeon*” in “*Fidelio*” is somewhat unreasonable. The writer maintains that the former transcends the latter.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN, who died last Monday, was for more than half a century a prominent figure in the musical world. He was born in 1813, entered the Royal Academy in 1829, became one of its professors in 1834, and was appointed principal in 1876. During a long life, he produced much in various departments of musical literature, and neither the terrible calamity of blindness nor advancing age was allowed to interfere with his activity. Among the operas which he wrote, “*Robin Hood*” may be named as perhaps the most successful. Of his oratorios—from “*St. John the Baptist*,” produced in 1873, to “*David*,” produced at Leeds in 1882—one must acknowledge the skill displayed, but on many a page there is labour rather than inspiration. Of his part-songs, the settings of *Shakspeare* are deservedly admired. Of his cantatas, the “*Lady of the Lake*,” brought out in Glasgow in 1877, is the most widely known. He is also to be mentioned as a writer of instrumental music; a few chamber works of his have been given at the Popular Concerts, and a Symphony in E minor at the Crystal Palace in 1883.

Sir George, however, who has long stood at the head of English musicians, and who has won the respect due to his talent both at home and abroad, will be remembered by posterity less for his contributions to musical art, than for his works on theory. He was a man of clear intellect, if not of eloquent pen; and his *Rudiments of Harmony* (published in 1860), and his *Six Lectures on Harmony* (1867), have obtained for him a prominent place among theorists. For fifty years he was an ardent advocate of the system of harmony propounded by his former friend, *Alfred Day*. It is only two years ago that *Day's* treatise was reprinted with valuable notes and an exceedingly interesting appendix by Sir George. In all matters relating to the *Day* theory, he has always been the one sole authority. The briefest notice of the labours

of this energetic man would be incomplete without a reference to him as the friend and adviser of the gifted *Sir Sterndale Bennett*. Besides his duties at the Royal Academy, he was also connected with Cambridge University as professor.

Sir George Macfarren was a strong conservative. His admiration for *Bach* and *Handel* and for *Mozart* and *Beethoven*, knew no bounds; but this reverence for the old masters, though perfectly legitimate and highly laudable in itself, became so strong as to prevent him from fully understanding the aims of some modern men of note. His conduct—especially with regard to *Wagner*—was marked by anything but a catholic spirit.

While it is our duty to point out what we consider the shortcomings of a public character, it is, at the same time, our privilege to record that Sir George Macfarren was ever actuated by the best motives, and that it was probably true love for his art which sometimes led him to speak in a harsh and unsympathetic way about men whose names stand high in the esteem of many accomplished musicians. Sir George Macfarren leaves behind him, to mourn his loss, his wife, *Lady Natalia Macfarren*, an accomplished musician and talented writer.

JENNY LIND.

WE regret to announce the death, after a long illness, of *Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt*, the world-renowned vocalist. She was born at Stockholm in 1820, and first appeared in public in 1838. From that time until 1849 she sang at the opera houses of Germany and England with the most brilliant success. Everyone, as *Chorley* said, “went mad about the Swedish nightingale.” And, to quote the same writer, her inspired singing in *Mendelssohn's* “*Elijah*” in 1848 will “stamp her name in the Golden Book of singers.” In the same year she went to America, where she was engaged by *Barnum*. In 1852 she married the pianist and composer, *Mr. Otto Goldschmidt*. Since that time she has only sung occasionally at oratorios and concerts, so that the rising generation can only judge of her wonderful voice and vocalisation by the enthusiastic descriptions of many men famous in literature and art. *Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt* took great interest in the Bach choir, assisting at the rehearsals, and appearing in the choir at the concerts.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE first concert of the Hackney Choral Association took place at Shoreditch Town Hall. The first London performance of *Mr. Prout's* new cantata, “*The Red Cross Knight*,” drew a large audience. As the work was noticed on the occasion of its production at Huddersfield, it will suffice to say that the solo parts were sustained by *Miss C. Leighton*, *Miss Hilda Wilson*, and *Messrs. Percy, Watkin Mills, and Pierpoint*; that the choir on the whole sang well; and that *Mr. Prout* was enthusiastically received both by choir and audience. The favourable verdict of the Huddersfield public has thus been fully endorsed by the members and friends of the Hackney Association.

MISS MATHILDE WURM gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's last Tuesday evening. The programme commenced with *Rubinstein's* showy sonata in D for piano and violoncello, in which the lady was ably supported by *Signor Piatii*. *Miss Wurm* also played with considerable taste and feeling *Schumann's* charming “*Papillons*,” and, with neat technique, *Beethoven's* C minor variations. Occasionally, however, in the loud passages, the tone was somewhat harsh. *Miss Sophie Löwe* was the vocalist. The concert was well attended.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race. By E. W. Blyden. (Whittingham.)

DR. BLYDEN has given us a very interesting and remarkable volume. I say volume, and not book, as the work is a collection of articles and addresses written or delivered by the author at various times. From a literary point of view this is somewhat to be regretted, as it involves the repetition of the same sentiment and statements again and again, and produces a want of unity and orderly sequence. But it has also its advantages in impressing upon the reader the main facts and lessons which Dr. Blyden desires to convey.

Dr. Blyden "is of the purest Negro parentage," and was for some years Minister for the Liberian Republic in this country; consequently, what he has to tell us about Africa and the Negro ought to come with special weight. Two facts are more particularly brought into relief by him: first of all, that Islam is carrying on a vast and civilising propaganda in Nigritia; and, secondly, that if Central Africa is to be colonised it must be with civilised Negroes. From his insistence upon the last fact we may gather that Dr. Blyden is an enthusiastic advocate of the claims of Liberia; and the volume concludes with an eloquent appeal to the United States to restore to Africa the descendants of those who were torn from their homes in the days of the slave-trade. A country which has so largely benefited by the national crime of the past ought to make a national compensation for it in the present. The resources of Central Africa can never be brought into the markets of the world except through the help of the Negro. None but the Nigritian race has hitherto proved itself capable of withstanding the deadly climate of the country, or, at all events, of the coastlands, through which alone the interior can be approached. It is only in Africa, moreover, on his native soil, that the Negro can be expected to develop freely and naturally. Elsewhere he must be content to be an imitator of the white man, depressed by a feeling of inferiority, and subjected to alien conditions and an uncongenial climate. The solution of the African difficulty in America and of the European difficulty in Africa is alike, according to Dr. Blyden, to transplant to Africa the Negroes of America.

I confess that in this part of his argument Dr. Blyden's views do not seem to me to be quite clear. On the one hand, we are told that Nigritia must be civilised by Negroes who have come under the influence of European culture; on the other hand, this European culture is pronounced to be unsuited to the Negro, who usually imitates instead of

assimilating it, and the Negro is urged to develop, like the Mohammedan tribes of the interior, a culture and civilisation of his own. Does Dr. Blyden wish his brethren in Liberia to forsake the civilisation they have brought with them from America, and start from the level of the Foulah and Mandingo? If so, not only does his own practise contradict such a teaching, but also a good deal that he says in the volume before us. I suppose that what he really means is that, while absorbing all that is best in the civilisation of the foreigner, his countrymen should develop it in the way demanded by their racial characteristics and the climatic conditions that surround them. This is, no doubt, theoretically sound advice; but in these days of rapid intercommunication and democratic levelling it is advice that is extremely hard to put into practice, even in the case of populations which have behind them a long and cultured past.

The portion of Dr. Blyden's volume which deals with the relations of Islam to the Negro is that which will prove of most interest to readers who do not belong to the Negro race. Here he speaks with the authority of one who is a Negro himself, and who has had more experience both of the Christian white and of the Mohammedan black than almost anyone else. Islam, he points out, is advancing with such enormous strides in Africa, not because it appeals to the sensuous side of human nature, but because it is a great civilising power, whose adherents are religious enthusiasts, whose practice and teaching alike draw no distinction between the white man and the black, and whose creed is simple and clear. Mohammedanism appeals to the iconoclastic instincts of the Negro race. Its missionaries bring with them no pictures to enforce the lesson that "God is white and the devil is black." Wherever it goes the school and the language of the Korán go too. Arabic literature is widely read and studied, even boys learning with enthusiasm the school-tasks which open for them the road to heaven. It is true that the faith of Islam may at times be spread by the sword of the fanatic, and that the Arab slave-hunter may accompany the Arab missionary; but when once the Pagan defenders of a Falaba have been massacred, the survivors accept readily the gospel of Mohammed, which becomes among them a power for good. While Islam has advanced in Nigritia, as in Northern Africa, Christianity has receded. The Christian missionary cannot contend with the malaria of the climate; the dogmas he preaches have been moulded by Aryan minds, and find no response in the Negro breast; and the religion he professes is bound up with the memories of rum and slavery. It was a slavery, too, unlike that of Oriental lands, where the slave of to-day may be the master to-morrow; but a slavery exercised by that most cruel, because most unsympathetic, of masters, the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not surprising that Dr. Blyden's own sympathies are evidently enlisted on the side of a creed which places the convert on a footing of social equality with his teachers, and sees in the Negro Bilál one of its most honoured founders. If such is the feeling of an educated Christian like himself, we may understand how strong must be the attraction of Islam to the Pagans of the interior who

have never been affected by European modes of thought.

In reading Dr. Blyden's work it is difficult to realise that it is not written by a member of the English race. The style is pleasant and clear, and the author's command of language would be envied by many. The whole tone of thought and reasoning is English, and it is only when Dr. Blyden shows a possibly over-great sensitiveness to the references to the Negro in European literature that we are reminded of his parentage and nationality. There is one point, however, on which I hope that he will modify his statements in a future edition of his book. He has identified Africa too much with the Negro. The Egyptian is no more Nigritian than the Berber of the north or the Kaffir of the south; and the ethnologist must distinguish from the Negro the Nubian of to-day, the Ethiopian of the past. Doubtless, individual Egyptians and individual Nubians have from time to time intermarried with individual Negroes; but so, also, have individual Europeans. The racial types remain distinct. A. H. SAYCE.

Dreams to Sell. By May Kendall. (Longmans.)

It is not difficult to distinguish in the crowd of modern verses those which are marked by literary gift; and it requires no great boldness in the present democracy to predict for such as are so marked a considerable measure of popularity. Collectors, therefore, of early editions may like to have their attention drawn to this little volume of poems. We already knew, from *That Very Mab*, that Miss Kendall had no lack of wits, or of wit; but in that first book of hers there was too little order. To read it required effort. It was like following a will-o'-the-wisp through marshy country; and it was not given to everyone to reach the end. In the present volume the cleverness and the wit have more justice done them, owing to the restraints of verse. To give one example: how very much more satisfactory than many pages of invective is the one line about the pure botanist in "Education's Martyr":

"Primroses by the river's brim
Dioctyledons were to him,
And they were nothing more."

A critic once said of Mr. Lang that his poetry would outlive Mr. Browning's, because, though the latter was commonly credited with having thrown light upon modern problems, it was, in fact, Mr. Lang who had done so. "In his day the theory of Evolution was propounded, and Mr. Lang's ballade of Primitive Man shows how a gentleman took it." In the same way I hope we may prophesy a reasonable immortality for Miss Kendall's poetry; for this volume of hers certainly shows how the theory of evolution is "taken" by a lady. It is part of Miss Kendall's humour to make fun out of what is usually called evolution. The largest section of her book is the one headed "Science"; and this, together with that devoted to "The Church," contains all the humorous pieces. The reader will make his own choice among them. The ichthyosaurus is certain to be a favourite. Here may be quoted two fragments which seem to the present reviewer

typical of Miss Kendall's muse. One is from "Nirvana" (p. 26):

"They say each individual soul
Will in a general soul be blended,
And that the universal whole
Is certain to be something splendid."

The other is from "The Lower Life" (p. 24):

"As onward yet life's currents roll,
The gaining of a higher goal
Increases sorrow;
And what we win at its own cost
We win; and that we lose is lost,
Nor can we borrow.

"If we have freedom, we lose peace.
If self-renunciation, cease
To care for pleasure.
If we have truth—important prize!
We wholly must away with lies,
Or in a measure."

Of the dreams dreamed "in Church" the most attractive is that of the "Bluecoat Boy about the Squire's Daughter"; those called "Church Echoes," in the manner of Mr. Stevenson's baby poetry, are written, we venture to judge, from a too small induction of instances, for no vicar's daughters that we have ever come across would think as they are here made to think, or be regarded by the village children as they are here said to be regarded. Parsons have many foibles, which may easily be made amusing for the laity; but one must protest against the latest fashion in literature of all kinds, which is simply to caricature them.

But, besides these merry dreams, Miss Kendal has sad dreams to sell; and few dreams could be sadder than many of them. The buyer, we think, will find that for the most part they are sad, not for wantonness, which is the privilege of youth, but because they are about sad things. *Sunt lacrimae rerum.* The one we should buy first, if we had not already bought it as a merry dream, would be "The Legend of the Crossing Sweeper," a parody (in no profane sense, but as the word is used in the Moravian hymn-book) of Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel"; then, perhaps, next, "Insufficiency" and "Lost Souls," and "The Ship of Dreams and Ship of Death" and the "Ballad of the Cadger"—a very nightmare of a dream. And we must not forget "The Jester," the poem with which the book opens—a poem which has a sharper outline, and so makes a more permanent impression than some of the others. In style it is not unlike the early poems of Mr. Bridges. It may be quoted here:

"I AM THY POOL."

(*Moriturus Regem Salutat.*)

"SMILE ONCE MORE, my king, my friend!
Smile once more at me!
Let me only, to the end,
Your brave jester be.

"All the merriment I know
There's a hand arresting:
With an easy heart I'd go,
Could I leave my jesting.

"See, I'm just as strange and quaint,
And my mood's as wild.
Oh! why is your laughter faint?
Smile as once you smiled.

"Every smile I won from you
Was an instant's peace:
While the world's work you went through,
You had this release.

"What you gave me I know best,
I can never tell;
I had nothing but a jest,
Say I jested well.

"Smile once more, my king, my friend!
Smile once more at me;
Could I only to the end,
Your brave jester be."

Considering that this is a first book, it is wonderfully free from that emotion which is remembered poetry. Of course it is possible to trace influences, and it is interesting to do so. We learn something about an artist, from knowing who are his masters. Mr. Browning has not been without effect upon "The Last Performance" and "A True Knight" and one or two more; "Evensong" is a delightful little poem, but it could hardly have been written but for Miss Christina Rossetti; "A Board School Pastoral" is in the same way after Mr. Dobson, and a charming pastoral it is. It is a pleasure to find a new writer choosing such models as these, and putting good work into her poems; for it is far safer for the poet to forget that poetry is an inspiration than to forget that it is an art.

The volume is introduced by some graceful stanzas on the "marah-myrtle and marsh-asphodel" of the Northern muse, bearing a well-known signature; and the same initials are appended with Miss Kendall's to a poem which sets forth how in heaven we may meet Henry VIII. perhaps, but certainly not Cinderella. But who is responsible in that poem for the form "Goliath"—"M. K." or "A. L." or the printer? Or is it a solitary Miltonism? In conclusion, while thanking Miss Kendall for her book, we may express the assurance that she will have more dreams to sell before long, and we shall hope to be then among the buyers.

H. C. BERCHING.

England under the Angevin Kings. By Kate Norgate. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

STARTING with a sketch of England under Henry I., and introducing, as tributary streams, accounts of the "Beginnings of Anjou," and of the relations between Anjou and Blois, and Anjou and Normandy, Miss Norgate leads her readers down the river of time as far as what she terms the "Fall of the Angevins." By this, it appears, we are to understand the day at the end of the year 1205 on which John sailed back to England, leaving as lost the fair realms beyond seas which his fathers had won and had ruled.

Certainly these volumes form a faithful analysis of all the chronicles bearing on the period; and, when we consider the sheer bulk of the materials, it is not surprising that the work should have needed, as Miss Norgate intimates, the labour of eleven years. Only those who have wrestled with what the late Dr. Giles was pleased to call his editions of the correspondence of John of Salisbury, Gilbert Foliot, and Peter of Blois can have the smallest idea of the difficulties and pitfalls which a single editor can, if he chooses, place in the way of a student—and Miss Norgate has had to cope with many editors. There are perhaps not three or four men living who have read the *Metalogicus* and the *Polyoraticus* of the first-named author; there are fewer who have added to that lugubrious task the perusal of the lively, but lengthy, writings of Gerald de Barri, and have thrown in the weighty chronicles of William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, William of Newburgh, Gervase of

Canterbury, Roger Hoveden, Robert of Torigni, and Benedict of Peterborough together with the lucubrations of thirty or forty minor writers in England, France, and Germany.

If, after stating this, it is necessary for me to add that the results of all this honest toil appear scarcely more than readable, even to an enthusiastic student of the period, I do not do so without feeling how sad it is that patience in the worker so often begets impatience in the reader.

The task Miss Norgate set herself needed to be carried out by a partnership. Had she been able to associate with herself another lady of slightly diverse abilities the result might have been a brilliant success. Had she been content to set aside her task, completed so far as it now stands, while finding health and courage for another three years of toil in a somewhat different direction, she would have returned to her MS. with a new power of revision, and a store of facts fresh from unworked mines.

It is sufficiently clear that, like her adviser, Dr. Freeman, she is not capable of reading charters and other ancient MSS.; and yet until many associations like the Pipe Roll Society have completed their labours, it will remain essential to the historian to be able to search cartularies and early records. Not only is this the case, but there is a second point of view gained by collating a MS. which is not obtainable by a student whose eyes never stray from printed texts. The sight, for example, of the original MS. of the later part of Robert of Torigni's chronicle is a revelation to a student who has relied on the work even of such faithful editors as Bethmann and Delisle. He sees at a glance the amusingly lax method of compilation, and the genially hopeful manner in which the busy abbot has left such mere trifles as dates to the hand of the most light-hearted of monks. He thenceforward reckons by a new scale of weights when valuing the chronological testimony of the chronicle.

The result of pursuing no paths but those which some at least have traversed before, and the mental effects of having so doubtfully valuable a possession as a band of revised "masters," are disappointingly obvious in these volumes. Not only does Miss Norgate present us with no new views, but she passionately rejects the humblest offers of new light. We thus get, as regards the main subject, the old story, though we are bound to say that here and there occur clever solutions of isolated difficulties. In historical questions professors of the orthodox school are at present in almost as absurd a position on the one hand as wild theorists are on the other. The patient toil of a multitude of workers among records at home and abroad is disintegrating the old foundations; and we must firmly reply "Not yet" to all who ask us to accept aught but a provisional creed.

The reign of Stephen, for example, is left by Miss Norgate almost as completely without illumination and illustration as it is by her "masters." Of topographical inquiries she has certainly seen the advantage, because Dr. Freeman happily had done so before her; but it is by tracing genealogies and by noting the distribution of the possessions of great nobles, by search for signs of legal and

fiscal machinery, and, above all, by criticism of charters that the fullest light will ultimately come. Some day, perhaps, a worker will uncover a treasure in the Vatican library or in the archives—the register of Anselm, or even Lanfranc, lurking under a blundered title; but till then we must labour at what we have.

Miss Norgate has honestly obtained all facts at first hand. Upon that she must be warmly congratulated; but she is too prone to trust such men as Becket's biographers, and she should have submitted her proof-sheets to some competent antiquary, as well as to some careful student of the period. She might thus have avoided little errors which mar these really creditable volumes. Orthographical innovations like "feudataries," and statements like that on p. 283, where Robert of Gloucester is called the "eldest son" of Henry I., may be smiled at; but to quote Robert of Torigni and the *eighth book* of "William of Jumièges" in the same notes—i. 270, note 2, and 374, note 1—as separate authorities, suggests insufficient critical acquaintance with materials. Miss Norgate should also learn that a pole with a hook at the end has enabled many a clown to drag a knight from his horse. Her idea that young Henry of Scotland (i. 302) rode so close to a hostile castle that he was lifted bodily from his steed by a hook and rope, and was thus almost drawn up into the fortress, is very comical.

Her contempt for numismatics is well illustrated by her reiteration of the assertion that Stephen debased his coinage; but she need not have turned so completely against her most trusted authorities as she does by saying, on p. 369 of her first volume, that Henry Fitz Empress became Duke of Normandy in 1148. On faith of the story of Foliot's consecration she sets aside Huntingdon, Gervase, and Newburgh, who place the event in 1151; and, in the second place, she ignores Robert of Torigni, who gives the clearest possible account of the matter, and says that it occurred in 1150—seemingly late in the year. Had she known of the Salisbury charter, dated in 1149, in which Henry calls himself *ducis Normannorum filius*, she would not have treated the business in so high-handed a fashion, for she would have seen that the author of the *Historia Pontificalis*, writing after 1161, was merely deceived by his memory when he slipped in the words *qui modo rex est*, and thus transferred to Henry a narrative which assuredly relates to his father.

What Miss Norgate can mean by including the Earl of Northampton among those who in 1140 were "simply watching the political tide," it is hard to imagine. Charters alone would suggest the idea that Earl Simon was a most devoted adherent of the king; but when we see Stephen, about Easter, 1142, dismiss his army at York and lie sick for many weeks at Northampton, we believe that there was real friendship between the earl and his master.

The account of Henry II. in these volumes is just what might have been feared from what has been said above. Miss Norgate adopts the absurdly high estimate of this monarch which one of her masters has endeavoured to force upon his readers. Some day a writer will be found daring enough to

assert that Becket, Richard de Luci, Ranulph de Glanville, and Thomas Bruno were the brains of the government, and the true sources of all that is admirable in the reign. Some day the amazing ineptitudes of the hero of the Toulouse *fiasco* will be portrayed in their true colours. Then, perhaps, due laurels will rest on the heroes of Fornham St. Geneviève and Alnwick, who saved England in 1173-4, and among them on the author of the treatise *De Legibus Angliæ*.

But we must not quarrel too seriously with Miss Norgate for not being a lawyer, or for following the lead of personal friends. Her volumes will form a necessary part of every historical library.

RICHARD HOWLETT.

The Anglo-Indian Codes. Edited by Whitley Stokes. Vol. I. Substantive Law. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WHEN the Praetor's Edict in imperial Rome came to be modified and tempered by the broader principles of the *Jus Gentium*—the ancient common law being thus equitably adapted to the requirements of extended conquest, and the wants of new citizens—there were laid the foundations of a dominion which has outlived the life of nations and the decay of material empire. The *Jus Honorarium*, sprung from the union of the *Jus Civile* and the *Jus Gentium*, at this moment forms no inconsiderable portion of the legal codes of many countries in modern Europe, while its influence is discoverable in the existing system of almost every civilised nation. So it may well happen that the work of law reform which England is carrying on in the largest of her foreign dependencies will not only react to the bearing of good fruit at home, but will exercise a powerful and beneficial influence on the destinies of future nations that will arise and exist when the British Empire shall have yielded to the universal law of decline and decay. This reflection has been strongly forced upon us by an examination of Mr. Whitley Stokes's first volume of *The Anglo-Indian Codes*.

Most persons who take any interest in such matters are aware that the work of codification has been carried on, now for many years, in India. The duty of providing for this vast country good and suitable laws, and a proper system of administering them, was recognised from the time of our first acquisition of territorial sovereignty. In 1793 a code of Regulations was enacted by the Government of the East India Company for Bengal. Similar codes followed for Madras and Bombay. During the forty years from 1793 to 1833 a large number of new or amending Regulations were passed, as experience supplied information of the wants and the requirements of the many and different races which inhabit the extensive territories known under the single geographical designation of "India."

In 1833, when the Company lost its commercial monopoly, but was allowed to retain for a time the government of the country in trust for the Crown, provision was made for the appointment of commissioners, who should inquire fully into the jurisdictions, powers, and rules of the then existing courts of justice, and into the forms of judicial pro-

cedure, and into the nature and operation of all laws, civil or criminal, written or customary, in force in any part of the country, and to which any of the inhabitants, Europeans or others, were subject. Successive commissions laboured at the task thus undertaken. It was not, however, intended that the code or codes should be mere digests of existing usages and regulations. They were, further, to comprise all the reforms which the commissioners thought to be desirable. And here we discern what has been meant by "codification" in India—not merely the reduction to form, shape, and system of existing laws, which were manifold and different, often diverse, contradictory and inconsistent with the great principles of the *Jus Gentium*—but the amendment of what had been found injurious in practice; the supplementing of what was logically incomplete; the substitution of sound principle consistent with the experience of civilised humanity for what was unsound with reference to the same standard. During the progress of the work three rules of guidance were laid down:—first, that as little change as possible be made in the substance of existing law; secondly, that no additions be made to that law which are not necessary or clearly expedient; and, thirdly, that interference with contracts fairly made and usages long established is *prima facie* undesirable. Opinions have differed as to how far in particular cases these principles have been adhered to or departed from; and occasionally the legal element in the Indian Legislature has been charged with providing measures which were either not required by, or were repugnant to, the native community. The value of such criticisms depended, of course, on the knowledge and experience of those by whom they were made; and fortunately they were, as a rule, made in *bona fide* honesty, not for the purposes of political strategy. Whenever, and by whomsoever, made, they were calmly considered, and the decision, whether accepting or rejecting them, was impartially made. We will not say it was always right; but we believe that it has been so in the great majority of instances; and legislative wisdom cannot be expected to be infallible in India any more than in England.

The criminal law was first taken in hand; and the Penal Code, enacted in 1861—twenty-six years ago—was the first instalment of labours the importance of which it is scarcely possible to overrate. During the years that followed other portions of law were codified and enacted by the Indian Legislature. Mr. Whitley Stokes's first volume contains the codes, or bodies, of substantive law which have been so treated; and it comprises the Penal Code, the Succession Act, the General Clauses Act, the Contract Act, the Negotiable Instruments Act, the Transfer of Property Act, the Trusts Act, the Easements Act, and the Specific Relief Act. The next volume is to contain the codes relating to adjective law, or procedure.

In the volume now before us Mr. Stokes has not only collected these codes or enacted portions of substantive law; but he has also, in a general introduction to the work and in a special introduction to each code, supplied a vast amount of information, useful, if not

necessary, to a complete understanding of the text of the law. He has further, in footnotes to the sections of each Act, given numerous explanations and references to decided cases of the English and Indian courts, the value of which will be appreciated in a high degree by judges, magistrates, and legal practitioners engaged in administering these codes. Not only to these, but to the student and to all interested in jurisprudence, we can recommend this volume, every page of which shows the labour of a skilled master.

It has often been said that the most able and distinguished of our Indian administrators are unknown—sometimes even by name—to the British public. We may not therefore be giving useless information when we mention that Mr. Whitley Stokes was for many years Secretary to the Government of India in the Legislative Department, and for five years before his retirement held the office of Legal Member of Council. It therefore fell to him to draft many, and pass through the legislature some, of the codes which he has now edited. In language similar to that which has been used of the Earl of Chatham, it may therefore be said that to this work of one so pre-eminently engaged in these concerns, *quorum pars magna fuit*, we cannot but look for lights of no ordinary character.

C. D. FIELD.

Russia Political and Social. By L. Tikhomirov. Translated from the French by Edward Aveling. In 2 vols. (Sonnen-schein.)

STEPNIAK has given to the English public a series of volumes graphically describing the revolutionary movement in Russia, its organisation and methods, and the measures towards its repression adopted by the government. These volumes have been of the greatest service in helping us to understand the country, and especially to get at a knowledge of what is called Nihilism. But a complete description of the various forces that go to make up society, and an analysis of the attitude of the government towards each of these, was wanting. This M. Tikhomirov has supplied. In the present book, students of Russia will better be able to understand the reason of her industrial stagnation, and of the dissatisfaction that is felt by all classes with the government. But it is to be regretted that the language in which this information is clothed is not so lucid and readable as might have been desired. This, however, is not the fault of M. Tikhomirov; it is the misfortune of his translator, of whom better things were to be expected.

M. Tikhomirov's ambition was to supersede the exhaustive work of M. Leroi Beaulieu; but in this he has scarcely succeeded. He has certainly corrected many of the mistakes to which his French predecessor, as a foreigner, was liable; but he is not so minute, nor so thorough. For him generalities suffice, and he is often content to lay down his *ipse dixit* where M. Leroi Beaulieu laboured to give facts and references; and if some of those were not to be trusted, that was clearly not M. Beaulieu's fault.

In the first volume M. Tikhomirov gives a short review of the ethnographical distribution

of the people; and here, at the very outset, he disappoints us. At the present moment the question of the Germans in Russia is of the greatest interest. The Russification of the Baltic Provinces under M. Michel de Kapoustine forms a subject worthy of a chapter to itself. But the whole of this important subject is treated in a very unsatisfactory manner; and yet the influence of German thought, German enterprise, and German officials and agriculturists has been of the greatest significance. The mere fact alone that most of the large estates were managed by German agents for upwards of a generation, that most of the professors at universities were at one time, not long distant, either Germans themselves, or educated in Germany, and that even now the majority of the industrial enterprises in the country are in the hands of Germans, shows the enormous influence of the Teutonic race to Russia. When we add to this that most of the commercial business is still carried on by Germans, and that in the days of Alexander II. the principal officials of the higher class were recruited from the Baltic Provinces, we feel that one short chapter on the Germans is barely adequate. From the days when Rurik—himself a Scandinavian adventurer—was invited by the Russians to rule over them because disorder reigned in their midst, and their enemies were too strong for them, to the time when Gen. Todleben twice saved his country—at Sevastopol and at Plevna—the Teutons may almost be said to have been the natural leaders of the Russians. That these Russians are now determined to emancipate themselves from this Teutonic yoke involves a great national uprising. It means the successful propaganda of Pan Slavism, until at length we see a Pan Slavist emperor ruling a united Pan Slavist country, by the aid of a Pan Slavist press. When the dreams of Pan Slavism are borne in mind, this fact becomes of enormous importance; and it explains the changes that the revolutionary movement has been obliged to undergo to bring it into sympathy with the people.

But M. Tikhomirov is himself a member of the revolutionary party, and has therefore but little sympathy for aught else. The chapters dealing with the condition of the agricultural classes, the treatment of peasants by the government, the condition of education and the cruel tyranny exercised over the students at universities are most luminous. A very interesting chapter is that in which the relations of the professors to the students are dwelt on, and the difficult position of the former is explained. But here, also, an omission is made by which the professors do not gain. M. Tikhomirov forgets to point out that all aspirants to an academical course in Russia used at one time to be sent to Paris or to some German university. At these centres of learning and freethought Russian scholars were imbued with Western ideas and encouraged to discuss the wildest theories; but the moment they again set foot on Russian soil they felt the yoke of autocratic rule, and their dissatisfaction was proportionate to the extent of the change. That the professors became either advanced liberals or the most reactionary of toadies was the inevitable result. Debarred from giving scope to their

political views, they were compelled to conceal them behind theories of art, philosophy, literary criticism, schools of philology, &c. This is one reason why every university has become a breeding ground for revolutionists; for every branch of science was treated from a controversial point of view, and it was here that students received their political bias. If the revolutionary movement succeeds, much of the glory of the victory will belong to the professors, who have nobly taught their pupils to believe fearlessly in the ultimate triumph of liberal ideas.

M. Tikhomirov is anxious to show that the revolutionary party is not Nihilist in the sense in which that word is commonly understood. Indeed, he accuses Tourguéniev of saddling the party with that nickname; and he states besides that this great student of Russian life did not know what Nihilism really meant, and described what did not exist. Here M. Tikhomirov is clearly wrong. Tourguéniev's Nihilists are studied from life, and most of them are actual portraits. I myself have met in Russia men that might have sat for Bazarov. That the Russian revolutionary party is a Nihilist party will appear conclusively when their tenets are recapitulated. They are materialists (or monists, to use an English scientific phrase); they are communists so far as land is concerned, and socialists as to industries; and their views of marriage are similar to those of Shelley; woman is placed on an equality with man, and class distinctions are abolished; they believe in no existing institution. What wonder that old-fashioned people should call men with such views Nihilists? If the revolutionary party, for the purposes of their propaganda, have found it advisable to drop for the present these controversial matters, and to confine themselves to more purely political agitation, this does not alter the fact that they are social reformers as well.

I have dwelt at some length on the omissions of M. Tikhomirov because I believe his book, on the whole, to be most accurate. It will give English readers a new insight into Russian questions, and will probably have a great influence in forming public opinion. As a text book on Russia it is perhaps the best available. It abounds with instructive suggestions, of which I can quote only one. Speaking of the artificial development of manufactures, the author blames the government for neglecting agriculture, which must be the staple industry of the country for years to come, in favour of the manufactures which cannot compete against foreign wares even in their own country. No one who is studying Russia should omit to read this book, and no one will regret having done so.

E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

NEW NOVELS.

Raphael Ben Isaac: a Tale of A.D. 20. By John Bradshaw. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Her Two Millions: a Story of a Fortune. By William Westall. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Her Brother's Keeper. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. In 3 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

A False Position. By G. M. Robins. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Gabrielle; or, *Worth the Winning.* By Mrs. John Bradshaw. (W. H. Allen.)

Sukie's Boy. By Sarah Tytler. With four illustrations. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Daphne's Decision; or, *Which shall it be?* A Story for Children. By Emma Marshall. (Nisbet.)

Lucy Carter: a Love-story of Middle-Class Life. By Thos. L. Junior. (Sonnenschein.)

It is evident that Mr. Bradshaw has brought to bear upon his subject not only the results of a course of somewhat unusual study, but also a genuine acquaintance with the actual scenery and topography of that part of Palestine in which the action is laid. As a consequence, the background of the story, so to speak, is eminently picturesque, and shows a keen appreciation of nature; while the course of the plot gives scope for some vivid studies both of Jewish life in the early years of the Christian era, and of the Greek civilisation which distinguished the population of such cities as Caesarea, in which place a large part of the action takes place. In fact, the author has had a narrow escape of writing a satisfactory quasi-historical romance; and, even as it is, much of the contents may be read with pleasure. But there is a sense of want of continuity, and the book is rather a series of episodes than a consistent narrative; also we feel the history to be incomplete. Did the hero, after all his many doubtings and searches after truth, rest content to reconcile himself with the synagogue, and settle down in the faith of his forefathers? If not, his restoration to his father's arms can only have been illusory. But perhaps after all he returned to the tents of Aretas, married the pretty Reumah, and turned Sabaeen. A young man of so flaccid a spiritual temperament might find little difficulty in reconciling himself to one more system, at any rate for a time. The story is that of a young Jew of good family, living at Capernaum, who, disgusted with the casuistry and empty formalism of his Pharisee instructors, and revolted by Sadducean atheism, sets about to find a more excellent way. At last, moved by his natural tenderness of heart, he breaks the Sabbath to aid a fellow-creature, is denounced by a jealous rival for the affections of the fair Mariamne, and cast out from the congregation. Upon this, fleeing to Caesarea, he is soon drawn into the vortex of Greek dissipation; but, being ruined by a sudden reverse of fortune, and hearing at the same time of his half-forgotten love, he flees to the wilderness in a fit of remorse, becomes herdsman to the Nabathean Aretas, and at last returns to his own folk, only just in time to close the eyes of his mistress. As has been said, there are passages worth reading. The scene in the amphitheatre, where Pilate's wife saves the Jews, is good; so is the pantomime of Adonis—although this might have been worked up as to detail—and there is some power in the shipwreck of the *Ulysses*. Mariamne, the heroine, is rather colourless; and there is much improbability in her asserted prescience as to the true nature of the Messiah's advent. True, the author attempts to account for this

by supernatural means; but the visions are feeble, and remind one irresistibly of the old days at the Polytechnic, and the dissolving views with explanatory chorus. The other characters, excepting the bandit Zadok, are mere shadows.

The search for a long-lost heir to untold wealth cannot be called a new subject in fiction; but Mr. Westall has contrived to make the theme as exciting and full of interest as if we had never met with it before. And this chiefly because his hero and heroine are so natural, such fine types of humanity, and appeal so strongly to the reader's sympathies, both in triumph and trial. Vera Hardy, the young girl upon whom untold wealth unexpectedly devolves, is the only child of an English enthusiast who, marrying an Italian girl, takes up the cause of her nation, enlists under Garibaldi, and gets killed in the course of the first three chapters, leaving his little daughter to the care of her *bonnes*, with papers proving her identity, and strict injunctions that she is at once to be taken to her grandfather in England. When the action is resumed, after a lapse of ten years, the child has disappeared, old Hardy the millionaire is dead; and we are transported to a small Yorkshire town to be introduced to all his poor relations, who are preparing, under the direction of Lawyer Ferret, to put in their claim for the property. Their meeting in the tavern, over which "Saintly Sam" presides, is almost Hogarthian in description, as is the subsequent taproom gathering, in which the quidnuncs of Calder are described with a dry humour almost above praise—witness Bob Rogers the plasterer, who beat his tipsy wife not for running away, but for coming back again. Here we are first introduced to the hero, Arthur Balmaine, editor of the local paper, and as true a gentleman by nature as by birth and breeding, notwithstanding his poverty. Arthur is on the eve of starting for Geneva to take a berth on the *Helvetic News*; and a friendly lawyer's clerk proposes to him that he should try and hunt up the missing heiress, with an eye, of course, to mutual pecuniary advantage. While rejecting any idea of reward, he accepts the mission, partly from a sense of chivalry, and partly from curiosity. So we are transported to Geneva. And now come in some very clever, if rather cynical, sketches of journalistic life. The staff of editors and contributors under Mr. Gibson's sway, as well as that lazy gentleman himself, and the two slightly unscrupulous proprietors, are well drawn, but we cannot but think somewhat too caustically. Corfe, the well-born *vaurien*, is the best study. Be it understood that he is not a good-natured vagabond, but a thoroughly heartless and cold-blooded scoundrel, with no other object in view but his own advancement. To further this lofty end he murders his wife—a poor loving girl—by pushing her down a *moulin* on the Mer de Glace, so that he may be free to marry the heiress, whom he has by this time discovered in her Swiss retreat. Here, it may be remarked that the author seems, in the course of his plot, to have changed his mind. His reference to the story in "Our Mountains" points to some idea of bringing Esther forward at the last to confront her would-be assassin. If we are right, the change of front was for the better, as the

villain is left to fill up the measure of his enormities, and to die like the hound he was at the hands of his fellow-rebels. We do not propose to describe the intricacies of the plot. Suffice it to say that Arthur's search was at last crowned with success, and that, in the long run, right triumphed all down the line. Arthur and Vera are capably drawn; and not the least admirable of the portraits is that of the amiable old visionary, M. Senarcens, who was always looking forward to a kind of socialistic millennium. There is real pathos in the good man's awakening to the truth, when he finds the realisation of all his fine theories in the stern fact of Paris under the Commune. At the last, we leave the hero and heroine full of sublime schemes for the amelioration of their kind by the means of co-operative stores, and so forth. Far be it from us to sneer at any well-meant endeavours to raise the physical and moral condition of the poor; but, unluckily, it is open to question whether they would have dealt at the said stores as soon as they found that they were cheap and did not give credit, any more than they would have taken in a newspaper which refused them their literary garbage. By-the-bye, it is worth noting that Vera, when she first comes into her fortune, is represented as undertaking a course of "alumming." Are we to have a cycle of novels in which the heroine goes through this phase of moral dram-drinking?

A physiological and psychological problem which has of late years started into prominence is the doctrine of heredity—that is to say, the transmission of moral tendencies from one generation to another, and, more particularly, from parents to their immediate children. It has struck us more than once that all those who uphold this theory—for which there is undoubtedly much to be said—insist almost exclusively upon the transmission of *evil* qualities. There seems to be no idea that this finer mental faculties, for instance, are likely to be inherited; and, as a matter of fact, how often does a man of genius, or even a talented man, bequeath his powers to his offspring? Without entering into the sombre question whether this is to be considered as evidence of the innate depravity of the human race, we may state that Mrs. Spender's very interesting and readable novel turns mainly upon this theory, as exemplified in the person of Raymond Campion, the weak son of a gifted but dissipated father. The lad is left by a rather venomous and revengeful old grandmother in the moral custody of his sister Ursula, whom old Mrs. Maclurcan—the very embodiment of all the worst features in the Scots character—has left as her heiress. It must be allowed that Miss Campion had, to speak in homely phrase, her hands full, but she showed herself nobly equal to the occasion. It is no exaggeration to say that Ursula is as fine a study of a good and noble woman as has appeared in fiction of late years—*tant soi peu Bohémienne* by reason of her bringing up, yet with all the delicate purity that a man associates with the idea of his mother and sisters; impatient of cut-and-dried conventionities, and the thousand and one commandments of Mrs. Grundy—withal a most gracious gentlewoman; a sceptic—by no fault of her own, poor girl—yet always striving after the highest truth, and really carrying out Chris-

tian doctrines more fully than many smug professors. She is an entirely good and loveable woman, whom nobody but a good and loveable woman could have presented. Her experiences as mistress of St. Agatha's Priory are humorous in the highest degree, because there is just the necessary touch of pathos in the conceit. Raymond is less successful as a dramatic sketch—not because he is badly drawn, but because his utter want of moral stamina removes him to so great an extent from our sympathy. One would have been so sorry for the wretched boy, and done all in one's power for him, but what heart-breaking work it would have been! Here we must pause to remark that his university career is described as one would have expected a lady to describe it. Oxford must have altered sorely for the worse of late years, if such a scene as that of Harding's wine could be possible in any known college. There is considerable knowledge of human nature shown in the episode where Raymond joins the Salvation Army—is that also to become a factor in the fictional problem?—and equally true is his revulsion at the essential sham and vulgarity of the whole business, and his frantic lapse into debauchery. The house was swept and garnished, and the natural consequence ensued. Mrs. Spender seems to be a strong believer in mesmerism, and we are not disposed to quarrel with her therefor. Some of her most ingenious and telling situations are brought about through the intervention of Phillotti, who was, probably, a queer mixture of truth and quackery. One of the best figures is that of Fielding, the man of high mental endowments, who devotes himself to the service of his fellow men at the East End of London—not merely playing at charity, but practising charity in its truest sense. The book is a good one throughout, and has the charm of ending happily.

That it is a rather risky experiment to contract a loveless marriage as a matter of reciprocal convenience is a proposition which few would be disposed to deny. However, this was the arrangement made by Lady May Errol, and, ostensibly, by Mr. Fleetwood; and the consequences narrowly escaped being disastrous. We say "ostensibly" advisedly; because there is some evidence that the middle-aged lawyer was really in love with his pretty wife, in spite of his cold exterior, in which case one wonders why on earth he could not tell her so like an honest man. He speaks of his marriage as being "an experiment"; but we fail to see in what the experiment can have consisted, unless it were to see how nearly he could crush the life out of a young high-spirited girl without breaking her heart. Possibly the author meant to imply that Edred Fleetwood, having lost faith in the sex through Kate Gravenor's treachery, wanted to discover the converse of Lady Clare's inquiry—viz., whether there was any truth in woman; but for our own part we do not admire moral vivisection, and think that he came off much better than he deserved. We are not condemning the book. In many respects it is a good one. The style is good, and even elegant, the characters are natural and well individualised, and the love story, both of May and of Zoe, is interesting throughout, while there are some shrewd

remarks in the course of the text, without a suspicion of preaching. But the one grave blemish is the absurd point upon which the whole plot turns—viz., May's denial to her husband of her previous acquaintance with his nephew Guy. Why should she tell a lie about it? Why should either of them want to keep it secret? There was neither sin nor shame in the fact that he had proposed to her and she had refused him—her motives for so doing have nothing to do with the question—and she no longer even fancied herself in love with him. One might have supposed that the bond of secrecy was entered into upon Zoe's account, only that Guy had no idea of her hopeless passion for himself—so it is quite unintelligible. Making allowance for this, there is little but praise to be given to the book. Mr. Robins can write with genuine power and pathos—witness the scene in the railway carriage where the ice is broken for the first time, Guy and May's adventure at Braithdale Rocks, or, best of all, Cyprian Holt's death.

Mrs. John Bradshaw has written a simple and pretty story, which will recommend itself to people who can enjoy something else besides sensation. It is merely the record of a young and lonely girl's life. For, although Gabrielle is a foundling, the mystery connected with her birth is a mere *secret de Polichinelle* from a very early stage of the action; and the interest is derived simply from one's sympathy with her troubles and love story, and from some rather clever character studies among the other actors in the little comedy. The eccentric, selfish Miss Evans is particularly good, and her outspoken nephew, Gwyn Eliot, almost equally so. *Gabrielle* is decidedly worth reading.

Miss Tytler gives her readers one of those homely, simple stories which no one writes better. There is a wealth of quiet pathos in the portraiture of Sukie Cope, the plain, loving-hearted old maid, always prone to consider others before herself, and spending her life from youth to age for her family, most of the members of which took her self-sacrifice as very much a matter of course. Naturally the main point in the story, as foreshadowed in the title, is her adoption of the runaway scapegrace brother's child, in whose ultimate well-being her love finds its reward. The tale is, as might be expected, of a semi-religious character; but there is not, on the whole, a superabundance of moralising, and there is a good deal of individuality in the several characters—notably in that of old Miles, the conceited, pragmatist, yet worthy head of the little household.

Daphne's Decision is described as a "story for children"; and, doubtless, there are many families in which the tale will be considered the ideal thing to put into the hands of young people—although, judging from our own experience, we should say that *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Water-babies* would be both better for them and more to their taste. It is simply an account of the way in which a disagreeable, over-indulged child was brought to mend her ways. Daphne is sufficiently odious, and her cousins rather more than sufficiently angelic; and there is a slight attempt at sensation in the running down of the yacht, which practically comes to nothing. It is rather

absurd to mix up assumed names of places with real ones; and fancy a gentleman in the present day travelling about the country with a "trunk"!

It is not the pleasantest of tasks to have to wade through such a book as Mr. Junior's. He calls it "a love-story of middle-class life," and it is as dull and tedious as lower middle-class life generally is. The heroine is an objectionable young person of infidel tendencies, but beautiful of course, who, thinking that the world is out of joint, sets to work to set it right by what used to be familiarly called, a year or two ago, "alumming"; that is to say, she goes to live at the East End of London, and to assist in the management of a *crèche*, under the superintendence of a very Low Church parson, who promptly falls in love with her, much to the disgust of his acidulated maiden sister. However, Lucy has bestowed her heart upon a model young doctor, Harry Burr, who turns out to be her stepfather's illegitimate son, and whom she ultimately marries—about as unpleasant a situation as could well be imagined. Previous to this, the stepfather in question has, for no conceivable reason, blown out his brains on the Underground Railway. It can hardly have been from remorse, as he had managed to live pretty comfortably for a good many years after Polly Nye's disappearance. There is a good deal of irrelevant matter in the book, notably a puff for the Salvation Army, and a superabundance of quasi-religious talk. As for the creed of Mr. Francois, the parson, it is about as hideous a travesty of Christianity as could well be imagined. The style of the book leaves almost everything to be desired. Some idea of it may be formed from the fact that good, vulgar Mrs. Killick, the knacker's widow, is invariably spoken of as "the lady."

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

GIFT-BOOKS.

Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose. Done into English by Andrew Lang. From the French of Charles Daulin. Illustrated by Am. Lynen. (Longmans.) Some three years ago Mr. Lang "curbed his liberal hand, subservient proudly" to tell a fairy story to fit a set of charming pictures by an artist whom he described in an introductory ballad as "Dicky Doyle." He has here chosen—out of his unrivalled storehouse of folklore—a Flemish variant of Grimm's "Golden Goose"; and we may be sure that the humour of the original has not suffered in the process of adaptation. The illustrations, we conjecture, have been drawn for this particular edition. They show sound draughtsmanship, a bright fancy, and the genuine illustrator's gift of expanding mere allusions in the text. But we cannot rank them with the immortal creations of "Dicky Doyle's" pencil. The book has been produced in a form so luxurious that we may not predict for it a wide popularity.

MR. LANG has likewise found time to write a characteristic preface to a reprint of the metrical version of "Beauty and the Beast," which has been commonly attributed—though with little authority—to Charles Lamb. This reprint, which is published by Messrs. Field & Tuer, differs from that issued a year or two ago in not being confined to a prohibitively small number of copies, and also in giving fresh engravings of the original copper-plates. Our grandfathers, after all, were not so badly off

in the matter of illustrated books for the young.

The Clipper of the Clouds. By Jules Verne. Illustrated. (Sampson Low.) As it is impossible to find anything new to say about the wonder-books which M. Jules Verne produces with such regularity, we are satisfied with the reflexion that he stands in no need of advertisement. Even to those who do not read the *Boys' Own Paper*, the title of his latest book will sufficiently reveal the subject—adventures in what he styles an "aeronef." In rapidity of incident and vivacity of dialogue, the master-hand shows no sign of weakness; while the pictures, by the usual French artist, seem to us rather better than before. Despite the many rivals whom he has himself taught, M. Jules Verne still deservedly maintains his hold upon a world-wide audience.

The Count of the Saxon Shore; or, The Villa in Vectis. A Tale of the Departure of the Romans from Britain. By Alfred J. Church, with the collaboration of Ruth Putnam. (Seeley.) This is an interesting and ingeniously constructed story, the scene of which is laid chiefly at the well-known Roman villa near Brading. One of the characters is the poet Claudian, whose compliance with a request to recite a passage from his own poems affords Prof. Church the opportunity of introducing a pleasing translation from the description of the tapestry in the *Raptus Proserpinae*. On the score of historical accuracy there is little fault to be found; but the author should not have called his young Saxon by the name of Cedric. The name is a pure figment, for one thing; but, even if it were genuine, the use of it in fiction is an infringement of Sir Walter's proprietary rights. We do not like the Turkey-rhubarb-coloured pictures.

Caedwalla; or, The Saxons in the Isle of Wight. A Tale. By Frank Cowper. (Seeley.) Curiously enough, the Brading Villa figures in this story as well as in the one just noticed. The period referred to is two centuries and a half later than that of Prof. Church's tale. Mr. Cowper seems to have tried to read up the history; but his attempts at local colour are rather grotesque. The word *ealdorman* is persistently spelt "eorldoman." Until we saw this we had no adequate idea of the amount of ignorance which it is possible to condense into a single word. On the first page a personage is introduced who answers to the nickname "Biggun," which had been bestowed on him (so the author explains in other words) because he was such a big 'un. Another of the characters is a gentleman called Stuff, whose name might, not quite inappropriately, be substituted for that of Caedwalla in the title-page. In the preface Mr. Cowper says that

"as the story has been written for young people, sentiment has been entirely omitted, the ideas of the author differing from those of other writers, who make their youthful heroes and heroines suffer the sentimental pangs of a Juliet and a Romeo"; a remark which is more commendable for its good sense than for its literary form. The illustrations are by the author himself, and though a trifle amateurish, have decided merits; and the cover is uncommonly pretty.

It is by no means an empty compliment to compare Mr. E. F. Moore's *Tre, Poi, and Pen*, (S.P.C.K.), with Mr. Stevenson's maritime stories. This is one of the best boys' books we have seen this year. The story of a manly Cornish youth's adventures is capitally told, and the incidents succeed each other in a probable manner. In the character of an old boy we read it from cover to cover with the greatest satisfaction; and a generation which knows nothing of naval warfare will read of Nelson's ships of war and victories with delight.

ONE of the most novel gift books of the season is Mrs. L. W. Champney's *The Bubbling Teapot; a Wonder Story*. (Blackie.) An intelligent girl is supposed to suffer a series of transformations into a girl of Brittany, of Spain, of Japan, of China, and other countries. This gives an opening to describe domestic life and manners in these lands of which Mrs. Champney has skillfully availed herself and carefully worked out in detail. The account of child life in Lapland is especially good. Of course, the machinery of the transformation is, as in other books of the kind, unreal and alien to real life; but, after this stumble on the threshold, the reader may peruse the successive transformations (which amount to twenty-four) with both interest and instruction. Mr. Satterlee's illustrations are meritorious and do illustrate the text. It is a pleasure to recommend so painstaking a book.

MRS. SAXBY (a name to be honoured in the Shetland Isles) has written another excellent volume, *The Lads of Lunda*. (Nisbet.) These lads are sons of the minister and the laird, who hunt otters, drive whales ashore, fight an eagle at her nest, and have wonderful boating escapes in the voes round the Isles of Lunda. Much that is fascinating to boys is to be found in the long Shetland winter and the wild fowl which frequent the shores; and Mrs. Saxby has made the best of her opportunity. Not many boys will read these pleasant pages without an intense longing to visit the Shetlands.

Harry Milvaine; or, The Wanderings of a Wayward Boy, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Hodder & Stoughton), is nicely printed and got up. The beginning of the story is somewhat childish, but the reader cannot complain of want of excitement in the succeeding chapters. There is a good account of chasing slave dhows off Zanzibar; and the adventures among savages, lions, and pythons in Central Africa would not discredit Mr. Rider Haggard's heroes. We are no admirers of Dr. Stables's style, and are puzzled how water rats can be said "to squeeze their eyes to clear their sight." "A governess to learn you your lessons" would not command our confidence. "To enter the Church again," it may be pointed out to the author is not synonymous with taking Holy orders, nor is the last book in the Bible called the "Revelations." While cordially agreeing, too, with him in his denunciation of the cruelties practised when killing young seals, "the tyranny that crushes the poor that the rich may live luxuriously" sounds vague and indefinite.

For the Temple: a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.) This is the latest addition to Mr. Henty's now rather numerous series of stories based on historical events. Though not devoid of interest, the story lacks the fire and movement one might have anticipated from a recast of Josephus. But the book deserves commendation as a presentation of historical matter in a familiar and attractive form.

Aboard the Atalanta. By Henry Firth. (Blackie.) Bating the improbability of its main plot, this is a spirited story. The *Atalanta* is a blockade runner in the late American War, and it need not be added that the story is indebted to this circumstance for its most exciting and marvellous incidents. Boys with a seafaring spirit will devour it with avidity.

Miss Con; or, All those Girls. By Agnes Gibberne. (Nisbet.) We have here the somewhat ancient story of the inexperienced, but conscientious young lady, who goes as governess to a large family of children, and endures various persecutions and vexations, but emerges victorious over all trials, and successfully turns

from the error of their ways all the objectionable characters among her pupils. Miss Gibberne adds to the excitement by introducing a nursery governess who is bitterly jealous of the heroine; but this does not materially alter the plot, which the author has again contrived to make interesting. She can describe the separate members of an English family clearly, without confusing their characters, and she has the power of telling a story. *Miss Con* is, consequently, a pleasant and readable book. The heroine is, perhaps, just a shade too perfect; but the moral of her self-reliance and good sense is a very bracing one, which can do nothing but good to those for whom the book is written.

Kathleen. By Cecilia Selby Lowndes. (S.P.C.K.) The character of Kathleen Lennard in this story is carefully and sympathetically described, and her weak but affectionate father is well drawn. The life at the old house in the opening chapters interests us, and the style throughout is easy and spirited. But the story has absolutely no plot after Mr. Lennard's death. It goes on for the purpose, apparently, of showing how Kathleen's faults of pride and self-will are gradually cured; but the demonstration lacks the reality of the opening chapters, and the narrative becomes disconnected and episodic. The illustrations are good.

The Christmas Present. By A. Eubule-Evans. (S.P.C.K.) This pleasantly written story describes how two bachelors, on the verge of an abyss of selfishness and self-indulgence, are providentially saved by the unexpected present of a little girl of seven. A mild, but very genuine, humour adds to the interest of the happily conceived plot, and makes the book very readable. The tale is presumably for children, but the moral needs rather to be impressed upon uncles and guardians. The illustrations, by J. Nash, are of more than average merit.

The Old Violin; or, Charity Hope's Own Story, by E. C. Kenyon (Nisbet), is a story of trust that brings its reward in due time. The violin is stolen during a fire, and suspicion fastens on a foundling who has been kindly treated by its owner. Charity Hope, however, is firmly convinced of his innocence, and the event proves her right. The tone of the story is excellent.

MR. F. LANGBRIDGE has put together a powerful, but somewhat painful, story in *Rider's Leap* (Hatchards). It contains a good deal of revenge and fighting, chiefly with fists. Revenge is never a pleasant motive for a book; and it is possible, even in a story, to have too much of boxing.

Nell's Bondage. By the author of "Clary's Confirmation." (S.P.C.K.) This is a short story, interesting and well-written, suitable for elder girls in a Sunday-school. The "bondage" is the bondage of sin; and the author shows clearly that when Nell considers herself most free she is in reality fast bound by the fetters of falsehood. How the chain becomes loosened, and Nell recovers her true freedom and realises that only "the truth shall make you free," we learn gradually; and at the close of the book we leave her happily married.

Stories for Sunday Scholars. By the author of "Helpful Sam." (S.P.C.K.) These stories are decidedly above the average of such collections. They are brightly written, with the morals perhaps a little too much on the surface, but are sure to interest both boys and girls. The two best are "Daystar" and the "Word that could not be recalled"; the former being an exciting tale of Red Indians, and the latter a useful lesson on the duty of forgiveness. The illustrations are unusually good, and the binding pretty and attractive.

His Adopted Daughter. By Agnes Giberne. (Shaw.) This is a well-intended, and, on the whole, pleasingly told story of a foundling. The two chief characters in the book—George Rutherford and Joan Brooke—are interesting, and their relations are presented in a pathetic and natural manner. But we cannot say that the author has succeeded in depicting successfully the combination of manliness with religion which she has attempted in her portrait of George Rutherford.

A Steadfast Purpose, by Miss Sitwell (S.P.C.K.) seems to us considerably above the average of gift-books. It is a well-conceived and fairly-developed story intended to illustrate the motto on the title-page:

"They fail, and they alone, who have not striven." The tone of the book is decidedly strong and manly, and calculated to exercise a bracing effect on its readers.

The Goldmakers. By Esmé Stuart. (S.P.C.K.) The moral of this story is that the "goldmaking" of duty and unselfishness is in the long run more prosperous than that of greed and self-seeking. But the author might have insisted a little more strongly on the spiritual nature of the reward which most appropriately follows ethical and spiritual effort. That virtue and disinterestedness are recompensed with gold is unfortunately too exceptional in mundane matters to become a motive of general human conduct. The story is, however, interesting, and the incidents are natural.

For Half-a-crown, by the same author (National Society's Depository), derives its title from the sum paid for the heroine, the daughter of an Italian organ-grinder. The subsequent history of this strange investment in flesh and blood is well told, and the story abounds in both incident and pathos. We can conscientiously recommend the book.

Winning his Laurels, by F. M. Holmes (Nisbet), is emphatically a schoolboy's book, describing the trials of two brothers at St. Baglan's. The author manifests an intimate knowledge of boy-nature, as well as of the customs, usages, slang, &c., of our public schools. The hero of the book—and a true boy-hero he is—is Reggie Linburn, and the history of his "winning his laurels" is well told. The defect of such delineations is not unfrequently the evolving of a premature self-consciousness; but "Reggie" is wholly free from any such drawbacks. We can heartily commend the book. No worthier present could be made to a schoolboy.

Nellie Graham. By Ella Stone. (Nisbet.) The heroine of this story is termed both by the author and herself "a commonplace woman"; and the book seems intended to show what noble work may be effected by a young lady wholly destitute of personal beauty or strikingly mental superiority. The story is charged with variety and interest, and the character-sketching rises far above the level of ordinary story-books. The illustrations are, however, inferior.

If the editor of *Harper's Young People* (Sampson Low) would only contrive that the serial tales should be begun and completed in a volume, the yearly issue of that periodical would have a fair claim to be the best of all the "annuals" for boys and girls. The volume for 1887 includes one story without a beginning, and another without a conclusion; but even apart from the fiction, the amount of excellent matter which it contains is astonishing. The illustrations, perhaps, show a slight falling-off in quality when compared with those of former volumes; in all other respects this magazine seems to grow better every year.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will issue, in a few days, their "Victoria Edition" of *The Pickwick Papers*, which they not unjustly claim to be the most popular book published during the Victorian era. The text has been taken from the latest edition revised by Dickens. The original drawings, together with some unpublished ones by Buss, Phiz, and Leech, have been reproduced in facsimile. The preface, by Mr. C. Plumtre Johnson, gives a short history of the work, derived from authentic materials, some of which have not hitherto been used. The edition will be limited to 2,000 copies.

THE new volume of the "Badminton Library," on *Athletics and Football*, to be published by Messrs. Longmans before the end of this month, will have an introduction by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster. The illustrations are from drawings by Mr. Stanley Berkeley, and from instantaneous photographs.

M. RENAN'S *History of the People of Israel* is being translated into English by Mr. C. B. Pitman, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

WE understand that Prof. Mahaffy's little book on *The Art of Conversation*, to be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan, is a serious attempt to analyse and explain the conditions of good talking, based somewhat upon the example of Aristotle's *Rhetoric*.

MR. SAMUEL BUTLER, in consequence of hospitality shown him at Varallo, has intermitted his philosophical work; and, with the beginning of the new year, he will send to press a book of which the title is *Ex Voto*, an Account of the Sacro Monte, or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesia.

DR. J. H. STODDART has been compelled by temporarily weak health to retire from the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, the duties of which post he has discharged with marked success for twelve years. He is succeeded by Mr. Charles Russell, who, during the same period, has been assistant editor. We understand that Dr. Stoddart, who has already published two volumes of poetry—*The Village Life* and *The Seven Sagas of Man*—intends to devote himself henceforth to literature.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish the following three-volume volumes:—*Nadia*; or, *Out of the Beaten Track*, translated from the Russian of Olsheffsky by the Baroness Langenan, and dedicated by special permission to the Princess of Wales; and *Lost Identities*, by M. L. Tyler; also Mr. George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*, which has been running through *Time*.

UNDER the title of *The Islanders* Mr. Elliot Stock announces a poem, in ten cantos, founded on the Legend of Glaucus.

MR. SPENCER BLACKETT (successor to J. & R. Maxwell) will publish, on November 22, an English edition of *Le Figaro Illustré*.

WE learn from the *Australian Literary News* that Mr. Ernest Favenc is engaged upon a history of Australian exploration from the date of the first settlement, now just one hundred years ago. The work will be based, to a large extent, upon official documents at Sydney, Melbourne, and elsewhere, which have not before been published.

THE first meeting of the one hundred and thirty-fourth session of the Society of Arts will be held on Wednesday next, November 16, when the opening address will be delivered by Sir Douglas Galton, Chairman of the Council. Previous to Christmas there will be four ordinary meetings, in addition to the opening meeting. During the session there will be six courses of Cantor lectures:—"The Elements of

Architectural Design," by Mr. H. H. Statham; "Yeast, its Morphology and Culture," by Mr. A. Gordon Salomon; "The Modern Microscope" (being a continuation of the recent course on the "Microscope"), by Mr. John Mayall, Jun.; "Alloys," by Prof. W. Chandler Roberts-Austen; "Milk Supply and Butter and Cheese Making," by Mr. Richard Bannister; "The Decoration and Illustration of Books," by Mr. Walter Crane. Two juvenile lectures on "The Application of Electricity to Lighting and Working," by Mr. W. H. Preece, will be given during the Christmas holidays.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. GEORGE GABRIELS STOKES, president of the Royal Society, and Leucasian professor of mathematics, has consented to come forward as a representative in Parliament for the University of Cambridge, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late A. J. B. Beresford-Hope. We quote from his address the following passages as being of general academical interest:

"With respect to the university, it has been found that a statute made by the late commissioners, of whom I was one, is likely to press very heavily upon the resources of the colleges. I believe that the statute was framed on the hypothesis that the agricultural depression which had then commenced was due to temporary causes; and as there seems to be no present prospect of substantial improvement, I think it reasonable that the severity of the pressure upon the colleges should be relaxed.

"Should you do me the honour of electing me, it will be my endeavour to reconcile as best may be my duties towards the university as one of its professors with those of your representative. The former would prevent me from giving that constant attendance in the House which might otherwise be expected; but when measures of importance were at stake, especially such as might affect the university, I should feel it to be my duty to be present."

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE, the professor of poetry at Oxford, will deliver a course of lectures on "The Renaissance Movement in English Poetry between Henry VIII. and Charles II.," beginning on Thursday next, November 11. Meanwhile, the statute for amalgamating his chair with the Merton professorship of English language and literature, is to come on for discussion in congregation on the previous Tuesday.

ON the recommendation of the special board for classics at Cambridge, a grant of £150 has been made from the Worts Travelling Scholars Fund to Mr. H. B. Smith, of Trinity College, for the purpose of archaeological research in Cyprus. It is understood that Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard, author of *The Cruise of the "Marchesa,"* will accompany Mr. Smith, and that Oxford will send a third member of the party. We may add that Prof. Sayce also intends to spend some portion of the coming winter in Cyprus.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved Mr. A. W. Verrall, fellow of Trinity College, and editor of the *Medea*, for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

AT a meeting of the court of the Victoria University, held at Manchester last week, the application of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, to be admitted as a college of the university, was approved. The Yorkshire College was originally founded in 1874, and incorporated in its present form in 1878. It possesses a funded capital of about £150,000, of which £93,000 represents buildings, &c. It receives an annual grant of £1,500 from the Clothworkers's Company, while last year the students' fees yielded more than £6,000. The principal is Mr. N. Bodington, of Lincoln College, Oxford, who is also professor of classical literature and

philosophy. The professor of modern literature and history is Mr. Cyril Ransome.

MR. JOSEPH FOSTER, of 21, Boundary Road, N.W., has issued to subscribers the first volume of his *Alumni Oxonienses*, being an alphabetical list of the members of the university of Oxford between the years 1715 and 1886. The basis of the work is Col. Chester's famous transcript of the Matriculation Register from 1564 to 1869, a copy of which was acquired by Mr. Foster after Col. Chester's lamented death. For reasons which Mr. Foster does not state, he has commenced the present work from 1715, and not from 1564; but, on the other hand, he has continued it down to 1886. He has arranged all the names—with the single exception of the Prince of Wales—in alphabetical order. To the entries in the Matriculation Register he has added the degrees and (often) academical distinctions, and more especially the calls to the bar, elections to the House of Commons, and ecclesiastical preferments. For the present century he has taken the deaths of clergymen and their livings from the *Gentleman's Magazine*; while for persons still living he has added yet more copious notes of identification from his own unrivalled storehouse. This first volume goes down to the end of the letter D, and includes about 16,000 entries. Upon the extraordinary value of this great undertaking for biographical and genealogical purposes it is unnecessary to dwell. We must content ourselves with calling attention to the rapidity with which it has been passed through the press, and to the low price at which it is issued—one guinea a volume. A single criticism may be added. The Matriculation Register gives the place of birth; this, Mr. Foster—doubtless for the sake of conciseness—records as if it were the place of residence of the father, which is by no means necessarily the same thing.

"PROF. NAPIER," a correspondent writes, "is in no way discouraged by the classical-tutors' bias against his Modern Languages School. Time and the tide are with him, and are bound to overwhelm the reactionaries who oppose all reasonable innovations because they are new-fangled things. Education has so often been perverted, that it needs to be brought back to its true meaning and function. Every rational improvement is a 'scaregoose' (to use Dr. Garnett's admirable word) for a time, till the old-fashioned mind gets to see that no harm is in the novel idea."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DESIDERIUM.

Is this the same heaven that I gaze upon?
It seems the sun hath emptied the whole sky,
Leaving the beautiful world so silently,
Without farewell, with all its glory flown.
The balm of the melodious breezes blown
From the pure hills, and thro' the evening dew
The shining of the sad, seraphic blue,
These linger with me yet, linger alone.
Is there no light but what heaven keeps so far?
Is it in vain, unhappy heart, to mourn?
Peace, peace. Night comes, and brings her lonely star,
Lonely as I, but not as I forlorn,
So tranquil even in its bright unrest,
Passionless Hesper in the perfect west.

R. L. BINYON.

OBITUARY.

IDRIS VYCHAN.

MANCHESTER has lost a notable citizen by the death of Mr. John Jones, who, while little known to the English public, was immensely popular with his Welsh compatriots under his bardic name of "Idris Vychan." He was

born at Dolgelly in 1825, and lived for a short time in London; but the last thirty years of his life were spent in Manchester, where he died on November 3, 1887. His Welsh essay on penillion singing gained a prize at the Eisteddfod of Rhuddlan in 1850. It is the classical work on this remarkable form of Celtic music and poetry, and was issued by the Cymmrodorion Society in 1884. At the Chester Eisteddfod of 1866 he gained the first prize for a History of Dolgelly, which has twice been published. Idris Vychan was present at most of the Eisteddfodau and similar gatherings, and gave an example of his skill as a penillion singer when the Prince of Wales and his family visited the London Eisteddfod. He was the author of several other archaeological essays. The Welsh people are wise in making as the ideal of their masses—and of their classes also, it may be hoped—something besides money. Idris Vychan was a shoemaker, as well as a musician and bard. On his grave he desired to have inscribed this verse of his own:

"Ce's ddigon o ogoniant—gan y bobl
A gwên byd a'i sorriant:
O fewn y bedd, y dŵn bant,
Mwy i Idris nis Medrant."

of which the general sense may be roughly given thus:

"I have had my fill of the people's praise,
Of sorrows and joys a plentiful store;
In the deep grave where content I am lying
These things will matter to Idris no more."

Idris Vychan is buried at Ardwick Cemetery; and his grave adjoins that of another distinguished Welshman, Ernest Jones, the Chartist.
W. E. A. A.

We have also to record the death of Mr. Alfred Domett, C.M.G., at one time premier of New Zealand, whose name will live in English literature—not, perhaps, by his own verses—but as the hero of Mr. Browning's grand poem, beginning "What's become of Waring?" He died in London, on November 2, in his seventy-seventh year.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The best paper in the present number of the *Antiquary* is, to our thinking, the one on Yester Castle, contributed by Mr. Philip Champion de Crespigny. The history of this feudal stronghold is a very interesting one, and will be told some day, we trust, at full length, with the documents relating to it given in full. The life-history of a building may be made as interesting as the biography of a man. Mr. H. B. Wheatly contributes an article entitled "On the Date of the Suppression of the Letter S in French Orthography." This seems but a dull subject, but as treated by Mr. Wheatly it is not so. He tells us many facts regarding the changes which the French language has undergone that will be new to most of his readers. Mr. Stapleton continues his series of papers on Nottinghamshire crosses. Here he deals with those in the Hundred of Bassettlaw only. We much wish that his example were followed, and that a complete catalogue of English crosses were forthcoming. Every student of our old records knows that before the Reformation crosses were very common all over the land. Not only was there a cross in almost every churchyard—commonly on the south side—but they were to be found in the market-place, in the village green, and by the roadside. They are often mentioned as boundaries in charters and surveys. The memory of many crosses that have perished has been preserved to our own time by field-names, such as "White Cross." Mr. Brailsford's account of "Three Northumbrian Strongholds" seems accurate, but is too highly condensed to be of much value.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST MAYOR OF LONDON.

London: Nov. 7, 1887.

I had occasion some months ago, in a paper bearing the above title (*Antiquary*, March, 1887, p. 107), to criticise the latest theories advanced by Mr. Loftie and others on the origin of Henry fitz "Ailwin." My present object is to call attention to the extreme obscurity which still surrounds a matter of so great interest and importance as the commencement of the mayoralty of London.

Almost all the statements on the subject can be traced to the well-known opening passage of the *Cronica Maiorum et Vicecomitum Londoniae*:

"Eodem anno [1189] factus est Henricus filius Eylwini de Londone-stane Maior Londoniorum; qui fuit primus Maior in civitate."

It is further held, on the same authority, that he held office for five and twenty years, though this is incompatible with the fact that he died, some say in 1212, and some in 1213. Mr. Loftie says that "he died before October, 1212," after "twenty-five years of office" ("Historic Towns": *London*, p. 55).

Now, on turning to independent record evidence, it is strange how few entries we find relating to the mayoralty of Henry, though their number has been largely increased by the appearance of Mr. Maxwell Lyte's most valuable Report on the archives of St. Paul's. I hope that this communication may elicit further references; but, in the meanwhile, it is now possible to divide those which I have as yet collected into distinct classes:—(1) Those in which his name appears as Henry fitz Ailwin simply; (2) those in which he is styled Mayor of London. It is important to observe that in the former class his name appears low down in any list of witnesses, while in the latter it figures at the head, or almost at the head, of the list. My contention is that these classes belong respectively to the periods before and after his elevation to the office of mayor.

To the former class belong the two documents of which Palgrave has appended facsimiles to his *Rotuli Curiae Regis*, a charter, temp. Henry II., among the Duchy of Lancaster Records (Box A, 163), and two of the St. Paul's records calendared by Mr. Lyte (App. to 9th Report Hist. MSS., I., 25, 26). To the latter belong five of those in Mr. Lyte's Calendar (*Ibid*, pp. 8, 10, 20, 22, 27), one charter in the British Museum, and two or three entries in the *Rotuli Curiae Regis*.

Mr. Loftie, with Mr. Lyte's Report before him, writes as follows:

"A deed among the archives of St. Paul's mentions 'Henry, Mayor of the City of London,' in 1193, and it is very probable that further examination will reveal an earlier date than this. It is, however, certain so far that the mayoralty was in existence four years after the received date of 1189. . . . The preponderance of authority in favour of the first year of Richard I. as the date of the establishment of a new form of government in London is very great; but, as the mayor does not appear upon the page of history before 1194. . . . it has been usual for the modern school of scientific historians to fix upon 1191 as the year, and the deposition of Longchamp as the occasion. The mayor was appointed one of the treasurers of Richard's ransom in 1194; but is mentioned, as we have seen, at least a year earlier in a document at St. Paul's" (pp. 39, 41).

Now I venture to think that this supposed earliest mention of the mayor originates in an error of Mr. Maxwell Lyte. He gives the document in question as "dated in the year in which William fitz Ysabel and William fitz Aluph were sheriffs [A.D. 1193]." But he will find that these are the names of the sheriffs for 6th Ric. I. (31st Report of Deputy-Keeper, p. 308), i.e., from September, 1194, to September, 1195. This then disposes of the date "1193." But, conversely, the first mention of the mayor on "the page of history," as Mr. Loftie terms it (i.e., Hoveden's Chronicle), belongs not, as he says, to 1194, but to April, 1193 (Reg. Hov. III., 212). This, therefore, "holds the field" as the earliest contemporary allusion to the existence of a Mayor of London.

As to the date to be assigned to the actual institution of the office, Mr. Loftie leans to the old one of 1189, though his "very great preponderance of authority" in its favour consists of nothing but the single chronicle from which I quoted at the outset. He holds that

"When Richard, in the beginning of his reign, showered charters on the English boroughs in order to obtain money for his great expedition, it is more than probable that London was not left out. The charter raising the portreeve to the rank of mayor, if there was such a charter, has been lost" (p. 39).

The same hypothesis of a "lost charter" was advanced with great confidence by Mr. Coote, who was convinced that the mayoralty originated in the grant of a *communa*, 1191. "This," as Mr. Loftie reminds us, is also "the opinion of Bishop Stubbs"; and he is good enough to add that, "until an earlier mention of Henry of London Stone as mayor has been found in a contemporary document, the bishop's view is entitled to a place in any book purporting to deal with London history" (p. 43).

The actual words of the Bishop of Chester are that "the mayoralty of London dates from the earliest years of Richard I., probably from the foundation of that *communa* which was confirmed on the occasion of William Longchamp's downfall" (*Select Charters*); and that, "immediately after the confirmation of the *communa*, we find Henry, the son of Alwyn, Mayor of London" (*Constitutional History*). Now this "confirmation" took place on October 10, 1191; and the fact would seem to have been overlooked that the "final concord" given (in facsimile *ut supra*) by Palgrave is dated November 30 (St. Andrew), 1191. To this, on many grounds, interesting document Henry fitz Ailwin is a witness, but not as mayor. And his name stands only twelfth among those of the lay-witnesses. Palgrave merely observes, "Henry fitz Ailwin is the mayor." But, if my canon be correct, he was not mayor at the time, and, consequently, the mayoralty does not date from the "confirmation" of the *communa*.

If this conclusion be accepted, we narrow down to about seventeen months the period within which the mayor makes his first appearance.

How long the first mayor continued to hold office is a point as difficult to decide positively as that of the date when he began. There would seem to be only one other reference to him as mayor in the St. Paul's archives of which the date (viz., 1204) is absolutely certain; but another is assigned by Mr. Lyte to "about 1197," and a third to "before A.D. 1222," meaning thereby, I presume, 1212. A date can, however, be fixed for the charter in the British Museum. In the official Calendar it is assigned by a singularly unlucky shot to the "eleventh century"; but the deed is known to me personally elsewhere, and belongs to 1197. The references to the Mayor of London in the *Rotuli Curiae Regis* are in 1194, 1198, and 1199. There are also record references to

Henry, Mayor of London, in the rolls of 3 John (1201-2), and to a Mayor of London in 1205, 1206, 1207, and 1212. Any further reference to Henry fitz Ailwin, of which the date can be determined, would be peculiarly welcome. Till they are forthcoming we have nothing but tradition to prove that Henry fitz Ailwin continued to hold office till his death in 1212 (Loftie) or 1213 (Stubbs).

J. H. ROUND.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Nov. 5, 1887.

Mr. Round complains that in my little book on *Domesday Book* "the authority of Ingulf is appealed to persistently throughout, without the suspicion of a doubt as to the genuineness of his supposed chronicle." Mr. Round has studied the bibliography of these things too closely to be unaware that I edited Ingulf's *Chronicle* from the unique MS. in the British Museum in 1883, and then discussed the question of its authenticity to some extent. The special passage to which he evidently refers, by mentioning "officials of the Public Record Office and of the British Museum," is an epitome by me of a paper read last year before the Domesday Book Commemoration by Mr. H. Hall of the Record Office, wherein he criticises, *inter alia*, the statements made by Ingulf, and rejects them, or most of them. In the few other places where Ingulf is mentioned in my book no theories are set forth as dependent on his chronicle. For example, in mentioning Ivo Tailleboise, I say: "In the Chronicle of Ingulf that chronicler gives a long and circumstantial account of his [Ivo's] quarrels with the abbey of Croyland" (p. 98). In another place I state that Ingulf says a certain person was alive in his day (p. 113), and so forth. I think I have referred five times in all to this "venerable imposture," as Mr. Round will have it called, and in no case does anything important turn on the reference.

But there is another aspect in Mr. Round's communication to the ACADEMY which does really seriously affect the character of his criticism. Last year this gentleman set himself vigorously to work to denounce the very man whose writings he is now seeking to use as a handle to criticise others. "Is Mr. Freeman accurate?" was the somewhat startling question Mr. Round imposed on himself to reply to in the shape of three separate articles printed in the *Antiquary*, and answered it trenchantly and circumstantially in the negative. If Mr. Freeman's inaccuracy in what he has written about some Domesday matters is so serious as to "render it needful that he should rewrite a portion of his work" (*Antiquary*, December 1886, p. 251), will Mr. Round undertake to say that Mr. Freeman is not also inaccurate in his views about Ingulf's credibility? I am sorry to say I know nothing of Dr. Stubbs's authorities, on which the passage quoted by Mr. Round is founded. Possibly it rests upon what Mr. Freeman has written. If so, then Birch, quoting the "venerable impostor," Ingulf, is paralleled by Dr. Stubbs and Mr. Round relying on the inaccurate Freeman; but as Freeman, notwithstanding his inaccuracy, may be quoted when you want to say something smart, therefore Ingulf may be quoted provided you do not rely too much on him, *q.e.d.*

WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

A HITTITE SYMBOL.

London: Nov. 7, 1887.

Though I am somewhat reluctant to trouble your readers with an additional communication on the subject which I discussed in the ACADEMY of August 13, I am almost compelled to do so by the appearance of Prof. Sayce's

letter under the heading "A Hittite Symbol" in last week's number. I am glad to hear that other seals have been found in Asia presenting points of analogy with the Yuzgat seal which the British Museum obtained last autumn, and with the seal which Mr. Chester more recently brought from Tarsus.

I may say that the "Hittite symbol" on the Tarsus seal has for a body a sort of oblong figure placed horizontally and some three or four times as long as it is high. The upper side is not a straight line, but has two depressions. From the centre of the lower side of this oblong figure proceeds a pair of divergent legs, which clearly terminate in turned-up toes, or "Hittite boots." Above an elevation in the centre of the upper side of the oblong is in one case the head, consisting of a circle with apparently aural appendages. In two other cases on the Tarsus seal, possibly in three, the head is capped, so as to be nearly covered, by a cap shaped as an equilateral triangle. My position is that this curious symbol is, in all probability, a modification of the equilateral triangle, which was regarded in the East as sacred and as representing the primordial principle of things. Modified as in this curious symbol, the primordial principle of human life or human nature may be intended. I was led to these conclusions after noticing that on a stele of Lilybaeum, which bears a Phoenician inscription, and which is represented in the *Corp. Inscr. Sem.* and by Perrot and Chipiez, the equilateral triangle appears as an object of worship, it having, moreover, at the apex a circular head with arms or a body projecting in both directions. That a somewhat similar modification of the equilateral triangle should have on the seal a sacred or mystic significance can scarcely seem wonderful. Moreover, there is the capping with the equilateral triangle to which I have adverted, and which, as it seems to me, points towards the view which I have indicated.* Certainly it connects the figure with the equilateral triangle.

Prof. Sayce observes that "the triangle is found not unfrequently in the Hittite inscriptions." Excluding the seals, and taking into account simply the equilateral triangle, I should say that it occurs very rarely. I do not recollect that it occurs more than once, but this instance is very significant and instructive. In the last line but one of the longest Hamath inscription there is a representation of the moon with the head of a cow upon and within it, denoting obviously Ashtoreth as a moon-goddess; and close beneath is the sacred triangle. This fact, while otherwise interesting, is important with regard to the origin and significance of the curious symbol now under discussion.

According to Prof. Sayce this symbol is "a

picture of the knotted girdle worn round the waist," as "will be obvious to any one" who will inspect certain figures in Perrot and Chipiez. I have examined these figures; and I fail to see that such a view of the matter is in any degree probable. There is a distant and superficial resemblance, no doubt, in some respects, but in others there is no approach to likeness. Moreover, in Prof. Sayce's view, the really important part of the girdle would be that which passes round the body, while the symbol would represent merely the knot and the loose ends—though, by the way, on the figures referred to in Perrot and Chipiez the ends appear to be not loose but connected or continuous. But to pass by other and, as it seems to me, insuperable difficulties, what could possibly be the meaning of a picture of a knotted girdle having a cap in the shape of an equilateral triangle put on it? Prof. Sayce speaks of the Hittite symbol as being a symbol of life, as though this had not been previously suggested on other, and, as I venture to think, much more probable grounds.* But that the same symbol should be at once a symbol of life and a mere "engraver's mark" used commonly by Hittite artists is not easy to understand. Certainly it is not an "engraver's mark" on the Tarsus seal.

I may add that it would be desirable that casts from the new seals at the Louvre should be sent to the British Museum for exhibition, if that has not been already done.

THOMAS TYLER.

EARLY HEBREW MSS. OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Oxford: Nov. 6, 1887.

At last we have Dr. Schiller-Szinessy's excursus on the famous Cambridge MS. of the Old Testament, dated as is believed A.D. 856. I doubt, however, if his arguments will be convincing. They are: (1) That if we compare with the Cambridge MS. the MS. in the possession of Dr. Robertson Smith, which is of a date certainly earlier than 1142 (has it a date, or is there a calendar or an entry of an owner of that date? Dr. Schiller-Szinessy's always writes kabbalistically) we shall be convinced that the date 856 for the former is the right one. Well, that may be the case, although I cannot see what comparison can do for two MSS. distant in date by 300 years. But supposing it to be the case, is Dr. Schiller-Szinessy prepared to pay the travelling expenses of somebody at Berlin, or even further off, in order to enlighten himself on the subject, even if we could suppose that Dr. R. Smith would freely allow the comparison of the two MSS.

Dr. Schiller-Szinessy alludes to himself as a born palaeographer (although twenty years ago, that is at the age of forty-five, he had seen no other MSS. except the scrolls of the Pentateuch and of Esther, which are used in the synagogues; but there were poets who began late in life, and as Dr. Schiller-Szinessy compares these to palaeographers, some of them also might spring up late in life), and as such he expects to be believed blindfold. Well, people will be wicked and incredulous. Indeed, "dullest intelligences," like those of the late Drs. Kennicott and Zuntz, Dr. W. Wright (who did not insert a specimen of the Cambridge "earliest Hebrew MS.," according to the born palaeographers, in his series of Oriental palaeography), Dr. Weekes, Dr. Steinschneider and myself ("who are supposed to be good bibliographers"—at all events, too much honour for me), do not believe in palaeographical inspiration, and think that the Cambridge MS. belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century. One more expression is to be questioned in Dr. Schiller-

* See ACADEMY, August 13, and *Babylonian Record*, August, 1887.

Szinessy's short excursus. He says Sepharadic is by no means necessarily Spanish, then what does it mean in connection with Ashkenazic, which the Doctor uses for the German school of writing? Sepharad in rabbinical literature means Spain, and consequently Sepharadic means the Spanish school. A. NEUBAUER.

"MORT," "AMORT."

London: Oct. 31, 1887.

The expression "amort," as used formerly in Suffolk and Norfolk, is, I presume, one with "mort" in its signification, only used adjectively—meaning a dejected, unanimated look, akin to death. I have frequently heard my mother (an East-Anglian) say, to any friend who seemed sad or depressed, "You look all amort!" E. M. EDMONDS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, Nov. 14, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Composition and Classification of Pigments," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in Siam," by Mr. J. M. Carthy.
- TUESDAY, Nov. 15, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Accidents in Mines," II., by Sir F. A. Abel.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A List of the Reptiles and Batrachians collected by Mr. H. H. Johnston on the Rio del Rey, West Africa," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Three Species of Shells from the Rio del Rey," by Mr. Edgar A. Smith; "Two small Collections of African Lepidoptera recently received from Mr. H. H. Johnston," by Mr. A. G. Butler; "A New Species of *Hyla* from Port Hamilton, Corea, living in the Society's Gardens," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger.
- WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Inaugural Address by the Chairman of the Council, Sir Douglas Galton.
- THURSDAY, Nov. 17, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Tests for the Genuineness and Purity of Pigments," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Certain Factors of Variation in Plants and Animals," by Mr. P. Geddes; "Copepoda of the Canaries," by Mr. T. O. Thompson.
8 p.m. Chemical: "Ballot for the Election of Fellows;" "The Halogen substituted Derivatives of Benzalalonic Acid," by Mr. O. M. Stuart.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "Hugh Elliott at Berlin, 1777," by Mr. Oscar Browning.
- FRIDAY, Nov. 18, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Boiler Experiments and Fuel-Economy," by Mr. John Holliday.
8 p.m. Philological: "Neuter Stems in the Celtic Languages," by Mr. Whitley Stokes.

SCIENCE.

TWO BOOKS ON CAESAR.

Lexicon zu den Schriften Caesars und seiner Fortsetzer. By H. Merguet. (Jena: Fischer.)

Caesar's Gallie War. By Bond and Walpole. (Macmillan).

It is a singular and somewhat lamentable fact that at the present time three new lexicons to Caesar are in the field. Dr. Merguet, compiler of the well-known lexicon to Cicero's *Orations*, has just finished a similar lexicon to Caesar and his continuators; while two other works, one by Mausel, the other by Menge and Preuss, are well on their way to completion. The spectacle of several men doing the same thing is never a satisfactory one; in the present case it is the very reverse. Hardly anything is so sorely needed by students of Latin as a series of special lexica, one for each author; and it is most unfortunate that three (or more exactly, four) lexicographers should have all chanced on the same subject at once.

Of the three, Dr. Merguet has finished first. His lexicon—a well-printed quarto of more than 1,100 pages—resembles his lexicon to Cicero both in plan and in appearance, and the quotations are sorted on the same "grammatical" system. For example, the passages where the word *legio* occurs (there are

* On a seal represented by Perrot and Chipiez, vol. iv., figs. 383, 384, there is figured what is no doubt essentially the same symbol; but from the nature of the representation I am unable to determine certainly the precise form of the head. Together with it there is represented a star, or possibly the sun, corresponding most likely to what, on another seal, Prof. Sayce speaks of as "rosettes." But on the impression from a seal which M. Surlin-Dorigny was unable to obtain at Aidin (figured at the end of chap. v. of Perrot and Chipiez) there is clearly the same symbol capped with the equilateral triangle. I may add that on the Indo-Scythian coins lately discussed by Dr. Aurel Stein (*Babylonian Record*, August) there is a remarkable symbol, which, a distinguished scholar and archaeologist has suggested to me, is related to the symbol under discussion. Here again we have divergent legs with a horizontal stroke above; but instead of the head we have a comb-like figure with a horizontal stroke and four perpendicular strokes above it. The intention pretty clearly is to symbolise fire tending upward, as would be suitable on these coins.

fifteen columns of them) are divided up according as *legio* is used: i. as subject, ii. after verbs, iii. after adjectives (*duo e legionibus*, &c.), iv. after substantives, v. with prepositions, &c. Similarly *possum* falls under three heads: i. absolute and elliptical, ii. with infinitive, iii. with accusative (*nihil posse*, &c.). The text from which the quotations are taken is that of Nipperdey, "mit Hinzufügung der Varianten." The work includes not only the genuine writings of Caesar, but also the additions of Hirtius and the other continuers.

As it stands, the book seems to have two grave faults. The first concerns the text and variants. Nipperdey's text is not a recent one, and a good deal has been done for Caesar since he died. Since, however, Dr. Merguet preferred to adopt it as the basis of his work, he ought to have freely cited various readings, conjectures, &c., so that the reader might know how far to trust any particular passage, or word, or spelling. But he has not done this. He is very chary of "Varianten," and when he inserts them, never inserts the authority for them (see, e.g., *calidus*). In this point, he is certainly inferior to his rival Meusel. The second fault of the book is the grammatical arrangement, which, though uniform, is not scientific, and not always useful. For instance, one can elicit from the book that Caesar does not use *copia* in the singular to mean "troops," while his continuers do. But to find this out one has to search some columns of quotations. In Meusel's lexicon, the words are divided according to the meanings (as in Gerber and Greef's *Latinslexicon*), and such an inquiry is a light matter.

It is, of course, unfair to contrast Dr. Merguet's work with Meusel's before the latter is complete; but it is impossible not to confess that the latter will in all probability be the better of the two. Not that anyone should be ungrateful to Dr. Merguet for his laborious undertaking. A great deal can be learnt from his book, especially about that *elegantia*, or choiceness of diction, for which Caesar was famous in antiquity. Thus Caesar used *flumen*, but not *fluvius* or *amnis*; *silva*, but not *nemus*; *doleo*, but not *lugeo maereo* or *gemo*; *incolo* often, but *habito* only once; *vagor* often, *erro* three times; *sequor* often, as against *comitor* once and *comes* twice. Similarly we find only one example of *igitur*, and none of *nempe*, *ostentum*, *nimirum*, and some other such words. Of course this can be worked out from any complete vocabulary. But Dr. Merguet has one advantage over his rivals: his is the only lexicon which includes both Caesar and his continuers. Menge and Preuss have published a special lexicon to the latter; but it is far more useful to have the whole arranged in one volume.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole say in their preface that their *Gallio War* "is based on and for the most part paraphrased from" the edition of Kraner and Dittenberger, while they "have consulted most of the best editions" and other recent authorities. Practically, the work is a simple translation of Kraner, with occasional abridgements and the omission of book viii. as not Caesar's. There are few additions. The most important one which I have found is a note (ii. 24.2), containing the obsolete etymology "*porta decumana*, from the

10th cohort." As a translation the book is certainly bad. Indeed there are passages in it which do not testify to even a moderate acquaintance with German or Latin. One does not object to such renderings as "excite" for *voraussetzen*, or "later on" for *ferner* (pp. xxiv., lxxx.), for they may possibly be the result of paraphrase. But some protest is necessary when a perfectly correct sentence in Kraner (p. 5) appears thus: "A colony was conducted by Narbo Martius to protect the coast route to Spain, and that Province was after him called Gallia Narbonensis" (Introd., p. xi.). To make the matter worse, Messrs. Bond and Walpole have given a perfectly correct account later on (p. 396). Again Kraner (p. 60) says "plutei dienten . . . zum Schutz von Mauern (*B. G.* vii. 47) Türmen (vii. 25) und Schiffen (*B. C.* iii. 24)." Messrs. Bond and Walpole render: "plutei . . . were used against walls (vii. 47), towers (vii. 25), and also against ships (*B. C.* iii. 24)." Had they verified their references, they would have found that the "st" is a misprint of Kraner's for vii. 41, and that all three passages distinctly refer to the protection of walls, &c. Kraner says (p. 11) of Caesar in 59 B.C. "Die Ritter gewann er durch Erlassung eines Drittels ihrer Pachtgelder," referring to the Asiatic taxes. In the translation it appears (p. xvi.): "The equites were won over by a remission of some dues from their estates"—a terrible perversion of both German and history. On iv. 3.3 Kraner explains *captus* as "geistige Fähigkeit" (like George the translators call it "conception." Kraner says that the *antesignani* "nicht eine besondere Waffengattung bildeten, am allerwenigsten Leichtbewaffnete waren." The translation runs "not a particular kind of arm, but a light armed body." Errors such as these are numerous, and they entirely destroy the value of the book. If space allowed, it would be easy to add a quantity of less serious mistranslations (*unter*, 1.37.3, *obwohl*, iv. 22.4, &c.), and of mistakes in Latin; and it would be necessary to complain that the volume contains a great number of misprints and some unverified quotations. One serious misprint occurs on p. xxiv., where in the footnote "in Britain" should be "with." Where so much is faulty it is a small evil that the English is often quite as slovenly as in the passage about Narbo quoted above from p. xi.

Obviously, the book needs a very thorough overhauling, if it is to be a credit to either publisher or editor. And if it is revised, I venture to think the revisers should not stop at correcting mistakes. The book is, as I said above, merely a translation of Kraner, and it is difficult to suppose that such a work is really wanted. Everyone who would be likely to use Kraner would, in all probability, be familiar with German. On the other hand, Kraner's edition, excellent though it be, is not complete. The introduction on the Roman army is valuable, and the notes, so far as "pure scholarship" is concerned, are admirable in matter and in manner. So far the edition is certainly a "standard" one. But there are a quantity of questions, mostly of antiquarian interest, where the German scholar is less complete. For example, there is a geographical difficulty in iv. 15.2, *confluentem Mosae et Rheni*. Are we to suppose that

Rhenus means the Waal? Would it not be better to adopt the suggestion of Bergk (*Rheinland*, p. 7), unnoticed by Kraner, and omit *et Rheni*? Or, turning to book v., which more immediately interests Englishmen, what shall one make of the curious statement (v. 14.4), *uicinas habent domi duodenique inter se communes*? Does it refer to polyandry? Again, how comes Caesar to say that the beech and the fir did not grow in Britain (v. 12.5)? Or, once more, Caesar says that British tin was found in *mediterraneis regionibus* (v. 12.5). Kraner gives no farther explanation than "in d. heutigem Cornwall," without a word to show why Cornwall should be called "inland." The reason, of course, is that the tin came *overland* to Kent, and thence across the straits of Dover and through France to Massilia and the south. Kraner, however, seems to believe the obsolete idea that the Cassiterides were off Cornwall, and that the Phoenicians sailed thither across the Bay of Biscay. These and such like questions would be well worth the attention of any editors of a commentary "based on Kraner." But I cannot think a mere translation of much value, whether it be good or (as in the present case) indifferent.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole have also edited book vii. for Macmillan's series of "Elementary Classics." The edition is only an adaptation of the one just reviewed, and what has been said of the one applies to the other. I must add that the notes seem to me not "adapted" to suit a fourth form boy. The plan of Gergovia, too, is unsuited to a boy's intelligence. F. HAVERFIELD.

SOME POPULAR SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

Fresh Woods and Pastures New. By the author of "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale." (Sampson Low.) This much-quoted line does not often introduce more pleasant writing than the sixteen letters which form the "Amateur Angler's" little volume. He has improved somewhat as a fisherman, but very much as a writer. The book may be divided into two idyls—one treating of a Herefordshire farm on the Lugg, the other of a suburban garden; and the rustic sights and creatures of both localities are sketched with much kindness and fidelity to nature in a light and graceful style that cannot fail to secure the reader's sympathy. Without any pretence to be a scientific naturalist, he discourses now on peacocks and swallows, now on the waifs and strays of feline life which infest a town garden, with an apt quotation or two felicitously culled from Gilbert White or Walton, or a few lines from the poets with which his mind is evidently well furnished. There is a good chapter on the May-fly, in which Aristotle, Pictet, and McLachlan are laid under contribution; but we owe to a preference of the author's own thoughts and fancies over the more accurate statements of science. "An Afternoon with Rabbits" and "An Evening with Hornets" display the "Amateur Angler" at his best, with a considerable spice of observation, a fair share of descriptive power, and plenty of the lighter graces which interest the leisurely reader, and tempt him to put aside the book to be read again. A true love of country sights and sounds, some sense of the humorous, and much delight in children and their ways, vouch for the geniality of the writer. The delicate workmanship of these little essays is sure to be appreciated, and bids us wish for the author (whose personality is thinly veiled) life and strength in order that he may

give us more charming etchings of field and riverside beauty. It is curious to read that he never met anyone who had eaten the green plover or lapwing. This bird is little inferior as a dainty to its kinsman the golden plover. He is astonished too at an old peahen partially assuming the plumage of the male. This phenomenon is well known among gallinaceous birds. It may be kindly suggested that the plural of chrysalis is "chrysalides" (or more accurately "chrysalides"), certainly not "chrysales"; and the amusing misprint—

"Oh, cuckoo! shall I call the bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

ought to be corrected in the next edition.

Our Sea-Fish and Sea-Food. By Rev. E. W. L. Davies. (Field & Tuer.) Extreme attention is at present being paid to the breeding and habits of sea-fish, both by the National Fish Culture Association at Delaford Park, and by the directors of the Marine Observatory at Lochbuie in Mull. The importance of the subject fully justifies these investigations. The author of this little book prints in a handy form a good many useful statistics on sea-fish and fishing; and, being evidently an enthusiast, he gives a useful summary of all that is at present known of the life-history of those sea-fishes which are most important to the commerce of the country. It is just the book for the seaside, and pleasantly summarises the information given in the more systematic works on sea-fish. Unfortunately it is not easy to find facts in it, inasmuch as it possesses neither table of contents nor index, an omission which should at once be supplied. Cod's head soup, which the author vouches to be excellent, will be a new idea to most people. It is certainly better than manuring the fields with cods' heads, as we have seen. Mr. Davies should remember that in the face of the constantly augmenting knowledge of the Salmonidae, it is scarcely correct to quote from Mr. Russel (not Russell) as a "recent" authority. His book on the salmon was published in 1864. And it is not the stormy petrel, but the fulmar petrel—a very different bird—which is used by the inhabitants of the Orkneys with a cotton wick drawn through its body as a lamp.

THE three lectures on health, food, and education, delivered by Prof. H. G. Seeley at the Working Men's Institute, Sevenoaks, in 1884, have just been issued by the S. P. C. K., under the somewhat affected title *Factors in Life*. They are full of plain commonsense information. The two former especially might be read with much profit in every coffee tavern and workshop in the kingdom. The book may likewise be recommended to the upper classes in girls' schools. How many of the future mothers of the race grow up without the least knowledge of the chemistry of food and digestion, of the physiological aspects of sleep and exercise, of the need of moral and mental discipline! Prof. Seeley elucidates these in a pleasant and attractive style.

On the Drainage of Lands, Towns, and Buildings. By G. D. Dempsey. Revised, with large additions, by D. K. Clark. (Crosby Lockwood & Co.) The proprietor, or estate agent, will here find what may be termed country draining in all its varieties fully described with figures; while the city surveyor, or architect, has everything connected with the drainage of a town or a house in it ready to his needs in this comprehensive little volume. Mr. Dempsey's book on drainage (which has for some time been out of print) is recast and brought up to modern practice by Mr. Clark. Every here and there, however, the tables of rainfall might have been enlarged with advantage, as at p. 131, where the rainfall at Greenwich stops at the year 1869. Even the unprofessional reader will

find much worth knowing in the excellent account of the main drainage of London. We have never seen a more useful manual on its own subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETRUSCAN DIVINITY-NAMES.

Barton-on-Humber: Oct. 29, 1887.

From the numerals we may pass on to divinity-names, beginning with the head of the Pantheon, the sky-god Tina or Tina. The following list illustrates this name; and, as the connexion between the Chinese Tien and Tengri, &c. is historical, and thus independent of purely linguistic inference, we are supplied with an historical instance of how *ng* becomes *n*. Similarly, in Samoied, *ng* at times = *n* (vide Castrén, *Finnische Mythologie*, 13). *G*, too, is not found in Etruscan; and we are thus justified in regarding Tin-a, Tin-ia, as a late form of Ting-iar, and this as an abbreviation of an original Ting-ira (= Dingira, Tangara, &c.):

- | | | |
|----------|--------------------------|--|
| Sumerian | — <i>d-i-ng-i</i> | } = "to create." |
| Akkadian | — <i>d-i-m-e</i> | |
| Sumerian | — <i>d-i-ng-i-r-a</i> | } = a "creator," |
| | — <i>d-i-ng-i-r</i> | |
| Akkadian | — <i>d-i-m-e-r</i> | hence a "god." |
| Sumerian | — <i>g-i-ng-i-r-i</i> | }= "goddess." |
| | — <i>g-i-ng-i-r-a</i> | = the goddess Istar. |
| Yakute | — <i>t-a-ng-a-ra</i> | |
| Mongol | — <i>t-e-ng-ri</i> | } = "sky"—"sky- |
| Hunnish | — <i>t-a-ng-li</i> | |
| Chinese | — <i>t-ie-n</i> | |
| Turkish | — <i>t-a-ng-ry</i> | |
| Finnic | — <i>t-ie</i> (-Jumala). | |
| Magyar | — (Is)- <i>t-e-n</i> | = "god." |
| Yakute | — <i>t-i-ri</i> | = "the red dawn." |
| Etruscan | — T-I-N-A | } = <i>T-i-ng-ia-r(-a)</i> =
Dingira. |
| | — T-I-N-IA | |

The *is* in *Is-tar* (a male-female, non-Semitic divinity, the meaning of whose name has not been discovered) and *Is-ten* recalls a well-known Turanian god-word, the Kamacintzi *esch*, Arintzi *eisch*, "god" (Strahlenberg), and Yenissei-Ostiak *es* ("heaven"); for, as Castrén observes, "allen altaischen Völkern am meisten den himmlischen Gott *Es* verehren" (*Finn. Myth.* 228). He gives *asa* and *zyt* as S. Siberian forms (*ibid.*, 186). The words *aisaru*, *aiseras* ("In *aiseras* sehe ich den Genitiv von *aisera*, 'dea,' "Deecke), occur in the Etruscan inscriptions; and the classical writers supply us with the following instances, showing the Etruscan use of the word: *Aloap* (Dionys. Hal.); *Aesar* = "god" (Sueton. *Augustus*, 97; *Aisoi* - *θελ* *ὄρει* *Τυφφηνῶν* (Hésyoh.). It is generally agreed that *-ar* is an Et. plural-form (*cf.* Ostiak *är*, "many"); hence *ais-ar* = *ais-oi*. *Ar* also occurs in Buriat as a plural-form. The *tar* in *Is-tar* reminds us of the numerous Finnic divinity-names with this ending.

The Ak. *An*, *In* ("Divine-one"), *Ana* ("sky-god"), *Votiak in* ("sky"), *in-mar* ("god"), *Taugy ña*, *Yurak* and *Yenissei ä*, may be compared with the Et. *Ani* (*Avvios* is an Et. king in Plutarch), *Ianis*, Latin *Janus*, the unanthropomorphic divinity of Velathri (Volaterrae), &c. With *Ana* and the allied words, *Finn* and *Lenormant* connect the Zyrianian *Jen* ("god"), which appears in Strahlenberg as *Jahn*; but Castrén seems to be right in regarding *jen* as an abraded variant of the great Turanian god-name *Jum-a-la*. The Eskuara (Basque) *Yin-koa*, *Jin-koa* ("god") is singularly similar. The North-Asian divinity *Tiermes*, *Turm*, *Torm*, *Torum* (*Thorum* in Strahlenberg), reappears in the Et. *Thurms*, *Turms*, or *Turm*, who, through name-similarity, was not unnaturally identified with the Greek *Hermés*. *Thurms* is not an Et. transliteration of *Hermés*, for the Greek aspirate does not become *t* or *θ* in Et., e.g., *Ετρῶν* = Et. *Eotur*, &c.

The Ak. *ekhi* is rendered by the As. *ummu*

("mother"), and must be the same word for "mother" which appears in the three Buriat dialects as *eke*, *ike*, and *exe*, in Surgut (Ostiak) as *anki*, and which Strahlenberg gives as *oeks* ("the mother"). The name reappears in the Lapp mother-goddess *Sar-Akka*, "dea partus" (*cf.* Lapp *akk*, "prægnans"; *akka*, "uxor"), and again in the famous Et.-Rom. mythic personage *Acca Larentia*, said to have been a beautiful courtesan (perhaps a hint at Turanian women-customs), or the nurse of Romulus and Remus, and mother of twelve sons, probably the twelve cities of the Etruscan confederation. The Ak. *rak*, *rakki* ("woman") and the Et. mirror-goddess *Recua* are apparently connected forms.

Nothing can be made on the Aryan side of the god *Summanus*. The suggested Latin etymologies of the name are obviously afterthoughts. Strahlenberg gives *Sumans* ("i.e., Sacred") as a name of the Yakute divinity *Tangara* (*vide sup.*); and, as *Tangara* is identical with *Tina*, we can understand why *Summanus* was considered the equal or even the superior (*vide* Augustin, *De Civ. Dei*, iv. 23) of Jupiter, and his name derived from *sumnus*. We find *Taman* as "numen priscorum Lapponum" (Lindahl, in *voc.*), and *Suannon* is an epithet (*Kalevala*, xxxvi. 237) of the hero *Wainämöinen*. The Ak. *'Sumun* = As. *Samu* ("heaven").

No Turanian god-name is more widespread than the Finnic *Juma-la* (lit. "Thunder-place" = sky and sky-god), Lapp *Jumel*, *Jumal*, or *Ibmel*, Zyrianian *Jen* (*vide sup.*), which Castrén has shown identical with the Samoied *Num*, Ostiak-Sam. *Nome*. Strahlenberg gives the forms "Samojedes *Numi*, Morduinii *Jumis*, Permecki *Jahn*, Tomskoi Ostiaks and Kanskoi *Num*, Oby Ostiaks *Nopp*" ("God"), "Taugi *Noae* and Samoiedi-Manzela *Nae*" ("Heaven"). "Tangubti, who belong to the Dalai-Lame, and have one religion with the Kalmucks and Mungals"—*Namm* ("God"). This historical testimony replies to Prof. Max Müller's doubts (*Lects. Sci. Rel.*, 2nd edit., p. 138) respecting the connexion between *Nam* (as he gives it) and *Num*. Sky, storm, and thunder are necessarily linked ideas; and this group of variant names divides itself into those commencing (1) with an *i*- or *y*-sound, or (2) with an *n*. Both variants appear in Akkadian. Thus Lenormant compares Ak. *imi* ("tempest," "region céleste") with the "Fin. *jymj*, Tcher. *juma*, Mord. *jom*, Zyr. *iy*" ("thunder"), and the Ak. *nim*, *num*, *nu* (*cf. sup.* *Noae*, *Nae*), is rendered by the As. *saku* ("top"), *elamu* ("highland," Elam); while the variant and derivative *enim*, *enum* = As. *samu* ("heaven"). In Ostiak the word occurs as *nim*, *nöm* ("the upper"), *nämen*, *nömen* ("over," "above"). On the Etruscan side we find the divinities called *Noven-stiles*, heaven-gods and thunderbolt-hurlers; and I would here only add to the remarks of Canon Taylor (*Etruscan Researches*, 143, 154) on this name, that *numen* may be an Etruscan as well as a Latin word, and that the legendary king of Rome, favourite of the gods and establisher of religion, is called *Numa*.

We find in Finnic mythology a mysterious personage, connected with the moon (*vide* Castrén, *Finn. Myth.*, 65, 316), the meaning of whose name is said to be doubtful, called *Kave*, *Kapo*, *Kebe*, *Kaba* (Toheremiss), &c. "Die Gottheit, die von andern mit diesem Epithet beehrt wird, ist die Tochter der Luft," for the Finnic male lunar divinity is *Kuu* (*cf.* the Ak. moon-god *Aku*, "the Exalted"). Etruscan mirror-names are often Greek, and perhaps occasionally Semitic, and, therefore, specially dubious; but we know from Strabo (v. iv. 2) that the Etruscans had a goddess named *Kupra* (= *Kupa-ra*) who was supposed to be the analogue of Juno (the Samian *Heré* is lunar), and to whom the new or increasing moon was

sacred ("Ihr war der Neumond heilig." K. O. Müller, *Die Etrusker*, edit. 1877, ii. 46). It is singular to find on the Ak. side, "gub (kup), As. nazuzu, to fix, to wax of the moon" (Sayce, *As. Gram.*, 18). *Gubbara* (cf. *Dingira*) would mean "the Waxing-one"—the Moon.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, October 31.)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—Prof. Hughes, after commenting upon ancient earthworks between the Solway and the Tyne, summed up his views as follows: The wall was the road for the Romans in time of danger. They did not need another road outside except for trade and ordinary traffic in time of peace, and then it was unnecessary to enclose it. An examination of the run of the "Vallum" shows, when once the question has been raised, how unlikely it is that the Romans could have constructed it when they built their wall. It is often for many miles too near the Roman Wall to leave any room worth mentioning between the two for grazing cattle; and, a still stronger argument, the "Wall" and "Vallum" are for many miles so far apart as to have rendered it impossible to man the "Vallum" without dangerously weakening the wall on the north. Between Appletree and Wall Bowers the Roman wall cuts off the end of one of the lines of the "Vallum." If a Pict's Wall with its many lines of fosse and vallum existed before the Roman Wall, it is easy to see how this might happen. The fosse and vallum cut off by the wall was a British covered line of advance from the higher ground to the entrenchment, lower down the hill. On the hypothesis that the "Vallum" was constructed by the Romans with an interval between it and the "Wall" to protect their roadway and their cattle, here was an obstacle to both. It would not be a likely place for them to build a hedge to limit the straying of the cattle, that might have been done more easily a little further on; but it was a longer line to construct and in a less convenient part for the purpose suggested. That the Romans modified a pre-existing earthwork, rendered it less dangerous to themselves, and utilised the fosse to rest their camps upon, is likely. They may for some reason have excavated the basalt blocks which lie beside the vallum about a mile east of Procolitia, a source of wonderment. The rock was, however, already cut up by joints; and the removal of the blocks by the British would not be such a marvel as the construction of cromlechs, menhirs, and chambered tombs. It may be felt to be a difficulty in the way of accepting the view here advocated that the great barrier between the Danube and the Rhine (the *Limes Imperii* or Pfahlgraben, Teufelsmauer, Schwein-graben) which is generally attributed to the Romans, is like the vallum, not like the *murus* of North Britain. But, seeing that there are important differences between the various portions of that earthwork, perhaps a similar line of inquiry might suggest a doubt as to whether parts, at any rate, of those works may not have been adopted rather than constructed by the Romans. We want also more knowledge of the barrier between the Forth and Clyde (Vallum Antonini, Graham's Dyke). The historical mention of fixing a Limes can hardly be considered evidence of the construction of a wall, whereas the occupation of an old line of defensive works and the building of forts along it would be a natural and probable course for the Romans to have pursued. But, on the whole, it would appear (1) that the distribution of the Roman camps suggests that there was a system of defensive works held by the British approximately along the line of the "Vallum"; (2) that the "Vallum" must have been a source of danger not of strength to the Roman "Wall"; (3) that in character the "Vallum" resembles British rather than Roman work; (4) that the position and arrangement of the lines of the "Vallum" are inconsistent with the hypothesis that it was constructed at the same time as the Roman "Wall"; (5) that the "Vallum" should be regarded as the Pict's Wall, afterwards enclosed within the lines of the Roman Wall.—Prof. Clark agreed with Prof. Hughes that there were numerous instances of Roman

fortifications based on older earthworks. With regard, however, to the works of which Prof. Hughes spoke, he considered that they rather appeared to have been subsidiary, from the first, to the Roman wall.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, October 31.)

MISS MARY PAUL, vice-president, in the chair.—A paper was read by the president, Mr. T. G. Foster, on "The Beginnings of the English Drama." The English drama conveniently falls into three stages: (1) The beginnings of the English drama, with two subdivisions—(a) the preparation for the regular drama, (b) the beginning of the regular drama; (2) the growth and perfection of the drama; (3) the decay of the regular drama. 1. The first stage, with its two divisions, is almost entirely ignored in the study of the English drama. After tracing the Mystery Plays back to their origin in church festivals and services, Mr. Foster proceeded to show, by quotations and illustrations, the extent to which the elements of the regular drama may be found in them. "Some of the plays in each series are distinctly comic, others tragic; there are also passages, and now and again whole plays, to be found that might be called satiric; in many, in fact, in the majority, we find touches of realism." The Moralities were a development from the Miracles, and grew slowly, at first, probably, helped by the desire for variety, and afterwards by the taste for allegory, which spread from Italy and France to England. In them distinct advance is made in dramatic construction. Many contain well-developed plots, whereas the Mysteries consisted of a narration of events. The very dullness of these plays suggested the introduction of characters other than personified abstractions. Real personages were gradually introduced, the transition tendency being marked by such plays as Bale's "King Johan" and "Hycke Scornor." John Heywood was the first to take the all-important step of writing plays—known as Interludes—which were entirely free from the personified abstractions of the morals. 2. The shortcomings of the Moralities were made more plain by the knowledge of Italian and classical drama which spread over Europe generally at the time of the Renaissance. The first English comedy is based on the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus; and "Gorboduc," the first English tragedy, on the "Thebais" of Seneca. Thus it was classical influence which gave our drama form and shape, and showed the need of a well-elaborated plot. During the twenty years that elapsed between Sackville's "Gorboduc" and Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," the national spirit was growing and preparing the way for a national literature and a national drama. Lyly, Greene, and Lodge were the chief dramatists; but their great service to the drama was in the production of the Elizabethan novel, in which good stories were produced, though they wanted the finish and vigour found in the work of true artists. To Lyly we are indebted for establishing the use of prose in dramatic compositions. Thus, at the commencement of Shakspeare's career, the various forms of dramatic art that have existed in England were already established.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.—(Friday, Nov. 4)

F. W. RUDLER, Esq., president, in the chair.—The president opened the session with an address on "Fifty Years' Progress in British Geology." He drew a picture of the state of geology in 1837, and contrasted it with that in 1887; dwelt upon the controversy between the catastrophists and uniformitarians; sketched the history of palaeozoic geology; referred to speculations on the origin of the drift; and discussed the antiquity of man. The principal controversies of recent years have ranged round the Archaean rocks and the glacial drift. Attention was directed to the debt which geology owes to engineering, and especially to the development of the railway system, and to artesian borings. The Sub-Wealden Exploration was explained, and a jubilee boring suggested. Deep-sea Exploration was touched upon. Turning to petrology, its low condition in 1837 was pointed out, and the introduction of microscopic methods was dwelt upon. The history of palaeontology was traced, and the work of the

Palaeontographical Society commended. ~~Imp~~ ~~ments in the geological collections of the Br~~ ~~Museum were noticed; and the history of~~ ~~Museum of Practical Geology and of the Geolo~~ ~~Survey was traced. In conclusion, reference~~ ~~made to the projected meeting of the Internati~~ ~~Geological Congress in London next year—a~~ ~~coinciding with the hundredth anniversary of~~ ~~foundation of British Geology—the publica~~ ~~Hutton's Theory of the Earth, in 1785.~~

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravers, Chromo-lithographers, and Otagraphs, handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents. GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT VERONICA IN CHRISTIAN ART.

Die Fronica. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Christusbildes in Mittelalter von Karl Pearson. (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner.)

THIS volume is a valuable contribution towards the history of Christian iconography. In it the author traces the origin and development of one of the most beautiful of the many stories connected with the life of our Lord—a story which has exerted an influence throughout Christendom, and has inspired some of the loveliest works of art bequeathed to us by the great artists of the middle ages, and, among other devotional poems, the well-known "Salve Sancta Facies." Mr. Pearson has arranged his matter under six heads: (1) the evolution of the story; (2) the various versions and translations of the Salutation of the Holy Face; (3) the office in its honour; (4) the indulgences attached to the Salutation; (5) remarks on the representations of Christ in pictorial art; and (6) a chronological list of those connected with Saint Veronica.

The main points, in which all versions of the story agree, are that a woman, a follower of Christ, named *Beronika*, was in possession of a likeness of our Lord painted, or in some other way represented, on a cloth or kerchief; that she came or was brought to Rome, and that there, by means of this kerchief, she cured the Emperor Tiberius or Vespasian of a grievous illness. It is further related that she was the woman who had been healed by our Lord of an issue of blood (Matthew ix.), that she became the wife of Zacheus, known after his conversion as S. Amator; that with him and S. Martial she went to Gaul and evangelised Aquitaine, where her festival was kept, as also by the church of Milan, on February 4.

The earliest known mention of a sweat-cloth occurs in the fifth chapter of Venerable Bede's little book *De locis sanctis*, entitled "De Sudario Capitis Domini et alio maiore linteo a Sancta Maria confecto." This, however, does not contain any allusion to S. Veronica. The primitive version of her legend occurs in a MS. of the eighth century, now in the Vatican Library. Here she is said to have herself painted, or caused to be painted, the portrait of Christ after he had cured her of her ailment. An English MS. of the eleventh century in the University Library at Cambridge gives a somewhat different version, the cloth being described as a part of Our Lord's garment, and as having a twofold miraculous character: (1) of appearing, when exhibited to the emperor, to

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bear Our Lord's likeness; (2) of healing his malady. In several twelfth- and thirteenth-century German versions of the legend the portrait is said to have been miraculously imprinted on the cloth by Christ. Towards the end of the twelfth century we find Veronica represented as asking S. Luke to paint her a portrait of Christ, and as being greatly distressed at the failure of his attempts. But Our Lord takes pity on her; and when, before partaking of a meal she prepares for Him, He washes His face, the cloth with which He wipes it receives a miraculous portrait of His features, with glorious bright eyes and black beard. The later version of the story is not met with until the end of the fourteenth century—I am inclined to think not until the second quarter of the fifteenth. This represents Veronica coming forth from her house when Our Lord passed by on his way to Calvary, compassionately offering Him a cloth to wipe His face, and receiving it back with the sacred image impressed upon it. In these later representations the face of Christ is a sorrowful suffering face, generally with the Crown of Thorns. Mr. Pearson thinks that this version probably arose from the fact that besides the ikons of the earlier type, there was in S. Peter's—now "over a great statue of S. Veronica in the sacristy"—another of an entirely different character, with the features of a dead man and with closed eyes; that this in the twelfth, or at least in the thirteenth, century was known as the "Sudarium Salvatoris nostri," "vera effigies Salvatoris," or "vera icon"; and that probably owing to the close resemblance of this last designation to the Latinised form "Veronica," this unique representation, though having no connexion with the story of S. Veronica, came to be mixed up with it.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Pearson has been misled by Heaphy. The Vernacle at S. Peter's (translated thither from the church of S. Mary ad Martyres, where the coffer in which it was originally kept is still preserved) is now in one of the upper chapels of the four great pillars which support the cupola. It has for centuries been covered not only with a thick plate of rock crystal, but also, in great part, by a metal plate inserted under the crystal and hiding all but the face itself. This Vernacle is, with other sacred relics, shown ten times in the year by two canons in the balcony to the faithful kneeling in the nave below. These relics are never shown at any other time, nor is any one allowed to approach them except by a special indult granted by the Holy Father. Such an indult has, I believe, been only granted once in modern times—in December, 1854, when the bishops, then gathered together in Rome, were allowed to approach the Vernacle. M. Barbier de Montault thus described what he saw during the few minutes he gazed on it:

"Une lame de métal couvre l'intérieur et ne laisse dégagée que la figure dont elle dessine les contours. A ces contours, franchement accusés, l'on soupçonne de longs cheveux qui retombent sur les épaules, et une barbe courte qui se bifurque en deux mèches peu fournies. Le reste des traits est si vaguement dessiné, ou plutôt si complètement effacé, qu'il m'a fallu la meilleure volonté du monde pour apercevoir la traces des yeux ou du nez."

The copies or so-called facsimiles of this

Vernacle, given or sold to pilgrims, are apparently printed from an engraving of the eighteenth century. The certificate attached to them does not guarantee the exactness of the copy, but attests that they have touched the reliquary in which the original is preserved. I prefer to believe that the "Salve Sancta Facies," composed more than six centuries ago in honour of this Vernacle, and the copies of it made in mediæval times,* are far more reliable evidence of the appearance presented by this cloth than the eighteenth-century so-called facsimile. Perhaps some day competent archaeologists will be allowed to examine these and other relics, and the matter will be cleared up. All that can be safely asserted at present is that it is certain that when, under the influence of the Franciscans, the corporal sufferings of our Lord were brought into greater prominence, an impetus was given to the introduction, both in dramatic and pictorial art, of such a scene as this in our Lord's painful progress to Calvary, which, although without any historical or traditional authority whatever, has ended by becoming the sixth in that series of representations of Our Lord's Passion known as the "Stations of the Cross," to be seen in every Catholic church throughout Christendom.

The salutation, "Ave Facies Præclara," relates to the later presentment of the ikon. Mr. Pearson gives an account of all the various readings he has met with, of this, as well as of the earlier, "Salve Sancta Facies," as also of German, Netherlandish, and French translations, followed by a number of extracts from passion-plays and other MSS. and inventories where Vernacles are mentioned.

The third part gives an account of offices in honour of the Holy Face, commencing with that instituted in 1216 by Pope Innocent, the earliest mention of which occurs in the *Chronica Maiora* of Matthew of Paris. From him we learn that the popes had long been in the habit of carrying in procession from S. Peter's to the Hospital of the Holy Ghost "effigiem vultus Dominici quæ Veronica dicitur"; and it is certain, both from the miniature accompanying the text in the MS. at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, as also from the words of the Collect, that this Holy Face was of the earlier type, from which we may conclude that the cloth with the later type of suffering face was not then looked on as the sweat-cloth of S. Veronica. Of later offices, and the indulgences attached to them, Mr. Pearson gives a full account. It is however to be regretted that he does not appear to have examined either the MS. or early printed editions of the liturgical books of Cahors, Bazas, Soulac, and other churches of Aquitaine. He might also have usefully consulted the missals of other churches. Another very serious defect in this book, as, alas! in so many others, is the omission of an index. No one but the author can possibly remember what representations are described in the book *de visu*, or what MSS. are quoted. An

* As late as the fifteenth century the demand for these was so great that artists were engaged exclusively in making copies of it, not only at Rome, but also at Köln, Bruges and Antwerp, and doubtless in many other localities. Martinielli gives the epitaph of the wife of one John von Dumen, in *Romana curia veronicarum pictoris*, who died in 1526.

index would stimulate many to note other examples. I have often thought that it would be a very good thing to insert in books of this class a few blank pages for notes.

The volume ends with a descriptive list of about two hundred representations of the Vernacle, twenty-two of the most remarkable of which are reproduced in autotype. As to these, I should wish to remark that the inclined head on plate ii. is evidently a study from a figure of Christ on the cross; that plate vi. should be described as a drawing *after*—certainly not *by*—Roger van der Weyden. It may also be worth pointing out that Vernacles constantly occur on the margin of the canon in missals of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

I cannot help regretting that Mr. Pearson should have issued this treatise in German, and I sincerely hope that he may later on give us an enlarged English edition.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

DUTCH WATER-COLOURS.

THE artists in water-colour of Holland are now almost as well known in England as our own, and there is not much that is new to be said about the work of such men as Israels, Artz, and Bosboom. The present collection at Messrs. Bousod & Valadon's is a good one, and contains a very fine drawing by C. Bisschop of a young Frieslander warned by his pretty young wife not to wake the baby that sleeps in the gaily carved and painted cradle. In breadth and colour, combined with finish in a large sense, it is remarkable; for the Dutch water-colour painter, as a rule, seems to prefer a very sketchy treatment, and to be content with a somewhat sloppy and confused effect. A picture by Mme. B. Bisschop, "New Playmates," follows with success her husband's style. By I. Israels there are several examples, but this *doyen* of modern Dutch art is sometimes provokingly slight and unnecessarily obscure. "Washing Baby" is the most important and the finest in colour of his drawings, and the feeling of it is excellent; but the baby is modelled in a vague and unsatisfactory manner. "The Little Reader" and "Reading the Bible" are also good examples of his art. By his follower, A. Neuhuys, there is a charming drawing of "Mother and Child"; and "The Frugal Meal," by D. A. C. Artz, is as good as any of the numerous interiors with figures in which the school delights. The skill of A. Mauve in painting the light on the level woolly backs of sheep we see twice again repeated here; and Mesdag's clear grey skies and moving water, the several gifts and styles of the members of the Maris family, and the masterly if somewhat unsubstantial interiors of Bosboom, appeal as successfully as ever to our admiration. But there is nothing to call for any special notice in the work of the artists we know best. The brilliant portraits (in pastel) of Mme. Thérèse Schwartz afford a pleasant contrast to the water-colours by their cheerful colour and finished execution; and a charming drawing of "Twilight," by E. Van der Meer, should not be missed. Admirable also are the lions and tigers of Jan van Essen, and the interior of a farmhouse by T. Ottermans.

OBITUARY.

THE death of Mr. George William Reid, long the Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, cannot pass unnoticed, so much esteemed was he as a man, and so admirable and peculiar were his services to the

public. Mr. Reid was about seventy years old. He was first in the Museum during the keepership of Mr. Josi, we believe; and he continued in it, of course, during the keepership of Mr. Carpenter. He had an immense knowledge, and a fine eye; he was, in truth, a real *connoisseur* in the matters that chiefly engaged him. And his sympathies were wide. Never sparing himself in his work for the British Museum, Mr. Reid yet found time, long before his retirement, to prepare that voluminous catalogue *raisonné* of the etched work of Cruikshank which the collector knows and values. More lately, Mr. Reid—though in somewhat broken health—was engaged in cataloguing many of the art possessions at Chatsworth. It is reported that he has left behind him a private collection of prints and drawings not altogether unworthy of having been the property of a distinguished and lifelong student of art. But of this we have no certain knowledge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

London: Oct. 29, 1887.

Mr. Shrubsole's reply renders me scant justice. He charged me with error relative to the position of the Roodeye wall, and to prove it he stated the discovery of a pig of lead. I then pointed out that the lead was found in one position, the wall being in another. As if to justify himself, he now (ACADEMY, October 22) says that he knew this. Why, then, did he say I was in error, when there is really not the slightest error on my part? Why did he introduce the pig of lead at all? There is the wall on what was the bank of the stream, and our excavations show that it goes down thirteen feet and more below the present level. It is built solidly in mortar, except some few of the courses. In this mortar, pounded brick has been found. Such is the wall. Your readers may judge of the unhappy way in which plain evidences have been ignored when I again refer to the fact that, notwithstanding the wall was known to go down deep, for Mr. Watkin has told us so, yet your other correspondent was content to describe it as stated in my last. When I examined the wall with this description in my hand, prior to deciding upon the excavations, it seemed impossible that the mass of masonry above ground could have deceived anyone as to its nature. Yet the statement I quote is still uncontradicted by both your correspondents.

It will interest your readers to know that, thanks to the liberality of a well-known inhabitant of Chester, further excavations are now in progress at the Roodeye wall, the intention being to reopen the face now buried to so great a depth by that remarkable phenomenon, the silting-up of the Roodeye. That its face was once visible is beyond the shadow of doubt, since it is composed of coursed and evenly dressed masonry. The works have already revealed a massive backing, actually thirteen feet thick, of hard concrete and wall. The appearance of what was then visible of the wall led me to state my belief that it was of immense strength, but what is revealed far exceeds my conception. I am sorry that Mr. Watkin's views have not been altered by the detection of the facing of this wall; and that so late as last week (ACADEMY, October 22) he indulges in conjectures which have already proved to be unfounded.

Mr. Watkin refers to three "heads," as he calls them. He may, of course, divide his subjects as he pleases, but a simple proposition embodies the whole of the differences between your two correspondents and myself. I say that the unmortared masonry and the Roodeye wall are Roman works *in situ*. The

remainder of the walls is modern work of varying mediæval dates to our own time. This is readily proved by the existence of the Roman walls on the lines marked out by the position of the two Roman gates. The unmortared work has too marks of Roman masons. The huge mass of material is laid in courses, which could hardly have been possible had it been brought, as is suggested, from Roman foundations in the seventeenth century or later, even if so large a mass could have been found, which is hardly possible. The Roman work appears only at the base of the wall and never elsewhere. The latter would be the case if built when suggested by your correspondent. There is uniformity of design at all points where it has been examined, showing similarity of date. Lastly, while no mediæval or later buildings can be shown to have been erected without mortar, it is never found in our oldest, namely, ancient British works; and there is some evidence that unmortared works were executed by the Romans in England, while they are common on the Continent.

Some time since, Mr. Watkin challenged me to show the wall of any Roman camp in England built without mortar. I could not then do so. Thanks to a local friend I can now do something like it. It relates to one of the principal gates of a large Roman castrum, and, fortunately for my argument, it actually relates to Chester. Stukeley thus describes the arches of East Gate as he saw them in 1725.

"It is admirable that these vast arches, made of so large dimensions, and laid without mortar, can stand at all when their proper buttment is destroyed" (*Iter Boreale*, p. 31).

Stukeley speaks also of a roughly moulded cornice over the crown of the arches, agreeing in this respect with the cornice next to North Gate. Here, then, is evidence of the use of masonry without mortar in Roman times, actually at Chester, and in line with the unmortared masonry of huge stones which I say is Roman, both works being thus connected by similarity of construction.

On the other hand, shortly, I have elsewhere, in the *Builder*, shown that your two correspondents, to prove the case against me, have to account for the entire removal of the Roman walls and also their foundations, since the work, such as I have described it, commences at the present foundations; for the Kaleyards wall being built *without mortar*, as they say, *temp. Edwardian*; for part of the north wall being built in Parliamentary times *without mortar*; for another part, again *without mortar, temp. Queen Anne*. I have shown that the actual masonry, which one of your correspondents acknowledges to be Roman, but removed in seventeenth-century times from elsewhere, now in the small length specified of the north wall (leaving out enough for what is perhaps his breach) contains enough Roman stone to build a tower as high as that of the Cathedral, and fourteen feet square, solid. I have asked him also to explain why the base of the wall is built *without mortar* where the massive stones occur, and the upper part *with mortar*. I have stated what was the probable cost of the small length of wall, and that the £1000 and upwards known to have been spent *temp. Queen Anne* is as nothing compared to the outlay on the whole length of the walls (nearly two miles in circuit) if your correspondent is correct. I have, further, asked him to prove this outlay by the production of the bill, or some documentary evidence of so heavy a work, which, if it were ever incurred, must exist among the well-kept store of the Municipal Records. In the *Builder* (p. 617) I am given the last word. I do not wish for it if your correspondents can give me any clear replies to any of these matters. E. P. LOFTUS BROCK.

P.S.—I acknowledge that the large number

of pieces of pottery mentioned in my last was not found in our excavations. They met with at the same time, but elsewhere regret that I mentioned them.

"ABRAHAM, JOSEPH, AND MOSES IN EGYPT"
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: Oct. 21, 1887.

Will you allow me to correct two errors Miss Edwards's review of my book (*Abraham, Joseph, and Moses in Egypt*) in the ACADEMY of August 20.

She writes: (1) p. 125, "Dr. Kellogg follows Mr. Lund's lead in identifying Khoo-en-At with the Pharaoh of Joseph," whereas in a third lecture I try to show that Joseph's Pharaoh was either Thothmes III. or Amenophis III.

(2) Miss Edwards writes, "Not having Mr. Lund's paper at hand, I do not feel sure what he does or does not go farther than that gentleman, when he hints that the Ka-em-ha of Tell-el-Amarna bas-relief might possibly be identified with Joseph himself," whereas, p. 80, I say expressly, "There is one reason that would utterly forbid the identification"; and again, "It would seem to be necessary to disallow any identification of Khaemba with Joseph." ALFRED H. KELLOGG.

"JACOB" AND "JOSEPH" IN THE INSCRIPTIONS OF THOTHMES III.

Paris: Nov. 3, 1887.

I notice in the ACADEMY of October 29 a letter wherein the opinion of M. de Rougé, who saw only geographical localities, is quoted against my identification of the Jakob-El and Joseph-El, in the lists of Karnak, as the Beth Jacob and the Beth Joseph of the Bible. I not only reproduced the opinion of M. de Rougé (*Rev. Egypt.*, iv., p. 95, cf. 146), but I also quoted the formal declarations of the Egyptians themselves as to what these lists were. From the Egyptian evidence it results that these two names (as well as others) may perfectly well have been tribal. According to Biblical history they were so.

The theory that the lists of Karnak contain the names of cities, taken by the King Thothmes III. during his expedition against the revolted principalities or tribes of Syria, is not only wholly gratuitous, but is in direct contradiction with the titles of the monuments.

The termination El, so far from being an objection, is rather an argument in favour of the identification proposed by me, for it is precisely under the protection of this God, El, that we should expect to find the Biblical tribes of Jacob and Joseph. WILLIAM N. GROFF.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. R. PHENE SPIERS, Master of the Architectural School at the Royal Academy, has prepared a work on *Architectural Drawing*, which will be published in a few days by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The book will be illustrated with nine coloured and fifteen plain plates.

THE fine collection of modern French and Dutch pictures which was one of the features of the Edinburgh International Exhibition of last year is to have a memorial in the shape of a catalogue illustrated by etchings and accompanied by notices of the chief painters by Mr. W. E. Henley. The specimen pages and etchings which have been sent to us augur well for the beauty and permanent value of the volume. The etchings of Mr. Hole after Corot, Diaz, Dupré, Bosboom, J. and M. Maris, and others are remarkable for their sympathetic rendering of various artists. The theory that these artists, together with Delacroix and Monticelli, all belong to one school—"the

greatest of the nineteenth century"—is apparently to be the theme of the letterpress.

MR. R. DUNTHORNE, of Vigo Street, will shortly publish two new prints: an etching by Mr. Macbeth, after his own painting, "A Fen Lode," which was exhibited at the Academy in 1886; and a mezzotint by Mr. Frank Short, from the painting by Mr. Alfred Parsons, entitled "In a Cider Country."

MESSRS. H. GREVEL & Co. have just published—in time for winter migrants—an English translation of Prof. Maspero's *L'Archéologie égyptienne*, the French original of which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of May 21 last. The translator is Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who possesses the rare combination of a nervous and picturesque style with first-hand knowledge of the subject matter. We still have to regret the absence of an index, as well as a list of the illustrations, which number close on 300. The translator has added a few annotations of her own; while at the end are appended a number of valuable notes by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, chiefly dealing with technical matters of architectural construction. There is no other book, we venture to say, that can compare with this in helping us to reconstruct the life of ancient Egypt out of its material remain.

MR. RUSKIN has written in reference to the new volume of the *Magazine of Art*:

"The really best thing in the book is Turner's 'Ulysses,' marvellously like the picture and a fine legitimate bit of woodwork. I may say further that very few of Turner's large oil subjects were engraved anything like so well, even in his own time."

THE STAGE

"HEART OF HEARTS" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

MR. BUCHANAN'S "Sophia"—having enjoyed an extraordinary popularity and won the admiration of so well-known and approved a theatrical critic as Mr. Gladstone—is succeeded at the Vaudeville to-night by "Heart of Hearts," of which we saw the initial performance at a *matinée* last week.

"Heart of Hearts" is by Mr. Henry A. Jones, who, whatever may be the irregularities and the uncertainty of his work, is recognised as quite among the most original of contemporary stage writers. Real observation of life, and real thought upon it in the study, are qualities which Mr. Jones brings to bear upon his dramatic efforts; and the trace of them lies continually below the witty dialogue which Mr. Jones is not alone in the capacity to supply. Furthermore, Mr. Jones, in his best work—and we place, for our own part, "Heart of Hearts" on a level with "Saints and Sinners"—shows himself as possessed of thorough knowledge of stage effect and as exercising judiciously all the ordinary and useful functions of the playwright. It is reported—not, as I believe, untruly—that "Heart of Hearts," when read to one or two literary people, did not please them quite as much as they had hoped; and the deduction drawn from this is that the exceptionally complete performance at the Vaudeville has secured for the play a favour it could by no means have counted on enjoying. But that is not a fair deduction. What the incident—unless perchance it be apocryphal—really shows is that Mr. Jones, much better than most of us, understands what it is that is requisite for stage effect. We are familiar

with the man of letters who is no sagacious playwright. We are yet more familiar—alas!—with the accepted playwright who is no man of letters—who never in one line betrays the literary instinct. In Mr. Jones—and, of course, I do not say in Mr. Jones alone—we have a writer who reconciles the claims of original writing and of stage effect. He is literary in the right place.

If you pull "Heart of Hearts" to pieces—dissect or analyse with strictness—you will find, unquestionably, improbabilities; but you will find nothing dull. For me the only really difficult moment—the moment of incredulosity and revolt—is that in which it is disclosed with suddenness that Wilhelmina has married the ex-groom. We feel that she has been so good as to do this in order that the dramatist may be supplied with an effective weapon wherewith to defend the interests of the ex-groom's niece, who is betrothed—much against the wishes of the young man's family—to the master of Avonthorpe Priory. Of course, there are women who fancy grooms; but they are generally women of a wide experience—tired already of husbands and of friends who are not grooms. Now Wilhelmina was a blameless spinster until she married the good-hearted but common and unattractive servant portrayed by Mr. Thorne with admirable skill. Still, let us pass this improbability by. Nothing is unlikely about these people except their marriage. There is a great deal of human nature in them, and most of their human nature permits to Mr. Thorne and to Miss Larkin opportunities for the very best of their stage effects. Mr. Thorne's are the most varied. He is, indeed, supplied with a part which affords the rare possibility of being thoroughly sympathetic at bottom, and on the surface effectively vulgar.

What strikes one first in "Heart of Hearts" is that the people are life-like. The story is interesting, and interesting from the beginning. The dialogue is terse and crisp; the good things are in their place, and their place is a large one. What strikes one later on is that the author is one of the few dramatic writers who take any account whatever of the tendencies of the day—of the things that are uppermost, though it may not be the things that are most important, in men's thoughts. The question of the relation of classes—raised only from the comic side by the marriage of Wilhelmina and the groom—is raised from the serious side by the betrothal of Harold to Lucy Robins, by the disapproval that occurrence meets with from Harold's mother, and the profound satisfaction with which it is greeted by the family doctor. The ordinary motives of romance and of farce being pretty well exhausted, it is time that an English dramatist addressed himself seriously to disputed questions of the day. We do not want a tract in the guise of a drama, but we do want dramas which do not stand wholly aloof from the graver interests of contemporary life; and both in "Saints and Sinners" and in "Heart of Hearts," Mr. Jones shows his inclination to do his part towards supplying them. To be in touch with the time—to be distinctly of their own generation—has been one of the chief characteristics of the better French

dramatists—of Augier and Dumas; and Mr. Jones need not be accused of partisanship in politics because he remembers that he is writing in 1887, and not in 1831.

Undoubtedly the piece profits much—though it does not gain everything—by an interpretation in regard to which we can scarcely say an unfavourable word, so distinguished is it for completeness, for uniformity of care and skill. Lady Clarissa—Harold's mother—is not a woman of altogether modern type; accordingly, she need not have an altogether contemporary manner. Were that exacted of her, we should begin to find fault with something in her behaviour to Lucy, as Miss Leclercq represents it. But the pride, the indecision, the fondness, the womanliness, take them *en bloc*, they do make something that is real: something, even, that is engaging. Real, too, if a little over-emphasised, is the spiteful Miss Latimer, played with courageous disagreeableness by Miss Gertrude Warden. To Miss Larkin, with her familiar and excessive modesty, her sentimentality, her spasm, the kind of praise she always earns has already been given. Miss Kate Rorke, as Lucy, is seen to singular advantage. One expects from this now favourite representative of the heroine of romance an appearance that is elegant and a performance that is more than painstaking; but one may possibly have been unprepared for the large measure of art and feeling displayed by Miss Kate Rorke in Lucy. The part gives many opportunities, and Miss Kate Rorke is strongest, and has occasion to be strongest, in the second act; but her expression as she enters, in the first, strikes that note of absorption in the situation and the character which is maintained without a break to the end. Mr. Thorne, with his admirable alternations of humour and earnestness, has had our tribute above. Mr. Leonard Boyne is manly and agreeable as the lover. Mr. Frederick Thorne is a country doctor—simple of manner, shrewd of judgment. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar is at least entertaining as a courtly and affected guest. And Mr. Royce Carleton is Lucy's unworthy, but not unappreciative, parent. The whole production is one which a large public—and among them the best students of the stage—will justifiably enjoy.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday the Crystal Palace concert commenced with the "Dead March," in memory of Sir George Macfarren, whose remains were, on that afternoon, being consigned to their last resting-place. The programme contained an interesting novelty—a concert overture entitled "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, one of the late scholars of the Royal College of Music. It is a work of considerable promise. The composer seems, like Mendelssohn, to have been impressed by the romantic scenery of Scotland, his native land, and he has endeavoured to record those impressions in tones. Mr. MacCunn possesses imagination, and his college training enables him to express his ideas in a clear and, at times, forcible manner. The overture, admirably played, was received with unusual enthusiasm, and the composer had to mount the platform and bow his thanks. Beeth-

oven's Violin Concerto was performed by M. César Thompson, professor at the Conservatoire at Liège. He is a good sound player; but there was a lack of mental strength in his rendering of Beethoven's master-piece, and at times a certain straining after effect which robbed the music of its majesty. We fancy M. Thompson would have been heard to better advantage in Max Bruch's G minor concerto, which, we believe, he was first announced to play. The programme included Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, Dvorák's "Scherzo Capriccioso," and some songs sung by Miss Belle Cole.

Master Josef Hoffmann gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. The interest in this youthful prodigy has by no means diminished. Some days before the concert every seat in the hall was sold. He is on the eve of departure for America, and there is no knowing when he will return, or whether he will return at all. How many prodigies have appeared for a season, and then vanished for ever! Little Hoffmann played Mozart's plaintive Rondo in A minor with rare delicacy and beauty of tone. This was followed by a "Hoffmann" selection including "Reminiscences of Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin," composed, it is stated, at the age of seven years. If not very wonderful, they serve to show a musical organisation. An improvisation, too, on a theme from one of Dussek's sonatas was more calculated to astonish the public than to interest musicians. The programme included some Chopin pieces. The little boy also played, with his father, Saint-Saens's clever variations for two pianos on a Beethoven theme, and an arrangement of Weber's "Invitation." A good afternoon's work for a child of ten; and we can only repeat our hopes that the excitement and strain connected with such performances may not be hurtful to him in later life.

Mdlle. Janotha, after an absence of several years, reappeared at the Popular Concerts last Saturday afternoon, playing Schumann's "Carnaval." She appeared again on the following Monday, choosing for her solo Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses." Some of them were effectively rendered, but most were given with exaggerated sentiment. For an encore Mdlle. Janotha played a modern piece which suited her well, but was scarcely the right style of music for these classical concerts. Mdlle. Janotha took part besides in Schumann's Pianoforte Quartett in E flat; and, though she interpreted it in an intelligent and able manner, there were jerky moments, and the tone was by no means so subdued and dreamy as one could have wished. She was ably supported by Mdlme. Norman-Néruda, M. Hollander, and Signor Piatti. Mdlme. Néruda played as solo Corelli's Sonata in D. Mr. Herbert Thorndike sang in an expressive manner a charmingly simple song of Haydn's, entitled "The Dream," and in the second part of the programme two songs of M. V. White. The Hoffmann recital in the afternoon, the wet weather, and the not very attractive programme, may suffice to account for the moderate attendance.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE cantata, "Narcissus," on which Mr. H. F. Jones and Mr. S. Butler have been for some time engaged, is being engraved, and will be published in vocal score by Messrs. Weekes & Co. during the spring of 1888.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

No. 811, *New Series*.

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The History of the Second Queen's Royal Regiment, now the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment. By Lieut.-Col. John Davis. Vol. I.—The English Occupation of Tangiers from 1661 to 1684. (Bentley.)

At a period when a plenitude of nonsense is appearing in print regarding Morocco and the Moors, this laborious contribution to Anglo-African history deserves more attention than, we fear, it will obtain. For, under the modest guise of a history of the regiment the militia battalion of which he commands, Col. Davis has written for the first time an admirable version of the strange tale of how for twenty-three years the English held Tangier, or as he prefers to call it (*more Britannico*), "Tangiers."

On the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza, Tangier, which for nearly two centuries had been a fief of Portugal, came to Great Britain with Bombay and a great many pieces of eight as the dowry of the young queen. The Tangier Regiment was raised to garrison the new possession; and there it remained fighting, drinking, and dying until in 1684 we evacuated the place. Then, commanded by the redoubtable Col. Kirk, the last governor of Tangier, the "Lambs" returned home and did doughty deeds at Sedgemoor—and, under the successive names of the "Queen Dowager's," the "Royal," the "Princess of Wales's Own," the "Queen's Own," the "Queen's Second Regiment of Foot," and its present title on many another hard fought field. But with these services we have no concern. Col. Davis reserves them for his next three volumes, the present being occupied solely with their proceedings in Tangier.

Hitherto, our sources of information regarding this episode in Carolinian history have been rather meagre. Pepys, Teonge, and half-a-dozen contemporary pamphlets have formed the principal sources of the inspiration of former historians. Col. Davis has, however, not only consulted the greater part of the printed documents (two pamphlets only having escaped him); but he appears to have diligently ransacked the Tangiers papers in the Public Record Office, and he has been still more fortunate in gaining access to the private correspondence of Lord Dartmouth, who played so great a part in the affairs of which this volume treats. He has also reproduced in autotype several of the pictures which Stoop painted at the time, the unpublished plans of the city and fortifications which are preserved in the Queen's library at Windsor, and several of the now rare engravings of Hollar, who, it is well known, was sent to make drawings for the Tangiers Committee. The result is a treatise which

contains ample materials for arriving at an opinion regarding the events of the twenty-three years over which its 322 pages extend. Minutes and orders, rolls of officers and lists of ships, detailed accounts of the "establishment," estimates of the contractors for building the Mole and other public works—all are given with the utmost care, and connected with a narrative of current events.

Col. Davis has consequently not aimed at a book for popular reading, and has preferred to let the world judge for itself rather than make their opinions for them by a few sweeping generalisation, the fallacy of which is hidden in a froth of agreeable verbiage. Possibly, however, when his work goes into a second edition (a distinction which it well deserves at the hands of those who can appreciate a solid piece of research) he may think proper to relegate some of the statistical matter to the appendix, and condense the rest in order to make room for the Tangier reminiscences, which are sure to pour in upon him when old family papers are searched for the purpose. Indeed, the chief fault we can find in Col. Davis's book is that he vouchsafes so few particulars regarding the social life of "Tingis Britannica," with its civil and military administrations, its mayor and corporation, and its all-abounding profligacy. A more extended table of contents, or even an index, would also have been a useful aid to the miner after his wealth of facts; and, had he thought fit to enter with some fulness into contemporary Marroquin history and to reproduce Ogilby's plan of Tangier and compare it with the modern town, he might have still further added to the value of his volume. These are, however, trifles, and hardly detract from the merits of as honest a labour of love as has ever come before us. Amid such a plethora of details, comment less bulky than the book itself is difficult to make. Any single chapter—any page, indeed—contains the materials for a long review. Yet it is seldom that Col. Davis is in error, though probably here and there the civilian might wish for something of more human interest than the roster of forgotten heroes. This, however, is unreasonable. The author is a soldier, and his book is pre-eminently a military history; and if the unwarlike student tires of those ditches and curtains, and ravelins and demi-lunes, and horn-works and palisades, in which the soul of Uncle Toby took delight, that is no fault of Col. Davis. He is recounting the tale of the Tangier Regiment, not writing a history of Tangier town.

We do not gather from his pages whether the author has any special knowledge of Tangier. At all events, he does not endeavour to trace the site of the English forts, which were blown up when the place was evacuated. About two years ago, at my request, Capt. Warren, of the Royal Navy, attempted to do so with a copy of Ogilby's plan before him, and came to the conclusion that almost every trace of them had vanished. The sites of some, indeed, are built over, the Spanish minister's house now covering the locality of Fort Charles. The Moors used the stones for reconstructing their houses, though the quarry out of which the material for the Mole was hewn can still be seen. The remains of the old Mole still shows its

back above water at low tides; and the last time I disembarked at Tangier we had to land on it. Forty years ago a rusty English rapier was dug out of the sand hard by; and the "Emjahadeen," or Warriors' Field, above the river Boubana, where a battle was fought between the Moors and the English, is still dotted with the tombs of the faithful who fell. But in vain do we try to find a single grave of an English soldier. The garrison in 1674-5 cost £57,200, and the entire expense of Tangier during our occupation was £1,600,000, or more than that of all the rest of the English army. From a roll on p. 108 we learn that the pay of a lieutenant-colonel was 7s. per diem, that of a captain 8s., and that of a major only 5s. The "manister" (chaplain) was paid 10s. per diem, the "phisitian" 15s., and the "chirurgion" 4s., while 3d. a day was the sole emolument of a private soldier. Among the list of officers we recognise the names of some men who afterwards rose into fame. Strange enough, that of John Churchill does not appear, though it is almost certain that in his youth Marlborough served in Tangier. The frivolous reader may also feel that there is a lack of propriety in that of Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty being absent, and we fail to notice any reference to the fact that one of the first public employments offered to Wren was to design the defences of Tangier. Peculation was rife, and abuses of every description rampant. The profligacy of the place was a scandal even to Mr. Pepys, who superintended the evacuation; and a will is extant in which the Recorder left an annuity to his servant, on the condition that he never married a woman of Tangier, or one who had ever been there. "It is a place of the world," writes that severe moralist the President of the Royal Society, and Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II., "I would last send a young man to." Discipline was lax, duels common, riot frequent, and drunkenness scarcely regarded as a vice; mutinies were not infrequent, desertions to the enemy a sore trouble, and squabbles between the civil and military without end. When Sir Palmes Fairborne took command he relieved the guard at seven o'clock in the morning instead of in the afternoon, "in order to prevent the soldiers getting drunk before parade," and so heavily was the men's pay in arrears that constant troubles were caused by their selling their clothes. Yet "Kirk's Lambs" fought doughtily; and in spite of the hot summer, the monotony of their lives, their poor pay, their bad food, and their dissolute lives, carried themselves like the tipsy Paladins they were. All this Col. Davis affords us ample facts to prove.

Regarding the cause of the evacuation of Tangier he seems to follow Macaulay, who attributes this to the unhealthiness of the place and to the fear that it was becoming a nest of Popish soldiers. The invalids who hurry to this African sanatorium in winter may smile at the first reason, while the second rests on no better basis than a bigoted speech or two in Parliament. In reality, the place disappointed the government, since the Moors made it hard to hold, and the profits from it were *nil*. It was a hot-bed of corruption, a sink for money which the king wanted for other purposes. Bitterly though several far-sighted politicians regretted the step, the

majority wished nothing better than to get clear of a town which added little to our power, and the possession of which, instead of increasing our trade with Barbary, actually diminished it by one half. The evacuation of Tangier led to the capture of Gibraltar, though there are strategists who still affirm that with the Moorish town in the hands of an enemy the Spanish fortress could not be held. On this and a score of other particulars it would be easy to enlarge, did space permit. One point, however, may be touched upon, and that is the condition in which we left Tangier. The usual idea is—and Col. Davis seems to have adopted it—that only the Mole and the forts were blown up by mines, one of which exploded after the Moors poured into the place, killing several of them. In reality, the place was to all intents and purposes destroyed, and the inhabitants compensated for their losses. Lord Dartmouth's instructions were to that effect; and, indeed, from the position of the forts, it is quite impossible that any other result could have followed. Part of the south-eastern wall may, perhaps, date from the period of our occupation, and it is certain that some portions of the prison are of Portuguese origin. It is also not unlikely that the current tradition as to the shoeing "soko" close to the landward gate being the old Outer Guard may be well founded. But, if a view of the town as it existed during our occupation is compared with modern Tangier, it will be seen that the place has been transformed. The main streets are the same; but not a building from old times has been left. In a view of Hollar's which, with some other Tangier documents, came to me from the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the famous virtuoso, the houses all have high pitched roofs; and in a Dutch water-colour sketch of the same date, which passed into my library from that of the late Heer Posthumus, of Amsterdam, the place looks far more Portuguese than Moorish, while it must be remembered that we erected a cathedral and a host of other buildings. And here we may ask what has become of the church plate which was sent to "Godsherge [?] Chapel, Portsmouth, lately rebuilt by his majesty"? Did it ever reach that goal, or was it, like so much other public property, annexed? What befel Tangier after we evacuated it? For a long period its history is dim, though we know from a narrative before me that in 1745 it had again become a nest of piracy, Gibraltar notwithstanding, Capt. Veale and his crew being in that year sold into slavery.

These particulars are all worth extracting; and I cannot conceive a more useful pastime for an intellectual visitor to Tangier than the study of the modern town with Col. Davis's book in hand. It may prove almost as entertaining as limning the place from M. Bruzard's terrace, and quite as instructive as bawling after a boar on the Plains of Awara.

ROBERT BROWN.

The Sentence: a Drama. By Augusta Webster. (Fisher Unwin.)

By such of her previous works as the bright and breezy *Disguises* and the intense and high-pitched *In a Day*, Mrs. Webster has already achieved a foremost place among the

poetical dramatists of our time, and her reputation will not lose by the issue of the present volume. The scene of this drama is laid in Rome, in the early days of Caligula's rule; and this emperor is one of its main characters. Its subject is the loves of Stello, a Roman knight, and Aeonina, a Roman widow; the death of Laelia, the wife of Stello; and the vengeance, terribly elaborate in its circumstantial completeness, wrought by Caligula upon the guilty pair.

The play opens in the house of Stello, who, years before, had wedded the loving Laelia, and raised his fortunes through the influence of her powerful house. But his affections have proved errant, have fixed themselves with hopeless intensity upon the stately and ambitious Aeonina, who will yield to nothing short of legalised love. Stello, disclosing to his kinsman Niger his plan to put away his wife, and wed her, after the corrupt fashion of the time, to the young and rich Metellus, is met by the other's prompt rejoinder that the thing would be fatal—death to her and ruin to himself; and then follow scenes of passionate fondness between the lovers, grown wild with studied concealment, though their self-conscious bearing and the pale cheeks and moist eyes of the uncomplaining Laelia disclose their secret to the wife's jealous friends.

The second act carries us to Baiae, where Stello and Laelia are guests in Aeonina's villa. Here the lovers continue their stolen meetings, watched all the while by the emperor, who had been Laelia's companion in childhood, and who still retains for her a pure regard, to whom she is as

"a pleasant tenderness

One comes, in fire of noon too, by a rill,
A favourite shelter where the pine scent's fresh,
No memories in it but of cool sweet stillness:
My sense of her makes that in my throbbing life.
I am calmer, Memnon, surer of myself,
Because this kindness from the untroubled times,
This link of me to me, can hold within me."

A curt command to come to Baiae reaches the wife's mother and brothers from the emperor, who has proclaimed her husband's perfidy to Laelia, and offered to set her beside him upon the imperial throne and to visit Stello with the direst punishment—suggestions which she repels with horror. Then comes a tragic scene where the lovers, being met in a sequestered spot, are surprised by Laelia; and, driven to extremity and sick of suppression and concealment, they both proclaim their love, and disclose that they have that very moment been plotting her death by poison. Overwhelmed by their words, which render doubt and charity no longer possible, Laelia rushes from them and flings herself from a cliff into the sea; and, when a popular tumult follows her death, and her friends incite the fisherfolk to seize the lovers as her murderers, Caligula appears and quells the uproar, affirming that he had himself seen the woman fall from the rock, by misadventure, as she stretched beyond its verge to pluck a flower.

But the truth of Laelia's suicide is well-known to the emperor. He bides his time, and matures the vengeance which falls in the final scene upon the guilty pair as they sit at their wedding feast. On the very eve of the marriage, he tempts Aeonina through that old love of power which used to

"thrill her woman's heart" and was once its dominant passion. He pledges himself—but in phrases subtly misleading—to make her his imperial partner; and, as she yields, he half-wins, half-terrifies her into poisoning the bridegroom that she may secure her own perfidious safety. The drowsy potion does its work. Seized with sudden faintness Stello quits the banquet-hall, only to fall fainting in the adjacent colonnade; and his bride follows and bends over him, soothing him that he may at least die in peace. At this point Caligula joins them, appearing like a very mocking fiend to reveal the woman's treachery; and—as the poisoned man, frantic at her confession of perfidy and crime, rushes upon her—he holds ready the dagger with which she stabs her dying lover. Then tearing aside the curtain he discloses the pair to the terrified wedding-guests, and proclaims their shame:

"They carried their loves

(The baseness of it!) to Baiae, to Aeonina's;
And Laelia with them—trusting cheated guest:
There closed her in slow snaky coils, till they
stung.

They did not kill her, no; though that they
planned:

They found a safer way, drove her to madness,
Set horror and grief to scare her to her death,
Then, having her dead, they thought their
secret safe.

But, no, I, Caesar, knew. I heard, saw,
sentenced:

And, lo the lovers now!"

The drama, of whose plot this is a rough and, necessarily, an inadequate sketch, is wrought out with both subtlety and vigour. It possesses concentration, that prime dramatic virtue. Though its pages show passages quotable enough in isolation for peculiar force or felicity, these are no "fair divided excellences," but "each part with each hath private amity," and all parts of the work have a united bearing. Its rills of dialogue never linger idly in windings of mere aimless poetic beauty, but flow with direct and ever-deepening force of general impression into the main tide of the story. Its chief characters stand clear in outline to our perception, projected with telling relief against the histrionic canvas. Stello, who is enfeebled by guilt, the spice of goodness that remains in him present merely for his torture and to make him weak as a quivering leaf, who halts, momentarily at least, between pity and love that must be pitiless, is contrasted with the self-contained and resolute figure of the slim Aeonina with "her perfectness, her soft imperious calm," "her marble smile," who speeds with surer footstep towards her chosen goal, and whose overmastering love of power, her earliest and her strongest love, works in the end her ruin. The character of Laelia is a slighter, but still a sufficient and sympathetic study. The emperor, who appears as a kind of demented, but omnipotent *Deus ex machina* of the play, drunk with "the accident of empire," revolting even when he is avenging crime, can hardly be accepted as the historical Caligula; but the character, as the dramatist paints it, is not an altogether incredible or unimaginable one, and its strangest traits are suggested by authentically recorded facts. Certainly the figure serves an excellent scenic use in the drama, its presence and action rendering possible the singular spectacular completeness of the *dénouement* in the final scene.

The diction of the play is, for the most part, clear, flowing, and forcible; though perhaps the piece contains no passages of such sustained eloquence as Klydona's address to the gods at p. 39 of the author's volume of 1882, or her speech to Myron at its 65th page. The present book, it may be noticed in passing, has a few harsh lines, over-syllabled or under-syllabled, like that terrible one, the last at p. 6; and a few passages needlessly elliptical in their construction, which in any future edition of the drama should without fail be revised and recast.

J. M. Gray.

Essays on Some Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith. By Richard Holt Hutton. (Macmillan.)

FIVE "modern guides" are considered in the present volume. Their lives and writings are discussed in more or less detail; but, as the title partly indicates, the author's particular object is to consider their relation to the Christian ideal. Carlyle, Newman, Matthew Arnold, and George Eliot are good representatives of various phases of modern thought; while in Frederick Denison Maurice Mr. Hutton finds the near approach to his ideal Christian teacher. No man holds opinions more definitely than Mr. Hutton, but he takes broad views and readily perceives even alight and distant tendencies to his standard of perfection. The thinkers named are assuredly, in many ways, very far apart; but points of resemblance and a certain similarity of aim, however much their paths diverge, may be discovered in them all. This Mr. Hutton, with characteristic tolerance, does not fail to see.

If, from his particular point of view, he does less than justice to any of these teachers, it is to Mr. Matthew Arnold. No doubt Mr. Arnold has an irritating way with him. He seldom says an unpleasant thing pleasantly, and not infrequently he says pleasant things unpleasantly. This is especially the case when he discusses religion. It is, therefore, not surprising that, on a subject which Mr. Hutton has so deeply at heart and about which he himself always writes with such absolute sincerity and earnestness, Mr. Arnold's flippant manner should vex him. I say flippant manner, because I am well assured that on this subject of religion Mr. Arnold, as well as Mr. Hutton, is profoundly in earnest. This is sufficiently evident in his poetry; but in *Literature and Dogma* the truth may easily be missed, and, if it is missed, Mr. Arnold is very likely to be misapprehended in the way, as I think, Mr. Hutton has misapprehended him. "I heartily admit that much of Mr. Arnold's spirit is distinctively Christian," writes Mr. Hutton; but, later on, after quoting from *Literature and Dogma*, he makes some comments to which I take exception. This is the quotation:

"The breaking of the sway of what is commonly called *one's self*, ceasing our concern with it and leaving it to perish, is not, he [Jesus Christ] said, being thwarted or crossed, but *living*. And the proof of this is that it has the characters of life in the highest degree—the sense of going right, hitting the mark, succeeding. That is, it has the characters of *happiness*; and happiness is, for Israel, the

same thing as having the eternal with us, seeing the salvation of God."

Mr. Hutton comments thus:

"Now, surely it is hardly justifiable for Mr. Arnold in describing the 'Secret of Jesus' to substitute for the words of Jesus words of his own so very different in tone and meaning from those in which that secret was first disclosed. Where does our Lord even say that the evidence of spiritual life is in the consciousness of *hitting the mark, of succeeding*? If we are to take our Lord's secret, let us take it in His own language, not in Mr. Arnold's. Turn then to His own language and what do we find? We find 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' Does that mean the same thing as 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall hit the mark, they shall succeed?' Again, 'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.' Does that mean the same as 'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall attain true success?' 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.' Does that promise mean the same as 'the more you are persecuted and maligned, the greater is your reward on earth, no matter whether there be any world beyond this or not?' Yet that is what Mr. Arnold tries to make it mean in order to reconcile his interpretation of the 'Secret of Jesus' with the actual words of Jesus."

This is a travesty. "It is hardly justifiable," says Mr. Hutton, "for Mr. Arnold to substitute for the words of Jesus words of his own so very different in tone and meaning"; but Mr. Hutton himself, immediately after, does much the same thing with Mr. Arnold. The very section of *Literature and Dogma* from which the quotation is made is full of passages which show in what sense "success" and "hitting the mark" are used by Mr. Arnold. Will not Mr. Hutton admit that when Jesus said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," he was affirming that *true success* lies in self-renunciation? And, whether Mr. Arnold's "tone" (which, when he talks of "hitting the mark," is slangy) be approved or not, is not the following a fair indication of what he means by success?—

"Never, certainly, was the joy which in self-renouncement underlies the pain, so brought out, as when Jesus boldly called the suppression of our first impulses and current thoughts: life, real life, eternal life. So that Jesus not only saw this great necessary truth of there being, as Aristotle says, in human nature a part to rule and a part to be ruled; he saw it so thoroughly, that he saw through the suffering at its surface, to the joy at its centre, filled it with promise and hope, and made it infinitely attractive. As Israel, therefore, is the people of righteousness; because, though others have perceived the importance of righteousness, Israel, above everyone, perceived the *happiness* of it, so self-renouncement, the main factor in conduct or righteousness, is 'the secret of Jesus,' because, though others have seen that it was necessary, Jesus, above everyone, saw that it was *peace, joy, life*" (*Literature and Dogma*, pp. 207-8).

Mr. Hutton values Matthew Arnold the poet far more highly than he values Matthew Arnold the interpreter of Christianity. In passing from the one to the other he says he is passing from "a writer whose curious

earnestness and ability in attempting the impossible will soon, I believe, be a mere curiosity of literature to one of the most considerable of English poets, whose place will probably be above any poet of the eighteenth century excepting Burns." Then follows a fine piece of literary criticism. Mr. Hutton's conclusion is that, though the poet and the thinker in Mr. Arnold are "absolutely at one in their conscious teaching, the poet in him helps us to rebel against the thinker, and to encourage us to believe that the 'stream of tendency,' which bears him up with such elastic and patient strength is not blind, is not cold, and is not dumb." I must confess that my reading of Mr. Arnold did not give me the impression that the "Eternal, not ourselves," was blind or cold or dumb. Doubtless much depends on the circumstance under which the first acquaintance with *Literature and Dogma* is made.

The essay on Newman commences with a fine and instructive comparison between "the two great Oxford thinkers"—Newman, "far and away the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of the second quarter of this century"; and Arnold, "the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of its third quarter." Of Newman Mr. Hutton speaks with warm appreciation. He combats the notion that "his life has been a continuous struggle against scepticism." He holds rather that "the Roman Catholic in Newman is as deep as his *thought*, the High Churchman as deep as his *temperament*, and the Christian as deep as his *character*." Certainly I agree with Mr. Hutton that Newman's life was not a continuous struggle against scepticism, for I think the words Newman applied to Thomas Scott should be applied to himself—"he followed truth wherever it led him." He was a seeker after truth. Using the word in its proper sense he was a free-thinker—a fearless inquirer into doctrines and ideas. Nor did he cease to think for himself in 1846. His submission to the Roman Church meant only that for questions too high or deep for his solution he had found an authority he could trust. But for all questions not too high and deep, he was entitled, if he was not in duty bound, to seek a solution. "I am the last man to say," wrote Newman, "that the claims of conscience are not paramount." In answering Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, he has stated clearly the duty of Catholics to the Church and to conscience. He, at least, has not smothered his conscience. True, he says, "unless a man is able to say to himself, as in the presence of God, that he must not and dare not act upon the papal injunction, he is bound to obey it, and would commit a great sin in disobeying it." Yet, if he is able to thus declare the impossibility of obedience, he is as much bound to disobey as, otherwise, he would be bound to obey:

"If the Pope told the English bishops to order their priests to stir themselves energetically in favour of teetotalism, and a particular priest was fully persuaded that abstinence from wine, &c., was practically a Gnostic error, and, therefore, felt he could not so exert himself without sin . . . that priest . . . would commit a sin *hic et nunc* if he obeyed the Pope, whether he was right or wrong in his opinion."

So recently as 1884, in his article on "Inspiration" in the *Nineteenth Century*,

Newman inquired, "What is of obligation for a Catholic to believe concerning the inspiration of the canonical Scriptures?" and the conclusion he reached was that, while two great councils of the Church have decided that the Scriptures are inspired, and inspired throughout, "they are not so inspired by an immediately Divine act, but through the instrumentality of inspired men"; and this being so "they have a human side which manifests itself in language, style, tone of thought, character, intellectual peculiarities, and such infirmities, not sinful, as belong to our nature, and which in unimportant matters may issue in what, in doctrinal definitions, is called an *obiter dictum*." Surely all this reveals the free-thinker!

Of the other portions of the volume I have not left myself space to write. The essay on Carlyle is suggestive and interesting; that on "George Eliot as author" is a critical study in Mr. Hutton's best style; and the concluding essay on Maurice is a nobly sympathetic tribute to a thinker and teacher who, manifestly, has done much to influence Mr. Hutton's own thought and teaching. Few persons, I think, have understood Mr. Maurice so well as Mr. Hutton understands him.

WALTER LEWIN.

William Laud, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury: a Study. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

It is impossible to read Mr. Benson's work without feeling that, unsatisfactory as his present venture is, he might write a much better book if he would only give himself the necessary trouble. When he is sure of his facts, he knows what to do with them; and, as might be expected, this is especially the case when he has to deal with Laud in his relations with Lambeth. Unfortunately Mr. Benson has not laid the foundations of his knowledge deep enough to enable them to bear the superstructure which he has built upon them. We look with suspicion upon a writer who makes a special point of the attack of the House of Commons upon Montague, and yet does not know the title of Montague's *New Gag for an Old Goose*, or of the book which it was intended to answer, and who is hopelessly muddled over the events of Montague's life. The suspicion deepens when we find Mr. Benson expressing an opinion that there is a deep mystery in a certain passage in a letter of Laud to Wentworth, which would be easily intelligible if Mr. Benson had been sufficiently acquainted with Laud's proceedings to bear in mind his quarrel with Windebank over the soap monopoly.

Perhaps, however, the most fatal passage in the book is the following:

"The next act of Chillingworth's life was a stirring one; he became convinced by the arguments of the Jesuit Fisher, whom Laud afterwards condescended to refute in a lengthy and nearly unreadable folio, that there was a want of continuity about the Protestant Church."

From this passage it may be gathered, in the first place, that Mr. Benson confuses the publication by Laud of his conference with Fisher, which took place in 1639, with the

actual refutation at the conference, which took place in 1622; and, in the second place, that he has either not read the book at all, or has read it to very little purpose. Now it is not too much to say that, however distasteful to the modern mind the conference with Fisher may be, a knowledge of it is indispensable to the formation of a sound judgment of Laud's theological and ecclesiastical position. Mr. Wakeman, for instance, in the little work which he has recently published on *The Church and the Puritans*, devotes four whole pages to an examination of its principles, and by so doing has been able to form an estimate of Laud's life and character which, though it is no doubt open to criticism, is at all events solidly built up.

It is a pity to have to say all this. There are plenty of writers in the world who could never, by any possibility, produce good work. Mr. Benson could do it, if he would not approach a difficult task in so light-hearted a fashion.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

Educational Ends. By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. (Longmans.)

Writers of books on the theory of education are liable to two opposite errors: the best are peculiarly prone to treat the subject as if it were an isolated field of human activity cultivable by the sole aid of a precise psychology; and the worst seem sometimes to think that a great deal of enthusiasm can effectually fill the place of intelligent and systematic observation. Mrs. Bryant's fascinating book errs in neither of these respects. Much was expected from the author's reputation and experience, and truly she has made a most notable contribution to current educational literature. The idea that inspires her throughout is not merely that the theory of education has an interest for all who educate, but that the ends of education are universal ends from the pursuit of which no reasonable and moral creature can be excused.

Everyone knows that the besetting educational sin of our time is to make education consist of the acquisition of so many facts, with little regard to the proper adjustment of the person to be educated to action and knowledge in general. No doubt the reason for this lies largely in the fact that this is a testing generation; and that we have found a tolerably satisfactory means of testing the one, while our best efforts give us no system of three, or even four, days' examination which shall enable us to distribute certificates and rewards for the other. The latter has to work itself out in the lifetime of the individual; for, though a man may be tested fairly for his academical degree, we are forbidden to call him happy—or wise—till he dies.

Mrs. Bryant sets forth the "educational end" in its unity to be the production of that "type of character in which truth is the outcome of all thought and good of all action." We are therefore invited to follow her into an inquiry into the process of the development of standard character to serve as an ideal end. As she admits, her scheme must needs include all the questions of psychology—and more. It includes of necessity some inquiry into the nature of essential goodness and truthness of character. Her book, there-

fore, falls naturally into two parts: the first dealing with ethical development, and the second with logical development; the one showing how ideal goodness, and the other how ideal wisdom, are built up, or, rather, grow. Thus the good and the wise, essentially one, are for practical purposes to be considered apart; and the separation which is supposed for the purposes of investigation is shown, when the threads are gathered up, to be impossible.

All this discussion, which might be made very technical, and might easily discourage the reader untrained in philosophical formulas, is treated by Mrs. Bryant with such lucidity and spirit as should make her book no less acceptable to the lay person than to those who regard the theory of education as a speculative problem of high technical importance. Her book is thus a compendium of practical philosophy. We begin with an examination of the educational ends in general, and this opens with a necessary caution. The educator must bring *insight*, like any other artist, to his work; perception of his purpose as a series of processes; and knowledge of his materials. Then we have to make the most and the best of the given person by stimulating and feeding him, so that all his energies may be directed to an ideal end accepted as right. The ethical question, of course, comes first. Self and the world are to be reconciled by the transformation of others' claims into personal ideas of an end to be gained; and duty thus becomes freedom. Self and duty are gradually adjusted into virtue, to which end the question for the educator is "How can discipline be applied to one character by the will of another, such discipline as shall bring with it the conviction of duty?" True discipline must produce self-identification with the law. Now the principle of growth, as reflected in self-consciousness, is a certain longing for the new in life; intellectually an expectation, emotionally a desire, volitionally a purpose after new life. It is the educator's business to see that this longing has the right, not the wrong, food. Freedom must have an aim; "life faints without an object in life."

We are directed thus to social rather than personal ends; and we are to aim at, though not acquiesce in, a state of realised character, having before us always the idea of divine perfection. Virtue then can be defined as the characteristic of persons who are finding their perfection by the unwavering pursuit of those objects which further the perfection of the community; this is the good will, the growing point of life and character. Social virtue is shown to be the object and measure of moral devotion; the perfect community is necessary to the perfect character—a community of equal sacrifices and opportunities, equal efforts, and equal services.

On the intellectual side of the perfect character we begin, of course, with the unity of momentary consciousness—perception, the starting-point of intellectual life. For the educator the first sensibility to encourage is that of attention, the first mark of an intellect that is good; for the disposition to take passes at a certain point into the ability to find. The characteristic danger here is excess or defect of emotion, errors in feeling; hence the necessity for moderation in the number of claims made; no "cram" is tolerable, moral

or mental. The arrangement of experience is the next great division of Mrs. Bryant's subject; and then she treats of the permanent basis of experience, with a warning against the honey-combing of minds. Chapter vii., the subject of which is the sound intellect set on truth, summarises results and sets forth the intellectual excellences which are the immediate aims of education.

Within the limits of a notice necessarily short it would be impossible to do justice to a book which, though written with remarkable fluency and interest, covers its ground so completely. The author makes due acknowledgment to previous writers, from whom she in no point seriously dissents; but her indebtedness to them does not deprive her of the merit of having thought out everything for herself from the beginning. Her book is full of encouragement and wise warnings for all who teach; and for those who do not it is useful as a summary of practical philosophy from the hands of a writer who is peculiarly well acquainted with philosophical theory, and has had practical experience of the best kind.

P. A. BARNETT.

Half a Century; or, Changes in Men and Manners. By Alex. J. Shand. (Blackwood.)

THIS is an unusually pleasant volume. The type is clear, the paper good, and the matter entertaining. Retrospects have in this Jubilee year been almost done to death; but Mr. Shand's book has not been made to order, nor is it a mere glorification of the age we live in. It is a contrast between things as they are and things as they were fifty years ago, drawn by a skilful hand, which has been occupied with its subject for a reasonable period. Some of the articles have appeared in the *Saturday Review*, and, in their present form, are certainly worthy of republication. "The rest," says Mr. Shand, "are new, if not original."

It is difficult within the limits at our command to do justice to the varied contents of the volume. When one looks at them, it is not surprising to find how large a space London occupies; for it is there that change has been busiest, and has had most material upon which to operate. Where London ends and where it begins no man can say. Its expansion is its most marvellous characteristic, and it is within the last half-century that it has been chiefly manifested. Suburban villages grow bigger and bigger, and urban boundaries are pushed outwards until the lines of limitation are lost, and the less is absorbed in the greater. London of to-day has swallowed up Kensington and Chelsea, and "merry" Islington and remote Hackney; but London of tomorrow will annex—if it has not already annexed—Norwood and Fulham and Hampstead, and even Croydon and Bromley. Little less bewildering are the changes that have taken place in "London proper." The Board of Works is ever at work.

"Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis."

The old historic sites have changed their features. Northumberland House has been improved off the face of the earth. The India House in Leadenhall Street is a memory of

the past. Even the Temple, though still tenanted by conservative lawyers, has gone through the inevitable process of reconstruction. The thief of fifty years ago would have some difficulty in finding his way to his old quarters in Seven Dials. And as the outward aspects of London life have changed so also have its sources of pleasure. Recreation of every sort is provided in almost every quarter. Fifty years ago "it may be said that the only entertainments for the working classes in London were the churches, the public-houses, and the gin-palaces." All of these, indeed, have increased (though not in equal ratio); but in addition to them we have theatres, circuses, concert halls, exhibitions, and galleries in such numbers as to perplex the pleasure seeker. Excursion trains, moreover, and suburban railways have brought the seashore, the down, and the forest so near London that the citizen (even if he be not a cyclist) can get relaxation and refreshment with trifling expenditure of time and money.

As to country life, that, too—Mr. Shand maintains—has expanded, and thereby lost much of its former dulness. Intercourse sharpens the wits, and the daily post and the frequent parcel of books and magazines destroy the old sense of isolation.

"The Lake poets had huddled themselves together like the sheep in their Cumberland snow-drifts, and they cramped the genius that might have done greater things in voluntary sequestration from the society of their contemporaries."

But, we think, they had one enjoyment which nowadays it is hard to purchase, namely, leisure for thought. Without desiring to revert to days in which the occasional visit of a pedlar or tax-gatherer alone broke the monotony of life, the country-folk may think that their reduced incomes would benefit by London being less accessible, and the temptations to spend money somewhat fewer.

For what Mr. Shand has to say about "The Old and the New Farmers," "The Old and the New Labourers," "The Old and the New Sportsmen," and other contrasts of men, manners, and places, we must refer our readers to the book itself, in which the chapters on Ireland are not the least interesting and valuable.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

NEW NOVELS.

One that Wins: the Story of a Holiday in Italy. By the author of "Whom Nature Leadeth" In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

In Exchange for a Soul. By Mary Linskill. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Siege Baby; &c. By John Strange Winter. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Cossacks. By Count Tolstoi. (Vizetelly.)

A Village Tragedy. By Margaret L. Woods. (Bentley.)

Girl - Neighbours. By Sarah Tytler. (Blackie.)

Papa, Mamma, and Baby. By Gustave Droz. (Vizetelly.)

SOME three or four years ago novel readers had the opportunity of enjoying a new and very original story by an unknown author. *Whom Nature Leadeth* was a tanta-

lising book. Its pages were enlivened with genuine humour of the lighter kind, yet the reader felt each chapter to be a step downward towards an undescribed, unmentioned, yet inevitable, pit of darkness. At the conclusion one realised that the author must be wont to breakfast among the clouds, lunch on the commonplace earth, and spend the rest of the day in the gloomiest spot on the hither side of Hades. This Protean faculty gave a special charm to the story; but to the thoughtful and discriminating reader (for, if read at all, the book could not but allure the most indifferent mind from its cherished apathy) it probably occurred that the author's experience of life must have been vicarious or intuitive rather than individual. "Experience" and "life," it is true, are words of exasperating vagueness; both are weapons wherewith the elderly and foolish delight to destroy upstart and dangerous opinions, using them as the peasant whirls his flail in his threshing-floor—only that, unlike him, they winnow away the grain so that their precious chaff may be preserved. There are, however, conceptions of life, there are interpretations of experience, which bear the mark of immaturity amid the semblance of worldly wisdom as conspicuously as the leopard displays his spots. But in *One that Wins*, the new book by the author of *Whom Nature Leadeth*, there is nothing of this crudeness. To many the author will doubtless still seem worthy to be classed with the young dame described in *Lilliput Lovée* as "high-fantastical"; but the barbed shafts and the little gaily plumed arrows are no longer shot vehemently from behind a blank wall, but by an archer on a high ground delighting in perspicuity of judgment and certainty of aim. *One that Wins* is, notwithstanding its uninviting title, a brilliantly written and charming novel. There is a crispness and a delicacy in the style which would recommend even a less interesting, a less fascinating story. It is meant otherwise than disparagingly to say that, with the single exception of Oenone Evelyn, all the personages are more or less familiar acquaintances. We most of us know a Launcelot Sumner, we all know a Joe Hazzlit, a Sylvia, a Nelly Erskine, and a Mr. Erskine—and, above all, we all know a Mrs. Erskine. In reading this book, therefore, we are for the time being living in a world we well know. Every page is a corner round which we may stumble on some friend; every chapter a Regent Street or a Strand, wherein we are certain to encounter one or other of the individuals who please, interest, or bore us. Oenone is the most fascinating personage in the story. Beautiful, an artist of rare genius, unhappy, and with a "history," she wins the admiration of all men, and the love of those who dally too long with the magic of her glamour. Launcelot Sumner, the "hero" of the tale, loves her; and though she will have naught to say to his suit, she finds when it is too late that all the passion of her nature is thrall to him. Sumner, at first unwittingly, then defiantly, and finally with all his heart, loves another woman. In the ensuing conflict of the passions of distraught men and women lies the central idea of the author—the evolution of the higher life from the cruelty of circumstance and the

thralldom of irresponsible evil. It is the story of an idea as well as of "a holiday in Italy." In the end, all is well; though readers of the Mrs. Erskine type will infallibly scent impropriety in the absolute union in love of Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot Sumner and Oenone Evelyn. *One that Wins* cannot fail of popularity, if for nothing else than its humour and delicious irony. Some will see in it nothing more; others will welcome it as a striking and powerful story. Yet I cannot but think that the author of this novel and of *Whom Nature Leadeth* has but skirmished with his, or her, literary possibilities. Such redundancy of promise ought to result in a speedy harvest of rare quality.

There is always a satisfaction in turning from a work of promise, however brilliant, to one of definite accomplishment. In her new story Miss Linskill has foreseen everything, known absolutely all she had to say; and, in consequence, her narrative is well-rounded and complete. I have not read all Miss Linskill's books, but I am aware that the two which I know—*Between the Heather and the Northern Sea* and *The Haven under the Hill*—are considered her best. *In Exchange for a Soul* has much in common with those novels, but it has a dramatic force and artistic grip superior to anything therein. If the author were to select a general title for her stories she might appropriately adopt "Within Sound of the Sea." Of the sea, and northern life by the sea, she always writes well, and with strong human and natural insight. The novel under review deals throughout with the redemption of strong souls who, more or less unconsciously, continually walk by the verge of precipices. Love—sometimes love daring and militant, sometimes love baffled and blind—rescues sullen Hartas Theyn from evil and sloth, and by dark ways and bitter brings him to true manhood; love refines and ennoble the fisher-girl Barbara Burdas; love overcomes, separates, dares, fills the world with joy for Thorhilda Theyn and Damian Aldenmede. The author has never done anything to equal the redemption of Hartas Theyn; and though Thorhilda is a fine woman, she is commonplace and conventional compared with Barbara Burdas. Miss Linskill may or may not write a better story than *In Exchange for a Soul*, but if she give her readers one as good they will have reason to congratulate themselves. There is one point, however, on which, speaking critically, a protest should be made. There is a growing tendency to preach, literally to preach, in novels. Now a good sermon is all very well in its way, just as a lecture on the ichthyosaurus is excellent in its way; but persons interested in theological oratory and scientific disquisitions may be trusted to seek elsewhere than in novels for their delectation. Miss Linskill might be taken for a parson in disguise, so liberal is she with scriptural quotations, such largesse does she give of pulpit eloquence. Again, the dramatic church-scene, with the impressive preacher, the repentant sinner, and so forth, has been grievously overdone of late. Miss Linskill has not exactly imitated "Maxwell Gray"—the circumstances of her church-scene are different; yet I doubt if the last chapter in the second volume of *In Exchange for a Soul* would have been written but for a

certain famous scene in *The Silence of Dean Maitland*.

The two slim and widely-leaded volumes, by the popular author of *Boots's Baby*, comprise a baker's dozen of short, very short stories. They are excellent reading if, say, a couple be enjoyed at a sitting; but, as they are all turned out from very similar moulds, they are apt to become monotonous to the remorseless reader who peruses one after the other, from the Indian Mutiny tale, which gives its title to the collection, to "Like a Green Bay Tree," which comes in an unfatigued thirteenth and last. Of their kind they are capital stories, all full of military go, with quite the appropriate seasoning of military vulgarity. Admirable as light magazine articles, they were hardly, however, save for the benefit of the author's pocket, worth reprinting in volume form.

If for nothing else than the high and frequently expressed opinion of Russia's greatest novelist on its merits, English readers should welcome the admirable translation of Tolstoi's famous romance, *The Cossacks*. Whether or not one may wish to endorse the dictum of Tourgénéff, it is impossible not to admit, at least, that few more remarkable Russian tales have been written. No publishers have done better service of recent years than Messrs. Vizetelly & Co. with their excellent translations from Gogol, Lermontoff, Dostoiévsky, and Tolstoi—whereby a new world has been opened to English readers. It is a strange world, in truth; curious and remote in Gogol, savage and picturesque in Lermontoff, sombre and mean and terribly depressing in Dostoiévsky, brilliant, wearisome, fascinating, repellent, in Tolstoi. *The Cossacks* is a powerful tale of incident and character, less subtle than *Anna Karénina*, on a less ambitious scale than *War and Peace*; but in point of finish and realistic force, perhaps superior to either. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by the famous and terribly realistic "Recollections of Sebastopol."

I have just spoken of the realism of the great Russian novelist; but nowhere in any book by Tolstoi, nor even in any by Dostoiévsky, is there realism more hopelessly depressing, because dealing with familiar facts, than in *A Village Tragedy*. There is no glimmer of romance, no faintest flash of the beauty of the world, in this sombre story, where every line is alive with truth. One feels that the Siberian mines where Dostoiévsky spent wretched years would be preferable to the mental stagnation and spiritual decay and death in this Oxfordshire village. No one could read this story with pleasure, few perhaps even with interest, powerfully and ably written as it is. But those who do read it are not likely thenceforth to speak of agricultural England as Arcadia.

Miss Sarah Tytler always writes pleasantly, but it seems to me as if in *Girl-Neighbours* she had written down too much. Girls nowadays do not like to be treated like nursery children. Her story, it is needless to say, is absolutely proper in sentiment and expression, and will doubtless be appreciated by very young and unsophisticated damsels.

Papa, Mamma, and Baby, on the other hand—a translation of Gustave Droz' famous

"parent's treasure"—is hardly a book for the aforesaid damsels. The English rendering is fairly good, though it has little of the brilliant—what shall I say?—touch-and-go-ness of the original. The phosphorescent lake is here, but not the illusive and momentary marsh-fires. The book has reached its 130th French edition. I shall be curious to see if it reach a second here.

WILLIAM SHARP.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Knights of Aristophanes. Edited by W. W. Merry. (Clarendon Press.) This is a school edition, of the most approved modern style, consisting of two volumes in different coloured bindings, the first containing a short introduction and the text, the second, the Rector of Lincoln's notes on the whole play. Eton, we believe, first set the example of this practically useful plan, of a recognisable distinction between the lesson-book and the preparation-book. In no other way, perhaps, can the bad effect of good notes—viz., torpid preparation with astute glimpses during lesson-time—be met. As all readers, or, at any rate, all Oxonian readers, will expect, no element of the Aristophanic humour escapes the glance of Dr. Merry. Aristophanes has suffered more than any other writer by pedantic editing: by the determination that all his views shall be proved sound, all his jokes just, all his self-praise thoroughly deserved. The multifarious erudition and real though elephantine humour of Mitchell is terribly defaced by his *parti pris*. Cleon must be a corrupt bullying snob, Euripides an immoral radical, Pericles a cold, yet daring and bellicose innovator. Why? Because, like the little judge, Aristophanes had "got it down in his notes," and Mr. Mitchell had read them. The Rector of Lincoln, of course, brushes all this away. He sees at a glance that Aristophanes is *Punch*: not devoid of serious intent, he has not the least idea of consistently serious portraiture. What a comedy he would have written, could he have foreseen them, on the people who mistake him for a historian! Dr. Merry's little introduction is capital—just the thing to carry a clever boy into the heart of the *Knights*, without burdening him with disputable matter. With the notes in Part II. we have only one quarrel—that some of them seem superfluous. Take, e.g., those on ll. 93, 98, 204, 218, 325, 509, 564, 603, 679, 714, 770, 845, 1,001. All these notes, and several others, strike us as sound but unnecessary: walking is not best taught by the removal of such very tiny sticks and stones from the path. On the other hand, what pleasant lightness of touch is there in the note upon l. 79, with its pun upon *Αἰθραῖς* and *Κλαυθῆν*! Mindful of Oxford walks and rides, and reading-parties in Cornwall, Dr. Merry Anglicises the first jest as "Begbroke" or "Cadgwith," and lispes the second into "Thiev-enton." Is there not some alip in the note on l. 83? Roscher's explanation of the fable of Themistocles's death seems a mere repetition of it. Should we read "milk" for "blood"? Perhaps, on l. 255, a little more explanation of the term "Heliasts," is due to studious youth; on l. 1,189, one familiar derivation of *Τριτογενής* seems to be ignored; l. 1,312 might, perhaps, have been well illustrated from the comic compound *Θηροειδής*. But, on the whole, here is a school edition of this capital comedy, devoid at once of pedantry and prudery, and full of appreciation of the most brilliant buffoonery the world has ever seen; and it is compiled by the head of a college! Times change, but not always for the worse.

The Eumenides of Aeschylus. By Arthur Sidgwick. (Clarendon Press.) Mr. Sidgwick

thus completes his edition of the Aeschylean Trilogy. His *Eumenides*, though published in two parts, like Dr. Merry's *Knights*, is uniform in scale with his *Agamemnon* and *Choephoroi*. The three together form a scholarly commentary, of the shorter and less laborious kind, on that great monument of Greek dramatic genius. Notes on this scale can hardly exhibit original research, nor much controversial argument. Tact and literary judgment and judicious compilation are sufficient; but probably no one knows, till they try, how much must be read before even a little can be written on these subjects. The indebtedness of this commentary to that of Paley and others is clear at a glance. The ethics of such borrowing, and the question of what is full acknowledgment, having already become subjects of controversy in the ACADEMY, we leave the matter with one reflection. Notes which, like Mr. Sidgwick's, aim at being compendious and decisive, *ad hoc*, for those in whose interest they are written, are exceedingly apt to drop unconsciously into a peremptory tone, which excoiates "the true mystics," who know, what Mr. Sidgwick too knows quite well, that the knot cannot really be cut so abruptly. *E.g.*, the MSS. reading of l. 220, τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι, which Mr. Sidgwick says "must be wrong," is too lightly dispatched by such a phrase, unaccompanied by a disquisition; yet the disquisition would be out of place in notes of this kind, while constant admissions that such points are doubtful are wearisome to everybody and discouraging to studious youth. What is needed is a somewhat milder way of expressing a preference. The same criticism applies to the note on l. 286, which Mr. Sidgwick, with other authorities, regards as a maxim spuriously inserted in the text. It may be so; but to say that Aeschylus could not have said (l. 283) that Orestes was cleansed by sacrifice, and then abruptly (l. 286) "Time cleanses all," is not only imperious, and therefore unpersuasive, but ignores at once the Greek hunger for a proverb, and the closely parallel phrase quoted by Paley from the *Sept. cont. Theb.*, l. 679. The fault is not common with Mr. Sidgwick, and when it occurs startles us the more. On the literary side all the notes are excellent. The comment on ll. 336-340 is, we think, quite original and quite undeniable. The "intentional use of mild terms" and the irony resulting therefrom, throw quite a new light, not to say glare, on a passage that hitherto has seemed unaccountably prosaic. Excellent, also, is the note on l. 170. We cannot agree that τῆς ἐμῆς περὶ ψυχῆς (l. 114) is "rather strange in the mouth of a ghost." This ghost is no unreal shadow, but Clytemnestra's very self, alive and shrieking under the sting of scorn and delayed revenge. Cannot a disembodied life cry out "in anguish of its soul"? Mr. Sidgwick declines to give a final opinion on ll. 631-5. We agree with him in suspecting τέρατα; but, we think, if εὐφροσιν is to stand, Paley's ἐμ' αἰνοῖς (for ἐμεινόν) is almost irresistible. The Introduction is excellent; the mean between too much and too little is hit exactly. The brief account of the MSS., and the editions, and the Scholia, represents a good practical minimum of essential facts. One more criticism we would venture to make. Why is Mr. Sidgwick so sparing of poetical illustration? Nothing elucidates poetry we are learning to know so well as poetry we already know. Why not, *e.g.*, illustrate ἀναίματον (l. 302), and its implied view of the underworld, by the scene of bloodless ghosts swarming round the trench in *Od. xi.*? Why not clear up, for a beginner, the full thought of ll. 131-2, by Tennyson's lines:

"That was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland"?

Poets do help us out so well with their brethren!

Greek Passages, adapted for Practice in Unseen Translation. By F. D. MORICE. (Rivingtons.) No exception can be taken, we think, to the quadruple division of these extracts into (i.) narrative; (ii.) poetical and dramatic; (iii.) descriptive, colloquial, and philosophical; (iv.) rhetorical. That is the right order, unless, possibly, iii. and iv. should be transposed. Nor do we deprecate the attempt, precarious as Mr. Morice himself (Pref., p. v.) allows it to be, at graduating each of the four sets of passages in order of difficulty. It is worth trying; but the truth is, difficulty in these matters is a very relative term indeed, depending more on a boy's personal taste, previous practice, and chance acquaintance with a subject-matter, than on such things as constitute "difficulties" to a teacher's eye. Like most of such collections, it is intended to do double duty—as a reservoir of unseen passages for paper work, and for *viva voce* use. The editor's well-known *Stories in Attic Greek* may, he thinks, lay the foundation, while these passages continue the structure. But we demur resolutely to the amount of "adaptation" which Mr. Morice has thought necessary. What he calls "tampering with the masterpieces of Greek literature, rewriting lines of Aeschylus, and chopping up Demosthenic periods and Platonic arguments," he thinks an audacious, but necessary, evil. We think it audacious and evil, but not necessary, except, perhaps, in the most rudimentary stage. Omissions are doubtless necessary—so, perhaps, is a casual minute alteration. But the perpetual intrusion of the modern hand into a fine passage is detestable. Take, *e.g.*, passage 60, part ii., p. 44—the scene of Orestes' acquittal, from the *Eumenides*. Aeschylus wrote:

ἴσον γὰρ ἐστὶ τὰρίθμημα τῶν πάλων.

Mr. Morice will have

ἴσος γὰρ ἀριθμὸς ἐστὶ τῶν πάλων, ἴσος.

The cadence and dignity of the line is wrecked, and all, we suppose, to avoid the very simple crasis τὰρίθμημα. Can anything be more inept? Four lines below, Ἀργεῖος ἀνὴρ ἀδῆς becomes φηγάς μὲν οὐκ ἐστ' ἀνὴρ, and so forth. Sometimes the alterations are ingenious enough; but our point is that, good or bad, they are monstrously too numerous. As usually happens in such cases, the punctuation goes astray, especially in the poetical passages. There is much to be said for inserting, as Mr. Morice does, the note of exclamation—for beginners; but we should not affix it to a mere proverb, as on p. 43, passage 59, l. 7.

Mr. E. A. UPCOTT's edition of Cicero's *Catilinarian Speeches* (Oxford: Clarendon Press) seems well adapted for school use. The notes contain very little which is not to be found in the well-known edition by Karl Halm; but to some schoolmasters and to many schoolboys it will perhaps seem to be an advantage that they are cut down to about one-fifth of the length. The introduction is clear and accurate; and a running analysis will help the student, without sparing him the necessary work with dictionary and grammar. Some will regard it as a merit that in the whole of the notes there are only two references to grammars or other authorities. It is, at any rate, a feature which saves much trouble alike to the compiler and to the user of the notes. The translations given are not too plentiful, and are usually very accurate. To say that "dixisse would be more usual" for *dicere* after *meministi* is to treat an interesting idiom somewhat too carelessly. And any one reading of "the southwestern slope of the Apennines" would hardly have his thoughts carried to Faesulae.

Thucydides I. By O. D. MORRIS. *Thucydides VII.* By O. F. SMITH. (Boston, U.S.: Ginn.)

These two well-printed books belong to the American "College Series of Greek Authors"—a series which may be compared, in object and idea at least, to Messrs. Macmillan's red "School Class Books." Like nearly all the College Series, these two editions of Thucydides are "based on" a German edition, that of Classen, and this is our chief quarrel with them. It is, no doubt, convenient to have a translation of Classen's commentary, executed by scholars—and Prof. Morris undoubtedly was a scholar—but we want something more; and though we do get a little in these books, we do not get half enough. Perhaps we are unreasonable. Archaeologists say that the art of a country is always imitative in its infancy. American scholarship is not yet full grown. And, indeed, we have no cause to throw stones. Not a few of the "School Class Books" alluded to above are even less original translations of German *Schulausgaben* than the two books before us. Only we are sorry to see the Americans going on our own bad track.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. W. NOEL SAINSBURY, of the Public Record Office, editor of the Calendar of Colonial State Papers, has been appointed Assistant Keeper of the Public Records.

PROF. SAYCE and Mr. Francis Percival will leave England next week for Cyprus, where they intend to spend a month in archaeological researches.

CANON ISAAC TAYLOR will read a paper before the Anthropological Institute on Tuesday next upon "The Primitive Seat of the Aryans," supporting generally the views maintained by Prof. Sayce at the recent meeting of the British Association. Later in the week Canon Taylor will sail for Egypt, where he has been advised to spend the winter.

PROF. J. MCK. CATTELL's paper on "The Psychological Laboratory at Leipzig," to be read before the Aristotelian Society on Monday next, November 21, will contain an account of the aim of experimental psychology, and of the researches which are being carried on in the Leipzig laboratory. The paper will be published in the January number of *Mind*.

THE anniversary meeting of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society will be held in Edinburgh on Wednesday next, November 24 when Sir Charles Bernard, late Chief Commissioner of Burma, will deliver an address. Sir Charles will also deliver addresses later on at Glasgow and Dundee; and at Aberdeen an address will be delivered by the Earl of Aberdeen on "A Tour round the World."

MR. J. A. FROUDE will deliver an address at the annual meeting of the Liberty and Property Defence League, to be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Friday next, November 25, at 2.45 p.m.

THE first meeting of the session of the Royal Statistical Society has been postponed to Tuesday, December 6, to suit the convenience of the president, Mr. G. J. Goschen, who will then deliver his inaugural address.

PROF. A. S. NAPIER is preparing for the Early English Text Society an edition of all the Anglo-Saxon Homilies hitherto unprinted.

PROF. KLUGE, of Strassburg, has been for some time engaged on a second edition of his well-known German Etymological Dictionary. The first part will be published soon.

PROF. TEN BRINK's new work on *Beowulf* is looked for with very great interest in Germany, though many of his admirers regret that it has taken him off his continuation of his *History of Early English Literature*, and of his *Chaucer-Studien*.

DR. HOLTHAUSEN has sent to press, for the Early English Text Society, his edition of the unique Stowe MS. 2.40, *Vices and Virtues*: the Confessions of a Guilty Soul, with Reasons descriptive of the Virtues. The dialect is early Kentish, and its date about A.D. 1200. The second part of Prof. Kölbinger's edition of *Bevis of Hampton*; and the fourth and last part of Mr. Sidney L. Lee's edition of Lord Berners's Englished *Huon of Burdeaux*, will be issued shortly by the society. The latter volume will include Mr. W. A. Clouston's notes on the sources and analogues of the mythological stories mentioned in this romance.

MR. ERNEST RHYS, the editor of the "Camelot Classics," will shortly start on a lecturing tour in the United States. Among the subjects he proposes to discuss are "Walt Whitman in England" and "The New Poetry." The latter will be an argument for poetry appealing directly to the people rather than to an audience of literary culture; and it will be based upon the example of the old ballad writers and the Elizabethan playwrights.

THE volume of translations from Heine's prose works, published in 1879, under the title *Heine's Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos*—a book that was mainly the cause of drawing attention to an author till then little known in England otherwise than as a poet—has been long out of print. A new edition is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Mr. Gardner (of Paisley and London). The book has undergone careful revision at the hands of the translator, Mr. J. Snodgrass.

THE author of "Caterina" and "Lauderdale" has written a new novel entitled *Countess Irene*, the scene of which is laid in Austria, chiefly in Vienna. It will be published, in three volumes, about Christmas by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

MR. A. R. FREY, of the Astor Library, New York, will publish shortly, with Messrs. Whitaker & Co., a work on sobriquets and nicknames, giving their explanations and derivations.

A SECOND edition of the Rev. F. T. Vine's *Caesar in Kent* is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as nearly ready for publication. The work has been revised throughout, and will be illustrated with new maps.

A THIRD and cheaper edition of Outram's *Legal Lyrics* will shortly be published, under the editorship of Mr. J. H. Stodart, till recently the editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and himself a poet.

MESSRS. FREDERICK W. WILSON & BROTHER, of Glasgow, will publish next month, in a limited edition, Mr. John Davidson's new work, entitled *Smith: a Tragedy*. The volume, an Elzevir 8vo, is being printed on hand-made paper.

MESSRS. I. PITMAN & SONS will publish next week *The Phonographic Christmas Annual*, edited by Mr. J. Herbert Ford, editor of the *Reporters' Journal*. It contains a facsimile of some reporting notes taken at the trial of Warren Hastings, facsimile signatures of the best known phonographers, portraits of many shorthand authors, besides reprints of many curious articles connected with the art.

THE only Christmas annual produced exclusively by Irish authors is *Round the Christmas Fire*, edited by Mr. John Shaw, and published by Mr. J. S. Lytle, of Belfast.

A TRANSLATION of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, by Sir George Young, has been published (Deighton & Bell) in view of the intended performance of the play next week at Cambridge. It is earnestly to be hoped that no copies of this will find their way into the theatre. When there are such fine renderings as those by Morshead

and Campbell and Whitelaw, it would be a pity that the unlettered public should be misled by one which is neither scholarly nor felicitous in expression. The book is full of mis-translations, and there are errors of taste even more calamitous. Athens is called daughter of "Jove," the *χρῆσις* is rendered "I, Senator," "thou" and "you" are mixed up—in fact, nothing more un-Sophoclean, more unpolished in style and diction could be imagined.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH will contribute a defence of "The Church of Scotland," against the renewed proposals for its disestablishment, to the next number of the *Contemporary Review*.

The December number of *Atalanta* will contain the first of two articles by Mr. Walter Besant on "The Writing of Novels."

The December number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will, as usual, be a double number—i.e., besides the serials, it will give an extra amount both of text and illustrations. In addition to a poem by Mr. George Meredith, the more important articles will be "The Sea of Galilee," by Mr. Lawrence Oliphant; "Ornithology at South Kensington," by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe; and "What Players are They?" by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy—each abundantly illustrated. There will be no less than three full-page plates—all woodcuts, among which Mr. O. Lacour's rendering of Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the National Gallery forms the frontispiece.

A PORTRAIT by Margaret Thomas, and a memoir by Mr. Kinglake, of the late Richard Jefferies, with a complete list of his works, will be published in the December number of Mr. F. G. Heath's *Illustrations*. It is not generally known that the three first books of the accomplished author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," were published in 1873, and were respectively entitled "A Memoir of the Goddard family of North Wilts," "A Handbook of Reporting, Editing, and Authorship," and "Jack Brass, Emperor of England."

THE December number of *Scribner's*, completing the first volume of this magazine, will be a special Christmas number, with a cover printed in gold. Among the contents will be some half dozen short stories, including one by Mr. Bret Harte, entitled "A Drift from Redwood Camp"; a ballad on "Ticonderoga," by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, illustrated by Mr. William Hole; and a set of drawings of scenes in Florence associated with "Romola," by Mr. E. H. Blashfield and his wife.

Good Words for its next year's volume is arranging a very attractive programme. Mr. Christie Murray, Miss Linskill, and the author of "Marah," will provide the fiction; popular science papers are promised from Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Grant Allen, Prof. Thorpe, and Prof. Henry Drummond; in travel Mr. E. Whymper will give his adventures in "The Ascent of Cotopaxi" and Capt. Markham his trip "Through Hudson's Strait and Bay to Winnipeg." The Bishop of Rochester will write on "Children," Andrew Lang on "Thackeray, Dickens, and other Novelists," Miss Jean Ingelow on "The Culture of the Senses," Sir Charles Warren on "Lebanon and its Temples," and Canon Prothero on "John Wesley." Mr. Underwood will continue his papers on American authors, and the Dean of Gloucester will write a short series entitled "Dreamland and History." For pictures Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Small are to illustrate the stories; while Mr. Furniss, Mr. Watson Nicol, Mr. G. L. Seymour, and Mr. Charles Whymper, will contribute "sets" of illustrations.

THE principal contents of the *Century* for December will be: "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists," by George Kennan; "Notes on Parisian Newspapers," by Brande Matthews, with illustrations by Jeannot; "The Acting of Irving's Faust," by Joseph and Elizabeth B. Pennell; "Durham Cathedral," illustrated by Joseph Pennell; and "Twilight," by Walt Whitman.

THE December *St. Nicholas*, which is also the Christmas number, will contain the first part of a new story, "Sara Crewe," by Mr. Hodgson Burnett; "The Clocks of Ronsaine: a Christmas Story," by T. R. Stockton; "The Bear that had a Bank Account," by H. H. Boyesen.

The Scottish Church, while maintaining its original character and purpose, will, with the December part, change its name to *The Scots Magazine*—an old title revived—and as such will appeal to a larger public.

THE new serial stories which the editor of *Cassell's Magazine* has arranged to appear in the new volume are, "Monica; or, Stronger than Death," by Evelyn Everett Green, and "By Misadventure," by Frank Bassett. Both will be commenced in the December part.

THE *Quiver* Christmas Annual will be published on November 25, under the title of "The Golden Bow."

A NEW theatrical monthly, entitled the *Playgoers' Magazine*, will be published on December 1, by Mr. Spencer Blackett. It is edited by Mr. Paul Vedder, author of the "Playgoers' Pocket Book."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE OPIUM SMOKER.

I AM engulfed, and drown deliciously.
Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
Golden with audible odours exquisite,
Swathe me with ceremonies for eternity.
Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night.
I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory.
Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
This crust, of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair;
This soul at pawn and this delicious heart.

ARTHUR SYMON.

OBITUARY.

MR. F. S. HAYDON.

THE death (by his own hand in a paroxysm of frenzy) of Mr. Frank Scott Haydon, which occurred on October 29, has deprived the Public Record Office of one of its ablest scholars and the small circle of legal antiquaries of a distinguished figure.

The eldest son of the well-known artist, Benjamin Haydon, he was born in 1822, and received his second name in honour of his godfather, Sir Walter. He graduated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he became a good classic and an excellent mathematician. Owing to his conscientious objections to the received theology, he abandoned his original intention of taking orders. Left without resources by his father's suicide—the disastrous sequel of a ruined career—in 1846, he was nominated by Sir Robert Peel to a clerkship in the Customs; but, the duties of that post proving uncongenial, he was soon transferred by his considerate patron to the Public Record Office. Here he remained till his death, and gradually rose to the rank of Assistant-Keeper. Trained successively under such accomplished experts as Joseph Hunter and Thomas Duffus Hardy, he quickly acquired

a mastery of the refinements of antiquarian scholarship scarcely inferior to their own. Between 1858 and 1863 he edited for the *Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials the Eclogium Historiarum*—a work embodying some important contemporary evidence respecting the campaigns of the Black Prince. Mr. Haydon's elaborately careful analysis of the several codices of this chronicle (in the preface to vol. i.), and the philosophical breadth of his criticism, here and there relieved by a touch of pungent sarcasm (in the preface to vol. iii.), are eminently characteristic of him. He was recently engaged in editing for the same series a valuable *Lexicon of Mediaeval Geography*, from a MS. of the fourteenth century; but this volume has been left incomplete by his death. His latest departmental duty was the preparation of a Calendar of the Patent Rolls for the reign of Edward I., which will be found in the Deputy Keeper's Report, vols. xlii. to xlvii. Among the many scholarly works which this department has produced, I know of none more able and illustrative than his introductory observations upon the legal bearing of these records.

In his best days Mr. Haydon was a charming companion—his intellectual gifts and graces, which included a fine vein of humorous cynicism and a retentive memory of discursive reading and anecdote, being enhanced by the attractions of his kindly disposition, well-bred courtesy, and strikingly handsome person. Though too young to have known the eminent men with whom his father was intimate, his reminiscences of what he had heard from him respecting them were abundant, and he was always ready to impart them. His copies of Tom Taylor's biography of his father and of the revised memoirs compiled by his brother, the late Mr. Frederick Wordsworth Haydon, were enriched with numerous annotations which can scarcely fail to be of literary interest. Outside the range of scholarship, I am not aware that he contributed much to literature beyond some articles to the *Saturday Review*.

For some years past symptoms of his mental disorder were painfully apparent, in the form of violently excitable moods, a morbid taste for repulsive themes, and strange lapses of memory. These aberrations estranged many of his acquaintances, but did not obscure his better nature from those more intimate with him. There was no trace of disorder in his work; and, as I learn from one of his colleagues, it was always possible to quiet his most turbulent outbursts and restore for a time his mental balance by proposing a mathematical problem for his solution. So thin are the partitions between wit and madness! Almost my last conversation with him, a few months since, related to a case of mental aberration (happily transient) in which we were both interested. Its peculiarities elicited not only his thoughtful reflection and counsel, but more than one act of sympathetic and helpful kindness towards the sufferer. His mind was for the moment thoroughly rational, and he seemed to have no premonition of his own imminent collapse. Few events impress one more deeply with the pathos of human tragedy than the wreck of a nature so generously endowed as his. H. G. H.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BOUSSARD, J. *L'art de bâtir sa maison*. Paris: Lib. centrale d'Architecture. 80 fr.
 MARTINEN, W. *Goethes Singspiele im Verhältnis zu den Weisssischen Operetten*. Gießen: Bicker. 1 M.
 MORSE, H. *Durch Central-Asien. Reiseschilderungen*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 18 M.
 MÜLLER, E. *Drei griechische Vasenbilder*. Zürich: Hür. 1 M. 35 Pf.

MUNKER, F. *Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock. Geschichte seines Lebens u. seiner Schriften*. 1. Halft. Stuttgart: Göschen. 5 M.
 NICOLADONI, A. *Christian Thomasius. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Aufklärung*. Berlin: Stahr. 4 M.
 ROHAULT DE FLEURY, Ch. *La Messe: études archéologiques sur ses monuments*. T. 5. Paris: Lib. centrale d'Architecture. 85 fr.
 SAUER, B. *Die Anfänge der statuarischen Gruppe. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der griech. Plastik*. Leipzig: Seemann. 2 M.
 SCHÜTZER, P. *Beiträge zur Poetik Ostrids*. Kiel: Toeche. 1 M. 50 Pf.

THEOLOGY.

ADRIANS *εισαγωγή εις τὰς βελας γραφάς*. Aus neu aufgefundenen Handschriften hrsg. übers. u. erläutert v. F. Goessling. Berlin: Reuther. 3 M. 30 Pf.
 BALDENSPERGER, W. *Das Selbstbewusstsein Jesu im Lichte der messianischen Hoffnungen seiner Zeit*. Strassburg: Heitz. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 KOELLING, H. *Der erste Brief Pauli an Timotheus, auf's Neue untersucht u. ausgelegt*. 2. Thl. Die Auslegung. Berlin: Reuther. 6 M.
 STICKEL, J. G. *Das Hohelied in seiner Einheit u. dramatischen Gliederung*. Berlin: Reuther. 4 M.
 USTERL, J. M. *Wissenschaftlicher u. praktischer Commentar üb. den ersten Petrusbrief*. 2. Thl. Die Abfassungsverhältnisse. Zürich: Hör. 2 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

BRIEFWESSEL der Königin Katharina u. des Königs Jérôme v. Westphalen sowie des Kaisers Napoleon I. m. dem König Friedrich v. Württemberg. Hrsg. v. A. v. Schlossberger. 3. Bf. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 6 M.
 DUQUET, A. *Guerre de 1870—1871: les derniers jours de l'armée du Rhin*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 ERNST II. HERZOG V. SACHESEN-COBURG-GOTHA. *Aus meinem Leben u. aus meiner Zeit*. 1. Bd. Berlin: Besser. 14 M.
 KNAPP, G. F. *Die Bauern-Befreiung u. der Ursprung der Landarbeiter in den älteren Theilen Preussens*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 16 M.
 NEUMANN, F. J. *Die Steuer*. 1. Bd. Die Steuer u. das öffentl. Interesse. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 10 M.
 NEULAND, C. *Griechische Geschichtschreiber u. Geschichtsquellen im 12. Jahrh. Studien zu Anna Comnena, Th. Prodrromus, J. Oinnamus*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 SCHUBERT, R. *Geschichte d. Agathokles*. Breslau: Koebner. 5 M.
 SIMONFELD, H. *Der Fondaco dei Tedeschi in Venedig u. die deutsch-Venetianischen Handelsbeziehungen*. Stuttgart: Cotta. 80 M.
 STERN, E. v. *Xenophons Hellenika u. die byzantinische Geschichts-Überlieferung*. Dorpat: Karow. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 TARDIF, Ad. *Histoire des sources du droit canonique*. Paris: Picard. 8 fr.
 TRIANOUCOET, C. *Étude sur la conjuration de Catilina de Salluste*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr.
 WREDE, A. *Die Einführung der Reformation im Lüneburgischen durch Herzog Ernst den Bakener*. Göttingen: Dieterich. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHAMFRE, E. *Recherches anthropologiques dans le Caucase*. Paris: Reinwald. 30 fr.
 DETMER, W. *Das pflanzenphysiologische Praktikum*. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.
 DORNBER, A. *Das menschliche Erkennen. Grundriss der Erkenntnistheorie u. Metaphysik*. Berlin: Reuther. 9 M.
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 PROBER, F. *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Wasser aus den geschichteten Gesteinen Unterfrankens*. Würzburg: Stabel. 2 M. 40 Pf.
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PHILOLOGY, ETC.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MAURICE'S "THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT OF 1848-9."

London: Nov. 8, 1887.

Allow me to say, as one who personally remembers the revolutionary movement of 1848-9, that I have found Mr. C. Edmund Maurice's book, much to my regret, full of extraordinary errors and inaccuracies. It is with great and easily conceivable reluctance that I enter this protest, having, as stated by the author, "lent him pamphlets not otherwise accessible," as well as, I may add, works quoted among his sources, the use of which ought to have prevented him from falling into the serious mistakes he has committed.

I will not discuss such cardinal errors of the work as the alleged "absence of French initiative in the European Revolution of 1848," or the curious assertion that the movements, outside France, were simply the outcome of the "principle of nationality." As a German, whose patriotism is perhaps not doubtful, I must yet say that Mr. Maurice is on this point, which forms the pivot of his views, entirely wrong. Nor will I dwell on the "hysteron proteron" on the very title-page of his book. There he speaks of "Austria-Hungary," at a time when that designation did not even exist. Austria, on this side of the March (including, of course, Bohemia), was, down to 1866, an integral part of the German Confederacy, as much as Prussia, Bavaria, or Saxe-Weimar—even as she had been an integral part, for many centuries past of our older Empire, to which Austria furnished a succession of Kaisers. These simple facts of history one would never suspect from Mr. Maurice's work.

I will confine myself to a few corrections. After having mentioned one of the best known representatives of the German Revolution as "a leader in the [Baden] Chamber of Deputies, named Hecker," the author refers to "another Baden representative, named Izstein [sic]," who, "by an accidental circumstance," namely, through his expulsion from Berlin, "attracted a large amount of attention." Now, who could recognise, under this slighting garb and this mis-spelt name, Adam von Itzstein, the Nestor of Constitutionalists, "perhaps the greatest Parliamentary capacity of Germany, one of the few of whom the whole Fatherland has a right to be proud"—as one of the most accessible sources, Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexicon*, has called him? Who could believe that this deputy, "named Izstein," whom I had the honour of knowing, was the man whose portrait is the first in the work on the *German Revolution*, by Zimmermann, the well-known historian, who describes Adam von Itzstein, as "a *Freiherr* in the noblest acceptance of the word," as the very centre of the patriotic movement, at whose country-seat every year deputies from all parts of Germany met to resolve upon the details of the political campaign in the various parliaments and in the press? These details are given in the very first pages of Zimmermann's book, which Mr. Maurice had from my hand, and which is mentioned among his sources.

Of Hecker, whose name once was the most celebrated among the German masses, Mr. Maurice asserts that he first entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1847. Now, for about four years earlier, Hecker had played in that Chamber a most prominent part from the first day of his entry, which I remember most vividly. Then Mr. Maurice says: "Struve seems to have been one of the first to give expression to the aspirations of the Baden people." But Gustav von Struve began his career after Hecker, and down to 1848 he remained, comparatively, a moderate Liberal as regards his aims, though he worked for them with the most self-sacrificing courage. It was

some weeks after the revolution had begun, that "Struve" dropped even his nobiliary title. Then, it is true, he girded the sword and resolutely went forth, with Hecker, to battle for the new cause he had espoused. As to his having been "ignominiously" defeated in September 1848, that is, to put it mildly, not the fact. The very general who gained the victory over the rising bore testimony, in his bulletin, to the bravery displayed by his enemies.

Of this September rising, Mr. Maurice says that, "for some unknown reason," the leadership was offered to Struve, rather than to Hecker. The reason is by no means unknown. Months before, Hecker had lost all hope; and, moreover, he had emigrated to the Wild West of America.

Again, Mr. Maurice alleges that in the manifestoes of the leaders of the September rising there was no allusion to the Schleswig-Holstein question. Now, in the very first manifesto, printed in Struve's own book (quoted by Mr. Maurice as one of his sources), the overthrow of the popular insurrection at Frankfort is alluded to, which originated in the armistice of Malmö—that is, in the Schleswig-Holstein question. And it was to the tune of the famous Schleswig-Holstein song that the men of the September movement marched to battle at Staufen.

In speaking of the Provisional Parliament at Frankfort, Mr. Maurice reports that Struve presented his (and Hecker's) Democratic programme "on behalf of the Committee of Seven." Now, the Committee of Seven—one of the most frequent political terms in the early part of the German Revolution—was composed of the antagonists of the Democratic party: namely, of Welcker, Heinrich von Gagern, and other prominent moderate Constitutionalists. Yet, Mr. Maurice makes Struve, the Republican leader, speak in their name.

To a man who only became known in 1849, Mr. Maurice erroneously attributes the revival of the demand for a German Parliament in 1847. The most important German revolutionary rising of 1849 (May to end of July), which was begun, for the first time in German history, by a whole princely army; during which a number of pitched battles were fought between the Democratic forces and the Royal armies, the latter forming an aggregate of about 80,000 men, the larger portion of whom were led by the then Crown Prince of Prussia (now the Emperor William); and which ended with a series of courts-martial prolonged over three months, when a member of the German Parliament, W. A. von Trützschler, as well as many officers, among them the Governor of Rastatt, were shot, and such wholesale imprisonments and proscriptions took place that the number of exiles from Baden exceeded by far anything of that kind which had ever happened in large countries like France or Poland—to these historical events Mr. Maurice devotes *eight lines*, without any detail, but with two erroneous statements contained even in that very limited space.

After this it is not to be wondered at that men of such eminence as Mittermaier, the renowned legist and President of the Provisional Parliament at Frankfort; Herr von Vincke, the distinguished Prussian leader; Uhland, the patriotic poet and Liberal statesman; and other great intellectual forces of deliverance, such as Anastasius Grün (Count Auersperg), Herwegh, Kinkel, Freiligrath, all of whom powerfully contributed to the German movement, and two of whom risked their lives, or paid with their personal freedom for their principles, should not be so much as mentioned in this "History of the Revolutionary Movement." Nor can we wonder that, though the author professes, on the title-page,

to give "some examination of the previous thirty-three years," he should pass over the important history of the many "secret associations" of Germany (as given, for instance, in Ilse's book); or that, in 1848, he should omit mentioning the flight of Prince William (the present Emperor) to England, and his compulsory stay there for several months, though afterwards speaking vaguely of the prince's "return," without saying from where. But is this writing history?

Even the name of Schafarik, one of the best-known Slavonian philologists—and Mr. Maurice is exceedingly pro-Slav—is mis-spelt. To Bohemia he assigns as large a place all through the book as if that country were even greater in extent than in "A Winter's Tale." He speaks of that "German national arrogance" which went so far as "to treat Bohemia as a part of Germany." He does not appear to know that, already, in our oldest ground-law of the thirteenth century, Bohemia is constitutionally mentioned as one of the countries whose ruler took part in the election of a King of the Germans, and that Bohemia remained a part of Germany until 1866. Is it arrogance on the part of Englishmen to treat the Principality of Wales or the Scottish Highlands as a part of their country? Is it arrogance on the part of the French to treat the Bretagne so?

As to Mr. Maurice's opinion that the Czech movement in Bohemia represented the cause of freedom, it is too well-known that, on the contrary, it largely contributed to the downfall of that cause, and that its leaders gloated over the execution of Robert Blum. At present they are mostly the allies of the feudal and clerical party in Austria.

But I must stop. These few cursory indications may suffice. As one of the survivors of the movement of 1848-49, I have had to perform a painful duty, considering personal relations. But painful as it is, I am bound to say that the work in question is in only too many respects a most misleading one.

KARL BLIND.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Nov. 14, 1887.

No one could wish to be hard on so amiable and industrious an antiquary as Mr. Walter de Gray Birch; and I purposely abstained, in my former letter, from pointing out his worst mistakes. It was, however, absolutely necessary to enter at once a vigorous protest against this unfortunate attempt to give the "Ingulf" delusion a fresh lease of life through the medium of a popular work.

Mr. Birch now urges, in extenuation, that he thinks he has "referred five times in all to this 'venerable imposture'"; but I find it referred to on at least ten different pages of his "little book." I was well aware that he had edited "Ingulf." Indeed, he refers to that edition more than once in the present book. But I was informed at the British Museum that no copy of the work was there available, nor have I been able to consult it elsewhere. It is, however, most interesting to learn that Mr. Birch has there gone into the question of the authenticity of the chronicle, for we thus learn that, when he quotes from it in his *Domesday Book*, he does so after due investigation. Let us therefore turn, not to that "peeress," as Mr. Birch politely terms her, to whose "remarkable ride through the town" of Coventry he so discreetly alludes, but to that other "peeress," the Countess Lucy, an infallible touchstone as of yore. As we might expect, in Mr. Birch's pages she goes through her old performance with the same ease as ever:

"Lucy, the countess, . . . married, after the death of her first husband Ivo, Roger, son of Gerold Romara [*sic*], in the time of Henry I., and

had one son, William. She married a third time Ralph, Earl of Chester, in the reign of King Stephen, and by this marriage had a second son Ranulf, afterwards Earl of Chester" (p. 99).

Now, as her father "Algar," according to Mr. Birch (p. 103), "died in A.D. 1059," it follows that the countess, on his own showing, may have been, when her second son was born, some eighty years of age. Of course, to Mr. Birch's mind there may be nothing anomalous in this; but most people will be tempted to exclaim in the words of *Punch's* undergraduate: "My good man, if you believe that, you'll believe anything."

This is the "grotesquely impossible tale" of which I spoke in my former letter, and which is referred to by Mr. Freeman as "still swallowed by novelists and local antiquaries." I need hardly add that my own contention that Mr. Freeman is by no means always accurate can have nothing in the world to do with this matter, and is merely imported by Mr. Birch to darken the issue. That issue is simply whether such a ridiculous concoction as the above should be gravely quoted in Mr. Birch's book without a word of warning as to its true character.

As to Mr. Birch's amazing suggestion that Dr. Stubbs's rejection of this spurious chronicle is "perhaps" based only on Mr. Freeman's *ipse dixit*, I must inform him that it is based on internal evidence, by which, to all who have eyes to see, its spuriousness is "proved," in the Bishop's words, "beyond the possibility of doubt."

J. H. ROUSA.

PYTHAGOREAN HITTITES.

Oxford: Nov. 12, 1887.

I write a few lines before quitting England to express my regret at being so little acquainted with "the primordial principle of things" as to be unable to follow Mr. Tyler into that mysterious region of nature. Before setting out there himself, however, he had better make sure of his facts. The innocent-looking triangle which appears among the Hittite hieroglyphs, and which, it seems, is full of such mystical meaning, is not found on the seals and at Hamath only, as he supposes. Even among the published inscriptions he will find it also at Jerablus (*J. iii. 3*) and at Merash (*lion-front 2*), in neither case, I am sorry to say, accompanied by "the head of a cow."

As for the other symbol, Mr. Tyler would have done wisely to have waited for the publication of the seals which I have described in the *ACADEMY*. He would then have learned, firstly, that it is not always associated with the triangle, and, secondly, that the "pair of divergent legs which clearly terminate in turned-up toes" are creatures of the imagination. It is true that a pair of legs such as Mr. Tyler speaks of does occur among the Hittite characters, but it bears no resemblance to the symbol in question. Perhaps, however, we cannot expect Mr. Tyler to be very accurate about Hittite hieroglyphs when we find him asserting that "Prof. Sayce speaks of the Hittite symbol as being a symbol of life." Where and when have I ever said such a thing?

A. H. SAYCE.

DR. SOUTH AND A MAXIM OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

London: Nov. 14, 1887.

Mr. John Morley's recent lecture on "Aphorisms" reminds me that there is a curious identity, which I have never seen noticed, between a passage in Dr. South's writings and one of Rochefoucauld's maxims. Dr. John Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, a renegade Anglican clergyman, opposed South's admission to the degree of Master of Arts; and having learned that he continued to use the

urgency, threatened him with expulsion, saying that "he could do no less in gratitude to his blindness the Protector, and his other friends, who had thought him worthy of the dignities then stood possessed of." South replied,

Gratitude among friends is like credit among tradesmen. It keeps business up and maintains correspondence; and we pay not so much out of principle that we ought to discharge our debts, as to secure ourselves a place to be trusted another time."

Now this clever retort is word for word identical with Maxim cccxiii in Rochefoucauld:

Il est de la reconnaissance comme de la bonne foi des marchands; elle entretient le commerce; nous ne payons pas parce qu'il est juste de nous acquitter, mais pour trouver plus facilement des gens qui nous prêtent."

Who was the thief? The passage from South is quoted in the memoir prefixed to Bohn's edition of his Sermons (1859), and must have been written before 1657 when he took his master's degree. As far as I can make out, the first edition of Rochefoucauld's *Maxims* was published in 1665. EVAN DANIEL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 21, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Causes affecting the Stability of Pigments," by Prof. A. H. Church.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Psychological Laboratory at Leipzig," by Prof. J. M. Ostell.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Accidents in Mines," II., by Sir F. A. Abel.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Primitive Seat of the Aryans," by Canon Isaac Taylor.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Mercurial Air-Pump," by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson.

8 p.m. Geological: "A New Wealden Iguanodont and other Dinosaurs," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "The Cae-Gwynn Cave," and "The Drifts of North Wales," by Prof. T. M. Kenny Hughes.

8 p.m. Microscopical: *Conversazione*.

THURSDAY, Nov. 24, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Trials of the Permanency of Pigments," by Prof. A. H. Church.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Some Instruments for the Measurement of Electromotive Force and Electrical Power," by Dr. J. A. Fleming and Mr. C. H. Gillingham; "Portable Voltmeters for Measuring Alternating Potential Differences," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Prof. John Perry.

SAURDAY, Nov. 26, 8 p.m. Physical: "The Analogies of Influence Machines and Dynamos," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "Effect produced on the Thermo-electrical Properties of Iron when under Stress or Strain by raising the Temperature to Bright Red," by Mr. E. Tomlinson; "Optical Properties of Phenyl-thiocarbimide," by Mr. H. E. Madan.

SCIENCE.

The Gospel according to Saint Matthew in Anglo-Saxon, Northumbrian, and Old Mercian Versions. A New Edition. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. (Cambridge: University Press.)

By the publication of the present volume Prof. Skeat has brought to its conclusion a work planned more than a half a century ago by the late J. M. Kemble. Fully fifty-four years (not fifty, as Prof. Skeat states on p. ix.) have now elapsed since Kemble first conceived the idea of printing in one volume all the existing MSS. of the West Saxon version of the Gospels, together with the two interlinear glosses preserved respectively in the Durham Book (or Lindisfarne MS.) and the Rushworth MS.—the former in the Northumbrian, the latter partly in the Mercian and partly in the Northumbrian dialect, and of thus making accessible in a compact form all that is now extant of the earliest English renderings of the Gospels.

In an anonymous pamphlet directed against Kemble, which appeared in March, 1835, under the title of *The Anglo-Saxon Meteor*, we find the earliest allusion to this project.

In a letter there printed, dated Oxford, August 2, 1834, a certain "I. J." writes:

"I am vexed to hear that through Kemble and his friends, or rather through the influence of Trinity College, the Pitt Press has been induced to undertake the printing of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels, loaded with accents, quite at variance with the MSS. Can this rumour be true?"

The rumour was true. The project must have assumed a definite shape, and the execution of it have been undertaken by the Pitt Press fully a year earlier. As an examination of the records of the Press, kindly made by the secretary to the syndics, shows, the printing had been actually commenced before the end of 1833, the first charge made by the compositors on account of this work being dated November 29, 1833.

Some cause or other—the controversy in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1834 at once suggests itself—led to the suspension of the undertaking, and at the time of Kemble's death in 1857 only about five-sixths of the first volume had actually been printed. This first volume, which contains St. Matthew, was completed a year later by the Rev. C. Hardwick. The task of editing the remaining three Gospels then devolved on Prof. Skeat, and they appeared in the years 1871, 1874, and 1878.

It needed but a very cursory examination of St. Matthew, as edited by Kemble and Hardwick, to make it evident that the texts there given were altogether unreliable, and that they fell far short of the standard of accuracy attained to in the subsequent volumes. A new edition was generally felt to be necessary; and students of English have every reason to be grateful to Prof. Skeat for the scholarly and accurate way in which he has performed his laborious task. Thanks to him we now possess a reliable edition of all the existing MSS. of the Old English Gospels.

In his Preface Prof. Skeat enumerates some of the chief points of difference between his own and Kemble's edition; and to these we may add a few figures derived from a careful comparison of the two, which will serve to show how exceedingly inaccurate the latter was. According to the method of editing in vogue thirty years ago Kemble took no account whatever of the usage of the MSS. with regard to capitals, punctuation, contractions, the signs *ð* and *þ*, &c., in all which points Prof. Skeat has faithfully followed the MSS. But besides such deviations from the originals as these, the older edition was disfigured by many inaccuracies and misreadings, which greatly diminished its value for philological purposes. Decidedly the most unsatisfactory portion of the book was the Lindisfarne version, which, as one of our few specimens of Old Northumbrian, was the most important part of the work. The actual errors in the English gloss alone, without taking into account the numerous inaccuracies in the Latin text, do not fall far short of an average of one to every verse, yielding for the entire gospel (exclusive of the very incorrectly printed prefaces, &c.) a total of almost a thousand errors, which have been corrected in the new edition—a number more than sufficient to justify a reprint. The reproduction of the Rushworth gloss was slightly better than that of the Lindisfarne

version, and contained on an average only about half as many misreadings. In the West Saxon Corpus MS. and the twelfth-century Hatton MS. we found the fewest errors. In fact, it is obvious that greater care was bestowed on this part of the work, which is decidedly more accurate than the rest, although far from being satisfactory.

In his prefaces to Mark and Luke Prof. Skeat has shown that of the two twelfth-century MSS. the older, the Royal MS., was transcribed from the West Saxon MS. now in the Bodleian; and that the slightly younger Hatton MS. was, in its turn, copied from the Royal MS. He also pointed out the locality of the latter, which, according to Wanley, formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. But he has omitted to call attention to the interesting fact that, as was shown by Reimann (*Die Sprache der mittelenglischen Evangelien*, Berlin, 1883), both these MSS., the Hatton as well as the Royal, are, on the evidence of the language, the work of Kentish scribes; and that, in the points in which they differ from their West Saxon original, they exhibit the peculiarities of the Kentish dialect. They are, in fact, Kentish transcripts of a West Saxon original, and are of great importance as specimens of the speech of Kent in the twelfth century.

A. S. NAPIER.

DR. SWEET'S LECTURES ON PHONETICS.

DR. HENRY SWEET gave the first of his series of lectures on "Phonetics" at Oxford in the Taylorian Institute on November 3. He pointed out that all study of phonetics must be based on a practical command of the elementary sounds, which, again, must be based on the learner's own vernacular sounds. The first stage is to recognise and isolate the separate sounds; the second is to analyse their formation; the third is to deduce new sounds from those already familiar. He then gave an account of the organs of speech, with exercises to develop the learner's command of their actions.

In his second lecture he explained the principles of the Visible Speech alphabet, explained the vowel positions, and gave examples of whispered and breathed vowels from French, Russian, Portuguese, and other languages.

In his third lecture, Dr. Sweet described the nine fundamental vowel positions, drawing them on the blackboard. He explained the distinction between narrow and wide vowels, as in the French and English sound of short *i*, and then pronounced the thirty-six elementary vowels, with examples from a variety of languages, concluding with an account of the acoustic qualities of vowels, showing that a classification of the vowels by pitch was impracticable, this test being too delicate.

In his fourth lecture Dr. Sweet gave an account of the nasal vowels, drawing his illustrations from Portuguese and French, and of vowels modified by raising the point of the tongue, such as may be heard in the dialects of the West of England. He then went over the front vowels, dwelling especially on the intermediate and abnormally rounded vowels, and, finally, went through the chief elementary consonants.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HITTITES.

Plymouth: Nov. 11, 1887.

Your insertion of my letter of October 3 encourages me to inform you of the progress of my studies of the Hittite language since the publication of *Altaic Hieroglyphs*.

It is very desirable for a student to receive the criticism of scholars and to avoid controversy while awaiting their advice; and I have to thank Canon Taylor, M. G. Bertin, Mr. Pinches, and Prof. Sayce, for much valuable guidance during the last six months, especially in pointing out reliable sources of information.

I have now succeeded in verifying my results by comparative study of living Tartar languages; and, although I am supported by Lenormant and Delitzsch and by our best Akkadian scholar in England as to the important words on the bilingual, the existence of which Prof. Sayce denies, it now becomes a matter of comparative indifference whether these words are known in Akkadian or not. I have further extended to some forty cases my comparisons of Hittite with Egyptian and Cuneiform, and have increased my Cypriote comparisons from twenty-one to about sixty. I find that the comparison with the Egyptian and Cuneiform stops short at the pictorial, and does not extend to the ideographic stage, although the sounds are often the same; thus agreeing with the previous determinations of M. G. Bertin, as to the general relationship of these systems. Since Canon Taylor (and I believe, other scholars also) now admit the Hittites to have been Tartars, it is clear that my principles must be correct, however, open to criticism the details may prove. The affinities of Akkadian to Medic were long since determined by Lenormant, who holds that the Medic is nearer to the Turko-Tartaric than to the Finnic languages—a conclusion at which I also arrive by studying 800 Akkadian words, and especially the numerals, which are usually regarded as of special philological importance. From the Egyptian texts of Rameses II. and Thothmes III., I have recovered about seventy Hittite words—forty geographical and thirty personal—verifying their meaning by comparison with Turko-Tartar, Turkish and Finnic, or Ugric words.

My researches have also a bearing on the history of the alphabet.

This work is now in course of preparation, though delayed by my duties on the Ordnance Survey. I venture to think it will leave little ground for hesitation as to the general correctness of my results.

C. R. CONDER.

THE OLD-IRISH GLOSSES AT WÜRZBURG AND CARLSRUHE.

London: Nov. 12, 1887.

I believe that all the members of the Philological Societies of London and Cambridge, for which I have lately edited these glosses, regularly read the ACADEMY. Will you, therefore, allow me to ask, by means of your journal, those gentlemen, as well as all other possessors of my edition, to make the following corrections in their respective copies:

- P. 17, l. 1 of gloss, for ¹⁰, read ⁸.
- P. 23, gl. 4 d 26, read *écen tanniccside*.
- P. 28, gl. 5 c 19, the scribe's "(o)pperabatur" is a blunder of his for "offerebatur," "operiebatur," or "opperiebatur"—probably for the first.
- P. 37, gl. 7 a 14, read *iein* Indeam.
- P. 173, gl. 29 d 9, for *accur*, read *acc[ub]ur* (Ascoli).
- P. 239, l. 12, for What, read that *quod facit alius* is.
- P. 243, ll. 3, 4, for excess established itself, read it was completely established.
- P. 247, l. 20, for It, read us (*ónni*, usually *uanni*, "a nobis").
- P. 249, ll. 32, 33, for besides He came not of necessity, read it is not necessary: besides He hath come.
- P. 250, l. 23, for believed, read would believe.
- P. 252, ll. 26, 27, for he . . . deservingness, read to boast of his deservingness helpeth no one there.

- P. 252, l. 35, for disposition read hidden meaning.
- P. 261, l. 21, for of, read to.
- P. 273, l. 2, for they, read ye.
- P. 277, l. 13, for from which I deem it desirable, read Since I have a desire.
- P. 281, l. 24, for His own body which receives every seed, read its own body which every seed receives.
- P. 316, ll. 22, 25, 26, for "He," "His," "Him," read he, his, him (the allusion being to Antichrist).
- P. 328, l. 91, for no . . . read no pleasure (lit. desire).
- P. 332, l. 7, for utter, read follow.
- P. 345, l. 6, read *motus*.

For most of the above corrections I am indebted to the Rev. Thomas Olden. Prof. d'Arbois de Jubainville has referred me to the following passage in Dom Calmet's commentary on 2 Thess. ii. 7, which to some extent explains the gloss in the Würzburg Codex Paulinus, 26 a 12 (p. 150 of my edition):

"D'autres en plus grand nombre & mieux fondcz, ont crú que les hérétiques sont des Ante-Christes, qu'ils sont des suppôts, & des ministres de cet homme de péché, que commencent dès-à-présent le mystère d'iniquité dans l'Eglise de JESUS-CHRIST, par les erreurs qu'ils y répandent, par le scandale qu'ils y causent, par l'apostasie de plusieurs, qu'ils attirent dans leur parti. Les Pères appellent communément les hérétiques précurseurs de l'Ante-Christ."

WHITLEY STOKES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE course of lectures on "Heredity and Nurture," proposed to be given at the South Kensington Museum by Mr. Francis Galton, on behalf of the Anthropological Institute, has been unavoidably postponed.

DR. A. W. HOFMANN, of Berlin, who was for many years lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal School of Mines in this country, will complete the seventieth year of his age on April 8, 1888. The Council of the German Chemical Society have united with the representative chemists of other countries in organising a scheme for an international testimonial, to be presented to Prof. Hofmann on that occasion. A committee for the United Kingdom has been formed, with Sir F. Abel as chairman, and Mr. J. Spiller as hon. secretary.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE current part of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society (Trübner), which has appeared with commendable punctuality, contains papers by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, Dr. J. W. Redhouse, Mr. Frederic Pincott, Mr. G. Bertin, and Mr. Theo G. Pinches, besides the "Notes of the Quarter" which have now become such a valuable feature. We also have here printed for the first time the report of a committee of the society appointed last year to consider the best means for the promotion of Oriental studies in England, and for rendering the work of the society more popular. Under the first head, the committee recommend that letters be addressed to the University of Oxford, suggesting the carrying out of the scheme proposed in 1877 for advancing the study of Arabic, Syriac, Persian, and Aethiopic, and of the languages and antiquities of Assyria and Egypt; and to the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, urging the setting apart of fellowships for Oriental scholars, and of scholarships and exhibitions for promising students. Under the second head, the recommendations of the committee include the institution by the society of conversaciones, at which Orientalists of eminence should be invited to deliver popular lectures; and the foundation of a gold

medal to be awarded annually by the society in recognition of recent services in Oriental research.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday Oct. 20.)

DR. JACKSON, President, in the chair.—The President read a paper on "Some Passages in the *Nicomachean Ethics*," of which the following is an abstract.—I. 6 § 1=1096 a 16, *ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἑταίρους διόντες προτιμῶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν*. The thought which this phrase has made familiar seems to have been a traditional commonplace of the Platonic school, descending perhaps from Socrates himself and at any rate recalling his teaching. Compare besides Aristotle, *Metaphysics* A 8. 1073 b 18; Plato, *Charmides* 166 d; *Republic* 595 c, 601 d; *Phaedo* 91 c; *Philebus* 14 b; *Sophist* 246 d.—L. 1 § 7, 8=1097 b 15, *τοιοῦτον δὲ τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν οἰόμεθα εἶναι*. *ἔτι δὲ πάντων αἰρετωτάτην μὴ συναρθεῖναι εἶναι*. Both here, and in vii. 13 § 2=1153 b 9, *ἵως δὲ καὶ ἀναγκαῖον . . . αἰρετωτάτην εἶναι*, the sense seems to demand the substitution of *αἰρετώτερον* for *αἰρετωτάτην*.—ii. 7 § 1=1107 a 29, *ἐν γὰρ τοῖς τετράτοις πράξεις λόγοις οἱ μὲν καθόλου κενώτεροι εἰσιν, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ μέρους ἀληθινότεροι*. The editors almost without exception prefer *κενώτεροι*, the reading of O and the Latin version, to *κονώτεροι*, the reading of K^b L^b M^b. What is wanted is, however, not unqualified praise of *οἱ ἐπὶ μέρους λόγοι* and unqualified condemnation of *οἱ καθόλου*, but such a recognition of the merits of both as will justify the application of the general statement to particular instances. This consideration seems to me decisive in favour of *κονώτεροι*.—ii. 7 § 14=1108 a 31, *ἡ γὰρ αἰδώς ἀρετῆ μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν, ἐπαινεῖται δὲ καὶ ὁ αἰδήμων*. Williams translates—"Shame, for instance, is not a virtue, and yet he who shows a proper shame is praised"; and to all appearance the commentators, with the one exception of the paraphrast, interpret in this way. But, (1) when the sentence is thus read, punctuated, and understood, the *καὶ* which stands before *ὁ αἰδήμων* is absolutely meaningless. And, (2) the implication that *αἰδώς* is not praised—which implication is the sole justification of the anacoluthic introduction of a new subject—is unknown, not only to the paraphrast, who writes *τῶν ἐπαινουμένων δὲ ἔστιν ὁ γὰρ αἰδήμων ἐπαινεῖται*, but also to Alexander Aphrodisiensis, who in his *ἡθολογία καὶ λόσεις*, iv. 21=p. 270 Spengel, plainly affirms that Aristotle in this place alleged *αἰδώς* to be praisedworthily: *ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ μὲν ἐπαινετὸν αὐτὸ τὰθος εἶπεν, ἐπαινετὸν δὲ καὶ*. Hence, we should either read *ἡ γὰρ αἰδώς ἀρετῆ μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν, ἐπαινεῖται δὲ <ἐπαινεῖται δὲ> καὶ ὁ αἰδήμων*, or, at any rate, place a comma after *ἐπαινεῖται δὲ*, and mentally supply *ἐπαινεῖται* with the three concluding words.—v. 7 § 1=1134 b 21, *ὅλον τὸ μᾶς λυτροῦσθαι, ἡ τὸ ἀγαθύνειν ἀλλὰ μὴ δύο πρόβατα*. In my edition of book v. I expressed a doubt about the words *ἀλλὰ μὴ δύο πρόβατα*. It seemed to me that, in contrasting the sacrifice prescribed with the sacrifice not prescribed, the author would oppose, not *ἀγαθὰ δύο πρόβατα*, but *ἀγλας* to *πρόβατα*, or *μῖαν ἀγλα* to *δύο πρόβατα*. Why should the sacrifice which was not prescribed be more precisely defined than that which was prescribed? I observe, however, that Aristophanes, in the *Birds*, 1625, *πρόβατον δυοῖν τιμὴν ἀνολεῖ τῷ θεῷ*, makes the sacrifice of *δύο πρόβατα* typical. It would appear then that, in the passage before us, a sacrifice prescribed in some special case, is contrasted with the sacrifice which was customary and familiar.—vi. 5 §§ 4, 6=1140 b 4 and 20, *λείπεται ἔρα αὐτῆν [sc. τὴν φρόνησιν] εἶναι ἔξιν ἀληθῆ μετὰ λόγου πρακτικῆν περὶ τὰ ἀθρώπων ἀγαθὰ καὶ κακά*. . . . *ἔστ' ἀνάγκη τὴν φρόνησιν εἶναι εἶναι μετὰ λόγου ἀληθῆ περὶ τὰ ἀθρώπινα ἀγαθὰ πρακτικῆν*. In spite of the etymology in § 8, it is difficult to believe that Eudemus ever spoke of a *ἔξιν* as *ἀληθῆς*. Now, in § 8, M^b, the Latin version, and Eustratius, read, not *ἀληθῆ*, but *ἀληθούς*. In § 4, however, MSS., version, and scholiast agree in giving *ἀληθῆ*. Under these circumstances it is worth while to point out that Alexander Aphrodisiensis, who, on *Metaphysics* 981 b 25, Bonitz 7, 27. 8, 5, has a series of careful quotations from the early chapters of this book, reads, in § 4, *ἔξιν μετ' ἀληθούς λόγου πρακτικῆν περὶ τὰ ἀθρώπων ἀγαθὰ ἢ κακά*.

(Thursday, Nov. 5.)

DR. FENNELLS read a paper on Caesars (*B. G.*, iv. 17), and showed a model of one set of piles (namely, one pair of upper piles, and one pair of lower piles) with the superincumbent beam or beams. The *fibulae* were four stout pieces of wood about six feet long fastened across the horizontal beam, one under each end of the beam, and the two others above the beam at such a distance from each end that, when the underneath cross-pieces rested on the piles, the piles pressed upon the cross-pieces above the beam. There were no other fastenings connecting the piles with the cross-beam. The effect of the stream on this construction, the firmness of which depended on the attachment of the four cross-pieces to the horizontal beam, was to press the cross-pieces at the upper end and the top cross-piece at the lower end more tightly against the beam, while if the upper pile were pushed forward the lower cross-pieces would slip down the lower piles and compensate by this re-adjustment for the yielding. The pressure of the wooden surfaces on each other would cause sufficient depression of the parts in contact to hold together at their proper distance the two piles of each pair. The reader thought that not more than one set of four piles was mentioned by Caesars until the words *haec directa materia iniecta* where the pronoun *haec* meant the several sets of four piles with their superincumbent beams; he therefore observed upon the plural *bipedalibus trabibus*, which seemed to mean beams making up a breadth of two feet. The *subiacea* at the lower side of the bridge could not be sloping piles, as the language of Caesars proved; but were upright beams arranged *oblique*, at an angle with the direction of the stream. The phrase *pro ariste* suggested that the *ariste* of a bridge was the projecting base of a pier which met the force of the stream. As the immobility of the whole structure ultimately depended on the immobility of the top of the lower pair of piles, the *subiacea* were added to prevent these piles being forced towards the vertical ever so little. In the discussion Dr. Fennell accepted the president's suggestion that *cum omni opere coniunctae* merely meant that the *subiacea* were placed close to each pair of the lower piles.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 4.)

DR. R. F. WEYMOUTH, in the chair.—Prof. W. W. Skeat read a paper on "Some English Etymologies." The word "bat" has been found in Anglo-Saxon in the form *batt*; see *Engl. Studien*, xi. 65. "Cozier," a cobbler ("Twelfth Night"), is the Old-French *coziers*, *cozior* (Godefroy), from the stem of *com-s*, p. p. of *condre*, "to sew." "Cut" may be Scandinavian; compare Old-Swedish *kotta*, Swedish dialect *kuta*, "to cut." On "decoy," see the article by O. Stoffel, in *Engl. Studien*, x. 181. He thinks the prefix *de* may be the Dutch article, and shows that *kooi* "a cage," is a true Dutch word. "Dismal" appears first in the phrase "in the dismal," later "in the dismal days," meaning at an unlucky season; I resolve it into the Old-French nom. pl. *dis mal*, i. e., *dis mali*; the old etymology from *dis malus* is, after all, not far wrong. With "dog" compare the place-name "Doggithorn," i. e., "dog-thorn," in a charter dated 960; Birch, *Cart. Anglo-Saxon.*, iii. 113. "Dowle" (in "The Tempest") is a down-feather of a bird, from the Old-French *douille*, *doille*, *doille* "soft," "pliant," Latin *duotilis*; compare French *doillet* "downy." It occurs in Middle-English in "The Ploughman's Tale," near the end. "Earnest" a pledge, Middle-English *ernes*, also appears as Middle-English *erles*, *arles*; for the etymology see "Arles" in Murray. "Entice" is from Old-French *enticier*, answering to Low Latin **in-titiars* "to set a fire-brand to," from Latin *titiu*; see "Attice" in Murray. "Feon" or "Pheon," a broad arrow-head, is Middle-English *feon*, Old-French *foene*, the same as Old-French *foine* an "eel-spear." The same Old-French *foine* (in Godefroy) accounts for Middle-English *foinen*, "to thrust," as if with such a spear. The Middle-English *foinen* is also spelt *foemen* and *funen*. In "flotsom" and "jeteom" the suffix is French; the old forms are "flotson" and "gete-son," in the Black-Book of the Admiralty, i. 82, 96, 170, answering to Low-Latin **flotationem*, and Latin *isolationem*, respectively. "Gorce" a wear

(a law-term), is from Old-French *gort*, Latin acc. *gurgitem*; see *gour* in Littré. "Horse-courser" was formerly "horse-coser"; compare Middle-English *cosyr* "glossing," Latin *mango*, in Wright's *Vocabularies*; the Anglo-French *cosour* occurs as early as 1310; and *cos*, *cos* "to barter," occurs in Scotch. "Cosour" is from the Latin *coactor* "a broker" (Lewis and Short). With "larboard" compare Middle High-German *lorc*, *luro*, *luro*, the left hand or side; and French *course*, short for *course*, in Cotgrave. "Obaidian" is a mistake for *obaidian*; see Lewis and Short. "Pail" is the Anglo-Saxon *paegel*; see *Anglia*, viii. 450; *Engl. Studien*, x. 180. "Pamphlet" appears as "pamphlet" in Ooclevis; also as "paunflet," probably from the Italian *Pamfilo*, *Pamfilo* a personal name. "Parget" is Middle-English *perjetle*; Low-Latin *periacular*, which has been found and would give a French **parjeter*. In the phrase "go to pot," the pot meant is the cooking-pot, as was shown. "Purse" appears as Anglo-Saxon *purs*, *Engl. Studien*, xi. 65; from Latin *bursa*, not from French *bourse*. "Rivelled" is Anglo-Saxon *rifeled* "wrinkled"; same reference. "Souze," to plunge down upon, as a hawk, is a term of falconry; it was originally "source," properly used only of the hawk's upward rush. It is the same word as "source," and distinct from "souze," to pickle. "Staniel" is Anglo-Saxon *stān-gella*, lit. "yeller from the rock"; see Sweet, *Old English Texts*. "Steward" is Anglo-Saxon *stigweard*, a form now found—viz., in Birch, *Cart. Saxon*, iii. 75. The bird "whimbal" has its name from "whimming" or "whining"; the *b* is excrement, the *er* is frequentative, and the *el* agential.—In the discussion, Mr. H. Wedgwood, while agreeing that "decoy" was from the Dutch *kooi*, dissented from the view that *de* represented the Dutch article. The word as first adopted in English was *koye*, and the prefix *de* was probably a later English addition. He would regard "decoy" as a reduction of "duck-koye."—Dr. Furnivall urged the members to undertake more systematic reading and collection of extracts for the Philological Society's dictionary. There was a great need of early quotations, especially in the arts and technical subjects.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 7.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair. The president delivered the annual address, on "The Unseen World." The subject of the unseen world contains those questions which are usually called metaphysical, on the erroneous understanding that metaphysic means ontology, the supposed science of absolute causes. But these questions really belong to the last and most dependent rubric of analytical philosophy—its constructive branch, which contains deductions from the analyses of the preceding rubrics. Both the speculative and the practical lines of enquiry are pre-supposed, and their results must be united, in order to gain a true conception of what lies beyond the reach of positive knowledge verifiable by observation, which Beyond is the thing meant by the *unseen world*. Speculative knowledge alone tells us nothing of the content of the unseen world. Two things only it tells us: first, that the universe is *infinite*, that is, cannot by any possibility be conceived either as indefinite or as finite, but that a finite universe, however indefinite the limits of its known position may be, is an unthinkable contradiction; secondly, that the known portion of the universe, being finite, though its precise limit is unknown, must be conceived as conditioned upon the existence of parts beyond it, parts belonging to the unseen. We know, therefore, that there is some real and really operative agency, which conditions the existence of the visible world. Here it is that practical knowledge comes in to tell us in what way we must conceive the nature or content of this unseen but real condition. Man is a material and dependent being. The only positively conceivable or positively verifiable real condition in the seen world is matter. With this all causation in the seen world begins, with this all our knowledge of causation in the seen world ends. What, then, is the character of the action of matter in its highest known development, that is to say, in the human cerebral system? We know it solely by the conscious action, and the conscious purposes or ends of

action, which depend upon its functioning. A true conception of *ethic*, a true knowledge of the criteria which guide conscious choice between alternatives, will, therefore, be of the utmost importance in showing us the real character of that material agency, which springs from hidden causes beyond matter *a parte ante*, which issues in hidden effects beyond matter *a parte post*, and of which we ourselves are the conscious vehicles or agents. The key to ethic lies in distinguishing between feelings which are desirable or undesirable as states of consciousness simply, and feelings which are desirable or undesirable from the degree of pleasure or pain which they give to the individual experiencing them. *Kind* of desirability or the reverse is perceived in common by all men; *degrees* of the same is peculiar to individuals. It is only the former class of feelings which are *de jure* as opposed to *de facto*; it is only the desirable among this class which are *de jure* as opposed to *de injuria*. The difference in feeling which is expressed by this distinction is the source of the peculiar character attaching to the conceptions of right and wrong, moral good and moral evil, as opposed to the prudential and the compulsory. These conceptions plainly enter into the idea which we form of the unseen agency in the universe; and together with those feelings and qualities which, under their guidance, man has come to prize the most highly, such, for instance as justice and love, all of which are known as feelings and qualities belonging to persons or conscious agents, are our only means of laying hold in thought upon the real character or nature of the Unseen Power. It follows that our only idea of the nature, as distinguished from the existence, of that Unseen Power is derived from a practical and not a speculative source. We have no speculative guarantee for our belief that the Unseen and Infinite Power is such as we must conceive it to be from the nature of our own conscious action. At the same time, there is no speculative ground for the negative of that belief. Our knowledge of it is not demonstration, but faith. In other words, we have demonstration that faith, in the religious sense, is reasonable, although, and partly because, we have no demonstration of the objects to which that faith is directed. Faith in the Unseen and Infinite Power is therefore the conclusion to which we are led as the final result of philosophy.

FINE ART.

Pictures from Holland: Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Richard Lovett. (The Religious Tract Society.)

MR. LOVETT does well to recommend a visit to Holland. In spite of the dearness of its best hotels and the badness of its worst it has so many natural and artistic charms, such a richness of historical interest, such wonders of engineering skill, so much natural individuality in its people, that he must be hard to please who does not enjoy his first visit and does not wish to renew it. Mr. Lovett has done his best to present to his readers as perfect a picture of the country as something over two hundred pages can afford. The book is a collection of engravings accompanied by an account of the most interesting parts of the country. This account is partly narrative of the author's own experience, partly intelligent compilation from other sources of information; and it reminds us, as a whole, of one of those "moving panoramas," which, with the aid of a well-instructed lecturer, did so much to amuse and instruct our youth.

After some general remarks about Holland and the Hollanders, Mr. Lovett begins his real work with Amsterdam. About five-and-twenty pictures illustrate this "Venice of the North." We see Montalbans Town, and St. Anthony's Gate, the Weeper's Tower and the palace, undertakers and servant girls, charity

girls and diamond cutters, Rembrandt and the Duke of Alva; and we learn something of the Dam and the Grachten, of Bossu (the admiral) and Van Campen (the architect), of the Orphanage in the Kalverstraat and the pictures in the Rijks Museum, of the Vondels Park and the Zoological Museum.

The next chapter is devoted to a trip to Marken *via* Edam and Volendam; and it is one of the most interesting in the book, as it contains the nearest approach to personal adventure. It is also charmingly illustrated with pictures of the fine men and women of Marken in their curious costumes, of Volendamers and the Islanders of Urk. Some of these we have seen before; but Mr. Lovett's skating trip from Kwadijk to Monnickendam, and thence to Purmerend, is a novelty. The latter part of the excursion is thus described:

"So quiet and old world was the place [Monnickendam] in appearance that we almost expected to see the monks from whom the town took its name, 'the town or dam of the monks,' appear from the church. Hardly a human being was in view, and a welcome sense of peace and rest stole over us as we looked out on the fair scene. The peal of bells—for this, like almost every tower in Holland, was well furnished in this respect—broke in upon our meditations, warning us that the day was passing. We had to catch a boat in the far-away distance, and we were not absolutely certain of our road. In a few minutes we were out of the town, and at the first convenient spot betook ourselves again to our skates. Our experience can easily be imagined. Suppose, for example, that over a moderately flat English landscape all the hedges and fences were replaced by lanes of water, varying from six to five-and-twenty feet in width, suppose these all frozen smooth and hard, and the journey to be undertaken from six to ten miles in length, and you have our trip from Monnickendam to Purmerend. Probably we did not follow the most direct route. Now and then we had to risk the passage of a wide canal; occasionally a stretch of road or grass intervened, too short to warrant taking off our skates, but quite long enough to convince us that it is pleasanter to skate 500 yards than to walk fifty on the narrow steel. Nevertheless, we had a splendid afternoon, and reached Purmerend in good time for the boat."

And now we must leave the reader to perform by himself the rest of the journeys—to Alkmaar and Hoorn, to Leyden and Haarlem, to Dort and Bergen-op-Zoom. At all these places and many more, he will find much to amuse and interest; and if he never goes to Holland he will, with Mr. Lovett's help, be able to form a pretty good notion of what it is like.

In conclusion we would point out that the title-page of this useful and pleasant book is, perhaps, likely to mislead. The pictures drawn by pen are Mr. Lovett's; but the illustrations include reproductions of pictures—ancient and modern—by other hands, and some of the architectural scenes appear to have been taken from photographs. Mixed up with these miscellaneous cuts are some facsimiles of bright little sketches taken evidently, with pure and dexterous touch, from nature direct. Perhaps we are not wrong in attributing these to Mr. Lovett; but they are unsigned, and it is not our fault if we are unable to give to the author his fair meed of praise as an artist.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

PAINTER ETCHERS.

THE Society of Painter Etchers, which does not every year hold an exhibition in London, invites us this autumn to see a considerable collection of work in a large but not well-lighted room in New Bond Street. It is there found that the society is itself more comprehensive than its name, for some of the most interesting things which it exhibits this year are not etchings at all, but mezzotints; and even line-engraving, so long as it is original line engraving, and not the labour of the copyist, may find a place—the only place it does find is that accorded to Mr. Sherborn's exquisitely designed book-plates. These book plates are for the libraries of Lord Bath, Mr. Anderson Rose, and Mr. Thibaudeau. They alone represent original line-engraving, and they witness to Mr. Sherborn's taste in ornament and to his fine dexterity.

There are a fair number of original mezzotints, and one is glad to see them. It seems, indeed, that it is in that particular field that original engraving, by the most artistic men, is likely to be cultivated; that is, perhaps, to be the new fashion. And mezzotint, it is evident, calls into play quite other faculties than those which can best be exercised in etching—it is adapted for other effects. Shall we be pardoned for reminding its practitioners, however, since our sympathies with it are at least sincere, that in the great days of its production it was used hardly at all as a vehicle for original labour? It was recognised by all the great men—by those who preceded as well as those who followed McArdell, Raphael Smith, and Valentine Green—as curiously fitted to reproduce the effects of many a famous painter in oil; as capable of suggesting, in a way that line-engraving never attempted to do, a painter's touch, his very brush-work; as rendering textures—perhaps not so much the textures of natural things, the field, the tree, the river—but the textures of artificial things, cut jewels, and satins, muslins, figured silks, velvets, and braids, in a way that etching cannot cope with. There is no harm whatever in the application of the method to original art, but let it be understood that the application is comparatively a fresh one. And let it be recognised, too, that only to a certain range of subjects will the method lend itself. It may lend itself to original portraiture; it may lend itself to a certain order of landscape. At the "Painter Etchers," among other things, there is a portrait, nicely wrought, by Mr. Gerald Robinson, of Mr. Seymour Haden—friend and supporter of etching and mezzotint alike; and there are some striking landscapes of showery and windy weather by Mr. Finnie. Other good works there are, too, which the visitor may discover.

Though the etchings proper still form the bulk of the show, some of them, it must be confessed, are either more or less slight and commonplace efforts upon familiar lines, or—what is worse—instances of the laborious misapplication of the methods of this art. If an etching betrays no new individuality—has neither character in its conception nor curious skill in its *technique*—it can hardly ask to be singled out for praise, however wholesome be its methods, however righteous its manner. But all individuality is not to be denied to Mr. Sickert and Mr. Toovey because these artists have obviously profited especially by an intimate knowledge of Mr. Whistler's work. And in the same way Mr. Frank Short and Mr. Strang need not be deprived of commendation because in several of the plates of the one there seems a trace of the inspiration of Mr. Seymour Haden, and in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of the other more than a trace of the inspiration of M. Legros, and of those old masters of draughtsmanship whose work M. Legros has himself

felt so profoundly. Indeed, Mr. Sickert's plates and Mr. Toovey's, Mr. Short's and Mr. Strang's, are quite among the most interesting in the gallery. Then there are Mr. Percy Thomas's and Mr. May's, Mr. Watson's and Mr. Pennell's, in the good method likewise: not one of them charging the art with the task of conveying what other arts may convey with greater effect—all of them using the art within the lines proper to it—and doing this, I fear, at some loss of popularity, which is bestowed too seldom on the happy record of impression, too often on the effort of paraded and wholly obvious labour.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEPSYDRAS IN EGYPT.

Sandridge, near St. Albans: Nov. 6, 1887.

In a passing visit to Tell El Yahudiyeh in the middle of last May, I bought for the Egypt Exploration Fund a fragment of a large basalt vessel, with a scene sculptured on the outside of a king offering to the god Khonsu. The word *unnut*, "hours," remained of a line of inscription round the edge. The royal cartouches accompanying the scene were unfortunately left blank. Inside a series of silver (?) pins were let into the stone at regular intervals from near the edge downwards. This strongly suggested the notion of a clepsydra.

The fragment was detained in Egypt a long time; but since its arrival I have found that it actually fits another piece that has long been in the British Museum, and my guess is entirely confirmed.

In the Egyptian southern gallery there are portions of two of these vessels labelled by Dr. Birch "clepsydra or calendar." One of them has a long history, and was published by Dr. Birch, in 1850, in the *Archaeological Journal*. He then came to the conclusion that it was a mere calendar, not a clepsydra.

The other was obtained years ago in two parts which fit together—one of them coming direct from Tell El Yahudiyeh, the other from the Arabs of Saqqarah. This is the one to which the new fragment belongs. Some of the cartouches are fortunately filled in with the name of Alexander the Great. The inscription near the base is explanatory " . . . the rising (?) of the stars is shown upon it even when their shining is not visible, in order that none of the times appointed for holy rites may be violated. . . ." It was therefore a time-keeper for the temple.

The inner side of this specimen cannot be easily reached. The other specimen has the name of Philip Arrhidaeus. On the inside are two scale marks, each of twelve pins, ending in the symbols of life and purity. Dr. Birch seems to have been puzzled by the two scales being of unequal length; but, as a matter of fact, there must have been in the complete vessel twelve such scales, one for each month, corresponding to the twelve deities figured in compartments on the outside. Thus, the varying hours of the day throughout the year could be ascertained with considerable accuracy. Opposite scales served for day and night, the average night of the sixth month, for instance, being of the same length as the average day of the twelfth month. Allowing four inches between the scales, the diameter of the vessel would be roughly sixteen inches.

The pressure of the water would cause a more rapid flow when the clepsydra was full than when it was nearly empty. The sides of the vessel have therefore been curved inwards towards the base, so as to reduce the bulk of water at the lower part of the scale, the scale divisions being themselves left uniform. Changes of temperature, causing expansion of the water and variation in its elasticity, would,

no doubt, be avoided sufficiently by keeping the vessel in a cool place and drawing the water from a deep well.

It is unfortunate that no part of the base remains; but from Aristotle's problem (xvi. 8), it is likely that the clepsidra in ordinary use was pierced with several holes at the bottom, since, when the tube at the top was stopped, the water could still expel the air and flow in from beneath if the vessel was held slanting. Several minute holes would, no doubt, be easier to regulate than a single larger one.

In the inscription on the later specimen Philip Arrhidaeus is said to be the friend of the goddess *Khemer*, the great sorceress (*urt heqan*). Brugsch has shown that *merekh* is probably the name of the clepsidra. The goddess *Khemer* (spelt with the same signs as *merekh*) is, therefore, likely to be the marvellous invention deified.

Both the specimens date from the Macedonian period. Probably the temples throughout Egypt were supplied with the Greek astronomical novelty by Alexander and Ptolemy Soter, the Satrap of Arrhidaeus, and new ones were seldom required before the native religion, with its magnificent apparatus, died out.

I hope to go into the subject more thoroughly next summer; but I think the above notes are sufficient to establish the claim of these basalt bowls to be examples of the temple water-clocks of Egypt.

F. LL. GRIFFITH.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

ON November 28, 29, and 30, a sale will be held at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris of the paintings, lithographs, and *objets d'art* from the studio of the late Emile Vernier, the distinguished French painter of coast scenery and scenes from fishing life, who died last summer. They will be on view on Wednesday and Thursday of next week at the gallery of Georges Petit, 12 Rue Godot de Mauroi, and on Sunday, November 27, at the Hôtel Drouot. Many of the freshest and most beautiful views were taken on the English coast at St. Ives in Cornwall, and in Normandy and Brittany, and have a special interest for English people. M. André Theuriet, in describing Vernier's work, writes that

"he excelled in representing the movement, the attitude, and the physiognomy of seafaring people, of seaweed gatherers, shrimpers, sailors, pilchard and sardine fishers, and fisherwomen. He was passionately devoted to the sea, noted its most delicate harmonies and shades, and its wild and dramatic aspects. He seized on its smallest details, its familiar and characteristic traits. This was at the root of the originality and individuality of his work."

Vernier's lithographs after Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Millet are well known in this country; and a rare proof of the "Angelus" of Millet is included in the sale.

It is proposed to issue, in a limited edition, a Pictorial Record of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, which recently closed at Manchester. The editor of the undertaking is Mr. J. H. Nodal; and the descriptive chapters will be written by Mr. Walter Tomlinson, assisted by specialists. The illustrations, which are intended to form the chief feature of the work, will include a photogravure of "Old Manchester"; four engraved plates of pictures by Mr. F. Madox Browne, E. Burne Jones, Briton Riviere, and Val Prinsep; examples of the sculptures, carefully engraved on wood by hand; and about thirty pen and ink sketches of various portions of the exhibition by Mr. Hal Hurst. The book will be printed by Messrs. G. Falkner & Sons, and published by Mr. Cornish, of Manchester.

MR. T. MATESDORF is delivering a course of six lectures on "Raphael" at the Stainway Hall, on Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m. Each lecture is illustrated with reproductions of some of Raphael's best-known pictures, in the dimensions of the originals, shown by lime light.

THE exhibitions to open next week are a collection of paintings on the Seine and Marne, by Mr. E. Aubrey Hunt, at the Goupil Gallery, in New Bond Street; and a collection of drawings in black and white at Mr. Mendoza's, in King Street, St. James's.

THE fashion for collecting "watch cocks" would appear to be exhausted. A fine collection of eight hundred of these pretty things, carefully arranged, fetched only 39 francs at a recent sale at the Hôtel Drouot.

THE "Meyer" Madonna of Holbein at Darmstadt, belonging to the Grand Duke of Hesse, and now generally admitted to be the original work, has hitherto, from its bad condition, suffered in comparison with its well-known rival in the Museum at Dresden. The old varnish and repaints have now been removed successfully, and the work is now said to be revealed in all its picturesque beauty.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

M. COQUELIN has gone. His later performances permitted us to compare him with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "Gringoire," with Mr. Irving in "Le Juif Polonais"; and in each of these performances he manages—to put it broadly—to impress with lighter touches, to restrain himself within the limits of more delicate effects, than do either of his admirable English artistic comrades. But it does not follow at all that his performances are better because of these self-imposed limitations, since the limitations may be imposed unduly—may be imposed in pieces which are better without them. In each case, what M. Coquelin deliberately decides to do he does completely; and all that we could question would be his power of judgment, not his power of execution. Thus, by the mere perfection of the *débit*—of the giving forth—of the words of his part he atones in "Gringoire" for a monotony of attitude in itself, perhaps, hardly defensible. Again, in "Le Juif Polonais," his entire mastery of his method—a method not wholly, after all, a thing of choice; a method dictated, as we implied the other day, in part by his exact measurement of his temperament's capacities—permits him an air of reality which is not to be gainsaid, even though it is at variance with the more imaginative, and, as we dare to think, the finer reality of Mr. Irving in the same part. M. Coquelin's impersonation of the Polish Jew is, save in the most powerful scenes, excellent and deep genre-painting. Quite truly has it been said that it recalls Balzac—his ruthless and unerring dissection. But Mr. Irving's study of a stricken conscience is, at bottom, greater than the French comedian's study of almost undisturbed bourgeois prosperity. In London, in "Le Juif Polonais," the cleverness of M. Coquelin was not denied. But more than cleverness—or cleverness applied differently—was needed to secure him a triumph.

AND now M^{me}. Chaumont is with us again. It is with the old repertory, and we have long ago delivered ourselves of everything we were called upon to say in regard to her. She is the Meissonnier of the stage. Perfect precision, extreme minuteness, efforts that rarely lift themselves [to emotion or lower themselves to the effects of common farce—

these were the little lady's characteristics half a score of years ago, and these are her characteristics to-day. The exact like of her we have not got upon the English stage, though Mrs. Bancroft has had, at her very best, moments and passages which M^{me}. Chaumont need hardly have scorned to own.

The very successful performance of Dr. Westland Marston's "Favourite of Fortune," by the Dramatic Students this week, we can only notice in our next Saturday's issue.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE first Novello Oratorio concert took place on Thursday, November 10. The programme however, contained no oratorio. Of Dr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode" we have already spoken once or twice; and repeated hearing only confirms our first impression. It is a clever *pièce d'occasion*, but nothing more. Dvořák's "Spectre's Bride" has not been heard for some time in London. When produced at Birmingham in 1885, it proved a brilliant success. The story is weird and the treatment of it fantastic, but the composer at all times keeps within musical limits; hence the charm, the strength, the attractiveness of the work. But at this concert we cannot say that our imagination was vividly stirred. And yet there was an excellent chorus, a good orchestra, an experienced conductor, and M^{me}. Albani and Mr. Santley, who formed part of the original cast. The tenor music was carefully rendered by Mr. Harper Kearton. Mr. Randegger was not always correct in the matter of *tempi*; and he did not give to the music the many shades of colour, the many varieties of movement, by which the composer obtains such singular and successful effects. For this we do not blame Mr. Randegger. It really needs a Dvořák to conduct the "Spectre's Bride." The Novello chorus sang well, though not always with sufficient delicacy.

The Crystal Palace concert last Saturday was devoted to Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" and the sequel, "Lelio." When the Berlioz fever was at its height, some few years ago, this work attracted an immense audience; but on Saturday the attendance was only moderate. The "Symphonie Fantastique," with its lively *Bal* movement, its dainty *Scène aux champs*, its characteristic *Marche au Supplice*, and its weird *Sabbat* finale, contains some of Berlioz's best music, and some of his most curious orchestral effects. When the work was given in 1881, we spoke at some length respecting the character and meaning of these various movements, so that there is no need to enter now into detail. Still less with regard to "Lelio," the so-called sequel. Here, again, we meet with much that is *bizarre* in the matter of orchestration; but, from a musical point of view, it is far below the "Symphonie Fantastique." The "Lelio" soliloquies had points that made when the piece was produced in 1832. Some concerned the composer's enemies, some the lady who had won his heart. But now the anger and despair of Lelio *alias* Berlioz are of little interest to the general public. Mr. Manns, in giving both works together, certainly respects the composer's intentions; but composers are not always the best judges. "Lelio" does not add to the interest of the symphony; rather, we think, the reverse. Mr. Lloyd sang the tenor solos in his best manner; Mr. F. King sang the famous "Brigand" song in an artistic manner, but not with sufficient strength. The reciter was Mr. J. Fernandez. The "Fantastique," with the exception of the mistake of the bell-player in the last movement, was magnificently interpreted. The performance of the orchestra under Mr. Manns' direc-

tion was remarkable not only for strength and brilliancy, but also at certain times for delicacy. Berlioz was fond of loud crashing sounds, but he could produce also effects of the lightest, softest kind. The Crystal Palace choir was heard to great advantage in the "Lelio" choruses.

Master Josef Hoffmann gave his "farewell" recital on Monday afternoon at St. James's Hall. There was the same crowd, and the same enthusiasm as on the previous Monday. The youthful pianist played a Beethoven sonata, an important "Chopin" selection, a new Gavotte composed expressly for him by F. Berger, and duets with his father. So now we have seen, for a time, the last of J. Hoffmann.

Mdlla. Janotha was again the pianist at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening. She played Chopin's "Barcarolle" (Op. 60)—perhaps not with all the requisite warmth and poetry, but in much better and purer style than the Mendelssohn variations the week before. She was much applauded, and gave for an encore Chopin's "Berceuse." Mdme. Norman Néruda was leading violinist; and Miss Margaret Hall, who was very successful, the vocalist.

The first concert of the second season of the London Symphony Concerts took place on Tuesday evening. There was an interesting programme; but the attendance, though good, was not very large. This is indeed strange, seeing that in London proper the only chance of hearing an overture or symphony, this side of Christmas, is by going to Mr. Henschel's concerts. The programme of the first evening included two novelties. Mr. Santley sang splendidly a very trying *Scena* and *Aria* from Glinka's second opera "Russlan and Ludmila." The production last season of that composer's "Life for the Czar" no doubt led Mr. Henschel to choose his music. The two melodies for strings by Grieg, though mere trifles, are exceedingly charming. The themes of these pieces were originally set to two poems, and afterwards arranged for strings by the composer himself. Mr. Henschel will do well to give them again. The orchestral playing under Mr. Henschel's direction was lacking at times in delicacy, and his *tempi* in Beethoven's C minor Symphony and "Tannhäuser" Overture were open to criticism. With regard to the playing, one naturally expects improvement as the season progresses and rehearsals increase. One word about the programme-books. Last year we complained about them for containing no music type. The first book this time has none, and the price is raised from sixpence to a shilling.

The Royal College of Music gave a concert at Alexandra House on November 10, in memory of Sir George A. Macfarren. The composer's string Quartet in G (M.S. 1878), and the pianoforte Quintet in G minor were performed—and with one exception, Mr. J. Reynolds, by students of the college. Miss A. Roberts sang the two pleasing songs, "Pack Clouds Away" and "The Widow Bird." The programme concluded with Beethoven's Quartet in F minor (Op. 95).

Mdme. Adelina Patti gave a grand evening concert at the Albert Hall last Wednesday. In spite of the foggy weather there was a large attendance, and the *prima donna* was received with the usual enthusiasm. The programme contained well-known popular songs; and, besides Mdme. Patti, there were Miss Hamlin, Miss F. Harrison, and Mdme. Trebelli. Messrs. Lloyd, Piercy, and Santley also helped to render the concert attractive. Part-songs and madrigals were well sung by the London Vocal Union.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF OXFORD.

A History of the University of Oxford: from the Earliest Times to the Year 1530. By H. C. Maxwell Lyte. (Macmillan.)

"Historic Towns"—*Oxford.* By C. W. Boase. (Longmans.)

THE important volume in which Mr. Maxwell Lyte deals with the early developments of the University of Oxford must be regarded as an instalment of the larger work for which he is known to have been collecting information since the appearance of his *History of Eton College*.

The Deputy Keeper of the Records has peculiar facilities for gathering together all that can be known about the first organisation, under royal and ecclesiastical authority, of the Guild of Learning which grew into an institution of national importance. He can trace by means of a succession of charters the growth of those extraordinary privileges by which the university authorities were enabled to gain such absolute local powers as made them supreme in all matters affecting the welfare of their students; and from the state papers and the correspondence of diplomatists he will be able to show, as fully for the latter part of the history as he has now shown for the earlier period, what important national and literary movements have originated at Oxford, and "how closely the affairs of the university have been connected with those of the state." Mr. Maxwell Lyte describes the authorities upon which the present volume is based as consisting partly of original records and partly of MSS. preserved in the great public libraries, with the addition, of course, of Antony Wood's great work, and a number of other chronicles and histories. He has rejected the greater part of Wood's abstracts as unsatisfactory, and has preferred to resort to the original authorities, or to such collections of transcripts as are to be found in the library of the Society of Antiquaries and at the British Museum, and to "Bryan Twyne's voluminous collection, preserved among the archives of the University," from which Wood seems to have taken most of his information for the earlier portion of his annals. The work is not intended as a contribution to the general history of the mediæval universities. Such a work requires a close and familiar knowledge of the life and growth of the university of Paris, the prototype of all these institutions, and of the several universities of Bologna, and requires also, perhaps, the power of estimating how much was borrowed in one direction from the religious and trading guilds, and how much of the peculiar character of the university was reflected from the similar in-

stitutions existing in ancient times in Rhodes or at Athens or Tarsus. Mr. Maxwell Lyte prefers in his present work to localise his subject, to indicate briefly the origin of the institution with which he deals, and then "to trace its relations towards the authorities claiming civil or ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Oxford in the Middle Ages"; and he therefore records at length, in a manner which will make the work valuable as a contribution to our domestic history, "the successive incidents of the protracted struggle between the clerks and the townsmen," ending, as all know, in the complete subjugation of the city by the terrible weapons of interdict and excommunication, assisted by the direct interventions of the royal prerogative. The details of the municipal history and topography of the city are not neglected; but they cannot, consistently with the plan of the work, be treated with minute detail.

For these matters the reader is referred to Mr. Boase's valuable sketch of the History of Oxford, published in the series of works on "Historic Towns" edited by Mr. Freeman and Mr. W. Hunt. The city and the university were so closely connected that "their annals almost blend into one"; and the reader of the larger work will certainly find it advantageous to use the slighter chronicle as a supplement or valuable source of illustration for that part of the thousand years' history with which both writers are equally concerned. Their argument for a great part of the way covers the same ground, and each has taken the same point of departure. A well-known passage in Mr. J. R. Green's History supplies the text, which is illustrated in both works with great clearness by means of examples chosen on the one side mainly from the university archives, and on the other from the annals and records of the city.

"The University of Oxford," said Mr. Green, "is so far from being older than the city, that Oxford had already seen five centuries of borough life before a student appeared within its streets. The university found it a busy, prosperous borough, and reduced it to a cluster of lodging houses. It found it among the first of English municipalities, and so utterly crushed its freedom that the recovery of some of the commonest rights of self-government has only been brought about by recent legislation."

Mr Green proceeded to show that the struggle was one which left its mark not only on the beaten municipality, but also on the constitution and character of "the conquering university" itself.

Another text on which the authors of both works before us have enlarged may be found in that passage wherein Dean Stanley described the turbulence of the mediæval university in those days when nation against nation, clerks against monks, the university against the Bishop of Lincoln—by whose license it was supposed to have originated—were continually set in hostile array; and when, instead of town and gown scuffles of the harmless modern kind, there were battles and massacres in the streets, and long-protracted struggles, such as that contest which culminated in the fatal riot of St. Scholastica's Day. This last battle, from which many of the university privileges take date, took place in A.D. 1354. It is described

as the most bloodthirsty conflict that ever took place between the clerks and the laymen of Oxford. It began in a brawl at a tavern, and ended in an organised attack by the townsmen, with armed bands of rustics from the neighbouring villages, upon the inns and colleges of the university. The victory of the town was speedily avenged by an interdict from the Bishop of Lincoln; and on the king's intervention, when the civil discord was appeased, the city found itself shorn of its powers once more, and deprived in favour of the university of most of its remaining privileges.

Oxford was certainly a place of importance before the first beginnings of the university were established there. Its natural advantages of position caused it to be selected early in the tenth century as a stronghold of the Mercian frontier; and the town (which may have begun as a cluster of houses round St. Frideswide's nunnery), grew and flourished under the protection of Aethelred's castle. It seems to have suffered greatly in the wars of the Norman Conquest, but to have recovered its prosperity as soon as the first strain of oppression was relaxed. No exact date can be fixed for the establishment of the university. Mr. Maxwell Lyte goes so far as to say that "it did not spring into being in any particular year, or at the bidding of any particular founder." He considers that its development must have been spontaneous, "not recognised by prince or prelate," rising in an obscure association of teachers and students, banded into an exclusive society like those of merchants and craftsmen, and growing without official assistance into the large and important body which was afterwards incorporated and loaded with privileges. Some doubt is admissible on a subject which is confessed to be obscure; and it seems safer to suppose that Oxford became a place of study, according to a well-known legal doctrine, by virtue of an episcopal licence to teach, a national centre of education by the royal favour, and a body that could grant degrees recognised throughout Europe by the authority of the king and the pope. No doubt, as soon as the teachers got together, they would form themselves into fellowships, or societies for mutual protection, even without the authority to constitute a guild; but their franchise of teaching must have been yielded to them in fact, as well as in theory, by the royal and ecclesiastical powers which, as time went on, sustained and enlarged their rights. Every school was subordinate to the ecclesiastical authority, except "free schools," which owed their existence to the king; and, though the university was more than an aggregate of schools, the teachers who were trained there, and who taught the students in their turn, could not at first have held their place without the leave of the bishop and his chancellor, whom they afterwards became strong enough to resist. There is no record of any teaching in the Oxford schools before the year 1133, when Robert Pullein began his course of lectures on the Bible. A few years afterwards, Vacarius made his celebrated attempt to set up a school of civil law in Oxford which should rival the university at Bologna, until King Stephen, with an unusual regard for legality, forbade the prosecution of a study which

might undermine the ancient laws of the realm. Edmund Rich, the saintly Archbishop, is the first person who is definitely recorded to have taken an Oxford degree. About the year 1221 the Mendicant Friars, who had already gained a footing among the students of Paris, began to establish themselves at Oxford, where they soon attained a position of great honour and influence. It was not until the middle of the thirteenth century that the collegiate system began with the foundation of University, Balliol, and Merton Colleges; and Mr. Maxwell Lyte shows that at least three more centuries elapsed before it became predominant. Through most of the mediæval period the students lived in licensed inns and lodgings, or in halls which were much the same as boarding houses. It was not till the reign of Henry V. that clerks were forbidden to lodge in the houses of laymen, and the halls succumbed only gradually to the increasing power of the incorporated colleges. Mr. Maxwell Lyte has given some account of the foundation of each college, with abstracts of the original statutes; but he warns the reader that the history of the university is distinct from that of the affiliated houses, and that the chapters relating to these later foundations must be regarded as little more than appendices to the more important part of the work.

CHARLES ELTON.

The Deemster: a Romance. By Hall Caine. In 3 vols. (Chatto.)

THIS book would be welcome if only on the ground that it is well worthy of the author of *The Shadow of a Crime*. In shifting his scene of action from the hills of Cumberland to the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine has left behind him none of his three great gifts of imagination, pathos, and humour; and he has found a people even more distinct than "Cum'shire folk," with characters as well suited to exhibit human passion in its simplicity, and a dialect as rich and racy as any in the North of England. In addition, he has found a story of intense terror mixed with intense pathos. Readers of *Fo'c's'le Yarns* will not be surprised at the attraction of the Isle of Man and its people to the writer of romance, and will be glad that the field has been entered by so capable an author as Mr. Hall Caine.

It is to be hoped that the Deemster himself is not a character common in the island, for he is the incarnation of all that is most mean and despicable in human nature. Selfish, cruel, crafty, and cowardly, he is the evil genius of the piece, and is drawn, perhaps, more thoroughly and carefully than any other of the characters. It is he who manages to draw to himself in his father's lifetime all his father's property, and turns his defrauded brother out of doors; it is he who buys his wife of her father, the arch-deacon, and breaks her heart with his infidelity in the first years of their married life; it is he who cultivates the evil in his nephew Dan, and invents the lie which brings about the death of his own son Ewan. All through the book, from the beginning to the well-deserved misery of his death, he acts as a subtle malign influence, poisoning the air. Little he gets by it except his barren position

of power and the hatred of all. Utterly without religion, but superstitious to extreme, his time is spent in doing ill-deeds and striving to bribe Providence to avert punishment. One of the least adroit and most ridiculous of villains, the evil he tries to do is always rebounding on his own head; and the devil himself must have laughed when, after haranguing the people and the bishop, his brother, as to the ill-deeds of the bishop's son, and declaring that he will not lift a finger against the man who killed him, he turns round to find that the corpse which was the subject of his oration was not that of his nephew, but of his own son Ewan.

The fact that the evil done by the Deemster is not generally the exact injury contemplated by him, but the casual action of a spirit of evil emanating from his infernal disposition, is characteristic of the book. It is not by themselves only and their passions that the fates of the principal characters are determined; and it is this which distinguishes *The Deemster* from what are usually called "romances." The term serves to distinguish it from the novel or picture of modern life and manners; but, despite its narrative-form, the spiritual grandeur of its conception and the tremendous character of the forces engaged raise it to the region of tragic drama. Among these forces the passions of the characters no doubt play the greatest part; but above, beyond, and around these are the unseen, if not supernatural, powers of accident. It is not without the aid of a network of circumstance woven by superstition and misconception, and a thousand other impalpable devils, that the noble natures of Dan and Ewan are brought into collision, and dragged down to death and hell. What Mr. Hall Caine calls the "perfidy of circumstance" is the great motor of the drama, and dreams and presages, second sight and curses, superstitious terrors and evil thoughts, all of them giving wings as it were to diverse spirits of evil, which make a havoc of noble characters and lives of fair promise, perform for him much the same office as the loves and hatreds of the gods with their emissaries of fates and furies, dreams and omens, for the poets and dramatists of Greece. It is this that raises *The Deemster* into the rank of highest art, and makes it not so much a romantic story of a few human individuals as a tragic poem of human life and fate.

Yet the manner is that of a simple tale. The characters are not complex. They speak plain, unconventional, unpoetical English, often the "homespun" of Manx. Of analysis of character there is little. The narrative, if singularly vivid and abounding in remarkable incident, is told without strain. "Fine" as the writing is, in the best artistic sense, there is not a word of what is usually called "fine writing." To use an epithet once in favour with critics, the method of presenting the facts to the reader is "objective." Everything is described as if seen. The characters are left mainly to reveal themselves by their deeds and the speech born of occasion. The reader is a spectator, not a confidant. In describing the childhood of Dan and Ewan and Mona the author employs anecdote mainly to distinguish character; and even with regard to the Deemster, the most subtle of all the characters, we learn more

by watching his deeds and listening to his words than by explanation of the author.

Mr. Hall Caine, however, makes us know his men and women as well as if he told us all about them. Their presence, their gestures, the greater motives of their being are clear to us. It is no minute and detailed portraiture, but it is complete so far as is needed to distinguish one soul from another. In force Dan Mylrea, the bishop's ungovernable son, stands out clear from the rest—*being of* intemperate will and passion beyond control, but noble and honest withal, capable of falling deeper and rising higher than ordinary mortals; a scapegrace and prodigal on a grand scale. Gifted with the splendid health, enormous strength, and generous nature which made him a hero to his inferiors, with the worst part of his nature encouraged by his uncle the Deemster, and the best part of it but weakly attracted by the saintly example of his father, the bishop, he spends a youth of riot, and instead of entering the Church becomes the proprietor of a fishing smack. After drinking away with his men the year's earnings of the boat, he pays his crew with a bill on which he forges the name of his cousin, "the pazon," as security. Ewan saves him from disgrace by acknowledging the signature, but his father casts him off; and Ewan, while permitting him to live in his house, withdraws his friendship and forbids him from intercourse with his sister Mona. Now the love between Ewan and Dan had "surpassed the love of women," and Mona had been his dearest play-fellow. So was Dan cut off from all the good influences of his life. "They are taking the wrong way with me," said Dan.

Dan does not improve. He ruins his father by mismanaging his farm, commits numerous excesses, and the relations between himself and Ewan become more and more strained. One day a vile story is told to Ewan by his father, the Deemster; and, maddened by the belief that Dan has seduced Mona, he seeks him with a murderous heart. Pride and passion forbidding explanation, they fight like devils, and Ewan reels and falls over the cliff. Far from this being the end of the story, the events that follow are even more original, striking, and terrible, and reveal more completely the genius of the author. The truly tragic scene between Dan and Mona, in which Mona declares her love for the slayer of her brother; the attempt of Dan and his crew to bury the body at sea, when it slips its weights and sails away to land; the return of the boat, the surrender of Dan and his terrible expiation under the sentence of his father; and the final scenes of the sweating sickness and the part Dan played therein, are all grandly conceived and grandly executed.

No doubt much fault might be found with the book. While calling itself a romance, it aims at such an appearance of literal truth that we cannot help asking ourselves if Gilchrist Mylrea was really the Bishop of Man at the beginning of last century, and was brother to the Deemster; and our confidence in its realistic veracity, on the one hand, and our acceptance of the romantic illusion, on the other, are both weakened. The book is too full of extraordinary incidents. The curse of Mrs. Kerruish is fulfilled so fully and literally, the second-sight of Kerry is so

terribly accurate, the story proceeds by such a constant succession of marvels, that it is only the singular skill with which they are introduced and the convincing manner with which they are described that prevent faith from halting. But, after all, these are small things compared with the undeniable grandeur and beauty of this work of art.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

The Solomon Islands and their Natives. By H. B. Guppy. (Sonnenschein.)

The Solomon Islands: their Geology, General Features, and Suitability for Colonization. (Same author and publishers.)

THESE two books, both excellent in their way, jointly constitute the first serious contribution to a comprehensive study of the physical features, natural history, and anthropology of the Solomon Islands—the largest, and, on the whole, the most important of all the West Pacific insular groups. They are the result of Dr. Guppy's fortunate appointment as surgeon to H.M.S. *Lark*, when commissioned in 1881 to execute a hydrographic survey of that archipelago. Although the selection was made mainly on the wise suggestion of the late Sir Frederick Evans that a person should be chosen possessed of some capacity for scientific observation, the Government, in its usual shortsighted parsimonious way, sent this brilliant young naturalist to explore practically new ground without providing him with any funds for the purpose. The public may therefore well feel thankful that he was able and willing to do so much solid work at his own expense, or, rather, by generously devoting to this purpose the whole of his not too liberal pay as a naval surgeon. Even the promise of £150 from the Royal Society for the exploration of Guadalcanar came to nothing—a serious illness having prevented him from carrying out that portion of the programme.

Surprise is often felt that such comparatively small areas as these South Sea Islands, apparently of such easy access from all sides, should still remain so little known, refusing to yield their secrets to the enterprise which is elsewhere rapidly dispersing the last clouds of mystery in vast continental regions. But we begin to understand the formidable nature of the difficulties of Polynesian exploration when we are told that merely to cross the islet of Santa Anna, only two and a-half miles long, occupied no less than five hours, the path lying the whole way through an impenetrable undergrowth of primeval forest, at many points almost completely blocking the way. These difficulties have seldom been described more vividly than in the subjoined passage, which may at the same time serve as a fair specimen of the author's vigorous style:

"Bush walking, where there is no native track, is a very tedious process, and requires the constant use of the compass. In districts of coral limestone such traverses are equally trying to the soles of one's boots and to the measure of one's temper. After being provokingly entangled in a thicket for some minutes, the persevering traveller walks briskly along through a comparatively clear space, when a creeper suddenly trips his feet, and over he goes to the ground. Picking himself up, he no sooner starts again when he finds his face in the middle of a strong web, which some

huge-bodied spider has been laboriously constructing. However, he struggles along until coming to the fallen trunk of some giant of the forest which obstructs his path, he with all confidence plants his foot firmly on it, and sinks knee-deep into rotten wood. With resignation he lifts his foot out of the mess, and proceeds on his way, when he feels an uncomfortable sensation inside his helmet, in which he finds his old friend the spider, with body as big as a filbert, quite at its ease. Going down a steep slope, he clasps a stout-looking areca-palm to prevent himself falling, when down comes the rotten palm, and the long-suffering traveller finds himself once more on the ground. To these inconveniences must be added the peculiarly oppressive heat of a tropical forest, the continual perspiration, and the frequent difficulty of getting water."

When to all this were further added the treachery, or, at least, the uncertain temper, of savage head-hunting tribes, the limited time available for these land excursions, and the lack of adequate means for securing the co-operation of friendly natives, the reader will not be surprised to find that, during the three years the expedition lasted, only a small part of the whole Archipelago was explored. Some of the larger islands, such as Bougainville and Guadalcanar, were not visited at all, while accurate observations were confined mainly to the northern part of San Christoval, to Fauro (Faro), Piedu and Sumbo (Narovo), of the prevailing volcanic formation, and to Choiseul, Ugi, Treasury, Santa Anna, and Shortland, of the more restricted limestone formation. This fact of the limited extent of his operations must necessarily be taken into consideration in estimating the value of Dr. Guppy's broad generalisations, especially when his inductions threaten to revolutionise current views regarding the physical constitution of the Pacific islands, and, in particular, Darwin's famous theory on the origin of coral reefs and atolls. This theory has recently given rise to some animated controversy between the Duke of Argyll, on the one hand, and Profs. Huxley and Bonney, on the other, the former having used certain ambiguous expressions, apparently imputing a "conspiracy of silence" to the champions of the Darwinian hypothesis, which imputation the latter have warmly resented on behalf of men of science generally. Darwin's view, associating coral structure with subsidence, was first seriously attacked, in 1880, by Dr. John Murray, of the *Challenger* expedition, who, on the contrary, connected it with the reverse process of upheaval. In the present connexion the point of interest is that Dr. Guppy finds that, so far as examined by him, the Solomon group is an area, not of subsidence, but of upheaval, thus, so far, lending support to Dr. Murray's views. Of great upheaval, to the extent of perhaps 2000 feet above sea level, there appears to be superabundant evidence, as, for instance, in Treasury Island, where the sedimentary rocks are of marine origin, levelled up, in some instances, from oceanic depths of "perhaps from 1500 to 1800 fathoms; but, in others, deposited in comparatively shallow water." Hence the conclusion that

"the structural history of the formation of Treasury Island lends powerful support to Dr. Murray's theory of coral reefs. Here a submarine volcanic peak has been brought up to within the depths at which reef corals thrive,

partly by the constant piling up of sediment, but mainly by the upheaving movements."

It is further stated that this tremendous upheaval is of comparatively late date, having occurred, in fact, "in recent and probably sub-recent times," language elsewhere more precisely defined by the expression, "Post-Tertiary times." Hence the far-reaching consequence that these insular groups are not fragments of a vanished continent, as generally supposed, but that, on the contrary, they have

"always retained their insular condition, situated, as they are, in a region of upheaval, and separated, as they are, from each other and from the Australian continent by depths of from 1000 to 2000 fathoms."

It is odd that the present depths of the surrounding waters should be urged as an argument against the western Pacific Islands having at any time formed part of the Australian mainland, seeing that Dr. Guppy himself levels up the oceanic bed many thousand feet on the strength of the character of the sedimentary formations occurring in parts of the Solomon Archipelago. If there can have been upheaval to this extent in quite recent times, why not also subsidence in remoter geological epochs? It is noteworthy that a particular species of crocodile (*C. porosus*) widely spread over south-eastern Asia, the Eastern Archipelago, and North Australia, also abounds in the Solomon Islands. No doubt this saurian is here "equally at home in salt and fresh water." But it will scarcely be suggested that it has reached these islands by swimming across the many hundred miles of marine waters separating them from Australia or New Guinea. Is not, therefore, the presence of the crocodile a much stronger argument in favour of a former connexion with the western mainland, than that in favour of continuous isolation based on the somewhat doubtful age of the submarine calcareous formations in some parts of the archipelago?

Great and intelligent attention has been paid by Dr. Guppy to the anthropology of the Solomon Islands. But although accurate measurements were taken of a few natives at several points, and careful observations recorded on their general physical characters and mental qualities, the results can in no way be regarded as exhaustive. Indeed, the Bushmen in the interior of the larger islands, representing the true aborigines, were scarcely seen at all, and nowhere examined. Consequently the remarks here made refer exclusively to the coast tribes, which throughout Melanesia are everywhere intermingled with Eastern Polynesians, if not also Malayan intruders. They are essentially mixed populations, among whom the dark or Papuan element largely predominates, but who mostly speak Malayo-Polynesian dialects imposed upon them by the conquering brown Polynesian invaders from the East. Hence the intricate character of the numerous problems connected with Oceanic ethnology, problems which can never be satisfactorily solved until we get a thorough diagnosis of the true autochthonous black elements, whether they be the Kai-Colos of Viti-Levu (Fiji group), the Karons, Koiari, and others of New Guinea, and these "Bushmen" of the Solomon group.

So far as it goes, the account given of the coast tribes is valuable, because based entirely on the author's personal observations. They are described as considerably below the average height, ranging from about 5 feet to 5 feet 8 inches, of very dark brown complexion, but lighter in the eastern than in the western islands, with bushy frizzled black hair, short straight nose occasionally arched in a regular curve and much depressed at the root, receding chin and mesocephalic head, that is, intermediate between the round and long-shaped skull. But amid great diversity, sometimes approaching the pure Papuan, at others betraying Polynesian and even Malayan affinities, two very distinctly marked types were found to prevail in several places, one a taller, darker, more robust and more round-headed, the other a shorter, less vigorous, lighter coloured, and more long-headed race. Some valuable details are given regarding the "mop-headed" style of hair so characteristic of the Papuan peoples, with, however, an unfortunate reference to the South American Cafusos, who represent no native type, being simply half-caste Negroes and Brazilian Indians.

Intellectually, these Melanesians are placed in many respects on a much higher level than most other Negro or Negroid peoples. Yet abundant evidence is here given of their head-hunting and cannibalistic propensities. The case is even mentioned of a native missionary, son of a "most accomplished head-hunter in San Christoval," who had been selected by Bishop Selwyn, and trained at the Norfolk Island establishment, but who, nevertheless, again took to the old heathenish ways, and appears even to have accompanied his father on a head-hunting foray during the author's stay in the Archipelago. The natives generally bear a notoriously bad name for treachery and rooted hostility to the whites; and it redounds not a little to Dr. Guppy's credit that by the display of a little tact and kindly feeling he was usually able to secure the goodwill and confidence of the communities visited by the expedition. In one instance, after the exchange of presents, a mutually friendly feeling was established, with the result that

"in a few days I was rambling all over the island [Treasure], usually accompanied by a lively gathering of men and boys. An intimacy was established with the natives, which lasted until we bade farewell to the group in the following year; and the return of the *Lark* from her cruises was always a cause of rejoicing among the natives. The men of the ship were known by name to most of the people of the island; while Mr. Isabell, our leading stoker, made a deep impression upon them by his readiness to employ his mechanical skill for their various wants, so much so that Mule [the local chief] offered, if he would remain, to make him a chief with the usual perquisites as to the number of his wives. For my own part, I reaped the full benefit of our amical relations with the natives; and for the proof of this statement, I must refer the reader to the remarks on my intercourse with them, and to my observations on the geology, botany, and other characteristics of the island." Yet the Treasury natives had hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being "the most treacherous and blood-thirsty of any known savages," so that the explorer expected his acquaintance with the island would not extend beyond the deck of H.M.S. *Lark*.

These handsome volumes are beautifully printed, enriched with several excellent geological maps and ethnological illustrations, and provided with tolerably copious indexes.

A. H. KRANE.

Canute the Great and The Cup of Water.
By Michael Field. (Bell.)

THE first of these plays does not appear to the present writer to deserve the extremely high praise that has elsewhere been lavished upon it; nevertheless, it is a very notable effort to present, dramatically, a noble subject. Has Canute been made the hero of an English drama before Michael Field took him in hand? Perhaps, when one does not know the answer to a question, the best way is to ask it of others; in any case, the presentment of Canute here is Michael Field's own. It is in the manner, and not without the mannerism, of the author of "Brutus Ultor," on which play, and still more on "Callirrhö," I personally think "Canute the Great" shows a marked advance, while "The Cup of Water" is incomparably weaker.

On the whole, perhaps, a drama should not have a preface. But if it is to have one at all, let it be such as that prefixed to "Canute the Great." In a couple of pages the author tells us not only the local origin of this drama—born where the North Sea and the reed-beds of the Broads sigh their secrets to each other—but the idea of Canute and his career that arose out of "the features and traditions of this Danish kingdom." One excerpt must be made, for it contains the pith of the strongest part of the play.

"When . . . a vigorous, aggressive, and undisciplined people comes to realise its barbarism through contact with the civilisation it has defaced, it wrestles with an intolerable shame. In the evolutionary struggle the survivor is himself a tragic figure. Every sunrise brings him into sharper antagonism with the beliefs and habits that beset, while they revolt, him. He is alienated from his gods, his forefathers, his very dreams. His hopes are not founded on experience, nor his ideals on memory. Causes such as these invest the person of Canute with singular and mournful majesty. Centuries of fierce pagan blood in his veins, he set himself to the task of becoming a great Christian governor and lawgiver to men."

This is a noble and truly tragic conception, but the zeal of it has gone near to eat up the author. Compared to Canute, Emma is but a scheming and unscrupulous politician deeply in love, and Edric is a daub. Is it not of the essence of drama that the secondary characters shall have their own perfect, though subordinate, interest? And can this be said of any secondary character here? Some will perhaps find such a character in Emma. To me the cultured heroine appears to be not only an inferior nature to Canute's—which was intended—but an altogether inferior piece of drawing—which was not intended. One, and only one, among the secondary characters, seems to me drawn with the full force of Michael Field's imagination—this is Gunhild, the Scandinavian prophetess, who is, as it were, the very voice of the North, calling Canute back from his new task, new learning, new civilisation. Coming before Canute with her "brooding face and windy sea of hair," she bids him

hearken to the prophecy that speaks doom on his apostasy:

"Hearken! I wandered out
Among the brake-fern and the upright flags,
And snatching brambles, when the sun was gone,
And the west yellow underneath the night.
A fir-bough rolled its mass athwart my way,
With a black fowl thereon. All eve I stood
And gathered in your fate. You raise your hands
To other gods, you speak another tongue,
You learn strange things on which is Odin's seal
That men should know them not, you cast the
billows
Behind your back, and leap upon the horse,
You love no more the North that fashioned you,
The ancestors whose blood is in your heart:
These things you have forgotten. . . . At thy
birth
Sang Urd of foregone things, of thy wild race
Of rocks and fir trees that for ages past
Stood in thy native bounds, of creeping seal
That call thy countrymen to journey forth
Among strange people; and her song went on
As flesh was woven for thee in the womb;
It cannot be forgotten, for she sang
Beginnings.

"CANUTE.

"O grey-headed tyrannies
Of yore, I will escape you.

"GUNHILD.

"Verily
They have requital. Thou wilt get a child:
Will it not draw from the deep parts of life;
Will it not take of thee that disposition,
Old as the hills, and as the waterfall
Whose foam alone was ever seen by man?
Thou wilt produce a being of thy past,
And all thy change avail not. . . . I go;
But wrathful leave behind me what was told
When the crow bent from the swirled plume of
fir,
And held me like a statue."

Is it not a perfect embodiment of an oracle—almost as impressive as, and far less laboured than, the somewhat similar character of Guanhumara in "Les Burgraves"?

Compared to this, the sketch of Edric, the double-dyed traitor of the play, is wanting in imaginative force. He is Iago without his intellect, Edmund without his skill in subservience and his hidden scorn for "the excellent foppery of the world"; a compound of brutal candour and soulless intrigue, he is perhaps possible, but it is surely impossible that either Canute or somebody else would not have strangled him before the third act. Here is his sketch of Edith his wife:

"Unearthly creature! she will win forgiveness
Of my vile sin before it is committed;
While Edmund lies at peace upon his bed
She will have prayed me guiltless of his murder.
She was revolted when I married her
By my dull lewdness; in our wedded hours,
As I unfolded to her my atrocious
And unimagined culpability,
She grew the guardian angel of my spirit;
And now, asleep or waking, I am certain
Of pardon for my most appalling crimes,
And trusting to her saintly vigilance
Can close my eyes and fall asleep without
A *pater-noster*."

It is like the complacent self-revelations of Firmilian—but then Firmilian was a paquinade.

There is a fault which was abundantly apparent in "Callirrhö," and is not absent from this volume. Dramatic poetry, which is really in large measure the expression in words of motives and thoughts which usually operate in silence, cannot afford to be squeamish. A resolute freedom—which is as far from a putrid naturalism as heaven from earth—is necessary. But Michael Field, when confronted with this necessity, seems

apt to slip into a crudity of expression which is neither literary nor natural. There is a middle course, between the squeamish and the crude, to which the pen of genius can certainly attain. Perhaps, too, the temptation to represent men and women over-much in the attitude of partial dissembling, with themselves or others, has unduly fascinated the author. Common as dissembling is, it is not the master-passion of human nature. It is possible therefore to give it too much prominence.

It is easy to find fault; perhaps it would have been easier still to speak nothing but praise of a work that contains such a masterly conception of Canute himself. Finer and more concentrated power of drawing is not, perhaps, to be found among living dramatists. It is original, too—at least I can see nothing but the necessary and legitimate influence of the Elizabethan dramatists anywhere, unless there be, in Act v., a touch of reminiscence, in the interview between Canute and Emma, of the great scene between Sebald and Ottima in "Pippa Passes." Some lines shine with a quite Shakesperian lustre.

"There is great beauty still upon his face;
It hath not been beloved. Infirmity
Sows sorer rancour in men's hearts than crime.

"There's music in her; she has listened much,
Pored o'er the lustrous missals, learnt how soft
One speaks to God, with silky filaments
Woven weird pictures of the fates of men.
Her smile is not a new-born thing, 'tis old
And mellow as the uncut timeless jewel.

"How simply they laid down their lives!
An Englishman sleeps soundly in his death,
As fearing no ill vision.

"All the night
Is one blue home of stars, and I am certain
Of a sweet sudden that my boys are safe
In the far country, and will live at peace.

"I grew a girl,
When, from the walls of London, I looked down
On his young, glittering, tempestuous face,
And blushed, and gave him all the terms he
sought,
To win one smile."

These are surely sparks from a genuine poetic fire.

"The Cup of Water" will, I think, be read with disappointment after "Canute." It is based upon the tale on which Rossetti projected a ballad—how the king and the earl both loved the maiden they met in the forest, and she loved the king, but by his desire wedded the earl. It is as though one should turn to a tragedy in three acts the graceful story "How Lisa loved the King," changing its resignation and pathos to tragic sorrow. Its defect, dramatically, is that, of the four leading persons represented in it, not one seems to have any character at all. They all act on impulse, all get in one another's way, all play at being magnanimous. Millicent, the wife of Almund the King, carries her indulgence to the point of connivance in her husband's infidelity. None of them, save poor Cara the wood-maiden, seem to have any fidelity of heart or resolution of soul. But there are beautiful touches and scraps of poetry—

"Her childhood is all gone;
Adorably a girl, she shrinks and flushes
The wild-wood red of yonder whortle-blooms.
Ah! I have kindled love with just a touch,
And stung the bud with light.

"Thus God
Severs, without the olemissy of death.

"It is true.
Oh what is hell but truth—a fiery candour!

"They were the dearest eyes
In all the world, but when they looked so dumb,
When nothing happened in them, and they grew
A prison for the tears, I could but pray
To fall in battle and forget the pain."

But, on the whole, "The Cup of Water" must have been more pleasure to write than it is to read, or it would not have been put side by side with "Canute the Great."

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

Thomas à Kempis. Notes of a Visit to the Scenes in which his Life was spent, with some Account of the Examination of his Relics. By Francis Richard Cruise, M.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

THIS work has been written by a loving and reverent hand, and by one who regards Thomas à Kempis as the undoubted author of the *De Imitatione Christi*. It is written from a Roman Catholic standpoint, though the peculiar tenets of that Church are not distinctively introduced. The reason, or rather plea, for writing this new work is given in the preface, where the author states that it is not his intention "to underrate the erudite works of the Rev. S. Kettlewell," yet adds:

"I deeply respect his earnest religious spirit, his appreciation of Thomas à Kempis, and his painstaking research; but I cannot help feeling that the strong Anglican bias which he manifests throughout must render his writings distasteful to Catholic readers."

In the work itself Dr. Cruise goes over much the same ground as that which has been well traversed before, bringing in, of course, fresh additional information from more recent works—since the literature respecting *The Imitation* has not diminished on the Continent of late years. Beginning with some beautiful reflections upon the great work of Thomas à Kempis, the author proceeds to give an account of the revival of spiritual life in a small community of Christians in which à Kempis was trained and lived, about a hundred years before the Reformation began. There are a few sketches of "the Brothers of Common Life," and the formation of the congregation connected with them. Then, after a brief history of the life of Thomas à Kempis himself, he enters upon the controversy respecting the authorship of the *De Imitatione Christi*, giving ample proof that à Kempis was the real author of it. And finally, he concludes with a few "notes of a visit" to the places where the celebrated author had lived. All this is very carefully done, and the value of the book is greatly enhanced by the illustrations or pretty vignettes which are to be found towards the end.

But does not Dr. Cruise fail to comprehend what "the strong Anglican bias," as he terms it, is? For on speaking of being separated from it "by an abyss which can never be spanned," he refers his readers to a criticism in the first of the Appendices in confirmation of what he considers to be "the peculiar views put forward by the Rev. S. Kettlewell and others." From which it is

pretty evident that both writers want to be enlightened as to what the views of a true Anglo-Catholic are; for they regard him as one who denies "the Real Presence" in the Holy Eucharist. But then this is not so, for he holds the doctrine of "the Real Presence," though he rejects the doctrine of Transubstantiation which the Roman Catholics hold, and the doctrine of Consubstantiation which the Lutherans hold, and esteems the Holy Eucharist as something more than a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, as it is held by many Protestant sects. The Anglo-Catholic believes in Apostolical Succession through the episcopate, which most of the Protestant dissenters do not; but he holds that the pope has no authority in the Church to interfere with the succession in the English Church, and that he breaks the laws of the Catholic Church as laid down, more especially in the canons of Nicaea and Ephesus, by introducing a foreign succession into both England and Ireland, and thus causing a sad division in the Church. The Anglo-Catholic regards it as the duty of Christians to belong to the Church of the country in which they live if it be lineally handed down from the Apostles, which Protestant dissenters do not; but he does not hold with the Roman Catholics that articles of faith should be required of them which are not in Holy Scripture, or not agreeable to the same, and he cannot accept the Papacy as the divinely appointed institution of Christ and His Apostles. The Anglo-Catholic considers it to be necessary to adhere to the original basis of Church communion as founded by Christ and His Apostles, as received by the Primitive Christians, and as acknowledged and defined by the first four General Councils of the Church, which Gregory the Great—who sent Augustine over to this country—regarded as equally sacred and binding upon Christians as the four Gospels. The Anglo-Catholic believes that it will only be by a return of the Christians of every denomination to this divine basis that a reunion of Christendom will be eventually brought about; and that, so long as the English Church abides by this basis, she at least is not answerable for "an abyss which can never be spanned."

In his Preface Dr. Cruise thinks it "a little grotesque" to attempt "to establish a parallel between the lives of Gerard Groot and John Wyclif, and in the effort to represent Thomas à Kempis as a potential precursor of Martin Luther, and his so-called Reformation!" But a brief reference to the facts of history will, it may be thought, satisfy reasonable men that there is, after all, some little truth in both these views which are made a ground of complaint. For first, both Gerard Groot and John Wyclif, though living in different countries, and without having any apparent connexion with each other though in the same age, equally laboured to revive the spiritual life in the church of the country to which they severally belonged, while it was in a comparatively moribund state. Both equally endeavoured to disseminate the light of divine truth among the people by preaching the word of God at a time when the laity were forbidden to read the Bible for themselves. Both of them adopted much the same means for extending their work, by training

and employing poor scholars or clerics to spread abroad the glad news of gospel life and salvation. Neither of them would leave the Church, while both of them protested against its corruptions; and both of these men fell under the ban of the pope. It is for others to judge, then, whether or no there was not some sort of parallelism between these two eminent men in the first dawn of the Reformation. And then as to à Kempis being a precursor of Luther and the Reformation he brought about on the Continent, it must be kept in mind that, though their views might differ on some points, the great German reformer would never have been able to bring about the Reformation which he did, had it not been for the leaven which had been working—the desire for a new and better life, which had become deeply engrafted into the hearts of the German people by the reading of *The Imitation of Christ* and books of a similar character by other like-minded authors.

There was, indeed, a singular charm in the chief work of à Kempis, which took a wonderful hold upon the people, more particularly of Northern Europe, from the very first, which spread to England, for the mother of our Henry VII. had the larger portion of *The Imitation* translated into English. The secret of its popularity seemed to lie in this, that it taught men how to lay hold of Christ, and to live after his example; how to find comfort and joy in their religion amid the trials and tribulations of life, and attain a brighter hope of everlasting life to rest upon. There may be a few expressions which savour of the conventional life, and of the age in which it was written; but, upon the whole, it gave a bright reflex of what the life of Christ in man should be. The congregation of Christians, whose spiritual life it depicts, was as a tender plant that budded, and showed signs of new growth that promised well, while all else in the Church around seemed dry and barren. It was as the first streak of light before the dawn of day after a dark and dreary night; and men welcomed it as the harbinger of awakening life in the Church. *The Imitation* is not exactly a commentary on the Scriptures, for as such it would probably have been forbidden; but it gives a lively picture of what a Christian should be who is guided by the word of God, and sets himself seriously in the way of following Christ. Therefore, even to this day, it finds a welcome in the hearts of all earnest and devout-minded men, of whatever denomination they may be. It was alike the companion book, next to the Bible, which the devout and intrepid General Gordon delighted to peruse in his solitary life at Khartum; and of the excellent John Wesley, when, like a second Gerard Groot, he went travelling from place to place to win souls for Christ. Thomas à Kempis does not seem to have had much liking for the papacy, or much belief in its authority; for only two or three times does he mention the pope in the many works he wrote, and in one of these places he does not speak of him, or the use of his power, with much respect. And it is a singular fact that so notable and devout a man as à Kempis has not been either canonised or beatified by any pope since his day. A Catholic doubtless he was, but more of the

type of the Anglo-Catholic than some think him.

A good index is added to the book, with a map of Holland, and two photographic likenesses from paintings of Thomas à Kempis; while the type and "get up" of it is everything to be desired. S. KITTLEWELL.

NEW NOVELS.

April Hopes. By William D. Howells. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

A Double Wedding. By the author of "St. Olave's." In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

George Stalden. By Edmund Lawrence. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Sweet is True Love. By Katharine King. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Under the Stars and Under the Crescent. By Edwin de Leon. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Sport of Circumstances. By Louis E. Armstrong. (Sonnenschein.)

Miss Willowburn's Offer. By Sarah Doudney. (Blackie.)

A New Exodus. By Catherine Ray. (Nisbet.)

April Hopes is as dreary and cleverly written a story as Mr. Howells has ever published. Most even of his later books have had in them a little of that optimism which makes English readers generally regard *The Lady of the Aroostook* as his most enjoyable work. But in *April Hopes* Mr. Howells gives full swing to his peculiarly dry and attenuated American cynicism. There is not in it a single man or woman worth remembering. The folk who appear in its pages—and they are bewilderingly numerous—have no time to be happy; they have only time to be introspective and analytical. "They're the nicest kind of people," no doubt, that Boston, or Cambridge, or any of the other seats of "intellectuality" in the United States, can give us—to borrow the description that Dan Mavering, Mr. Howells's apology for a hero, gives of the father and mother of his apology for a heroine. Yet somehow one wishes that the whole of them could be precipitated from middle-class competence into poverty; then, perhaps, they would show whether they have any characters of their own, and not mere substitutes for characters supplied by Boston society, or Harvard Class-Days, or Hygeia Hotels. It may be doubted if there ever figured before in any work of fiction such an intolerable pair of lovers as poor, soft, good-natured Dan Mavering, and Alice Pasmer with her capriciousness, her morbid self-examination, her unreal self-depreciation, her blue-china ideals. After their engagement has been broken about a score of times, Mr. Howells is cruel enough to marry them in the last chapter. It is, therefore, to be hoped that, in a sequel to *April Hopes*, he will be kind enough to reduce them to keeping boarders in New York. In that case, they may find from others what true pleasure and true pain are, and even overcome the great difficulty in life, which, as Mr. Howells says, in his pretty way, "is to bring experience to the level of expectation, to match our real emotions in view of any great occasion with the ideal emotions

which we have taught ourselves that we ought to feel."

Carlyle, according to one of the stories, mostly false, which have been circulated about him since his death, finally demolished a novelist whom he had been flaying alive, and who had pleaded that "his types were human at any rate," by exclaiming "Then heaven deliver me from such humanity!" On praying—as the first duty that ought to be performed after reading *April Hopes*—to be delivered from the humanity that is to be found in it, one may, or rather must, allow that it is mercilessly realistic, and that Mr. Howells has packed into it more sentences and more characters that are clever without being "smart" than in any of his previous works. One is positively grateful for being introduced to the elder Mavering, professor though he is, because he confesses to "the increased liking a man feels for a woman when she owns to an appetite." Then there is one girl of genuine character in *April Hopes*—of sufficient character to decline to marry Dan Mavering—a Miss Anderson, "who claimed a collateral Dutch ancestry by the Van Hook, tucked in between her non-committal family name and the Julia given her in christening," and whose face would have been uninteresting "if it had not been for the caprice of her nose in suddenly changing from the ordinary American regularity, after getting over its bridge, and turning out distinctively *retroussé*." Altogether, *April Hopes* should be treated very much like an ice-pudding. With a view to thorough appreciation, not to say digestion, the more slowly it is taken the better.

The new work by the author of *St. Olave's* is realistic somewhat as *April Hopes* is realistic—that is to say, the lives of a number of people, whose characters give the impression of having been made to order, are represented in panoramic fashion. It is an excellent story of its author's kind, being a careful study of a thoroughly clericalised rural society. The "double wedding" of the heroine's sister to the Rev. Rowland Berrithorne, and of the adventuress, Seline Consett, to the hero, Michael Forrester, does not bring the plot to a conclusion. It rather brings us to the most interesting stage in it. We feel much more sympathy with Berrithorne after misfortune has fallen upon him and his wife, and with Forrester after the death of his wife—who has won him by means of a lie—than before their marriages. Seline Forrester is a minute study of a weak, frivolous, woman, who is not thoroughly bad; and the story of the weak Berrithorne's deterioration and reformation is told with skill. Lady Matilda, the malicious and dangerous gossip, and motherly Mrs. Dumble, will take their place among the best portraits in this author's gallery.

George Stalden professes not to be a historical novel, but to be a personal memorial of the time of the American War of Independence, and to be only "edited" by Mr. Edmund Lawrence. Whether it is the one or the other, it is clearly and simply written. Arnold, André, Rodney, Clinton, and other characters of the period, British and American, look lifelike in its pages; and a number of domestic scenes are carefully and prettily

spots met with in all glaciated countries. I have met with few other "living" beliefs about them, but am glad now that I am better informed.

The volume is such a conglomeration of anachronisms, errors, and unlucky patchwork, that it is not safe to lean any weight on its evidence. At the same time, I agree with all that the writer says in praise of Aran and its inhabitants. To the naturalist or archaeologist there is no place in the kingdom so full of fresh, true, and unhackneyed interest, for no place of anything like the interest in this country is nearly so difficult to arrive at. For this reason it seems to me a vast pity that Mr. Burke should not have consulted some friend before publishing a volume which lays itself open to censure from the merest schoolboy's education, and which, by ignoring the real points of noteworthiness and promulgating silly errors instead, defeats the object aimed at. It is a pity in more respects than one. Ireland receives flying visits from distinguished inhabitants of the sister isle nowadays, who publish their impressions as fast as a dog can trot; and grave and numerous are the misrepresentations so put forth. A late lady-author fell into this modern fashion, and it is unfortunate that the last writing of the author of *John Halifax* should be so far from accurate in its statements. But it is a much more unfortunate circumstance to find a native, one to the manner born, airing his ignorance in such a childish fashion. Men of science in England have continually reproached us Irish for our lack of systematic study of our own most interesting products. Surely they have cause when they read the statement of a barrister-at-law and a B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, that the sea-anemone is a marine plant, and the duck and teal breed on the cliffs of Aran.

H. C. HART.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Nov. 21, 1887.

It is a relief to know that Mr. Round has at length pointed out the "worst mistakes" in my book. May I say in reply:

(1) No argument therein respecting Domesday Book hangs on Ingulf. He is referred to for what he is worth, and the reference-note is given for obvious reasons.

(2) I cannot enter into his troubles connected with the Museum library.

(3) In applying the word "peeress" to a countess of the Norman period, I fear I have used the term in a more extended signification than usual. It is, however, a trivial slip, scarcely worth noting. I see that the word "peerage" is similarly used by Nicolas in his well-known work, entitled "A Synopsis of the Peerage of England, exhibiting . . . every Title of Peerage which has existed in this Country since the Conquest." Among Nicolas's "peers" are some noble personages quite as remote as Godiva.

(4) The passage which Mr. Round calls my "worst mistake" rests on good authority—an authority of three separate and independent chronicles, which have none of the Ingulfine taint in them; unless, indeed, Mr. Round has already relegated these also to the limbo of delusion and imposture. In order to show that I have not exceeded the strict signification of the words, I transcribe the paragraph in dispute side by side with the original Latin from which it is derived:

"Lucy, the countess . . . married, after the death of her first husband, Ivo, Roger, son of Gerold Romara [here Mr. Round writes *sis* as if there were something wrong in me] in the

time of Henry I., and had one son William. She married, a third time, Ralph Earl of Chester, in the reign of King Stephen, and by this marriage had a second son, Ranulf, Earl of Chester" (p. 99).

filio Geroldi Romara, peperit filium nomine Willielmum postea comitem de terris paternis et Lincoln. comitatus; nupta etiam tertio viro, tempore regis Stephani, id est Ranulfo comiti Cestriae, peperit filium Ranulfum postea comitem Cestriae."

As Mr. Round knows all that is to be learned of Lucy the countess, I need not tell him that this occurs at the end of a MS. of Florence of Worcester. Let him also compare equally reputable evidence from another MS.—no doubt familiar to him—the *Registrum de Spalding*:

"Defuncto vero Yvone, eadem domina Lucia successiva sumpit sibi alios viros; scilicet Rogerum filium Geroldi, et comitem Cestriae Ranulphum. Mortuis quoque domino rege Willielmo et maritis dominae Luciae supradictis, ipsa in viduitate sua donavit," &c.

I have no wish to follow Mr. Round into the labyrinth of his physiological paradoxes; but, in support of the fact that "Algar" was her father, I will ask him to examine this passage from a third, and equally irreproachable, MS.:

"Yvo, maritus Luciae comitissae, donationes, quas Toraldus avunculus ejusdem Luciae, filiae Algari comitis Leicestriae, monachis Spaldyngiae dederat, evidenter fecit confirmari."—*Ann. of Peterborough*.

The difficulties of the date of Algar and the story of Lucy have long been felt in English history. Can Mr. Round smooth them away? If so, he will deserve everybody's gratitude.

WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: Nov. 21, 1887.

Mr. Round understates Mr. W. de Gray Birch's fondness for Ingulph. Mr. Birch quotes or refers to his authority eighteen times, only once suggesting that any doubt has ever been cast on the genuineness or credibility of Ingulph, and then implying that such doubt is misplaced (p. 121). The reference seems to be always to Mr. Birch's own edition of Ingulph's Chronicle, which I do not possess, and which I have endeavoured in vain to see at the British Museum, the London Library, and other places.

There are two other passages which have excited my bump of antiquarian or historical curiosity—viz.:

"Wherever a substantial building was found to be in existence, as at St. Pancras Church, Canterbury, for example, it was taken possession of for the benefit of the new religion" (p. 6).

"A copy of the Epistolae of St. Jerome, which at one time belonged to Thomas Wolsey, the unfortunate Archbishop of Canterbury" (p. 70).

The whole book seems to be written by one who knows a great deal about the subject, but who does not care or has not time to be accurate for the benefit of such Christian ignoramuses as would read books published by the S.P.C.K. But the mere fact that Mr. Birch was putting forth a popular account of the Domesday Book, for people who would presumably take his statements and references for granted, should surely have made him specially careful not to impose upon their ignorance or credulity.

F. E. WARREN.

A HITTITE SYMBOL.

London: Nov. 19, 1887.

I am accused by Prof. Sayce of not "making sure" of my "facts" with regard to the "innocent-looking triangle"—i.e., the equilateral triangle; for I intimated distinctly that I was "taking into account simply the equilateral triangle." I am informed that I shall find it not merely on the seals and "at Hamath," but also "at Jerablus," and "at Merash," refer-

ence being given to two places in published representations of inscriptions from the two last-named ancient sites. But Prof. Sayce is "sorry" that in these places it is not "accompanied by 'the head of a cow.'" Now, if all this were true, it would be quite consistent with my statement as to the equilateral triangle "occurring but very rarely." And I did not, of course, think of saying that this triangle is found only with an emblem of the cow-headed Ashtoreth.* The discussion was concerned, indeed, with its occurrence in connexion with a totally different symbol. But as to the two places in the inscriptions to which Prof. Sayce refers, the fact is that the equilateral triangle occurs at neither the one nor the other. On the Merash inscription there is a triangular object with what looks at first sight like a tolerably thick tail or handle. But clearly this is not the triangle we are seeking. And on the third line of the Jerablus inscription there are objects in the shape of isosceles triangles, or approximating thereto, but there is no equilateral triangle.

With respect to the legs of the Hittite symbol, what I said had reference to the seals represented by Perrot and Chipiez, and to the Tarsus seal, especially to the latter, of which I examined with great care an excellent impression. Certainly on this impression the Hittite symbol had a "pair of divergent legs which clearly terminate in turned-up toes." What modification of this symbol there may be on seals which I have not seen, it is, of course, impossible for me to say. I should not by any means expect to find the symbol "always associated" with the equilateral triangle.

Prof. Sayce wants me to tell him when and where he has spoken of the "Hittite symbol as being a symbol of life." If this be not the sense conveyed in his letter to the ACADEMY of November 5 (p. 304, lines 10 to 25), I fail altogether to discern what is intended, or why a comparison should be made with the *ankh*, "the Egyptian symbol of life"—a comparison which, by the way, had been previously suggested by Mr. Pinches. THOMAS TYLER.

[As Prof. Sayce has already left England, it may be as well to reprint in full what he wrote in the ACADEMY of November 5 about "the symbol of life":

"In one case, however, the [Hittite] knotted girdle takes the form of the *crux ansata*, the Egyptian symbol of life. I believe, therefore, that it gives us the clue to the origin of this mysterious symbol. It would have denoted the knotted girdle worn by the primitive Egyptian over the seat of life. Some of the figures in the tomb of Ti of the Fifth Dynasty wear no other article of clothing."

Prof. Sayce's argument clearly was, not that the Hittite girdle was a symbol of life, but that the Egyptian emblem of life was originally a girdle.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

AN EARLY ENGLISH DEED.

London: Nov. 8, 1837.

As the first of Mr. Furnivall's "Fifty earliest English Wills in the Court of Probate, London," is dated 1387, it may be worth while to note the existence of an English document of similar character, but of considerably earlier date. This is the foundation by "Simond Potyn," of St. Katherine's "Spitall," Rochester (1316), which is, "Dated in the feast of Christmas in the yere of our lorde Jhesu Christ MCCCXVI reigninge our lorde Kinge Edwarde

* That an emblem of Ashtoreth should be found on a Hamathite inscription is in accordance with the Semitic name of the city *Hamath*. And the people, also, who sculptured the inscriptions found at Jerablus and Merash were probably in the main Semites. With regard to the Hamath and Jerablus inscriptions I have maintained this position for several years.

called of Carnarvan, the sonne of Kynde Edwarde the first after the conquest." It is printed in that unindexed work, Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense* (pp. 546-7), from the original "in archivis civitatis Roffensis."

J. H. ROUND.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 26. 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Evolution of Reptiles," by Prof. H. G. Seeley.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of some selected Palettes," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," I., by Mr. H. H. Statham.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Journey round Chinese Turkestan and along the Northern Frontier of Tibet," by Mr. A. D. Carey.
TUESDAY, Nov. 27. 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Accidents in Mines," II., by Sir Frederick A. Abel.
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28. 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Economic Illumination from Waste Oils," by Mr. J. B. Hannay.
THURSDAY, Dec. 1. 8 p.m. London Institution: "How Plants protect themselves," by Mr. W. Gardiner.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," II., by Sir John Lubbock; "Myriopoda of Mergul Archipelago," by Mr. E. J. Pocock.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The supposed Third Nitroethane," by Prof. Dunstan and Mr. T. S. Dymond; "Researches on the Laws of Substitution in the Naphthalene Series," by Prof. H. E. Armstrong.
FRIDAY, Dec. 2. 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "The Classification of Continuous Railway Brakes," by Mr. A. Wharton Metcalfe.
8 p.m. Philological: "English Etymologies—Cess-pool, &c.," by Mr. H. Bradley.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

Plautinische Studien. By P. Langen.
(Berlin: Calvary.)

In this book Langen addresses himself in the first instance to the question of interpolations in the text of Plautus, entering the field against the critics and editors who assume that the comedies in their traditional form contain extensive additions by later revisers. His defence of the text is based upon a severe criticism of some features in the art of Plautus. "We have no right to form an *a priori* notion of the excellence of the Plautine comedies and then proceed to reject summarily as un-Plautine whatever in our eyes detracts from that excellence." That this is a self-evident proposition Langen is perfectly aware; but he justly maintains that its bearing has been insufficiently appreciated by certain modern critics who have never asked whether the diffuseness at which they take offence in particular passages is not in reality a general characteristic of the workmanship of the poet. The book may, therefore, be called a study in textual criticism from the literary point of view. On the other hand, it is no part of the problem, as Langen conceives it, to call attention to the merits of Plautus, or to balance merits against demerits. He is, therefore, careful to warn the reader not to expect any general verdict of a literary character. His purpose is served if he succeeds in proving the constant recurrence of a certain class of defects.

His main contention Langen appears to me to have established conclusively. His searching criticism of all the comedies proves—what every reader must have more or less distinctly felt—that Plautus habitually works out his themes with a prolixity which seriously impairs the effectiveness of his humour, and must have been a standing difficulty to the ancient actor; and further, that he is careless in the construction of his plays, and often indifferent to consistency in the delineation of

character. It appears, therefore, in the highest degree rash to excise whole passages merely because they are unnecessary to the development of the plot, or contain repetitions of a thought already sufficiently expressed. It is satisfactory to find that cautious editors like Brix are moving in a conservative direction. His fourth edition of the *Captivi* removes the ban from many lines which were still suspected in his third.

The view as to general faults of construction in Plautus which Langen adopts is, of course, not new. It is as old as Horace (*cf.* "Securus cadat an recto stat fabula talo"). What Horace's verdict on the question of prolixity would have been, had it been distinctly put to him, it is, perhaps, difficult to say. The line

"Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epi-
charm!"

is very obscure. It is explained by Prof. Sellar (who elsewhere recognises the prolixity with which themes are hammered out in the "Cantica") as referring to the "extreme vivacity and rapidity of gesture, dialogue, declamation, and recitative by which his scenes were characterised." May not the idea be the same as that in

"Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco,"

and refer to the "running scenes" which were so characteristic of Plautus, and which seem to have fallen into partial disfavour by the time of Terence? (See Hautontim. *Prol.* 28 ff.). Whatever be its interpretation, we may say, with Cato, "aliud est properare, aliud festinare." And of Plautus it is not true that "ad eventum festinat" (Orelli)—at any rate, if the words are used to convey praise. The recognition scene of the *Menaschmi* has been often quoted as an example of a *déroulement* absurdly deferred. The discovery is practically made as soon as the twin brothers are brought face to face. Langen's castigation of this scene is a curious commentary on the hasty remark of Orelli (upon the line of Horace above quoted)—"Nunquam in rebus minutis movando retardat spectatorem."

An instance of faulty construction is contained in the *Captivi*. The general scheme of the play is for the action to take place on one day—indeed, during the time that the parasite, Ergasilus, is waiting for his dinner (*cf.* iv. 2.3). But the latter part of the play is wholly unintelligible except on the assumption of a lapse of some considerable time; for between the end of the second and beginning of the fourth act the captive Philocrotis completes a journey from Aetolia to Elis and back again, and between the third and the fifth acts his slave Tyndarus suffers protracted punishment in the stone quarries (*cf.* v. 4.1 ff.). It is this *inconsistency* which differentiates the treatment of time in the *Captivi* from that in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. The defence of Brix, that "the measure of empirical time has no absolute validity for the idealising drama," has always seemed to me without force, except as a reply to sticklers for the unity of time. How Lessing, who to some extent felt the difficulty above mentioned, could call the *Captivi* "the most perfect play ever put upon the boards" it is difficult to see. A fault of construction of the opposite kind is to be found in the *Menas-*

chmi. The slave Messenio is told in the second act to take his master's luggage to an inn; but he does not succeed in executing this commission and returning until Act v. (986), although no suggestion is offered that he has been delayed.

In the delineation of the twin *Menaschmi* we have also an example of "psychological inconsistency." Such thievishness as they both show would have been more in place in the description of a pair of rascally slaves. Again, it is unnatural that the Epidamnian brother should never have made any inquiry as to his family, though he knew the name of his father and mother, and shows attachment to his brother when they meet (*cf.* 1132). It is a fault of construction in the *Rudens* that the shipwrecked girls do not recognise the temple of Venus, which must have been quite near to their home. In the *Trinummus* Langen shows well that we must choose between the alternatives of either saying that the poet never troubled himself to ask how Stasimus came into possession of a talent of money, or admitting that this honest slave (*cf.* 617 ff., 1070 ff.) stole it from his master.

In such criticism as this Langen is at his best, and it is impossible to deny that he makes many effective and humorous points against Plautus. It is plain that Plautus had none of the spirit which animated an artist like Goethe, and which shows itself in the scrupulous *Motivierung* of even trivial incidents (*cf.* his suggestion to Schiller to add two lines to "Wallenstein's Lager" in order to explain how the peasant came into possession of the dice).

But sometimes Langen's attack seems to admit of an answer in defence of Plautus. His critic appears not to allow enough for stage convention and the *roba di scena* which plays so large a part in pieces of a humorous character all the world over, and especially in Italy. Thus, in the *Aulularia* Langen objects to Euclio's utterance of grief and rage after his discovery that he has been robbed. The robbery, says Langen, was discovered in the grove of Silvanus, some distance from the town. Euclio had time to cool down before he reached his house. But surely the poet is justified in allowing him to utter the first emotions of despair to the audience. We may, if we like, think of Euclio rushing along the road crying out for his lost treasure, as Shylock does in the "Merchant of Venice." Langen admits that we ought to take no offence at the ordinary employment of an open street as the scene of action, even though we have evidence enough that in real life the ancients would have thought a street an unsuitable place for secret communications, money transactions (*Aimaria*), ladies' toilettes (*Mostellaria*, *cf.* *Mercator*, 1005). Why not then extend the license of the stage a little further? In the *Captivi* is there not something more subtle and pathetic than Langen thinks in the description of Hegio as believing in the general truth of the captives' statements, and making inquiries afterwards when one of them had escaped? Logically, no doubt, he ought to have reversed the procedure. But, psychologically, is it not an ordinary case of shutting the door after the horse has been stolen? In making inquiries Hegio, of course, expected only confirmation of the story in its main outlines, not evidence

that he had been deceived. In *Aulularia*, ii. 1 Langen objects to the sudden conversion, in the course of twenty lines, of an old man to the idea of marriage. But are we not intended to understand that the thought of marrying Euclio's daughter had been long simmering in the mind of Megaronides, and that his sister suspected it? This would explain her sarcasms about the general badness of women early in the scene, which Langen regards as so out of place in one who was recommending matrimony. In cases like this we ought to give the poet the benefit of the doubt. In any case the conversion is hardly so startling as some other stage conversions of a similar character. The reader is involuntarily reminded of the scene in "Richard III.," in which the Duke of Gloucester persuades Lady Anne, who knew that he had murdered her husband, to accept his hand. In *Menaechmi*, 708 ff., is there not something very feminine in the sudden outburst of violence on the part of the wronged wife, when Menaechmus returns her the robe, the outward and visible sign of his faithlessness? In the same play Langen complains that Plautus gave no thought to the question of costumes; the Syracusan Menaechmus has just arrived, and must, therefore, be wearing his travelling dress; the other Menaechmus is dressed like an ordinary citizen. If the reader will tolerate another reference to Shakspeare—between whom and Plautus a strong resemblance is found by Mommsen—I would say that exactly the same criticism applies to the "Comedy of Errors." Stage convention allows the brothers (and slaves in the latter play) to appear in identical dresses, and no questions must be asked. In his criticism of the *Mostellaria*, p. 171, Langen hardly allows enough for the difficulties of a man who has to lie in a hurry.

The third part of the book contains a discussion of a number of passages in which Langen suspects corruption of the text. Space forbids me to enter into details; suffice it for the moment to say that the author everywhere shows that sound sense and thorough scholarship which characterised his former work (*Beiträge zur Kritik und Erklärung des Plautus*, 1880), and gives proof that he is not one of those who will fight *πρὸς καὶ λάξ* for anything that stands in the MSS.

E. A. SONNENSCHNEIN.

SOME BOTANICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Lectures on Bacteria. By A. de Bary. Translated by H. E. F. Garnsey; revised by Prof. J. B. Balfour. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have done well in publishing, in a handy and convenient form, an authorised translation of Prof. de Bary's lectures on bacteria delivered in the University of Strassburg. Although going over much the same ground as the chapters on bacteria in his larger work—*The Comparative Anatomy and Biology of the Fungi, Mycetozoa, and Bacteria*—issued by the same English publishers, it is yet a distinct work; and students of this branch of science will be very glad to have it as a separate publication. The literature of bacteriology has now, in truth, become somewhat appalling. Not only has the bacteriologist to make himself acquainted with all that has been written on the life-history of the various forms, and their

power of mutual transmutation, but also with their pathogenic effects (or otherwise) on man and on other animals, and with the results of their culture in different nutrient substances. On the life-history of bacteria Prof. de Bary is the highest living authority; and on this branch of the subject the reader will here find an adequate account of all the phenomena that can be regarded as substantiated up to the present time, as well as chapters on the causal connexion of parasitic bacteria with infectious diseases in warm-blooded animals, and with the diseases of insects and of plants. To this is appended an excellent "conspectus of literature," accompanied by notes by the author.

Cohn's Beiträge zur Biologie der Pflanzen. The fifth vol. of this very valuable publication commences a new series, with a larger page, so as to give more effective plates. The first Heft (244 pages) is entirely occupied with an important paper, by Herr F. Schwarz, on the morphological and chemical composition of protoplasm, illustrated by eight plates. The cell-nucleus he regards as composed of the following five substances, viz.: (1) chromatin, the portion most sensitive to staining re-agents, and occurring in the form of larger or smaller granules or globules, the "nucleo-microsomes" of Strasburger; (2) pyrenin and amphipyrenin, which constitute, respectively, the body and the membrane of the nucleus; these differ widely in their re-actions from chromatin, and also from one another, the former taking up staining re-agents much more readily than the latter; and (3) linin and paralinin, the former being the substance of the nuclear threads, the "nucleo-hyaloplasm" of Strasburger, the latter that of the intermediate matrix or "nuclear sap." A large portion of the paper is occupied by details of the chemical re-actions of these various substances most valuable to histologists. The chlorophyll-bodies are regarded by Herr Schwarz as having a fibrillar structure; the fibrillae do not, however, form a network, but lie side by side, filling up the entire mass of the chlorophyll-body. The fibrillae, composed of a substance which he calls chloroplastin, are not uniform in colour, but contain globular bodies of a deeper green than the rest, the vacuoles or "grana" of Meyer; between the fibrillae is a colourless substance, the metaxin. These two components of the chlorophyll-bodies can be separated by the action of water, in which the fibrillae swell up strongly, but are entirely insoluble, while the metaxin is finally completely dissolved. They may also be distinguished by other chemical re-actions.

THE last published part (No. 20) of Schenk's "Handbuch der Botanik," in the *Encyclopaedie des Naturwissenschaften*, consists of a further instalment of Zimmermann's "Morphology and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell." The chief subjects discussed are the formation of chromatophores and starch-grains, and of other bodies included in the term "cell-contents," the structure and mode of formation of the cell-wall, and the theories of swelling and osmose. With regard to the rival theories as to the mode of formation of the cell-wall, whether by intus-susception or by "apposition," the author takes a medium course, holding that the two modes may each take place under different conditions, or even both at the same time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EKOTIBHĀVA.

Oxford: Nov. 11, 1887.

The discussion on the correct spelling, the etymological origin, and the technical meaning of this Buddhist word, which was opened in the ACADEMY some time ago, is still carried on with undiminished vigour in the Indian papers.

In the *Proceedings* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for July, 1887, Dr. Rajendralala Mitra replies to Mr. Growse's letter, published in the ACADEMY. Mr. Growse had very ingeniously suggested that *ekoti* might be the result of Prākritic tendencies which are clearly perceptible in the Sanskrit of the Lalita-vistara, particularly in the Gāthā portions, and that *ekoti* represented an original *eka-koti* in which the initial *k* of *koti* was elided. Dr. Rajendralala Mitra doubts whether such Prākritic tendencies could safely be admitted, and whether, even then, *eka-oti* could possibly be contracted into *ekoti*.

In the mean time, I received a new and very interesting suggestion from Mr. Sarat Chandra Dās, who wrote to me from Darjiling on July 25. He told me that he had been commissioned by Sir Alfred Croft, Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, to compile a list of Buddhist Sanskrit words with their equivalents in Tibetan and English. This is a work which I had strongly recommended to several of my correspondents in India, and for which no one was so fit as Mr. Sarat Chandra Dās. He has studied Buddhism in Lhasa, and possesses a valuable collection of Tibetan translations of Sanskrit texts. From what I have seen of these Tibetan translations of Sanskrit originals, they seem to me far more trustworthy than Chinese translations. The translators have evidently studied Buddhism under competent teachers, and they are able to render the spirit of the originals with far greater accuracy than their Chinese rivals. It is a great pity that the study of Tibetan is so little encouraged in our universities. Much might be gained from a study of Tibetan translations of Buddhist texts. The explanation which Mr. Sarat Chandra Dās gives of *Ekotibhāva*, according to Tibetan authorities, though hardly applicable to Pāli and Sanskrit texts, seems to me to deserve serious attention.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

Darjiling: July 25, 1887.

In his address the president of the Asiatic Society of Bengal made mention of the work I have in hand, i.e., the compilation of a list of Buddhist philosophical and technical terms in Sanskrit, and their equivalents in Tibetan and English. When I commenced this work in October last I had doubts as to its usefulness; but the importance attached to one such term as "Ekotibhāva" by the attempts of Max Müller, Morris, Schiefner, and Dr. Mitra to explain it in the ACADEMY and elsewhere, has encouraged me to push on my work with vigour. I have therefore ventured to write a short note on the etymology and meaning of the term "Ekotibhāva" with a view to explain an important fact connected with the doctrine of incarnation which prevails in Tibet and Mongolia.

I have brought with me from Lhasa some very old Sanskrit and Tibetan dictionaries. One of them, called "Mahā-vyutpatti"—in Tibetan, "Lopon manpon mdsod pañi bye bragtu rtogs byad ohenmo, i.e., "the great critical work prepared by many Pandits and Lochavas" (Tibetan interpreters)—is a MS. written in the Deva-nāgarī characters of the eighth or ninth century A.D., and the rest are in Tibetan. The term "Ekotibhāva" occurs in all of them written with dental *t* and a long *i*, in consequence of which its etymology becomes very simple. It is derived from *Eka* + *uta* + *bhāva*. *Uta* comes from *VE* and the affix

* The term "Ekotibhāva" with long *i* occurs incidentally in Prof. Max Müller's note published in the ACADEMY, April 3, 1886, in the following passage: "Schiefner's explanation, too, which Dr. Morris does not mention, namely, that 'Ekotibhāva' represents 'Ekāvalī or Ekāvalī-bhāva,' is not convincing."

hta. The verb *ve* means to sew or unite; hence the compound means something sewn or united together. The Tibetan version of this term is "Rgyud+gchig-tu+gyur-pa, i.e., Rgyud gchig-tu+gyur-pa," "Rgyud gyur-pa" = sewn or united together, *gchig* = one, and *tu* means "into." The compound word, therefore, means formed into one string or line. In Csoma's translation of a Sanskrit-Tibetan vocabulary "Ekotibhāva" or "Rgyud gchig-tu gyur-pa" is rendered as "union [with the supreme spirit]."

Ekotibhāva with a short *i*, i.e., "Ekotibhāva,"† does not seem to me quite correct. In the first place it does not directly give the meaning of the term in accordance with the rules of Sanskrit grammar, and does not tally with the explanation given by the Indian savants who translated the Buddhist sacred books into Tibetan under the auspices of Kings Thi-srong, Ralpachan, &c. In the second place, it does not occur in any of the books I have consulted.

It is more natural that after *uta* the suffix *Kvi* should be inserted, implying the occurrence of something not existing before (*abhutad-bhāva*), rather than that the last component part be joined with *uti*, meaning an act of sewing or uniting. But in order that the compound word may give the intended signification in consonance with the rules of grammar, the components should be "Eka+uta+bhāva."

A learned Lama of Tibet has kindly sent me a note on this term, the purport of which I give as follows:

"Rgyud gchig-tu gyur-pa (Ekotibhāva) means the continued connexion of one with another without break or division. A soul (*vijñāna* or *Rnam Sé*) existing from eternity has undergone numberless transmigrations. In all its births it has run through an unbroken line of existence until it is cut short by Nirvāsa."

All living beings have this kind of continuous existence. A soul undergoing transmigrations may be compared to a string or wreath of flowers, its different embodiment being the individual flowers which drop off one by one after each death. Bodhisattvas and saints alone can know the circumstances of their former births, which ordinary mortals cannot. Some of the grand Lamas of Tibet are the acknowledged incarnations of Bodhisattvas. When the fresh embodiment of a Bodhisattva is announced, a committee of the living Bodhisattvas (grand Lamas) is formed to identify his spirit with that of the Lama whose incarnation he professes to be. At the time of identification the claimant (generally a child of three or four) is required to prove by signs that his spirit is one and the same with the spirit of the Lama whose incarnation he declares himself to be. This identity of the claimant with the spirit of a Lama is called Ekotibhāva, and it forms one of the cardinal doctrines of Tibetan Buddhism.

SARAT CHANDRA DĀS.

The same communication from the Pandit has, likewise, been sent to us by Prof. Rhys Davids, the secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, who appends the following letter:

London: Oct. 23, 1887.

I have received from Pandit Sarat Chandra Dās, the author of the well-known articles in the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society, the following letter, which will be of interest to

* Rgyud means "string, extraction, connexion, nature," &c. Gyur-pa means "formed, become, changed," &c.

† The word Eka+uta+bhāva, when compounded together, must, according to the rules of Sanskrit grammar, be "Ekotibhāva." I quote the rules: (1) "Abhūtadbhāva kribhvaastiyoge kartari Kviā; (2) Aśya Kvaū; Kaśikā, v, 4, 50.

those who read the letters you published in the ACADEMY on April 3, 1886, and May 7, 1887. It is clear that in Tibet they have put a new meaning—quite contradictory to the Buddhism of the Pāli Pitakas—into an ambiguous and misunderstood expression.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

THE GLASER INSCRIPTIONS FROM YEMEN.

Corpus Christi College, Cambridge: Nov. 7, 1887.

In the copies which were made by M. Glaser of the Yemen inscriptions secured by him in 1885, and published by Prof. Derenbourg in the September and October numbers of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, it is interesting to notice the single vertical line which invariably occurs between each word. It is probable we have a trace of this in the two points which are met with in a similar position in Ethiopia, just as the one point still found in Samaritan is doubtless to be connected with its use in inscriptions of Mesha and Siloam, although in the former a vertical line is found to about every nine words. These two inscriptions also resemble the Yemen inscriptions in another particular, namely, that words are frequently divided at the end of the line, while it is doubtful if this ever takes place in the inscriptions of Yehomelek or Esmunazar.

G. W. COLLINS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. J. G. GOODCHILD, of the Geological Survey, has reprinted from the *Transactions* of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Association a paper on "Ice Work in Edenside." This paper reproduces, in an amplified form, the arguments which he laid before the Geological Society thirteen years ago; and which, though received with coolness at the time, have since been admitted by many geologists. He believes that floating ice had not even the smallest share in any of the phenomena presented by the Edenside drifts. At the same time he holds that there is no proof that any polar ice-cap ever swept over the district in question; in fact, in the North of England there existed large areas which were never glaciated by ice of extraneous origin. Another point on which Mr. Goodchild insists is that the ice-sheet melted as it stood with comparative rapidity. He sees no proof of a succession of interglacial warm periods, nor does he recognise any proof of a submergence during the ice-age.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE first number has reached us of a new periodical devoted to African philology, entitled the *Zeitschrift für afrikantische Sprachen*. Edited by C. G. Büttner. (Berlin: Asher.) It is an indication of the important place Africa is beginning to assume in European studies, and of the light that is being poured upon "the dark continent." The specimen of the journal before us is full of interesting matter for the folklorist, as well as for the philologist. The text of some songs in Old Swahili by the late Dr. Krapf is followed by an article on the grammar of the Bokundu (of the Cameroons), several curious examples of Negro folklore by the Rev. J. G. Christaller, songs of the Sotho by Dr. Endermann, and short vocabularies of two Bantu languages spoken in the Kilimanjaro district. The journal promises to be helpful to the missionary as well as to the philologist.

SEÑORS BAROJA & SONS, of San Sebastian, have brought out a new edition of Larramendi's *El Imposible Veneido*, Arte de la Lengua Bascongada, the first Basque grammar attempted, 1729.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 11.)

S. L. LEE, Esq., hon. treasurer, in the chair.—Paper on "Shakspere's Alteration of History in the Historical Plays," by Mr. W. G. Stone, was read by the hon. secretary. Mr. Stone, after touching on the sources for the historical plays other than Holinshed's chronicles, and showing that the sources were sometimes paraphrased, or even reproduced with almost literal fidelity, that mistakes were left uncorrected, and misprints copied, dwelt upon Shakspere's disregard of chronology and contempt for unity of time, in spite of which, however, the action of the plays faithfully interpreted the historical sources at the writer's command, "King John" being the chief exception to this. In characterisation, fidelity to the sources was sometimes observed, in other cases much was embellished or invented—as in the case of Bolingbroke, whose appearance as both demagogue and dissembler was due to Shakspere's invention; and of Richard III., who, according to More, was capable of a fine outburst of remorseful penitence on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field. Mr. Stone then dealt with the play serialism.—The chairman, while finding it difficult, from the extent of ground covered, to criticise particulars, thought that the need had been shown for a general introduction to the historical plays, with, perhaps, more generalisation.—Dr. Furnivall, criticising from a dramatic point of view, welcomed the departure of the dramatist from the facts of history, and could wish there were more such departures. He noticed particularly Shakspere's use of comedy in these plays: how the "Cade" bits were developed in "II. Henry VI.," then dropped in "III. Henry VI.," the complete absence of comedy in "Richard II.," and Shakspere's cutting out of the comic scene in "The Troublesome Raigne" without substituting any comic scene in its place, which, however, might be owing to want of room for any such scene.—The Rev. W. A. Harrison and other members continued the discussion, the general opinion being that the dramatist's close adherence to historical facts was owing to the periods dealt with being modern history to his audience, who would have resented alteration in facts with which they were familiar.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 11.)

W. J. MACDONALD, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Dr. Thom, as retiring president, delivered an address, in which he discussed mathematical teaching in secondary schools and universities.—Dr. J. S. Mackay contributed a paper on the properties of the figure consisting of a triangle and the squares described on its sides.—Mr. Archibald C. Elliott gave a new proof of a theorem regarding the potential of a magnetic shell.—Office-bearers for the session were elected as follows: president, Mr. W. J. Macdonald; vice-president, Mr. George A. Gibson, of Glasgow; secretary, Mr. A. Y. Fraser; treasurer, Mr. John Alison; committee, Messrs. R. E. Allardice, Archibald C. Elliott, F. Grant Ogilvie, William Peddie, Dr. George Thom, of Dollar, and the Rev. John Wilson.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—Geo. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

MR. AUBREY HUNT'S PICTURES.

MR. AUBREY HUNT'S pictures—now at the Goupil Gallery in Bond Street—will please, if they have not pleased already, the most discerning of the lovers of art now in London; and, in fact, it is not possible for anyone who has any hold whatever on the principles of art—for anyone who approaches pictorial work with fine and cultivated instinct—to be insensible to the charm of Mr. Aubrey Hunt's productions. Are they going to be quite the fashion? That remains to be seen. They are individual enough to be, at all events; for even to mere fashion this amount of credit must be accorded—it

must be admitted that even mere fashion does not generally gush over the imitative. Some better informed students of Mr. Aubrey Hunt's work may object to it on the ground that, though it is not in the slightest degree imitative, it betrays the potent influence of a certain school. But the French training—which may conceivably be harmful to the English beginner whose own individuality is not strong enough to assert itself—can do no injury to an artist of the initiative of Mr. Aubrey Hunt—an artist "de tempérament," as the French say, whose American nature, moreover, has perfect affinity with the French methods.

Mr. Hunt's training has been so extremely thorough that there is little that finds him at fault. He is a draughtsman of the figure, as his pictures of "The Musician" and of "Summer Holidays" sufficiently attest. The slender-legged child, dressed closely in black, against a blackish background, is posed with ease and grace. The face is sensitive, and of appropriate expression. The lady in the second picture has also her attractiveness, though there is something about this picture—not quite readily defined—with which we are not wholly pleased. Perhaps at bottom it is a question of colour—a want of harmony for once obtruding itself. Putting in his figures generally with great success, Mr. Hunt is also, quite clearly, a good draughtsman of naval architecture. We will not say that his drawing of boats has quite the subtlety of Mr. Whistler's—certainly it has not quite his subtlety of elegance; but it has, probably, at least as much actual knowledge. Yet it is neither his drawing of the figure, nor his drawing of shipping, that constitutes any considerable part of Mr. Hunt's strength. It is rather his general harmony and gaiety of colour; his delight in movement, especially of the movement of the skies. Flowing water—the shallow waters of a flat French shore—he obviously enjoys; but what he may be supposed to enjoy most is the suggestion of an infinite world of cloud-land, forming and reforming at all moments. There is always atmosphere and weather in his work. The skies he paints the best have a luminous, not a gorgeous, pageantry. Much of his painting is, therefore, in a high key of colour—a very treble of the keyboard, rippling and light. His touch is as vivacious as are the effects he is concerned to pourtray. And his labours are accomplished with a deliberate and a well-planned brevity.

Having said as much as this, we do not know that there is any cogent reason why we should proceed to particularise this or that canvas, or to attempt to form or to express pronounced preferences where the general level of attainment is so high. Yet it may possibly encourage the visitor to the leisurely survey of the whole collection if we direct him, to begin with, to some two or three pictures, other than the couple which have incidentally been named. One of them may be "Rolling Clouds" (No. 7)—an effect perceived,

it is reported, within a walk of London. Another shall be No. 6—"Summer Skies," a work of peculiar refinement of vision and transcript. "Summer Afternoon" (No. 21) is permissibly warmer and brighter. "The Mouth of the Seine" (No. 39) is more forcible. "Ligny-sur-Marne" has tone and gravity. And in No. 46—"Gathering Seaweed"—we are again in presence of a strange refinement of effect, an easy elegance of handling. Altogether it is a very interesting show; a show of possibly unexpected variety, and distinctly refreshing. For though there may be slightness here, and a fragmentary view of nature there, that is quite the exception. And there is no intrusion whatever of that which, in our picture exhibitions, is, indeed, too much with us—the academical, the mediocre, the commonplace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OGHAMS ON THE KIRK MICHAEL CROSS.
Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, N.B.: November, 1887.

Having been favoured by the Rev. Ernest B. Savage, of St. Thomas's Parsonage, Isle of Mann, with an excellent facsimile drawing, by himself and Mr. J. M. Nicholson, of the Oghams lately discovered by the former on the Rune-inscribed cross at Kirk Michael, I noticed in those rough scorings such evident likenesses to the Northern Oghams, for some while familiar to me, that I have ventured to attempt a reading of this remarkable Manx inscription.

The Oghams referred to are inscribed on a level space to the left of the longer Runic legend on the cross. The scores, scratched rather than cut, group themselves along an indicated stem-line; and, viewed according to their present position, they apparently read downwards, like the similar inscription on the Aberdeenshire Newton Stone. Notwithstanding their leaning towards Northern types, these Oghams differ considerably from all other examples. They bear, however, some resemblance to the inscription, also a "scratch," which occurs on a slab found at Burrian in Orkney, within the walls of an ancient fortress. The peculiarities of these Scottish or Orcadian Oghams—most of which follow a stem-line traced on the flat—chiefly consist in the use of scores instead of points for vowels; of angled, waved, barred, and otherwise eccentric scores and groups; of bound groups; of short subordinate scores; of arbitrary slantings and unexact positions; of faint delineations of scores, or parts of them, in otherwise firmly cut groups. Such Oghams are impossible to read without modifications on the forms of the Irish Ballymote lists, whether those of the common type, or those of the fanciful unused varieties. The northern Oghamists—mostly, no doubt, of later date than the Irish and Welsh inscribers—may have borrowed some forms from the manuscript writers; at all events, it is needless to force them to exact conformity with

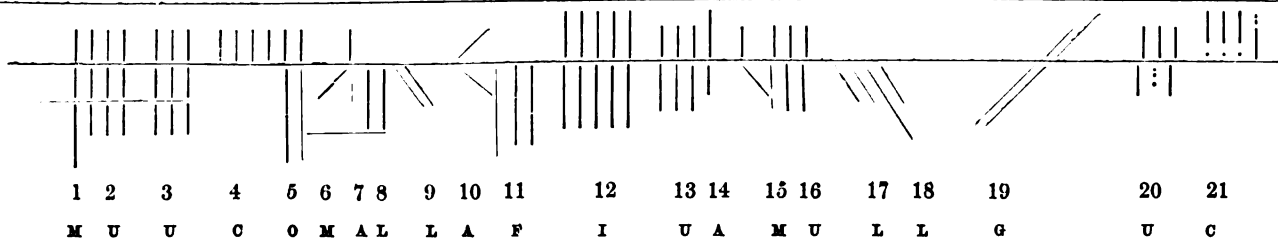
rules belonging to an earlier practice, recorded (perhaps imperfectly) in a fourteenth-century transcription of more ancient documents—Claiming, therefore, some freedom for conjecture, I hope to establish as probable, or reasonable, the version of the Kirk Michael Oghams which is now submitted.*

Translation.—MUUCOMALL AFI UA MULLGUC. Mucomael, son (grandson? or descendant?) of O'Maelguc.

Analysis of the Oghams.—Nos. 1, 2. M, U. Might be E, but the first score, though not slanted, is much longer than the rest. For the binders in this and following groups, cf. bound groups at Burrian (Orkney) and at Lunnasting and Conningsburgh (Shetland). Nos. 6, 7. M, A. Could hardly be B, A; cf. Scoonie (Fife), Nos. 7, 8—as read upwards. No. 9. L. The inward slant seems to connect this with the preceding group. Nos. 10, 11. A, F. No other reading seems possible. The A is the common Northern angled A. No. 12. I. Would be more sloped if R; cf. waved I in Bressay, in. B (Shetland). No. 15. M. Could hardly be A; it is longer b low than No. 10. M takes strange forms; cf. Burrian, No. 20, and Lunnasting, No. 19. No. 16. U, perhaps A, O. Nos. 17, 18. L, L. Not s, the division into two groups being strongly marked by the differing length of digit in each pair. No. 19. G. There is a long interval between this and No. 18; but the sudden bend in the stem-line suggests some reason for a blank. The space, however, may have been occupied by scores. Examination of the stone might decide the question. No. 20. U. Might be read A, H, A; but the partial obliteration of the middle score of a U seems more likely. No. 21. C. Partly effaced; T, H, or T, A, are possible alternatives.†

Analysis of the Words.—MUUCOMALL, Mucomael. A compound proper name of that common type where the syllable Mal or Mael is added or prefixed to another significant word. From the Welsh inscriptions, cf. Briamail, Broh-mail, Broho-maglus; Maelagnus, Magalagnus, Mael-donnac, &c. In the Irish Annals, Mael seems hardly to occur as a suffix, while as a prefix it is extremely common (O'Donovan, *Four Masters*, see index). From the Irish Ogham Inscriptions, cf. Meolagnus, Maelcinbir, Ma(ea)ludaig, Ma(ea)lmairea (Br. 204, 243, 290). In Scotland similar names were frequent, e.g., Maol-colum (Malcolm), Maelmuire, Mael-beathe. Both in Welsh and Gaelic Mael or Maol signifies a servitor or attendant, more especially the tonsured servant, or the votary, of a holy person. But in the early compound names the syllable Mal more often represented Maglo or Mál, "a noble, a prince, a king" (Rhys, 369). There are Welsh examples in which Mael sometimes precedes and sometimes follows, such as Mael-derw and Derfael, Mael-gad and Cad-fael, Mael-gwn and Cyn-fael (Pughe, *Welsh Dict.* ii. 317)—the last pair representing Maglocunus and Cuno-maglus in softened forms.

* It will be understood that the diagram is merely illustrative, and gives but little idea of the original Ogham forms.



† For the Northern inscriptions, all references to details relate to my own paper—"The Ogham Inscriptions of Scotland"—in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 1885, pp. 180-207; also to my papers in the same, 1883 and 1886. For the Irish inscriptions I have chiefly used—Brash, *The Ogham Inscribed Monuments of the Gaedhil* (1879); and for the Welsh—Rhys, *Lectures on Welsh Philology* (1879), and—Westwood, *Lapidarium Wallias* (1876-1879). The abbreviations Br., Rhys, and Wd. will be understood to signify those three works.

MUUCO, the prefix in the present case, is likewise a common word, variously spelt (*moco, mucoi, &c.*), and possibly of various meanings. Generally it may be regarded as the nominative or genitive of a word akin to Mac, a son, and viewed as denoting a grandson or other descendant (Rhys, 407-412). Sometimes, perhaps, it may represent a proper name; sometimes, according to certain writers, a priestly designation, either as from the Latin *Magus*, or from *Mucaidhe*, a swine-herd, used typically for a religious teacher (like the modern Shepherd), or even as signifying a literal swine-herd or swine-owner—anciently no mean title, see the story of Marbhan Mucaidhe, brother to Guaire, King of Connaught (Br. 139). Moc or Muc was a frequent element in ancient ecclesiastical names, e.g., Mochonnoc, hospitaller to St. Patrick, A.D. 448; Mochta, saint and bishop at the same period; Abbot Mochaoi (A.D. 496); St. Mochua (A.D. 637), and many others (O'Donovan, *Four Masters*); but the syllable Mo (my), as a term of affection or respect, was often prefixed to the names of saints, which may, in some cases, account for the form (Bishop Forbes, *Kalendars of Scottish Saints*). Mochanus, Mocado, Moco-onis are Gaulish forms of similar type (Br. 139). The word occurs in the Port Erin Manx Oghams lately deciphered by Prof. Rhys—"Bivainas Maqi Mucoi Cunava" (see letter in the ACADEMY, July 10, 1886).

AFI, son (?) This uncertain term forms the key-word of several difficult Ogham inscriptions. Its general meaning appears to be grandson, but it may sometimes signify nephew, or descendant. "The word Awwi or Awi occurs in Irish Ogam in the sense of grandson, Old Irish áue" (Rhys, 280), equivalent to the Gaelic Ogha, pronounced Oha. Comparison of the inscriptions in which the word occurs has led me to think that it may sometimes denote the relationship of son. Its likeness to the Welsh Ab, Ap, Mab, Map, a son, is more apparent under the spelling Affi or Afi. Prof. Rhys decides in favour of w or v, as against the F rendering of the corresponding group in the Ballymote key. I cannot however, help doubting whether, especially in Irish and Scottish examples, the F may not be sometimes better. In this paper I propose, as a matter of convenience, to use F and Q, rather than w and v, as being the more commonly accepted Ogham renderings. The strange stuse of this F group is found among the Northern inscriptions, where its sound can hardly be either F or w—e.g., Nahthfddadd, for the known name Natdad or Naddod (Bressay, B); Nuuffhri, for the genitive of an uncertain proper name—perhaps Nur or Nuri (Golspie). Ip, Ipe, Ivi, are apparently forms of Afi, and with it seem to bear affinity to Maqi or Mac, which, it may be noted, frequently took the form of Ic, in Ulster and in Scotland, for the nominative as well as the genitive case (Stuart, *Sc. St. Scot.* ii. 71).

Among the Irish Ogham legends several are probably unreadable without the recognition of Afi, Ipi, &c., as terms of relationship, and several more or less doubtfully admit of or require their use. Different versions of these have been offered by antiquaries; but in citing them I propose to use Mr. Brash's copies, as best known to me, and as taken directly from the original by a skilled observer. The legends may be read as follows—it being understood that the divisions into words are mine, though the transliterations are borrowed from Mr. Brash:—(1) Usman . . . nsil (E)fi Dutt . . . as—Br. 131; (2) Ape Fritti—Br. 201; (3) . . . lmaiaq Api Maqqi Muc(oi) . . . —Br. 205; (4) Lugudeccas Maqi Caqo, Mage Cafu, Maqi Ofoolat, Ibi Gaousgt—Br. 247; (5) Fanlit Afi Cacos, Af Colgaccos Obada—Br. 298; (6) Maqqi Iar Ipi Maqqi Moccoe Doffinias—Br. 201; (7) Api Logdo Maqi Maqa . . . —Br.

187; (8) Ufanos Afe Isahattos—Br. 312; (9) Gosuctias Mosac Map Eini—Br. 190.*

In Wales there are two Ogham examples of the words under consideration. That at Tral-long (Wd. 61, pl. xxxvi.) is accompanied by a Roman legend, apparently relating to the same family, the former reading:—Cunocenni filius Cunoceni hic jacit; the latter, as it seems to me:—Cunacenn Afi (or Ipi) Ilfeto—Cunacenn, son (?) of Ilfet (=Ailluat, cf. Irish Ailluattan—Br. 152). The other example, at Llanwinio, likewise occurs on a bilingually inscribed stone (Wd. 91, pl. xlvii.). The Roman legend may be read: Bivadi Fili Bodibeve—(Stone) of Bud (or Budi), son of Bodibeu; the Ogham (with the cross turned downward, and the scores, from that position, read up the right and then up the left—as in the Brodie inscription) seems to be:—Befi Afi Boddib . . . —(Stone) of Beu (?), grandson (?) of Boddib[eu]. Bod or Bud is a common element in ancient Celtic names. It seems to appear in the unique circular Ogham at Logie Elphinstone, which I have read as

* (1) Unreadable through damage. The x in Efi is probably i. (2) The Son (?) of Feret or Ouret. Mr. Brash reads Aaeaf Ritti, without translating. In this legend, and in Nos. 3, 6, 7, 9, the Ogham sign X is read as F, as on the "Turpilli" stone (Br. 330; Wd. 73). (3) . . . (Stone) of . . . lmaiaq, Son (?) of the Son of Muco . . . : Mr. Brash gives no translation. (4) (Stone) of Lugud, Son of Cacu, Son of Cafu, Son of Ofoolat (cf. Welsh *Odeleu*), Descendant (?) of Guasacht (see after, under *Gosuctias*). Regarding such forms as Cacu and Cafu it seems to be uncertain whether their last syllable is part of the name, or a sign of the genitive (or dative?). Cacu is akin to Guc (see after), and Cafu appears elsewhere in "Mage Cafeq (Br. 254). Onwards from the word Cafu, Mr. Brash thus divides and renders: "Maqi Of. Dola ti bi gao usg t"; "Son of Of. (My) grief, he was wounded in water." Another translator suggests: "Contracted in sickness, in water" (Br. 248, 9), a version equally remote from the spirit of Ogham legends. (5) Fanlet (Finlaith?—also cf. Fanon), Son(?) of Cacu, Son (?) of Colgac Obada (Ua Fadda) cf. "Ofaddalos MacAoni," also Gaelic *Feadhach* and Gaulish *Fadia*, *Fadius* (Br. 228). Mr. Brash accepts from another writer the singular reading: "Fan li ta fca Cosaf, colgac cos obada"; "Beneath this flag is placed Cosaf, the fiery and fleet-footed." (6) (Stone) of the son of Iar (cf. Ir. Iarnon, &c.), son of the Priest (?) Dobhan (Dobunus). Mr. Brash gives no translation. (7) With the Bishop of Limerick, Mr. Brash reads: "Aplogdo" (Stone) of Apilogdus; cf. Abell, Abilogus. This version may probably be right; on my division the translation would run: Son (?) of Lugud, son of the Daughter (?) of . . . ; cf. "Tria Maqa Meolagui" (Br. 204), where Tria might be feminine. (cf. *Trea, fem.; Mart. Don.*) But Maqamay be merely a variant of Maqi, son. (8) (Stone) of Ufan, son (?) of Isahatt (?). The (perhaps Gaulish) name Isahatt is hard to identify; but Mr. Brash's copy, taken from the original with special care (p. 310), seems to demand it. Under the alternative "Sahattos," of Sahatt, the preceding word would show the unlikely form of Afei. This legend Mr. Brash takes as recording the names of four men, viz., Aujan, Safai, Sah, and Att, who are supposed to be referred to in the Roman capitals on the same stone, IVVEREDRVVIDES, which he, and others, read as IVVERE DRVVIDES, "Four true Druids." Might not the words be simply IVVERE DRVVIDES, the verb being found in *jubeo*, or (with the h and v transmutation) in *jubeo*? Either, I believe, would give a warrantable meaning. Prof. Rhys's copy slightly differs from that before me, and he reads: "Uwanos Awi Ewacattos" (p. 209). He has accepted the version IVVERE, which, however, seems to be erroneous (Br. 310, 312, and pl. xl.). (9) Mr. Brash doubts the possibility of translation. I would suggest: (Stone) of Guasacht Mos (or Mosac), son of Eini (cf. Aini, Eighneach). Mos or Mosac may perhaps be an epithet (Mús or Mús, pleasant, agreeable, handsome [?])—O'Brien, *Ir. Diet.* "Gosuctias," by itself, occurs on another Ogham stone (Br. 198)—cf. "Guasacht, the son of Maelchu, *Mart. Don.* (Br. 190).

"Athath Bhoto"—meaning, perhaps, The Grave (?) of Bod or Bodo.*

In Scotland there is no Ogham example of Afi. Ip almost certainly occurs in the Newtoll Oghams (see forward, under UA), for IX would be meaningless as IEA; and Ipe is distinct from the Roman-letter inscription at St. Vigeans Ap, for Mac, was used in South Scotland till the thirteenth century (e.g., *Macrath ap Molegan*), and is believed to survive in the Gallo-way prefix A, as in Ahannay, Aaloanes, more usually seen as Hannay and Sloans (Stewart, *Sc. St. Scot.*, ii., 72).

UA. Descendant. This word, so common in its modern spelling o (e.g., O'Brien, O'Connor), does not apparently exist in two-letter form in any of the Irish, Welsh, or English Ogham legends. It seems, however, to occur in Scotland in two instances: (1) In the Newtoll Oghams—Aiddai Qunn Forre²² Ip Ua Iosii⁺ (2) In the Oghams on the "Lang Steen" at Aquhollie, in Kincardineshire—F(a)dh Donn Ui Te(n) . . . In both cases these are my own readings, taken with the greatest care from the original inscriptions on the stones.† The

* Mr. Brash gives, as his final reading of the Trallog Ogham: "Cunacenna Filffeto," "Cunacena, a skilled bard," deriving Filffeto from *fil*, a bard, and *ffeth*, knowledge (Br. 344). He shows that the Roman inscriber reversed the monument before engraving it, his legend running towards the cross, which occupies the stone's natural base. The Ogham would thus appear to be the older inscription (see Wd. 63). Prof. Rhys reads the Ogham as "Cunacenniwl Ilweto"—taking the first word as equivalent to "Cunacenn filius Cunaceni," and Ilweto as an epithet in the genitive, perhaps meaning "much speaking" or "much spoken of" (Rhys, 364).

The Rev. D. Haigh, apparently with Mr. Brash's concurrence, read the Oghams at Llanwinio: "Aff Boci B[adi] Biff[e]," and viewed Afi as equalling Maqi maqi (Br. 347). Prof. Rhys, in his latest version, reads the Latin legend: "Bladi filii Bodebeve," expressing doubt as to the first word, which has generally been viewed as "Biadi." His version of the Oghams is as follows: "Awwi Bocci . . . Beww," "Nepotis Bocibeve . . ." with the remark that he would be inclined to read "Beww[i] Awwi Bocib[ewwi]—the arrangement propose—but that it is "not usual to begin with the right edge," though "that," he adds, "is probably not a sufficient reason for not doing so here" (Rhys, 281).

† The main inscription on the Newton stone has been the subject of much controversy. For reasons too long to state, I doubt if it has yet been rightly transliterated, even in the recent version of an eminent antiquary as the Bishop of Limerick. Though I have elsewhere made known my own version—founded on study of the original—I desire to submit it again here, in the hope of possibly rendering some aid to scholars in arriving at a true decipherment. The lettering seems to be debased Greek (partly minuscule), with a few Irish-Roman forms; several of the peculiar characters occur in the Greek *Pater-noster* in the "Book of Armagh," and others, more doubtfully, in the alphabet on the Kilmalkedar stone. Noting the chief points of uncertainty, my transliteration is as follows:—

AITAI FURYRINGIN SYOL-O-UOSE
A A K N N G E G
UROhN-ELISI MAQQI LOGOY-PATR
N E F N N

‡ The only certain way. Photographs, though aids in the study of the originals, are seldom sufficient when used alone, may convey wrong impressions, may even falsify if taken from chalking scores. Casts of all sorts are often erroneous; for example, the fine plaster cast of the Newton stone in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh (or much referred to) omits two of the Ogham score through a flaw where portions join. This is a solitary case. I have seen paper casts that were quite untrustworthy from imperfections and tan perings.

Aquhollie Oghams (unknown till read by me last year; see remarks by Prof. Rhys near end of his letter in the *ACADEMY*, July 10, 1886) are remarkable as furnishing the only specimens in Scotland of vowels indicated by points, instead of by scores across the stem-line. From this, and from its position on a large unhewn boulder, I should suppose it to be the oldest Ogham legend in Scotland, the only one at all similar being that on the likewise unhewn stone at Newton—but there the vowels are scores in the usual Northern mode. On both these monuments the surface is rather worn where Ua or Ui occurs, but the existence of the word can hardly be doubted. In the present example Ua seems fairly evident.

MULLGUC. Mael-Guc. There is some uncertainty in the reading, owing to the long blank between Mull and Guc, which may have held scores now effaced. Taking the existing scores, the word appears as above—a compound name resembling that which heads the inscription, though, in this case, the syllable Mael precedes the conjoined word. The difference between Mall and Mull in Muco-mall and Mull-guc may have had no significance, the vowels being interchangeable; yet, perhaps, it may have designedly marked a variation of meaning, Mall representing the prince or noble, and Mull the devotee. The name Guc occurs in the Irish Ogham inscriptions, in "Cunnetan Maqi Guc" (Br. 254), and probably in "Alatoceli Maqi G(u)qi" (Br. 190), also, perhaps, in "Caqo Mage Cafu" &c. (Br. 247), and in "Saffi-qegi Maqi Ddattac" (Br. 287). It likewise appears on the Fardell stone in Devonshire, in "Saffa-qquci Maqi Qici" (Br. 349). Saffa-qquci here and Saffi-qegi above may serve as illustrations of the capriciousness of Ogham spelling. "Cuqg or Cuic is a recognisable proper name . . . common in many districts of Ireland to the present day in the forms of Mac Quig, Mac Keag, and Quigly" (Br. 349).

In the *Manx Note Book* (p. 117) Mr. A. W. Moore suggests that the common Manx name Kay, Kee, Kew, Quay, &c., is a contraction of Mac-Caoch, "the dim-sighted man's son." Might Guc be another form of the same appellation? In the *Annals of the Four Masters*, among hundreds of names beginning with Mael, we find—Mael-caeich (died A.D. 665), and Mael-cach (died A.D. 779). The name Ua Mael-gaeithe (slain A.D. 1131) offers a combination similar to the Ua Mull-guc of the legend before us. Names formed like Mull-guc are common in the Isle of Man. On the cross that bears the present Oghams we find in the Runic inscription Mal-Lumcun and Mal-Muru, and Mal-Brieti heads the inscription on another cross at Kirk Michael (Vigfusson and Savage, *The Manx Runic Inscriptions Re-read*).

SOUTHESK.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, with some invited guests, are to dine together on Monday evening. The Institute, we may further note, has commenced what, in the present state of things, will be rather a useful system—that of having two "private views," exclusive of the first or "press" view. Thus, during the present week, Thursday is appointed for art critics and journalists to have their earliest sight of the exhibition; Friday is appointed for a "special private view," at which known purchasers may really have an opportunity of seeing what may be acquired; and Saturday is fixed for the regular "private view"—in other words, for the desired crush of the season.

At the exhibition of the newly honoured "Royal Society of British Artists," an evening reception is to be the first function. The exhibi-

tion itself, we hear, will be found to be not quite so limited in quantity or character as was the last show. Among contributions from foreigners, we hear of at least one work by M. Alfred Stevens, who has now given in his adhesion to this Royal Society, and of a portrait of Mrs. Mortimer Menpes in evening dress, by M. Roussel, the refinement of whose work has been already apparent. Furthermore, a certain number of etchings are, for the first time, to appear in this exhibition. The society, it may well be recollected, numbers among its members and exhibitors several engaging etchers, besides the master of the craft who is its energetic president.

MR. SELWYN IMAGE—thoughtful as a writer and original as a pictorial artist—will deliver four lectures on Art, at Willis's Rooms, the first on Saturday, December 10, being on "Literature in its Connexion with the Pictorial and Plastic Arts" and on "Literary Art Criticism."

THE Chester authorities have kindly sent the sculptured stone found in the city wall, on which so much controversy has arisen, for exhibition at the Society of Antiquaries, before whom Mr. W. de G. Birch, will read a paper at an early date. Fellows of the Society and their friends will thus have an opportunity of inspecting the stone for a short time while it is in London. Our readers will remember that Mr. Thompson Watkin maintains that the sculpture is mediæval, whereas Mr. Birch claims a Roman origin for it.

"Down to the Land's End" will be the subject of fifty illustrations in the Christmas number of the *British Architect*, to be published on December 16. These illustrations will be reproduced from pen and ink sketches made on the spot by Mr. T. Raffles Davison, and will comprise some twenty churches, old and new, examples of domestic architecture, &c. The descriptive letter-press will be contributed by Mr. J. D. Sedding.

MESSRS. BUSH & REID have chosen Mr. Herbert Schmalz's poetical picture of "Widowed" from this year's Academy for reproduction by photogravure. The plate is a very successful one, and we are not sure that the impressive design and fine feeling of the picture are not rather emphasised than diminished by translation to black and white. A plate after the same artist's "Morning Prayer," and another after Moscheles's portrait of Rubinstein, are among the recent publications of the firm.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS has now returned home to Westbury-on-Trym, after a short holiday—great part of which was characteristically devoted to lecturing on Ancient Egypt in some of the large towns of Lancashire and Cheshire. Her lecture at Stockport, on Tuesday of last week, was particularly successful, the audience exceeding two thousand; but in all cases she was enthusiastically received. She has yet an engagement to keep at Tamworth.

An exhibition at Paris of the works of M. Puvis de Chavannes is being organised.

THE STAGE.

THE "DRAMATIC STUDENTS" AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

NOTHING but an overflowing audience was wanted at Terry's Theatre, one day last week, to complete or emphasise the success of the revival of Dr. Westland Marston's "Favourite of Fortune." Had it been possible to have given the performance in the evening, instead of in the afternoon, the attendance would

have been larger. Had it been possible to repeat the performance when its distinct attractiveness had been bruited about, a large public would have gathered to see the admirable play. But neither of these things could be; and the "Dramatic Students," who include—as I have had the pleasure of telling them before—many of the best gifted of the rising actors and actresses of the day, must rest satisfied with having acted very well, upon the whole, a piece which it was quite ridiculous should go any longer unseen, and, so, with having performed a reasonable service alike to playgoers and to a distinguished man of letters. Dr. Westland Marston is certain to have expressed very graciously to the "Students" his sense of the serious character of their efforts—serious because the piece, being so literary, does not act itself like a melodrama, but requires, at all points, a delicate and elaborate expression. And it may now only be hoped that those playgoers who have the interests of the stage at heart will, for their parts, acknowledge as freely what the "Students" are doing. The "Students," of course, teach themselves while they amuse us; but, in view of the pieces which they have thus far performed, it must be recognised that they give us opportunities of enjoying what somehow, it seems, can be enjoyed in no other way.

One used to hear that the "Favourite of Fortune"—a play of Dr. Marston's, which, after all, is only about a score of years old—would, were it performed, be found to have aged very much; and from the silliness of the talk about it in some quarters, one might—if one had not had access to the words—have gone expecting to hear dialogue as antiquated as Sedaine's, as "precieux" as that of Marivaux. As a matter of fact the dialogue is excellent. Of course, the tone of conversation varies a little every few years, and the amount of age which this implies—that amount and no more—is no doubt noticeable in Dr. Marston's comedy. We do not say things half as wittily now; our wit, when we have it, has not the elegance and the finish. We speak with a little more directness, crispness—or is it "bluntness" that I shall say? And anyone sensible of this must find a tendency to years in the dialogue of Thackeray and Trollope—a tendency to years, still more marked, in a shorter time, in the dialogue of George Eliot in *Daniel Deronda*. The truer trace of the "Favourite of Fortune's" belonging, in a sense, to another generation—of its having had its origin then—lies in the, at least, occasional absence of striking situations. In it and in that other generation, "curtain" may follow upon a pretty sentiment or an elaborate retort, where now, perchance, it can only follow on an unexpected tableau—on one heroine, at the very least, prostrate on the floor. This being so, it would be ridiculous to recommend the "Favourite of Fortune" for revival at the Adelphi or at the Princess's. Under the last regrettable régime at the Haymarket, it would have been strangely out of keeping; but it is at least possible to look forward to seeing it again wherever genuine entertainment is associated with literary taste. Had we the counterpart of the Théâtre Français, this play would have a place in the repertory; and it would have a place by reason of its literary qualities, its

delicate character-drawing, and its elegant vivacity of action.

Of course, when one knows that the "Students" are working under every conceivable difficulty, one goes to their performance with the best intentions of making allowances—of judging the subaltern with a less severe precision than would have to be exercised were one judging the general. But, as a rule, there is singularly little necessity for this attitude of indulgence—for this amiable mood; because, as I find it, the acting rarely wants smoothness, though it sometimes wants force. That it should want force here and there is, of course, particularly excusable where a young woman "Student"—of whom the needful breadth and vigour may never before have been demanded—is suddenly cast for a strong comedy part, such as might be played with the greatest effect by Miss Larkin say, or Mrs. John Wood. This was a little bit the case with Miss Roche, who played one of the amply middle-aged women at Terry's Theatre last week. It might have been the case with Miss Webster, since she also is young; but, fortunately, it was not, and Miss Webster gave us a representation of a husband-hunting mother, at once entertaining, forcible and dignified. Her raiment, and her entirely matronly fashion of wearing it—and of moving—were, indeed, admirable. Miss Cudmore and Miss Dearing played the minor young women of the piece with a measure of skill and appreciation; and, as the real heroine, Miss Maud Millett, was almost as good as it is possible to be in the representation of a lady whose charm is, perhaps, her greatest characteristic, and whose emotions are generally of the lighter kind. She gave unqualified pleasure. The three chief men's parts were played by Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Lugg, and Mr. Sant Matthews. Some judges thought that Mr. Hayden Coffin wanted intensity. To me he had great reality. I found no want of feeling, but rather a well judged simplicity, with an entire absence of conventional effects. Mr. Lugg, as Tom Sutherland—the other young man, who, according to the mode of the day, was but superficially cynical—was least engaging in his earlier scenes. One liked him better as time passed, though one may never have waxed positively enthusiastic. Fox Bromley, the polite, dry villain of the piece, was played by Mr. Sant Matthews. If he reminded me of Mr. Hare, I cannot say that that was a fault, since certainly it was only of Mr. Hare at Mr. Hare's very best. Mr. Sant Matthew's own conception was worked out in quite a finished way. Mr. Mark Ambient, the honorary secretary of the society, did not appear. He contented himself with furnishing us with an interesting narrative of the previous fortunes of the piece in London and the provinces. Mr. Charles Wyndham first, and then Mr. Charrington, had rehearsed the "Students" admirably.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

THE "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Two years ago Dr. Stanford wrote incidental music to the "Eumenides;" and we now find

him illustrating the "Oedipus Tyrannus," one of the greatest, and at the same time one of the most sombre, of Greek plays. The story of the ill-fated Theban king seems at first sight to teach that man is but a plaything in the hands of the all-powerful gods, who at pleasure exalt him and then cast him into the lowest depths of shame and misery. But in the noble choruses of the Grecian poet a more rational doctrine is taught. Arrogance and impiety seem to be the causes which helped to bring about the ruin both of Oedipus and Jocasta—the gods were stern, but just.

Dr. Stanford, though he may have felt inspired by the grandeur of the verses, must have found it difficult to write music befitting them; but we certainly think that he has never before shown such grasp of his theme, and at the same time such freedom. The music seems to have come to him, rather than to have been sought. He commences with a Prelude, in overture form, in which there are two motives, that express—the one, the misery; the other, the might of the Theban king. The music throughout is solemn and dignified; both in matter and manner it recalls "Tristan," especially the orchestral introduction to the third act of that music-drama. In the chorus in which prayers are offered to Apollo, Athene, and Artemis for deliverance from the plague which is devastating the land, the composer has wedded the words to some excellent music. And not the least noteworthy feature of it is the gradual working-up to a very powerful climax. The orchestra, with its ever-changing rhythm is exceedingly effective. We next have a chorus in C minor. The citizens, by the judgment of their hearts, refuse to adjudge Oedipus guilty of crime. The movements of the Furies are graphically depicted in the orchestra, and the change in key and character of the music near the close is in accordance with the spirit of the words. Motives from the overture are skilfully introduced. The Entr'acte, judging from what follows, is intended for Jocasta, as the Prelude was for Oedipus. It is a short movement, very Brahms-like in style. The chorus at the close of the second act is a fine piece of writing. The praises of the mighty father of Olympus are sung in broad and bold strains; while the references to ill-starred pride and unholy deeds are accompanied by the restless theme of the Entr'acte, and in the coda of the movement appear the Oedipus motives. The close of the next chorus is very dramatic. The citizens, hoping that all will yet end well, sing cheerfully; but the arrival of the herdsman who brings to light the dreadful secret enters, while the *cor anglais* in the orchestra gives out the opening theme of the Prelude. The chorus in fitting tones bewail the event. The close of this movement is very striking. In the final number the chorus, in dirge-like and dignified strains, point the moral of the tale—that "no one of mortal race can be called happy until he hath crossed life's border free from pain."

The first performance of the play, in the original Greek, took place at the Cambridge Theatre on Tuesday evening. Mr. J. H. G. Randolph (Trinity) played the part of King Oedipus with much dignity. His entry, however, into the palace in the last act, when the truth of the oracle is fully revealed, was somewhat boisterous. For the rest, passion, despair, and solicitude for his children were well expressed. The difficult rôle of Jocasta was taken by Mr. C. Platts (Trinity). His enunciation was remarkably soft and clear, and his acting showed qualities of a high order. Mr. F. T. Miller (Gonville and Caius) as Creon, Mr. H. Head (Trinity) as Teiresias, were more or less satisfactory. A word of commendation is due to Mr. R. R. Otley (Trinity) for his quiet yet forcible behaviour

as leader of the chorus. Mr. J. W. C. was responsible for the stage arrangements and with so small a stage he managed wonderfully well. The scene—the front of the palace of Oedipus and the space before it—was effectively presented.

The choral singing was a little coarse, but the earnestness of the Theban Elders atone for any shortcomings. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Stanford, with Mr. A. Burnett as leader, was good, though not sufficiently numerous to do full justice to the music.

J. S. SKELLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SIR GEORGE GROVE naturally took care that the anniversary of Schubert's death should not pass unnoticed at the Crystal Palace, so last Saturday's concert was mainly devoted to the composer's music. Herr Franz Néruda, the excellent callo player, whose name is so often seen on the programmes of Mr. C. Hallé's recitals, was engaged for that day; and as Schubert wrote neither concerto nor solos for his instrument, he selected a Concertstück of his own, and some "Popper" solos. The first is a piece of music written evidently to show off his executive skill; and, as such, it was entirely successful.

The concert commenced with an overture in E minor by Schubert, which has only lately been published. The autograph bears the date "Februar, 1819," but nothing is known of the circumstances under which the work was written. It is scored for full orchestra with three trombones. The hand of the composer can be traced throughout; but, though it contains many interesting passages, and prefigures at times the great Symphony in C—the work for which Schubert seemed constantly gathering his strength—it is not by any means one of his strongest or most fascinating productions. The form of the movement is by no means satisfactory; the middle portion is out of proportion to the opening and closing sections, and the coda is not impressive. A selection from the delightful "Rosamunde" music, and the Grand Symphony in C—No. 10, as Sir G. Grove will still have it—completed the instrumental part of the programme; and it is scarcely necessary to add that full justice was done to them by Mr. Manns and his band. Mrs. Henschel was the vocalist, and sang in her best manner some of Schubert's finest songs. Her voice, at times, may show weakness, but excellent training and artistic taste help one to forget this. Mr. Henschel, who accompanied his wife, contributed greatly, by his delicate playing and effective gradations of tone, to the success of "Die Junge Nonne."

Mdlle. Janotha was again the pianist at the Popular Concert on Monday. She played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor. Some passages in the first and last movements were rendered with unnecessary exaggeration, but on the whole she gave an intelligent reading of the work. We could not, however, agree with her *tempo*. The opening Allegro was too fast, the Adagio much too fast, and the Allegretto a little too fast. She was encored, and played the well-worn Spinnlied of Mendelssohn. The programme included Brahms' beautiful Sextet in G, which was admirably performed by Mdlle. Norman-Néruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti. Mrs. Henschel sang "Lieder," by Schumann, Brahms, and Bizet, and was well received. There was but a moderate attendance.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

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LITERATURE.

A History of Elizabethan Literature. By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan.)

MR. SAINTSBURY is one of the most catholic, as he is among the most refined, of living English critics. It would be hard to name anyone of equal eminence who in the same degree may be said to combine the divergent critical standpoints represented by Mr. Swinburne and by Mr. Courthope. His style, indeed, is as far as possible from emulating Mr. Swinburne's stormily splendid prose; but its familiar and conversational ease conceals an instinctive sense for poetry not less exquisite and not less sure than his, while, on the other hand, his sympathy with the wayward audacities of romantic genius does not prevent his doing equally effective justice (by example as well as by precept) to the precision, point, and lucidity of the poets of Queen Anne. This range of perception is certainly in part due to his scarcely rivalled familiarity with two great literatures, one of which has its peculiar glory in poetry, the other in prose. His taste in poetry is thoroughly English; his taste in prose is as distinctly French; and no one has insisted more strenuously on the radical difference of these literary forms, or bestowed more vigorous anathemas on such as irreligiously tamper with the dividing *termini*. Nor could anyone who combined less signally these two modes of critical insight have executed with the same brilliant success the *Short History of French Literature* which is in everyone's hands, and the remarkable volume before us.

At the same time, there are certain directions in which Mr. Saintsbury's critical standpoint has always seemed to us defective. As we have begun by mentioning names, we may define these roughly as the direction of Mr. Arnold, and the direction of M. Taine. Of the famous "criticism of life" formula, he offers an emendation, of which we can only say here that it seems to ignore the individual and original element in the highest poetic expression which Mr. Arnold's formula seized upon and exaggerated. And it is precisely this individual, or, in the largest sense, critical, element in poetry, to which Mr. Saintsbury, in our view, does not give its due place. Felicitous expression may redeem it, no doubt; but still it requires redemption, and is liable (in his own phrase) to have "marks taken off," or at least rather grudgingly allowed, where it is prominent. The thought which strives in solitary effort to interpret "this unintelligible world" counts for much less at his tribunal than that which merely gives utterance with the easy felicity of genius to its common and familiar matter, its simple joys and sorrows, and leaves its

unintelligibility to whomsoever it may concern. He has a tenderness for the cavalier poet, whose exquisite song wanders idly up and down the gamut of a somewhat unspiritual passion, seeking no outlet, and who is too "reverent" to ask momentous questions. It may be that the disposition to ask such questions in verse has begotten a good deal of prose in the wrong place, just as the disposition to express passion in that way has produced verse with nothing but passion to recommend it. Neither is poetry in itself; but both are elements of poetry. For the so-called "didactic poet," who torments a sermon into blank verse, we have nothing to say; but the just condemnation of platitudes in rhythm sometimes allies itself with an impatience by no means just of all poetry which expresses anything more universal than personal emotion. We do not assert that Mr. Saintsbury betrays this impatience; but we think that it has impaired in some degree, where such poetry is concerned, his accustomed delicate sympathy.

We should hardly have dwelt upon this characteristic (as we regard it) of Mr. Saintsbury's criticism of the poets were it not that it throws a certain light upon a second characteristic, which no reader can overlook. Certainly, what is called with a shade of irony aesthetic criticism has no more uncompromising living advocate; and he displays all the gifts and graces proper to his method in a profusion which must have tempted many a pagan suckled in the "product of the circumstances" creed to mutter his "Almost thou persuadest me." For the "scientific" treatment of poetry Mr. Saintsbury's scorn is as undisguised as for the poetry which praises science. His book is as unlike M. Taine's as the work of two men equally competent and dealing with the same subject can well be. The luminous, if inevitably one-sided, sketches of manners by which M. Taine attempts to exhibit the "circumstances" in the very act of evolving their "product" altogether fall away, and with them that "typical" method of describing literature which in his hands is so charming and so perilous. Mr. Saintsbury's formula is rather "the wind bloweth where it listeth"—a formula the reverse, no doubt, of final, but which has the advantage, from the scholarly point of view, of compelling the most patient and indefatigable search through all the by-ways of literature for the signs of that wandering and incalculable inspiration. While M. Taine's book accordingly is a gallery of judiciously chosen and highly elaborated portraits, Mr. Saintsbury's is a vast fresco crowded with heads, of which few are completely finished, while hardly one, though it were only a Nabbes or a Davies of Hereford, lacks its vivid and individualising touch. Nevertheless, while M. Taine's book is a somewhat premature, and therefore crude, application of his method, and Mr. Saintsbury's a singularly ripe example of his, we hold that it is the former which shows us the more excellent way. Fully to "know the causes of things" may be as much beyond our power in the history of literature as in other history; but it remains the business of the literary historian to keep aiming in the direction of this impossible mark. To bring intelligible order

into the chaos of facts is the ideal which, though never reached, continually regulates his action; and the moment when he cries "All is flux" is the moment of his intellectual suicide. With the literary critic, no doubt, the case is different. Where the ultimate problem is to find an adequate answer in every case for the question, "Is this book good or bad?" literary history becomes, on any theory, a merely ancillary study, and even that rather as a storehouse of examples for comparison than as a body of continuous and related facts. Mr. Saintsbury is decidedly a critic first and a historian afterwards. His book, though remarkable from every point of view, is more remarkable as a kind of class-list of Elizabethan literature than as a scientific account of its growth. From cover to cover it is full of accomplishment; but its narrative is rather less accomplished than its criticism. Now and then the mask of the historian is thrown off altogether, and the reviewer emerges undisguised. Such a passage is that in which Mr. Saintsbury achieves the feat of saying in half a dozen pages a good thing of each of Beaumont and Fletcher's fifty odd plays. Admirable as this is, it is, essentially, not a history of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramatic work, but a review of "The Dramatic Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, in 10 vols, octavo, London"; cavillers being somewhat temporarily warned off at the outset by an intimation that "the received collection has quite sufficient idiosyncrasy of its own as a whole to make it superfluous for any one, except as a matter of amusement, to try to split it up." Surely this agnosticism is a little overdone, and will be accepted by the general reader as a guarantee, *foi de Saintsbury*, that he may safely neglect, as nature prompts him, the most competent attempt to bring order into the wilderness. We shall not insist on the perhaps premature but not wholly futile labours of Messrs. Fleay, Rolfe, and Macaulay; for the writer of a book intended to be a storehouse of facts and of first-hand criticism upon them, necessarily passes lightly over all individual convictions other than his own. But there are enough definite and undisputed data to supply at least the elements of a chronological arrangement. Apart from the year of licensing or of printing, which Mr. Saintsbury properly refuses to accept as a criterion of the date of composition, we know the years in which a large proportion were first acted; and the death of Burbadge enables us to lay down with certainty a group composed earlier, and with probability a group composed later, than 1619. A third group is fixed (like "Wit without Money," 1614) by unmistakable allusions; a fourth (like "The Spanish Curate," 1622-1625) by undoubted sources.

There is one place, indeed, in which Mr. Saintsbury's indifference to the arts of exegesis betrays him into something like injustice. We were under the impression that our debt to German criticism of Shakspeare was acknowledged. Mr. Saintsbury indignantly repudiates it, and expresses his wonder that it should ever have been charged to our account. After referring to Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, and Coleridge, he concludes that

"it must be a curious reckoning which, in the

face of such a catena as this, . . . maintains that England wanted Germans to teach her how to admire the writer whom Germans have done more to mystify and distort than even his own countrymen."

We do not think that Mr. Saintsbury's instances, though doubtless the best that were to be had, by any means prove his case. In which of the six shall we find any profound appreciation of Shakspeare? In Milton, who loved him, but, if we may judge from his own practice, in spite of his method? In Dryden, who "improved" "The Tempest" and "Antony and Cleopatra," and called his later works his "Dotages"? In Pope, who excuses his buffooneries and his unnatural situations, since he "had no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence"? In Johnson, who at least understood Shakspeare far less well than his contemporary Lessing? In two of them perhaps alone: Ben Jonson, his contemporary and friend; and Coleridge, who, if he is "the acknowledged founder of modern appreciation," obtained no small part of his qualifications from Lessing and Jean Paul, to say nothing of Schlegel. The rather petulant assertion that in Dryden's time no German had yet "written tolerable literature" we simply pass by.

It is fortunate that the period of the literature which it has fallen to Mr. Saintsbury to treat is one in which his admirable qualities have full play, while what we venture to consider the defects of his method are comparatively unobtrusive. For the historian of the wonderful century from 1550 to 1660 the eye and ear for poetry is the first requisite, and the second, and the third; while, putting Bacon and Hobbes apart, the purely stylistic estimate of philosophy habitual with Mr. Saintsbury does relatively little damage. The subject is lucidly arranged in twelve compact chapters, which are devoted, in nearly equal proportions, though without any show of formal distribution, to the writers of drama, lyric verse, and prose. Every one who has tried knows how hard it is to group the literature of a fervid and versatile age in such a way as to emphasise distinctions of style without obliterating or obscuring personality, the development of special branches without losing sight of the movement of the entire mass. Mr. Saintsbury's scheme compounds very happily among these various claimants, and only now and then leads to such slight apparent anomalies as that by which the Marprelate pamphleteers are classed as "later," and Hooker's crushing reply to them as "early" Elizabethan prose.

Special interest will be felt by scholars in the chapters in which the mass of literature made accessible by the abundant editing of recent years is brought, in many cases for the first time, under the review of a criticism at once competent and disinterested. The forgotten romances and pamphlets, the dramas, the songs and sonnet-cycles, of Elizabeth and James's time, which may now be read by all in the small type of one editor, or between the ample margins of another, owe the renewal of their youth to others; and Mr. Saintsbury pays at the very outset a warm and well-merited tribute to the single-handed labours of Prof. Arber. But the work of giving a connected account of

this vast material, uncoloured by the eidolon of happy discovery or of specific research, has been reserved for himself. In the first group, we only refer to the concise yet full account of Greene's romances, and to the narrative of the Marprelate controversy, told in a style the easy urbanity of which happily sets off the ferocious humours of Martin, without disguising the conviction, in which we entirely agree, that he had no case.

The serious meeting-place of critics, however, is naturally to be sought elsewhere. Mr. Saintsbury is of those who, with whatever deductions in detail, hardly know how to speak highly enough of the Elizabethan drama as a whole. The pages on Shakspeare, few as they necessarily are, are among the finest that he has written, so fine that one willingly condones the profound disdain for theories which has allowed him to occupy them exclusively with that in Shakspeare which precedes all theory, and to which all theory must return. Of Shakspeare's fellows, too, Mr. Saintsbury's view tends decidedly, on the whole, to confirm the enthusiast in his enthusiasm, and to give the disparager pause. He fully accepts the remarkable rehabilitation of Middleton, and in a less degree of Dekker; and, while rejecting the claim of Ford to belong to the first rank of poets, he pleads for a higher recognition of Massinger. In the case of Tourneur alone does Mr. Saintsbury, as he says, "come a long way behind Mr. Swinburne" in his admiration of our dramatists. Such differences of opinion commonly resolve themselves into some form of the old critical dispute for precedence between purple patches and continuous homespun, a dispute in which, among critics of the Elizabethan drama, the purple patches have on the whole had decidedly the best of it. Mr. Saintsbury cannot be accused of disparaging them, but it is characteristic of his point of view in criticism that he is not of those whose motto is "In poetry the unsurpassable—or nothing"; and that, while Massinger's massive and sustained merit conciliates him, he cannot condone the riotous incoherence which enwraps the sublimities of Tourneur. We incline to think, on the other hand, that Dekker owes his elevation to a somewhat too unqualified regard for a few admirable fragments in his very motley garb, his charming songs, things in which those happy moments that fall alike on the journeyman of literature and on the great artist availed to produce a result more perfect than any sustained work that issued, or could issue, from an imagination so crude and so ill-organised as his.

Of the chapters which deal with lyrics, we must pass over all but the last, and of the last all but the concluding pages, which contain Mr. Saintsbury's "Apology for the Caroline Poets." It is a striking piece of criticism, which appears to us perfectly sound so far as it deprecates the disposition to treat as literary decay whatever succeeds literary maturity. It is less easy to accept his generous estimate of their position in universal literature, on the ground both of their admitted exquisiteness of form, and of the fact that their frank animal affection is accompanied by the "fine rapture, the passing but transforming madness which brings merely physical passion *sub specie aeternitatis*." Now we can read "the most audacious expres-

sion of this style," Carew's "The Rapture, with admiration for the imaginative force which can find a poetical and moving symbol for every detail of actions otherwise in describable. But when all is said, the brutal accent is perceptible from beginning to end; and the poetry with all its earthy splendour is, in our view, divided by a perfectly distinct line from that, for instance, of the marriage-scene in the "Revolt of Islam," where passion is, indeed, "transformed and eternalised" in rapture. Carew's type is rather Propertius. Obviously, to "blend physical passion with metaphysical," and to express the one by aid of a brilliant symbolism borrowed from the other, are two quite distinct things; and we think the latter a more nearly just account of Carew's poem than the former. The whole "apology" seems to suggest that between the love of "seraphim" and that of "cattle," the only alternative available for high poetry is that which, while distinct from physical passion, yet readily and instinctively "blends" with it. The poet of the *Vita Nuova* thought otherwise of love; and, to our mind, all the "raptures" of the Caroline singers, full of genius and dainty incalculable charm as they are, fall a long way short, as poetry, of his brief and pregnant words:

"qual soffrissi di starla a vedere
Diverria nobil cosa o al morir,"

words which, of the whole poetic generation, the author of "Comus" would, perhaps, alone have entirely understood.

Towards Milton himself (who, as belonging essentially to the pre-Restoration era, is discussed in the present volume) Mr. Saintsbury's attitude is, in both senses of the word, perceptibly cavalier. His treatment cannot be called unfair, and few men have given Milton higher praise; but it is the treatment accorded to a distinguished enemy by a chivalrous assailant, who admires him almost to intoxication, but cannot quite forgive him for being on the wrong side. "If poetry could be taught by reading it, then indeed the critic's advice to a poet might be limited to this: Give your days and nights to the reading of "Comus"—is a dictum to which the most devout Miltonian could only object that it attaches an even too high relative value to what, with all its splendour of poetry, still belongs to the imperfect genus of the Mask. But with the early poems Mr. Saintsbury's unqualified admiration ends; and he neither has nor affects to have any sympathy with the glorious Devil who abandoned his natural pre-eminence in the heaven of Caroline poetry to rule in the fiery abyss of Puritan politics. We have no special liking for Milton's theology, nor are we in the least disposed to compare the "Smectymnus" to "Comus," or the ribaldry with which he pursued Charles's memory to the melodious tear by which he immortalised that of Edward King. No doubt there we have at many points ugliness for beauty. But the man who refused to linger on Parnassus's steep when his country was plunged in civil war was not insensible to the poetry of action; nor, had he done otherwise, is it easy to suppose that he could, later, have imagined imperishable types of a kind of sublimity beside which even the sublime maidenliness of "Comus" seems pale—the sublimity of heroic

achievement and heroic suffering. Moreover, the true teaching of *es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt* is not that struggle avails nothing, at that, directed upon a great end, it atones for the errors to which it inevitably leads.

We trust that the reader will not have mistaken our sense of the very great merits of Mr. Saintsbury's book. If it does not make this wonderful epoch more intelligible than before, it makes it seem even more wonderful. It tends entirely to confirm, in full detail, the enthusiastic verdict upon it towards which modern criticism has on the whole strongly set, notwithstanding the equally evident bent of that criticism towards an Alexandrian standard of form which Elizabethan literature now grossly violates and now ravishingly transcends. His parting assertion of that which distinguishes this literature—"the diffusion throughout the whole work of the time of a *visida vis*, of flashes of beauty in prose and verse, which hardly any other period can show"—may sound hackneyed and obvious; but it is an assertion which not half a dozen men living have Mr. Saintsbury's right to make, and which no other book yet written goes anything like so near as his to justify.

C. H. HERFORD.

Neuer Commentar über die Genesis. Von Franz Delitzsch. (Leipzig: Dörffling und Franke.)

THIRTY-FIVE years have elapsed since Prof. Delitzsch's commentary on Genesis first appeared; fifteen years since its fourth edition was published in 1872. Ever in the van of historical and philological research, the venerable author now comes forward with another fresh edition, in which he incorporates what fifteen years have achieved for the illustration and criticism of the text of Genesis. For, since 1872, many discoveries of archaeological interest have been made—notably, the tablets recounting the legends of the Creation and the Deluge, as they were current in Babylonia; and the higher criticism of the Book of Genesis, as of the Pentateuch generally, has been materially advanced by the studies of Wellhausen, published in 1876-7, and by the renewed examination of the question, especially that of Dillmann in his recently completed commentary, which Wellhausen's studies provoked. In the introduction to the present volume, Prof. Delitzsch states the results to which his own re-examination of this subject has led him. These results are not entirely new. They had been indicated before in the series of papers in the *Lutherische Zeitschrift für kirchliche Wissenschaft und kirchliches Leben* for 1880, in which Prof. Delitzsch reviewed the more salient features of Wellhausen's theory; but they are here succinctly restated, so far as was necessary in an introduction to Genesis.

Prof. Delitzsch has uniformly, since 1852, recognised the composite structure of the Pentateuch; but, in the Introduction to his edition of 1872, he was still of opinion that the character and mutual relations of the different sources were compatible with the supposition that the Decalogue and "The Book of the Covenant" (Ex. xx.-xxiii.), together with Deuteronomy, were the work of Moses himself, and that the rest of the Pentateuch had for its author one of Moses's immediate suc-

cessors. Closer and more systematic study has satisfied him that this position is not tenable. He holds, indeed, that the *basis* of the several codes (Ex. xx.-xxiii., Deut., and the Priests' Code) incorporated in the Pentateuch is Mosaic; but he considers that the form in which these codes are presented in the Pentateuch, at least in the case of Deuteronomy and the Priests' Code, is of much later origin. The Decalogue and laws forming "The Book of the Covenant" are the most ancient portions of the Pentateuch narrative, and preserve the distinctive type of the Mosaic style "in its relatively oldest and purest form." Of this type, the style of Deuteronomy is a development and expansion. The historical truth of the statement, in Deut. xxxi. 9, 24, that Moses "wrote" the Deuteromic law is insisted upon; but the reference is held to be not to the book of Deuteronomy, as we possess it, but to *the code of laws* which underlies it, and which it is the object of the book to develop and enforce. The *substance* of Deuteronomy, both in its historical and legal parts, is ancient, and rests upon a traditional substratum. But it owes its present form to a man of prophetic spirit, who recast it, accommodating it to the requirements of his own age, in the time of Hezekiah. The writer in Deuteronomy "neither is, nor claims to be, Moses; for he introduces him as speaking (i. 1-5; iv. 44-49), and incorporates in his speeches much of historical and antiquarian detail (ii. 10-12, 20-23, &c.)." He writes, however, on the lines of a pre-existing legislation, and in a spirit of genuine sympathy with the aims and personality of Moses himself. The Priests' Code (embodying the more distinctly ceremonial legislation) assumed its present shape under different conditions. In its *principles* originating with Moses, its form—which is singularly unlike that of all other parts of the Pentateuch—is that which it acquired in the hands of the priests, probably through the influence of some particular priest, at a much later date (though prior to the date at which Deuteronomy was composed). It thus took shape gradually, and, as we have it, is the result of a progressive development—the last stages of which may belong even to the period after the Exile. The book of Joshua, finally, is connected intimately with the Pentateuch, and discloses, when analysed, precisely the same composite structure.

The phenomena presented by the Pentateuch are complicated—far more complicated than those who have not made the subject a special study imagine to be the case. It cannot be doubted that the solution is to be sought in the direction here indicated by Prof. Delitzsch. The historical traditions of the ancient Hebrews were committed to writing at different times and by different hands; and the narratives embodying them are superposed, stratum upon stratum, in the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, as we know them. The laws incorporated in Deuteronomy and the Priests' Code are not, of course, what they are often represented as being—the "inventions" of the respective authors: they are in their origin ancient, and the differences which the several codes exhibit are due to the modifications which were gradually introduced into them in the course of history.

It is the office of criticism to separate, where possible, these strata from one another; to define, at least approximately, the process by which they assumed their present condition; and to formulate a theory which shall embrace the observed facts, and explain, as the traditional theory does not explain, the phenomena alluded to above. Prof. Delitzsch's *general* view of the structure of the Pentateuch approximates to that of Wellhausen; but he differs from that scholar in his theological position, and in the postulates under which he conducts his analysis; he differs from him also in seeking to vindicate the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuchal legislation, wherever this is possible. The point of view from which he approaches the subject may be judged from the following extract:

"Thora and Pentateuch are not identical ideas. Only in late post-Exilic times, after the threefold division of the canon into law, prophets, and hagiographa was established, did they come to be identified. This is a fact of supreme importance. When duly weighed, it will be found capable of allaying conscientious questionings in regard to the criticism of the Pentateuch, and of disarming many inveterate prejudices. . . . For, if it be true that the Pentateuch contains the Thora [law], but is not itself the Thora, it is self-evident that the 'Book of the Law,' which Moses, according to Deut. xxxi. 9 wrote, cannot be the Pentateuch, or even Deuteronomy in its present shape; and there is the less difficulty in holding that the Pentateuch, like all the other historical books of the Bible, is composed of documentary sources differing alike in character and age, which critical analysis may be still able, with greater or less certainty, to distinguish and separate from one another" (pp. 33-4).

We wish that space permitted us to transcribe the whole of the pages that follow (pp. 35-8), in which, with weighty words, Prof. Delitzsch vindicates the right of criticism to analyse the records of the Old Testament, and, while repudiating the spirit in which it has been exercised by particular critics, shows that the methods of criticism are in themselves perfectly consistent with the regard due to a record of revelation; and, indeed, that it is the duty of the Christian scholar to apply them for himself, and thereby "to snatch the weapon from his adversaries":

"God is a God of truth! The love of truth, submission to the yoke of truth, abandonment of traditional views which will not endure the test of truth, is a sacred duty, an element of the genuine fear of God. 'Will ye be God's partisans?' exclaims Job (xiii. 8) indignantly to his friends, who assume towards him the part of advocates for God, while they distort the facts on which the issue rests in *maiolem Dei gloriam*."

With a judicious appreciation of the facts and issues involved, Prof. Delitzsch points out the path that lies between the two extremes of the old and the new; and he shows how it may be followed without either disrespect to the inspired writers, or derogation from Christian truth. In this country, alas! the Old Testament is so rarely studied with the requisite system and scholarship that the relations of its several parts to one another remain commonly unnoticed; and the necessity of distinguishing them, which is at once the foundation and the justification of criticism, is not recognised. May this assertion of the claims of criticism, made by a theologian and

a Hebraist of Prof. Delitzsch's eminence, have the effect of convincing students in England of the importance of the subject!

The body of the commentary is not substantially altered. In saying this we are, of course, very far from meaning to imply that it is a simple reprint of the last edition; on the contrary, every page shows marks of the care that has been bestowed upon it, and in matters of archaeological and philological interest additions and improvements are everywhere conspicuous. Thus, the notes on ch. ii. include a critical sketch of recent theories on the site of Paradise; the introduction to the section vi. 9—ix. 29 contains a much fuller discussion than in the previous edition of the traditions respecting the flood, and of the relation to one another of the two divergent narratives that have been combined in the Book of Genesis. Prefixed to chap. xii., and similarly to chap. xiv., is a sound and moderate estimate of modern speculation respecting the historical character of the narratives in question. The minuteness and precision of the philological notes, in their improved form, is especially praiseworthy. The supposed "archaisms," which have for long been popularly imagined to characterise the language of the Pentateuch are thus—with one exception, the epicene *na'ar*—now rightly abandoned (p. 27 f.) as resting upon no foundation in fact. A brief but clear view of the composition of the text is prefixed to each section of the commentary, and the different sources are more fully and exactly characterised than was attempted in the edition of 1872. The analysis is not so minute as that of Dillmann, though Prof. Delitzsch has evidently a well-founded admiration for the work of his Berlin colleague (*cf.* p. 248); but, as he gracefully remarks (p. 437), his own eye is not gifted with the same delicate vision, and he prefers accordingly, even where agreeing with him in the main, to leave various minor points undetermined. The use of the volume, it may be noticed in conclusion, is much facilitated by improved typographical arrangements.

We congratulate Prof. Delitzsch on this new edition of his commentary on Genesis, and trust that it may appear before long in an English dress. By it, not less than by his other commentaries, he has earned the gratitude of every lover of Biblical science; and we shall be surprised if, in the future, many do not acknowledge that they have found in it a welcome help and guide.

S. R. DRIVER.

"Great Writers."—*Life of Shelley.* By William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

MR. WILLIAM SHARP, as was to be expected, writes of Shelley with affection and sympathy. He does not profess to do more than give a simple narrative of his life, avoiding the temptations to digress into controversy or criticism. But even so apparently modest a task required the nicest discernment, as well as full knowledge and appreciation of the remarkable character the story of whose short career was to be told. These qualifications Mr. Sharp possesses in ample measure, and the result is that his account of Shelley is at once fascinating and just.

I confess that I am a little disposed to demur to some conclusions very aphoristically expressed in the following sentences, which occur in an early page of the memoir:

"The moment we seek to identify a poet with his poetry we are in danger of illusion. A man is not the less a man because he sings more subtly sweet than a siren. There is a distinction between a Voice and a Soul. A nightingale's twilight plaint in the beechwood is not the less wonderful if we learn that a happy family of glowworms has known ruin in order to sustain the musician in his high conceit of song. What then can it really matter to those of a later generation if this poet occasionally imbibed more than was good for him, if that poet infringed a majority of the commandments?"

It is always difficult to put into a short sentence the whole matter of an argument, and every one of these pithy observations—especially taken in reference to Shelley—is open to dispute. It seems to me that in Shelley's case there is a very close connexion between the poet and his poetry. His poetry was the natural outcome of his singularly perturbed and beautiful life; and I cannot see that in him there was a distinction between the voice and the soul. If he was not altogether soul—as in a sense it would seem he must have been—he always spoke from the soul and with the whole power of it. The parallel which Mr. Sharp seems to suggest between the domestic ruin inflicted on a family of glowworms, in order that a nightingale might sing the better, and some similar cause and effect—the unhappy fate of Harriet Westbrook of course occurs to one's mind—in Shelley's experience, does at first sight appear to be an apt one. But it will not bear examination, for the nightingale, by his own act, works ruin on the glowworms, while Shelley never, by act, or thought, or speech, brought ruin upon anyone. Perhaps I ought not to suppose that Mr. Sharp intends such a parallel. It is entirely my own construction of language which he possibly uses only as a general illustration, though even in that case he must expect his illustration to be applied in the circumstances directly in view. Mr. Sharp's next suggestion, that it cannot matter to a later generation whether or not a poet infringed a majority of the commandments, is certainly an unhappy one. The main argument of this book absolutely confutes it. We are of a later generation to Shelley, yet we are profoundly concerned to know that his life was pure, and that the rare spiritual qualities of his poetry were in keeping with those of his actual nature. True and great poetry would cease to be the divine thing it is if it were an excrescence or emanation, given off in virtue of some mere talent for producing it, and not necessarily coming out of a man's inner life and spirit. A vicious man may still be a poet, but his lower tendencies will inevitably affect and cramp his higher ones, and his verse will suffer.

But this is rather beside the question, and chiefly so inasmuch as Mr. Sharp's story of Shelley's life altogether establishes his personal purity and the identity of the spirit in his life with the spirit in his song. Prof. Edward Dowden's *Life of Shelley*—to which Mr. Sharp is necessarily indebted, as he several times says—has happily rendered

clear some mysterious and painful circumstances as to which it had been difficult hitherto to absolve Shelley from blame. Full absolution it may not be right even now to give him; but it is certain that, instead of being the active cause of misery—in the case of Harriet Westbrook—ending in complete ruin, he did all that a high-minded man could according to his light, and accepted suffering and sacrifice so long as these seemed to offer remedy or relief. These distressing incidents Mr. Sharp tells with the utmost tenderness and the most perfect fairness. It is a record, one could imagine, which neither of the parties would wish to have altered by a single word. The same thing, indeed, may be said of Mr. Sharp's whole account of Shelley's life from beginning to end. Where there were adverse interests or feelings, he is just to both. His own instincts respond to Shelley's, but he presents in a fair light every opposite view that could occur. He gives only an outline, for the scope of his book admits of no more; but it is faithfully drawn. It is another fit memorial of a beautiful soul, of whom it is always well to recount what we know.

Mr. Sharp tells us that his object in writing this new biography was to induce the further study of Shelley, and that object will certainly be attained by the book; but, apart from that purpose, it is a worthy addition, to be cherished for its own sake, to our already rich collection of Shelley literature.

GEORGE COTTELL.

TWO BOOKS ON PRIVATEERING.

Studies in Naval History. Biographies. By John Knox Laughton. (Longmans.)

The Corsairs of France. By C. B. Norman. (Sampson Low.)

SINCE more than half the bulk of Prof. Laughton's new book deals with the interesting subject of privateers and privateering we have not gone out of our way in linking it to Mr. Norman's larger volume. But there is a better reason for so doing, in that both writers, though working on different lines of historical study, state practical conclusions which must be drawn from the records of the past, in identical terms and with similar warnings. Privateering is no more scotched and dead by virtue of the diplomatic declaration of 1856 than the great sea serpent has been laid low by scientific scepticism. "The name, at least, is abolished," Prof. Laughton writes: "the reality, in its more important characteristics, will, I do not doubt, revive on the first pinch." We may apply to privateers Coleridge's remark in defence of Drake and his doings, "No man is a pirate unless his contemporaries agree to call him so." And so to-day, "No ship is a privateer unless we are agreed to call her such." This agreement will not be found among international lawyers, we may be sure; but the practical question remains unaltered, and waits to be solved by the hard logic of experience.

Both writers under notice cover the same ground in dealing with four of the best known French privateers, or "corsairs," as Mr. Norman prefers to call them. This literal rendering causes no difficulty in the case of

such names as Jean Bart, Du Guay Trouin, Thurot, and Surcouf; but when applied to lesser heroes a slight ambiguity is possible. Prof. Laughton's articles are more pointedly critical than those of Mr. Norman, the former hesitating to admit, or even to credit, such traditional episodes as that of Jean Bart lashing his son to the mainmast to accustom him to the "music" of two vessels pounding each other. Mr. Norman, however, tells the story without doubting it, and even gives us a picture of the dramatic situation. Each author has much material drawn from original research—in Prof. Laughton's case, as is well known, at the Record Office, and in Mr. Norman's at the Bibliothèque Nationale; and thus the two books will be found to supplement each other. We should, of course, prefer Prof. Laughton's guidance on points of tactics, or on the details of an engagement; but Mr. Norman can claim authority for many features of "local colour" that add interest to his biographies.

There is one debatable question on which Mr. Norman lays emphatic stress, without producing, as it seems to us, sufficient authority for his conclusions. He insists more than once in his book on the utterly preponderating loss inflicted on English commerce during the great French wars. He gives, in his appendix, a roll of English merchant vessels captured 1793-1815, with a total loss of 10,871 vessels, but does not state where it was taken from; and on p. 377 he tells us that from February, 1793 to the end of 1795 not less than 3,000 British craft of all sizes and rigs were lost by capture. These figures we not only find difficulty in comparing between themselves, but we are unable to do more than contrast them with the tables of losses quoted by Col. Malleon in his *Final French Struggles in India* as "taken from the official documents," and with the English return of prizes taken 1793-1812. The latter, signed by the Registrar-General of Shipping, is, we take it, of sufficient authority, and can be found in the *Naval Chronicle*, xxix. 453. In it the total number of prizes admitted to registry during the period mentioned is declared to have been over 48,000 vessels, with an average annual tonnage of fully 300,000 tons. Such a total, we must remember, includes French, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish vessels, besides those of one or two lesser nationalities. But even then, with due allowance made, we doubt whether Mr. Norman can claim so great a balance on one side, when the wider extent and larger amount of British merchant shipping is remembered. In differing thus with Mr. Norman, we do not, however, wish to blink the important lessons that must be drawn from the cruises of Surcouf and his brotherhood. They have been urged in recent years by many writers, and not in vain, let us trust.

In Prof. Laughton's work, two of the most interesting essays are those on the English privateers Fortunatus Wright and George Walker, whose names will be familiar to but few. Their exploits were worth recording; and their careers, when compared with those of Jean Bart and Du Guay Trouin, lead Prof. Laughton to make some practical observations on the gulf that has been fixed and is maintained between the royal navy and the merchant service.

"But if this gulf is itself an evil, why should it be maintained? I believe that it is an evil, and that it might be done away with—not by any violent or radical innovation, but rather by a judicious return to the practice of the past. The exclusiveness, which I deplore, is itself the innovation; a thing but of yesterday—of yesterday, that is, as compared to the age of our navy."

This idea of strengthening our naval establishment, with the cogent reasoning which supports it, we recommend to the notice of all loyal reformers of things that are not as they might be.

Prof. Laughton has further given us, in his study of Paul Jones, "the Pirate," an authoritative outline of that celebrity's professional career and moral character, based on criticism that is a model for clearness and moderation. Of his remaining essays, perhaps, that on the battle of Lissa, which, in some of its features, recalls the old Roman victory at Ecnomus, hardly does justice to Tegethoff's memory in saying that he is to Germans "not so much the victor of Lissa, as the bringer home of Maximilian's body." No less than three monuments stand to his memory in Austria, as the hero of Lissa and Heligoland. The four chapters on French naval history proper take a wide range in time but have a certain completeness about them. From Jean de Vienne, Admiral of France, an energetic opponent of Edward III.'s navy, when it was in an enfeebled condition, we pass to Colbert and the brilliant period of naval policy that he inaugurated. Then from Du Quesne, that curious old-fashioned type of naval officer, whose biography has been written by M. Jal with such learned accuracy, to the Bailli de Suffren is a long march; but it leads us to, probably, the highest flight of naval genius in the pre-revolutionary navy. Prof. Laughton's chapter on Suffren, in its original and anonymous form, was long considered to be the only satisfactory English account of that distinguished flag-officer, and its authorship was rightly guessed by some readers. It has undergone revision since then, and forms a valuable lesson on naval tactics.

Such a contribution to permanent history as Prof. Laughton here places before us deserves the warmest welcome, and we hope that it may prove to be one of the foundation stones on which a real history of the British navy may before long be built. Mr. Norman's book, with its map of coaling stations and ocean "crossings" and the comments thereon, illustrates a vital question of the day from the pages of history with much felicity of purpose. Its future lease of life, perhaps, does not promise equality with that of its companion. More than that, who can say?

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

NEW NOVELS.

- No Quarter!* By Capt. Mayne Reid. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)
The Maid and the Monk. By Walter Stanhope. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)
Love in Idleness. By Iza Duffus Hardy. In 3 vols. (White.)
The Twin Soul. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

I. D. B. By W. T. E. (Chapman & Hall.)
Squire of Calder. By Harold Francis. (London Literary Society.)

Country Luck. By John Habberton. (Chatto & Windus.)

Cyril Danoley: or, the Blue Hill. By Miranda. (Elliot Stock.)

Doonan: a Tale of Sorrow and of Joy. By Melville Gray. (Sonnenschein.)

IN *No Quarter!* the late Capt. Mayne Reid forsook the style which made him the hero of schoolboys, and has left us a rattling historical novel after the G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth type. It takes us back to the days of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, and is marked by many episodes of an exciting and entertaining character. Sir Richard Walwyn and Eustace Trevor are the heroes of the Parliamentary army, though the latter had once been known as a handsome courtier in the *entourage* of Charles I., and one whom Queen Henrietta had even deigned to honour with tender smiles. Walwyn and Trevor fall in love with two charming and beautiful maidens, the daughters of one Ambrose Powell, a gentleman with a good estate in the Forest of Dean, and a stern opponent of King Charles. The Powell family is thrown upon troubled times; and, while the head of it is in danger politically, his daughters Sabrina and Vaga are also in danger from the dishonourable intentions of Prince Rupert and an officer of the Cavaliers. Fortune favours the brave, however; and when matters have come to a most desperate pass, the persecuted maidens are signally delivered by their affianced lovers, Walwyn and Trevor. Scattered through the novel are descriptions of the sieges of Bristol, Monmouth, Gloucester, and other places, so that the interest is thoroughly kept alive, whether it be of a romantic or a historical character. Sir Walter Scott has given us a flattering, perhaps too flattering, picture of the Cavaliers. Capt. Mayne Reid now drags them down from their pedestal, and exalts the Parliamentarians in their place. He is, indeed, most uncompromising in his utterances; and when some of the Conservative journals get hold of this story I fear they will give him "no quarter." He is very angry that Lord Beaconsfield and his associates were not impeached in 1880, instead of being allowed to "walk out of office and away, with a free jaunty step and air of bold effrontery, blazoned with decorations," &c. In another place he speaks of the "alimy Imperialism" of the "Jew of Hughenden," and describes "the Jingo cur" of to-day as a falling-off from "the Cavalier wolf of the Great War-time." Again, he regards the whole history of Toryism, from its commencement up to the latest chapter and verse, as "a record of sympathy with the wronger and unpitying regardlessness for the wronged—an exhibition of all the ferocity known to the human heart, with all its falsehood and meanness." Politics are not meant for fiction. Yet there was a refreshing independence of thought in Capt. Mayne Reid. Apart from polemics, this novel may be enjoyed for its racy delineations of character and scenery.

A second historical novel greets us in *The*

Maid and the Monk. Mr. Stanhope transports us exactly a century further back than Capt. Mayne Reid; and instead of being in the days of the tyrannical Charles we find ourselves in those of the imperious Henry, the eighth of his name. The chief characters here are Elizabeth Barton, the maid of Kent; Aveline More, daughter of the great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More; Dan Theodulph, the licentious head of a monastery; and Richard Plantagenet, the alleged descendant of Richard III., and the last of his race. The orgies of the monks of the sixteenth century are powerfully described, and Henry is credited with sharing in them himself. The maid of Kent first comes before us in 1533, when, according to the author, she was twenty-five years of age, though how that can be, seeing she was born in 1510, does not clearly appear. Queen Catherine upheld the inspiration of this hysterical woman, Archbishop Warham believed in her, and Wolsey and More were not untouched by her. Together with her associates—Dr. Bocking, of Canterbury, and Masters—she made a great sensation for a season; and these volumes trace her chequered career down to the time when she was tried and convicted of heresy, and condemned to the stake. History records that she was actually burnt in consequence of her denunciations of the king and his repressive ecclesiastical measures; but the last glimpse of her in this work depicts her as having been rescued from the flames by the gallant Plantagenet, and borne to a place of safety. Of course there are some love passages. The Maid of Kent has fallen a victim to the sensual passion of Dan Theodulph, who meets with a fearful retribution for his numerous crimes. Plantagenet loves Aveline More, and finally marries her, though he has inspired the Maid of Kent with the purest affection of her life. The hard facts of history are departed from in many instances, but license is allowed to the romancist; and if Mr. Stanhope has not been entirely successful in bringing before us vividly a past age and people, he has written a novel which manifests considerable ability, and is at the same time very attractive reading.

Miss Hardy's novels are invariably entertaining, and *Love in Idleness* is no exception to the rule. It is the story of a winter in Florida—a country which has evidently become a second England almost to the writer; and the sketches of scenery scattered through these volumes are very real and graphic. The description of the famous orange groves of Florida towards the close of the second volume could not well be excelled, and it was not possible to have written it at all save after a personal experience of the country. As regards the *dramatis personae* of her narrative, Miss Hardy has endeavoured to depict in them one of the innumerable little "British colonies" in Florida, and considerable interest attaches to their love episodes and their fortunes generally. The widely different natures of the two heroines, Violet Preston and Rosemary Heath, are well distinguished, and there is something touching in the chequered existence and tragic death of Max Randolph. The author may be congratulated upon having produced a very good novel.

The Twin Soul is a psychological and realistic romance, and relates the strange

experiences of Mr. Rameses. This extraordinary being suggests reminiscences of Zanoni, *et hoc genus omne*. He has a lofty contempt for all such "fussy nationalities" as France, Russia, England, and America, who think "they are playing mightier parts on the world's great stage than ever were played before"; but he is quite convinced that, as in the case of Egypt and Assyria, they will perish and leave behind them as little mark "as the soap bubbles that children toss into the sunshine." Mr. Rameses's particular eccentricity is "the twin soul." He believes that everything is made in pairs; and, after poking about the world for a good while, he discovers his own affinity upon the summit of Ben Ledi, in the Scottish Highlands. This very singular being is an Oriental lady, clad in a long loose garment of pale amber, bound at the waist with a sash of golden fringe. She wore a turban on her head, had a mass of raven-black hair, and long dark eyelashes concealing the brightness of her "twin orbs." She is named Niona; and her particular business upon the top of Ben Ledi is "to kindle a fire direct from the sun's rays, on the mountain top, in honour of the antique religion of Asia." But if anyone except the great Mr. Rameses had found her, he would have deemed her to be qualifying for a lunatic asylum. Mr. Rameses tells us that he was a priest in the Temple of Isis, upon whose portico was written, "I am all that is, all that ever was, and all that ever shall be; no mortal has ever lifted my veil." We are getting just a little surfeited with this kind of mystery, and are tempted to parody Madame Roland, "O, Rider Haggard, what enormities are committed in thy name!" Mr. Rameses is represented as a marvel of universal knowledge. He knows all religious systems, from Buddhism to Christianity; is familiar with all the poets, from Homer to Wordsworth; has the history of all the nations at his fingers' ends, from the Egyptians and Phoenicians to the Yankees, &c. That being the case, it is strange that this "Enquire-within-upon-everything" kind of being should make three quotations from Wordsworth, and that they should all be wrong, spoiling one of the finest passages in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and the last line of the sonnet written on Westminster Bridge. It is rather singular, too, that he should speak of the followers of Zoroaster more than once as "Zoroastrians." Yet these things are trivial compared with what follows. If Mr. Rameses passionately loves anything it is music. What, then, will be thought of this passage?—

"Beethoven, especially, awakens feelings, memories, and mysteries in me which I cannot describe or account for, and which seem to me to speak a language without words—*Lieder ohne Worte* as he [?] expresses it." Seriously, though there are some clever things in this work; yet, as a whole, it is crude and ill-digested.

I. D. B.—the initials are those of Illicit Diamond Buying—is concerned with the adventures of Solomon Davis at the Diamond Fields of South Africa, and elsewhere. The English scenes reveal singular depths of villainy, while the South African are sanguinary to a degree; and both, as it seems

to me, are conceived in a spirit of vagary.

One does not expect much in the way of literary style when the very first sentence in a story begins, "In the neighbourhood of Albert Square, Clapham—not in the square itself, but *sufficiently nearly so*," &c. Nor do the chances improve, when on p. 2 we read of "a sort of melancholy, barrel-organ-y, tradesmen's cart-ish, milk-hoi air," &c. We are quoting from the *Squire of Calder*; and our impressions are not brightened when we proceed a few pages further and find as a specimen of the author's joking powers, "God bless my soul." The defect is that, notwithstanding the ingenious personation of a supposed squire by a young lady, the *Squire of Calder* consists of 35 pages of trivialities, devoted to the somewhat numerous love affairs of Rosalie Mere, viz her ultimate melancholy fate, which is that of the bitter bitten.

Mr. Habberton has given us a thoroughly fresh and healthy story of American life in *Country Luck*, which it is a real pleasure to read. Alike as regards style and grip of character it might be read with advantage by the author of the preceding work. There is something rational and true to the life about every person in it, but more especially, perhaps, about the women folk.

Cyril Danoley is very short, but it is readable enough. Some will, no doubt, think there is a little too much of the religious element in it for a work of fiction; but it may possibly find a market on that account. There is nothing to distinguish it from the literary point of view. It has one well-sketched character—a lonely rich man who has lost his wife and child under sad circumstances.

"Love perfected through suffering" might be taken as the motto of *Doonan*. The story is interesting; but its most striking incident—curiously enough, is that which is also the most noticeable in the play of "Hoodlum Blind." Is this another of those undesignated coincidences of which we have recently had so many in literature?

G. BARNETT SMITH.

GIFT BOOKS.

Little Peter. By Lucas Malet. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Among the crowd of ingenious, interesting, foolish, dull, pretty, or otherwise mildly pleasing or irritating books produced at this season for children, it is only here and there that we find one that is really beautiful—like this. The author calls it "a Christmas morality for children of any age"; and years will not have brought wisdom to anyone from whom they have taken the power of enjoying this very simple and sweet story. The full beauty of it will scarcely be apprehended by the very young. They will not see how clearly all the characters are drawn, from Master Lepage to Cincinnatus the cat. They will not (we hope) realise the wretchedness of John Paqualin, the poor mishapen charcoal burner. They will not understand in its depth the beauty of little Peter's last dream; but things are for children of a larger growth; but they will love little Peter and Cincinnatus and John Paqualin and M^{de}me. Lepage, and have a wholesome contempt of the conceit and stupidity of the rest. Moreover, they will like the pictures,

which are as truly sympathetic "illustrations" as we have seen for many a long day.

A Little Step-daughter. By the author of "The Atelier du Lys." (Hatchards.) It is a pleasure to meet with a story written for young people which proceeds from a hand that has charmed so many readers of more advanced years. As usual with this writer, her scene is laid in the South of France—a land with which she is intimately acquainted. The local colour is strong, and the characters are well defined. The period in which the events are supposed to have occurred is that of the Regency, and the condition of the peasantry and their relations to the Seigneurs form the background of the tale. The Little Step-daughter herself is a winning child; and the story of her adventures, like all good tales for children, will be read with interest by old as well as young.

Margery Merton's Girlhood, by Alice Corkran (Blackie), is a book written especially for girls, probably with a view of weaning them from the habit of reading novels. The scene is laid in France, though the heroine is an English girl. One of the characters, Josephine, a clever French girl, is exhibited as a solemn warning against maliciousness and lying. The most amusing part of the book, to an older reader, is the transparent effort to keep love-making out of the book, though there is a young man who appears as a saving genius at two critical moments of Margery's life, and who will evidently express his feelings towards her an hour or two after the last scene closes.

Prentice Hugh. By Frances Mary Peard. (National Society.) Miss Peard need not be nervous about her anachronisms. No one in reading a book of this kind will take the trouble to search them out; and the exact dates at which certain portions of the Cathedral at Exeter were executed, and what was the name of the bishop at the time, are matters of the smallest moment to her readers. These will be principally confined to the young, who will think Hugh a nice boy and laugh at his monkey, will be carried back to unknown times (the more unknown the better) by the antiquated language, will hang breathless on the account of the shipwreck, and rejoice at Hugh's triumph over the rascally Roger who stole his design for the corbel. We are doubtful whether Miss Peard knows exactly what a corbel is; but we are quite sure she can write a capital story, full of lively incident, pure in sentiment, in a true sense religious, safely to be recommended to the strictest parent or guardian.

King Diddle. By H. C. Davidson. Drawings by E. A. Lemann. (Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) A pretty little fairy story, telling what wonderful things were seen by Hugh, aged six, and Amy, aged five, when they got up out of bed one night and went to explore the old lumber room, which had long been the object of their wondering curiosity. Children of about the same age will read it or hear it read with delight. The dainty little coloured pictures deserve especial praise.

Sybil's Dutch Dolls. By F. S. Janet Burne. (Field & Tuer.) Miss Burne is to be congratulated on the originality of her story. A little girl who has bought five hundred farthing dolls—wealthy little girl!—sees in her dreams her purchased treasures dressed in various attire, and converses with them. Some of them travel on the personally conducted principle, and go through various amusing adventures. There are numerous clever illustrations of the dressed figures; and even without the story the book would be invaluable to a girl who wished to amuse herself by planning costumes for the inhabitants of her dolls' house.

New Fairy Tales from Brentano. Told in English by Kate Frailligath Krocke, and pictured by T. Carruthers Gould. (Fisher Unwin.) We do not think the tales in this second volume are quite equal—so far, at least, as their suitability to English taste is concerned—to those in the former one. Mrs. Krocke says in her preface that "Gockel, Hinkel, and Gackeleia" is "one of the most charming fairy tales ever written." If this be true of the original, we fear its beauty has suffered in the translation. Nor can we see the fun of "the exquisite mercantile fooling" of "The Story of Brokering," some of which reminds us of the anecdote "Sh'apprends à être fif." The last story, "Father Rhine and the Miller," is better; but then Mrs. Krocke, instead of translating, has really rewritten it in an adapted and greatly abridged form. The result suggests that she would be more successful in writing English stories of her own, in general imitation of German models, than in attempting to find English equivalents for Brentano's far-fetched German witticisms. Mr. Gould's coloured illustrations are always either humorous or pretty, and generally both.

Wonderful Stories, by Dr. Macaulay (Hodder & Stoughton), is a collection of narratives of travel and adventure, told in a style suitable for boys who are old enough to appreciate subjects of real interest. They are drawn from various original sources, and owe their interest to the truthfulness with which the writer has restricted himself to the telling of what actually happened, instead of attempting to startle his young readers with fireworks of the Mayne Reid order. Some of the stories are well known already—such as that of the "First Voyage of Columbus"; but others we have not seen before—as the account of the extraordinary adventures of Hendrik Portenger, who was shipwrecked in the Red Sea in 1801.

Three more Tales. By A. M. F. Paget. (Masters.) We learn from the preface that this book is a sequel to an earlier volume by the author, entitled *Tales for me to Read to myself*, which was intended for children only able to read very easy words. These new tales are meant for readers just a little more advanced, the common words of two and three syllables being sometimes used. The necessity for simplicity of diction has not prevented the writer from giving evidence of considerable literary power; and the stories, though they may be read and enjoyed by most children of seven or eight, are extremely likely to get read through by any grown person who may happen to take them up.

Tom's Adventures in Search of Shadowland. By Herbert S. Sweetland. (Fisher Unwin.) This is a well-written fairy tale, with a little more fancy and humour than are usually to be found in such compositions. We have submitted it to the judgment of some tiny critics, who think the story capital, but do not like the pictures. The frontispiece, however, is not bad.

The Stories of Wasa and Menzikoff (Blackie) are two well-told historical tales. The conception of the giant Bao, with his blunted moral perceptions and his devotion to his master Gustavus, is novel and good. The second story exhibits the debasement of character produced in a great man, who had been raised from a low condition by the Tzar, Peter the Great, through ambition and fear.

The Kitten Pilgrims. By R. M. Ballantyne. (Nisbet.) The author and artist is certainly good at kittens, as has been sufficiently proved before the appearance of this volume; and there is plenty of skill and ingenuity in the book, both in the way of writing and drawing. Monkey Fun, Greedy Toad, and Stork

Ignorance, are all very clever. Yet is it not cleverness nearly all thrown away? The notion of a Kitten Pilgrim's Progress is scarcely a happy one; and, though the author has succeeded better than could have been expected, nothing can prevent it from being a poor burlesque of one of the most reverend books in the English language.

A Golden Age. By Ismay Thorn. (Hatchards.) Pol is certainly a nice little boy, and mispronounces his words very prettily, and Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures are nice; but there is not much more to say about *A Golden Age*. Mr. Polwynth is a sentimental old gentleman who is very kind to his little godson and gives him everything he asks for, and tells him the story of his own life of unreturned love and self-denial. Then there are two other children whose Christian names begin with Tre and Pen, so that we have the Cornish trio of Tre, Pol, and Pen (for the second time this winter season), which of course is very clever; and the three children form a secret society called the Cornish Brotherhood, which is very mysterious and not a little silly; and finally, after a good struggle to keep something like a story going with the aid of scrapes and other incidents of ordinary childhood, the book winds up with the death of Mr. Polwynth and the enrichment of Pol and his father with Mr. Polwynth's money—a truly British ending. Ismay Thorn has done better before, and we hope will do better again.

The Cost of a Mistake. By Sarah Pitt. (Cassell.) We are not at all sure whether Will Ireland suffered much from the mistake. He had indeed to give up his cherished desire of going to college and entering the Church, and it is not pleasant to live for some years under the suspicion of stealing a hundred pounds; but his vocation for a doctor's life seems to have been evident, and his character is cleared completely before he has finished his studies under the good Dr. Angus of Edinburgh. On the whole, this story is a good one—not very brilliant, but by no means dull; and in the course of it we come in contact with a good many queer persons whose peculiarities are described with no little humour.

The Story of Spenser's Faerie Queene. Edited by J. E. Rabbeth. (Bell.) "To paraphrase Wordsworth's words or characters," said Mr. Shorthouse, in an address to the Wordsworth Society, "is unspeakably painful; nay, more it is useless. It will convey no adequate idea to the man who is ignorant of Wordsworth's poetry." All this is doubly true of Spenser, and yet this is what Mr. Rabbeth has done. It is hard to see for whom his book was intended. If for old people, then surely they ought to read the original poem; if for children, then why give them a volume of unmanageable form with all the poetry volatilisèd? The size is demy octavo, and the number of pages is 490. The Invocation is gone, and we have instead, Upton's antiquarian notes. The preface is merely a *réchauffé* (indeed, little more was possible) of Dr. Todd's and Dean Church's work.

The Dawn of Day volume for 1887 (S. P. C. K.) is as excellent a collection as ever of instruction on many subjects, of short tales, and anecdotes. It is superfluous to recommend this useful magazine for Sunday School and parochial purposes.

SEVERAL Christmas numbers lie upon our table. The most expensive, and undoubtedly the finest example of colour-printing, is *Le Figaro Illustré*, of which an English edition is issued by Mr. Spencer Blackett. Besides the plates reproduced by the Goupil process of chromotypogravure, which stands unrivalled for softness and variety of tint, there are articles

by M. Alexandre Dumas fils, M. Alphonse Daudet, and M. Octave Feuillet, as well as a "Rêverie" by M. Ambroise Thomas, charmingly illustrated by M. Lynch. Of the Christmas numbers of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* it is not necessary to say much. The text of the former consists of a story by Bret Harte; the text of the latter of a story by Mr. W. E. Norris, to which an interesting note is appended. It seems that it had been originally intended to include a story by Mr. F. Anstey; but, owing to a miscalculation of the space required for "other matter," this appears only in the copies despatched to the colonies. Is it possible that this colonial edition will at some future day become an object of desire to bibliomaniacs? Certainly, the exigencies of "other matter" make the reading of a story in one of these Christmas numbers not very desirable on its own account. In addition, we have *Yule-Tide* (now published by Messrs. Cassell), with a story by a yet greater name—Mr. R. L. Stevenson—and coloured plates that combine delicacy and brightness with unusual success; and, finally, the *Chatterbox*, which retains the old custom of short tales by different writers, and of which the pictures have been printed—by no means badly—by Messrs. W. H. Keep & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

HITHERTO Lewis Carroll's two famous books—*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking Glass*—have only been obtainable at 6s. each, with, we believe, no reduction to the trade. We are glad to hear that we are soon to have, not only a "people's edition" of both of them, with all Mr. Tenniel's original illustrations; but also the two bound up in a single volume, for 4s. 6d.

MR. WALTER CRANE'S new picture book, entitled *Legends for Lionel*, will be published by Cassell & Company early in December. It will contain a number of original illustrations in colour.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, in three volumes, entitled *The Second Son*; and also a collection of *Four Ghost Stories*, by Mrs. Molesworth.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. announce, for publication by subscription, *The Parishes of Warwickshire*, by the Rev. George Miller, vicar of Radway, author of "Historical Sketches of the English Church for the People of England," to be followed by *The Parishes of Worcestershire*, thus completing the whole diocese of Worcester. A brief account will be given of the history of each parish and its church. The endowments of the churches will be traced from the *Taxatio*, 1291, to the present time, together with the value of land, labour, agricultural produce, stock, and capital required for farming. The population of the parishes, with the classes of which it is composed, and their relative numbers, will be given, from time to time, from the Norman Conquest downwards; and also the rateable value of land at different periods, and the steps taken for the relief of the poor. The book will be published in four parts or volumes, one for each hundred of the county. The whole will contain about 750 pages. Part i. will be issued towards the end of January.

The History of the Family of Borlase, by Mr. W. Copeland Borlase, late M.P. for St. Austell and vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries, is announced for publication by Mr. William Pollard & Co., antiquarian printers, Exeter.

A CHEAP edition of *Robert Burns: an Enquiry into Certain Aspects of his Life and Character*, by a Scotchwoman, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. In this reissue the new preface is

signed by M. S. Gairdner, whom we understand to be a sister of Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will shortly publish a cheap edition of Mrs. F. C. Philips's last novel, *The Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, published in this country by Mr. Henry Froude, will contain, among other papers, "English Local Government," by Frank J. Goodnow; "Profits under Modern Conditions," by Prof. J. B. Clark; and "The Natural Rate of Wages," by Franklin Giddings, editor of *Work and Wages*.

WE understand that the Cape Government has ordered 100 copies of Mr. George McCall Theal's *History of the Boers in South Africa*.

PROF. ZUPITZA has just completed, for the Early English Text Society's Extra Series for 1887, Part II. of his edition of the romance of *Guy of Warwick*, two parallel texts from the fourteenth-century Auchinleck MS., and the fifteenth-century Caius MS. Dr. C. Horstmann's late illness has prevented his finishing his "Forewords" to his long-printed editions of the *Lives of Saints* (about A.D. 1375), and H. Bradshaw's *Life of St. Werbergha* (A.D. 1521), for the same society.

MR. T. GOLLANZ, of Christ's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to re-edit, for the Early English Text Society, the Exeter Book—the well-known collection of Anglo-Saxon Poetry in the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—with a fresh modern English translation, not a mere revision of Thorpe's archaic version. Mr. Gollanz hopes to finish the work early in 1889.

MR. PERCY FURNIVALL, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, having abandoned the cinder-tracks of cycling for serious work, is about to edit for the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society two early treatises on medicine and surgery, by an old worthy of his hospital, its chief surgeon in Tudor days, Thomas Vicary, a man who held—doubtless with the approval of the women of his time—that all doctors should be good-looking men.

MR. G. J. GOSCHEN'S inaugural address as President of the Statistical Society on Tuesday next, December 6, will be delivered at Willis's Rooms, and not at the usual place of meeting of the society.

MR. ANDREW LANG will give a lecture at the London Institution, on Monday next, December 5, at 5 p.m., on "The Wanderings of Puss-in-Boots."

PROF. JULIEN VINSON has just printed, in the *Bulletin* of the Société des Sciences et des Arts de Bayonne, the third Fascicule of "Pièces Historiques de la Période Révolutionnaire en Français et en Basque." The same author has lately published *Les Religions actuelles: leurs doctrines, leur évolution, leur histoire*, forming tome v. of the "Bibliothèque Anthropologique" (Paris: Delahaye.)

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. INGRAM BYWATER, reader in Greek at Oxford, has just been nominated a corresponding member of the Berlin Academy, in the department of history and philosophy, which also includes philology in the German use of that word.

COMMEMORATION at Trinity College, Cambridge, is to be celebrated on Monday next, when Dr. Glaisher will deliver an address in the ante-chapel on "The Bi-centenary of the Publication of Newton's *Principia*."

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, late director general of statistics to the Government of India, has just retired from the India Civil Service, on the completion of his twenty-five years of service. He is at present living at Oxford, where he will deliver a lecture on Tuesday next, in the hall of Balliol College, on "The Delta of Bengal and its Ancient Capitals." We may add that he has announced a wish that no notes be taken of his lecture, for it will probably be published as an article in the *January number* of the *Nineteenth Century*.

WE are glad to record that the Rev. G. F. Browne, of St. Catherine's College—whose studies have thrown so much light upon the obscure subject of early sculptured art in England—has been elected to the Disney professorship of archaeology at Cambridge, vacant by Prof. Percy Gardner's removal to Oxford. Prof. Gardner's introductory lecture on "Classical Archaeology, Wider and Special" has, we may add, just been published in pamphlet form by Mr. Henry Froude.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved the name of Mr. Charles Waldstein, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

ON Tuesday last Convocation at Oxford voted the following grants: £250 for removing the Arundel marbles from the Bodleian to the University Galleries, where they will be under the charge of the Professor of Archaeology; £730 for additional accommodation at the Bodleian Library and the Radcliffe Camera; £500 for building a lodge for the caretaker of the new Clarendon Laboratory; and £1200 for continuing the arrangement and cataloguing of the Pitt-Rivers anthropological collector.

THE grant from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund of £150 for archaeological research in Cyprus (mentioned in the *ACADEMY* of November 12) has been transferred from Mr. H. B. Smith to Mr. M. R. James, of King's College; and Mr. James has also obtained leave of absence from his duties as assistant director of the Fitzwilliam Museum for Lent and Easter terms of next year.

THE senior Kennicott scholarship at Oxford has been awarded to Mr. D. S. Margoliouth, of New College, for a dissertation "De prisca Oratione Siracidae e versionibus eruenda." The dissertation is in three books with an appendix.

THE subject chosen for the Yorke prize essay at Cambridge next year is "The History of Land Tenure in Ireland."

THE Oxford branch of the English Goethe Society meets this day (Saturday) in the hall of New College, when Mr. Cuthbert Shields, of Corpus, is to read a paper on "Goethe's 'Lehrjahre' as exhibited in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*."

THE Oxford Historical Society has just issued two new volumes, a continuation of the register of the University from 1571—when the register of matriculations begins—to 1622. The work has been undertaken by the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College, who has traced in the first volume all the subtleties of the Elizabethan degree, with the numberless dispensations habitually granted. The second part contains the matriculations, with tables showing the counties from which each college drew, the average age at entrance, and the like. A third volume is necessary to complete the period, giving the degrees, and a general index; and this is ready for the press. The volumes are numbered x.-xi.; but volume ix. (Letters from Queen's College in the Eighteenth Century) is not quite ready for issue.

THE *Oxford Magazine* printed in its numbers for November 16 and 23 a rough bibliography of the chief books and pamphlets interesting to

Oxford residents which were issued during the years 1883 and 1884. The compiler is Mr. F. Madan, of the Bodleian.

TRANSLATION.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON OF CAEDMON.

BOUND hand and foot with cruel fetters I
Lie helpless, and the gates of hell are barred.
How shall I scape these bonds, these massive bars
Of iron forg'd hot, which God hath welded round
My throat? Too well God knew my thought;
too well
The Almighty knew I would work Adam woe
About heaven's realm if I could wield these hands.
But in the dire, unfathomable abyss
Of fire and darkness we now woe endure,
Bereft of light, to direst torment hurled,
Though he to us can lay no crime or sin
We wrought in heaven. Now this we may avenge,
Spite him who roft us of heaven's light, for he
Another world hath since created where,
In his own image, he hath fashioned man,
With man's pure soul to people heaven again.
Thither bend all our thoughts to wreak revenge
On Adam and his race; contrive how we
May interrupt their joy; for hope of light
Or bliss amid the angelic throng, which man
Now deemeth all his own, we must forego,
Nor ever hope to soothe the Almighty's wrath.
But from the heaven God drove us let us drive
The race of man; seduce them to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
That he in wrath may spurn them from his grace,
And headlong hurl them to partake with us
These bonds in hell's grim depths.

GEORGE R. MERRY.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE most important papers in the *Revista Contemporanea* for October are "The Notion of a simple Body in Chemistry," by Rodriguez Mourelo, and a clever allegorical tale, "Camino de Trapisonda," by Ramiro Blanco. Mariano Amador writes on the development of conscience, maintaining the religious and orthodox view in opposition to the materialism of Letourneau's *L'Evolution de la Morale*. "Art and Literature in the Philippine Islands" draws attention to the beauty of the popular poetry and of the Songs and Romances of the Passion, sung by the Indians during the Holy Week. An article on the authorship of plays exhibits the folly of those who attempt to write dramas without knowledge either of the theatre or of life. Carlos Cambronero gives a pleasant account of the introduction of the dragon into the escutcheon of Madrid. Vicente de Arana has a graceful anaerontic poem to "Elisa"; and Perez y Oliva concludes in these numbers his treatise on "Capture at Sea."

THE October *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia opens with an inedited contemporary "Relation of the Autos and Antillos of the Inquisition in Toledo from 1485 to 1501." The narrative is written in evident good faith, and proves that the larger numbers of the victims of the Inquisition are nearer to the truth than was supposed. In these seventeen years 260 persons were burnt in Toledo alone, and about 6,000 reconciled—i. e., allotted various degrees of punishment and penance. Nearly all were condemned for Judaising; and among them are canons, priests, monks, and persons of high social standing, whose descendants generally changed their names to avoid perpetuation of the obloquy. This publication is due to Padre F. Fita, who prints, also with observations, the Carta-puebla of Pera (1246), near La Guardia, and now a "desplorado." Fernandez Duro gives an excellent summary of the history of the "Valle de Aran," with its Roman inscriptions to Keltic or Iberian deities. The Martorell prize has been awarded to M. M. H. and L. Siret of Belgium for a work on the

archaeology of the south-west of Spain, and to Dr. E. Hübnér, of Berlin, as *accessit*, on the Roman archaeology of Spain.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BARRBT, P. Sénégalie et Guinée, la région Gabonaise. Paris: Ohallamel. 15 fr.
BIGOT, Ch. Peintres français contemporains. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
BLONDEL, Sp. L'art pendant la Révolution. Paris: Renouard. 8 fr. 50 c.
BÜLSCH, W. Heinrich Heine. Versuch e. ästhetisch-krit. Analyse seiner Werke u. seiner Weltanschauung. 1. Abthg. Leipzig: Dürrsel. 6 M.
CONRAD, H. W. M. Thackeray. Ein Pessimist als Dichter. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.
D'ALEMBERT, Cuvres et correspondances inédites de, p. p. Ch. Henry. Paris: Didier. 6 fr.
FREYTAG, G. Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.
GUERRE, L'orient en 1877—1878. 1^{re} et dernier Fasc. Paris: Baudin. 5 fr.
IM HOF, J. J. Der Historienmaler Hieronymus Hess v. Basel. Basel: Detloff. 25 M.
MAINDRON, E. L'Académie des Sciences. Paris: Alcan. 12 fr.
MEYER, B. Das Wesen d. Einkommens. Eine volkswirtschaftl. Untersuhg. Berlin: Besser. 6 M.
PAKSCHER, A. Die Chronologie der Gedichte Petrarca's. Berlin: Weidmann. 4 M.
PAUB, Th. Das früheste Verständnis v. Dante's Commedia. Görlich: Bamer. 1 M. 20 Pf.
PÉRYE, Roger. Napoléon I^{er} et son temps: histoire militaire, lettres, sciences et arts. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 20 fr.
TUMA, A. Griechenland, Makedonien u. Süd-Albanien, od. die süd. Balkan-Halbinsel. Hannover: Helwing. 7 M.
VACARSCOU, T. O. Rumänien's Antheil am Kriege d. J. 1877 u. 1878. Aus dem Rumän. v. M. Kremnitz. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 7 M.
WASILEWSKI, W. J. v. Ludwig van Beethoven. Berlin: Brachvogel. 12 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

LAGARDE, P. de Onomastica sacra alterum edita. Göttingen: Dieterich. 15 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

ACTA nationis Germanicae universitatit Bononiensis exarchetypis tabularii Malveziani. Jussu instituti Germanici Savigniani edd. E. Friedländer et C. Malagola. Berlin: Reimer. 85 M.
GELLER, L. Österreichische Gesetze. 1. Abth. Oesterreichische Justizgesetze. 3 Bd. Wien: Perles. 8 M. 80 Pf.
GORCKE, R. Das Königreich Westphalen. Sieben Jahre französ. Fremdherrschaft im herzen Deutschland 1807—1813. Vollendet u. hrsg. v. Th. Ilgen. Düsseldorf: Voss. 6 M.
KRÜGER, H. Geschichte der capitis deminutio. 1 Bd. Breslau: Koebner. 10 M.
MÉMOIRES de la comtesse Edling (née Stourdzka), demoiselle d'honneur de l'impératrice Elisabeth Alexievna. Paris: Leroux. 6 fr.
MONUMENTA historiae Warmiensis. 6. Bd. 2. Abth. Braunsberg: Huye. 3 M.
NIBARD, Ch. Guillaume du Tillot, un valet ministre et secrétaire d'état: épisode de l'histoire de France en Italie, de 1749 à 1771. Paris: Ollendorf. 3 fr. 50 c.
PALLINGENIA juris civilis. Fasc. 1. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 4 M.
TROG, H. Rudolf I. u. Rudolf II. v. Hochburgund. Basel: Detloff. 1 M. 60 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

CYON, E. v. Gesammelte physiologische Arbeiten. Berlin: Hirschwald. 12 M.
GAUDEY, A. Les ancêtres de nos animaux dans les temps géologiques. Paris: Baillière. 3 fr. 50 c.
HERZ, N. Geschichte der Bahnbestimmung v. Planeten u. Kometen. 1. Thl. Die Theorien d. Altertums. Leipzig: Teubner. 5 M.
NEUMANN, F. Vorlesungen üb. die Theorie d. Potentials u. der Kugelfunctionen. Hrsg. v. O. Neumann. Leipzig: Teubner. 14 M.
SEYFERT, H. Louis de la Forge u. seine Stellung im Occasionalismus. Gotha: B.-hrend. 1 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

ATHENARI Naucratitae dipnosophistarum libri XV. Rec. G. Kaibel. Vol. I. Leipzig: Teubner. 4 M. 80 Pf.
BERTHELOT ET RUELLÉ. Collection des alchimistes grecs. Livr. 1. Paris: Steinheil. 80 fr. (complete).
BUSCH, E. Laut- u. Formenlehre der angelnormannischen Sprache d. 14. Jahrh. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
CORPUS inscriptionum latinarum. Vol. 14. Inscriptions Latini antiquae latinae. Ed. H. Dessau. Berlin: Reimer. 61 M.
DESCAMPE, Eustache, Cuvres complètes de, publiées d'après le manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Nationale par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.
GROBST, J. Qua tenuis Silius Italicus a Vergilio pendere videatur. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M.
KLUG, F. Von Luther bis Lessing. Sprachgeschichtliche Aufsätze. Straßburg: Trübner. 2 M.
MRELLIN, roman en prose du XIII^e siècle. p. p. Gaston Paris et Jacob Ulrich. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 20 fr.
REUTER, A. Zu dem Augustinischen Fragment de arte rhetorica. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 80 Pf.

RING, M. Historia Apollonii regis Tyrii. E codice Parisino 4955 ed. et commentario critico instruxi M. R. Pressburg: Steiner. 1 M. 50 Pf.
SCHEMAUS, A. Tacitus e. Nachahmer Virgils. Bamberg: Buchner. 1 M.
ZOSIMI historia nova ed. L. Mendelssohn. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Nov. 26, 1887.

Mr. Birch's "relief" at my having at length pointed out his "worst mistake" is premature. I have not yet touched upon it, and will continue to spare him its revelation unless he wishes to see it in print. I may add that I warned him of it personally beforehand, but, it seems, in vain.

I still keep to the original subject—that of "Ingulf."

To my enquiry whether Mr. Birch really believes that his Countess Lucy married and became the mother of a family, when some eighty years of age (on his own showing), he replies that he declines to follow me into a "labyrinth of physiological paradoxes," and that his statement

"rests on good authority—an authority of three separate and independent chronicles [sic], which have none of the Ingulfine taint in them."

Does it? Let us see.

Now the essential point to bear in mind is that the well-known difficulty to which I have referred above springs from the acceptance of two statements:

(1) That the Countess Lucy was a daughter of Earl Ælfgar (who died, according to Mr. Birch, in 1059).

(2) That she married, and became a mother, in the reign of Stephen.

If these statements are both true, the "physiological paradox" results. If, on the contrary, they are both erroneous, the "physiological paradox" disappears. If this had been clearly seen, and steadily kept in mind, the difficulties with which antiquaries and historians have struggled for more than half a century would have been materially lessened.

Mr. Birch, therefore, has to establish that both the above statements are true.

He adduces, for this purpose, three "independent chronicles" (sic) which have, of course, been referred to throughout by those who have written on the question. I propose to take these in their order of relative importance.

(A) "The Registrum de Spalding." I fear that Mr. Birch only knows this "reputable MS.," as he terms it, from the extract printed from it in the *Monasticon*. It is, however, the least untrustworthy of his three so-called authorities, and the passage he quotes is avowedly but a *résumé* of the evidence in the Spalding Charters. But, unfortunately for him, it is *nihil ad rem*, for it makes neither of the statements in support of which he invokes it.

(B) The "Ann[als] of Peterborough." Here, again, Mr. Birch, I fear, has quoted this "irreproachable MS." from the extracts printed in the *Monasticon*. For, though there spoken of as "The Annals of Peterborough," its real title is "The Chronicle of John Abbot of Peterborough," as correctly given in Sparks' *Scriptores*, where he will find it printed in full. It occupies a middle place in Mr. Birch's three authorities, being so far from "irreproachable" that it is looked upon as of small authority. Moreover, it has distinctly (*pace* Mr. Birch) "the Ingulfine taint" about it, notably on the subject of Lucy and her connexions, and on that of Hereward "the Wake." It makes, moreover, only one of the statements that Mr. Birch has to establish—namely that Lucy was Ælfgar's daughter.

(C) The genealogy "at the end of a MS. of Florence of Worcester." This, which is demon-

strably the worst of Mr. Birch's three authorities, is that which he has specially selected, we learn, to follow word for word. It has no more to do with Florence of Worcester than have the MS. notes in a family Bible to do with that Bible's contents. It is only known to us from Dugdale's *Monasticon*, iii. 192, and cannot be earlier than the reign of John, to whom its compiler refers. From start to finish it is full of glaring impossibilities, of which the only redeeming feature is that the compiler's blunders can so easily be detected and traced to their source. Mr. Birch now tells us, with pride, that he has preserved, in his narrative, "the strict signification of the words" of this extraordinary concoction. The sole authority for both the statements Mr. Birch has to establish is this worthless document, which has, indeed, proved the source of all the confusion on the subject.

Before explaining how its blunders arose, I would raise a point which, so far as I know, would seem to have escaped notice. Mr. Birch reminds us that this "separate and independent" chronicle has "none of the Ingulfine taint." Now, on collating this document with the so-called chronicle of Ingulf, I have been greatly impressed with the resemblance. It is sufficient to prove that they are not "independent," and that the compiler of one of the two must be acquainted with the other. In support of this view, I append some parallel passages.

"INGULF."
"Erat enim iste Leofricus comes vir devotissimus, et eleemosynis multum deditus, fundator ac ditator multorum monasteriorum: Alvaro filio Leofrici Leycestrensis Comitissis . . . [1057] illustrissimus et optimus Comes Leycestrie Leofricus obiit, et apud Coventriam . . . sepultus requiescit."

"Strenuissimus etiam Comes Algarus . . . saepius ab aemulis insectatus, saepe terram marique jactatus . . . obiit . . . relictis tribus liberis, duobus filiis scilicet Edwino et Morkario, postea Comitibus, et unica filia, quae nunc superest, Comitissa Lucia."

"Predicti germani Comites Edwinus et Morkarius ambo a suis per insidias trucidati. . . Yvoni Taylboys post necem praedictorum duorum fratrum Comitum Edwini et Morkarii, Luciam sororem eorum, cum omnibus terris et tenementis ad eosdem pertinentibus, inclutus Rex Willielmus dederat in uxorem . . . ne radices altas figerent in mundo spuria vitulamina, omnem sobolem securi Domini succulente deperit linea viri malefici maledicta."

" . . . Illustri adolescenti Rogero de Romara, filio Geroldi de Romara maritata [Lucia], et a seniore fratre sui Willielmo de Romara, Comite Lincolnie, plurimum honorata."

* From this point onwards the extracts are taken from the *Continuatio*."

THE ANONYMOUS MS.
"Leofricus tertius nobilis fundator multorum coenobiorum . . . genuit Algarum postea Comitum. Iste Leofricus jacet apud Coventream."

"Algarus tertius, tempore regis Edwardi, saepius exlegatur et toties strenuissime cum rege reconciliatus, genuit Edwinum et Morcarum, postea Comitum, et filiam nomine Luciam postea Comitissam."

"Edwinus Comes Warwike, et Morcarus Comes Eboracensis ambo fratres . . . suorum insidiis occisi sunt; obtinuitque Lucia soror eorum terras paternas, quae nupta est primo Yvoni Taylboys, e qua nullam suscepit sobolem, tempore Willelmi Conquestoris et Willelmi Rufi."

"Lucia comitissa, tempore Henrici primi nupta Rogero filio Geroldi."

I venture to think that to competent critics these parallels will prove my point. In any case, however, this compiler is the sole authority for the fact that Lucy married and became a mother in the days of Stephen. Now, this blunder was evolved by what we may term "projection." Lucy was "projected" a generation. She is well known to have been the wife of Randulf, Earl of Chester, temp. Henry I., whose widow she was in 1130. Instead of this the compiler marries her to Randulf's (and her) son and namesake who lived in the days of Stephen. But the odd thing is that in the *Continuatio* of Ingulf, assigned to "Peter of Blois," Lucy is similarly "projected," being made sister-in-law to the Earl of Lincoln, to whom she was really mother, just as above she is made wife to an Earl of Chester, to whom she was really mother. Does not this strongly suggest that all this gang of "authorities" are tarred with the same brush? For my part I rejoice to see that Dr. Stubbs has denounced "Peter of Blois" as well as Ingulf himself; nor am I able to understand how Mr. Eyton and Mr. Chester Waters can have relied on a passage in the former chronicle for their supposed discovery of the true date to be assigned to the Lindsey Survey.

Oddly enough, the anonymous compiler repeats what I term his trick of "projection," converting, it will be found, in his closing paragraph, the Countess Lucy's sons into their own sons or grandsons.

Thus, I have now knocked from under him one of Mr. Birch's legs, and nailed, as it were, to the barn-door the blunders of the sole "authority" for his "physiological paradox," by showing how they arose. It would seem that the point, as yet, has been imperfectly grasped, for the funniest part of the whole business is this. Mr. Freeman, who, of course, repudiates this narrative, and justly ridicules it as "still swallowed by novelists and local antiquaries," has, in this very passage, fallen himself into the trap. He states, in his remarks on the Countess Lucy (I quote from the third edition, 1877, vol. ii., p. 682) that she was undoubtedly "alive in 1141 (*Ord. Vit.*, 921 B)." On turning to the passage here referred to, we find that Ordericus is speaking of the wife of the then (1141) Earl of Chester. This wife, according to the compiler, whom Mr. Freeman so justly denounces, was the Countess Lucy herself, who however, as everyone now knows, was not the wife, but the mother, of the earl. Thus the worst and most obvious of all these confusions is enshrined, by implication, in the *Norman Conquest* itself.

Of these confusions Mr. Birch asks: "Can Mr. Round smooth them away? If so, he will deserve everybody's gratitude." Well, I will do my best, although with some diffidence; for many able writers have dealt with this difficulty. And one can do little more than sum up the arguments as they stand.

But this letter has already reached an excessive length. J. H. ROUND.

THE GENEALOGY OF BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

Loughton, Essex: Nov. 23, 1887.

I have no reason to be dissatisfied with your notices of my two books—*Her Two Millions* and *A Queer Race*. That of the former is all I could desire, and almost more, I think, than I deserve; and albeit your criticism of *A Queer Race* is less favourable, I take exception to it only in one particular. You say that it would never have been written but for its predecessors, meaning thereby *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*. This being averred as a fact, and not given merely as an opinion, you will, perhaps, allow me, for the satisfaction of my literary *amour propre*, to make a correction and offer an explanation.

The true predecessor of *A Queer Race*, in the sense of your remark, was *The Phantom City*. Had the latter story proved a failure, the other would assuredly never have seen the light. I should not, in that case, have tempted fortune with a second tale of adventure; and I thought out *The Phantom City* before the appearance either of *Treasure Island* or *King Solomon's Mines*. Some twenty years ago, while voyaging in the West Indies, I heard from an engineer of the Royal Mail Company an account of his experiences during a cyclone at St. Thomas's, the main incidents of which I have reproduced in the first chapter of my story. Some time afterwards, while reading Morelet's *Travels in Central America*, I came across the legend of a fabled city in the unexplored regions of Guatemala and there and then I resolved to make it the ground-plan of a romance. Little by little the idea took form and substance, and save for the pressure of other engagements would have been carried into effect long ago. There are two writers of fiction whom I more admire than Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haggard, or whose gifts of imagination and power of expression I would more gladly possess, yet, so far as I know my own mind, I have neither borrowed from the one, nor imitated the other. A coincidence is not a plagiarism. Imaginary voyages and quests for hidden treasures are the monopoly of no writer. They are as old as literature itself. *Peter Wilkins* and *The Golden Bug*, to say nothing of *The Voyage of the Argonauts* and *Robinson Crusoe*, were written before Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haggard were born.

Had you said that my book would never have been written but for its predecessors generally (without any special reference), I should no more have taken exception thereto than I should take exception to a statement that, but for my forefathers, I should never have been born. WILLIAM WESTALL.

London: Nov. 23, 1887.

In the last number of the *ACADEMY*, Mr. R. L. Stevenson's delightful *Treasure Island* was named as being the first book of the special class to which it belongs, and as having thus set a fashion. Let me point out that Mr. Harry Collingwood's *Secret of the Sands* is somewhat earlier, and is a noticeable story. Indeed, though I rank Mr. Stevenson's tale higher as literature, I incline to believe that a jury of schoolboys would find for Mr. Collingwood, if it were only for a fight with a pirate vessel which is one of his leading incidents.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

[Mr. Collingwood's *Secret of the Sands* was, it seems, published as long ago as 1878, as a two-volume novel, by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. The particular statement in last week's *ACADEMY* was intended to refer, not to any question of literary originality, but simply to the chronological sequence of a series of books issued in similar form by one publisher.—ED. *ACADEMY*.]

THE PRETERITE OF "TO COLLIDE."

Berlin, S.W. Kleinbeerstrasse 7: Nov. 23, 1887.

In the current number of Miss Braddon's *Mistletoe Bough*, p. 21, I read:—"I ran violently against him. He was hurrying out of the booking-office, and I was dashing off post-haste to 'collar' my box, as Foxe would say, and we *collode*" (the italics are mine). I should like to know whether this strong preterite of "to collide" owes its appearance in black and white only to a slip of the author's pen, or is in actual use among educated people.

JULIUS ZUPITZA.

[We should ourselves be disposed to conjecture that the form in question is a survival of the silly fashion of a few years ago—set, we

fancy, by Artemus Ward—of inventing strong preterites from fancied analogies of sound. Anyhow, our esteemed correspondent may rest assured that "collode" is not yet in actual use among educated people.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "EMBELIF."

Cannes: November 25, 1837.

With reference to the word "embelif" (ACADEMY, October 8 and 29), it may interest those who are concerned in establishing its ancestry to observe that *beslong*, *bislong* (final *g* having the hard sound given by the illiterate to the same letter in "thing," "nothing," &c.), fem. *beslongue*, *beslonga*, *bislonga*; plur. *beslong*, *bislong*, is a current word used to this day in the sense of "oblique" not only throughout Provence but also on the Italian side of the Alps. J. GONINO.

ALL POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 5, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "The Wanderings of Puss-in-Boots," by Mr. Andrew Lang.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," II., by Mr. H. H. Statham.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "Is Mind synonymous with Consciousness?" by the President, Messrs. S. Alexander, B. Bosanquet, D. G. Ritchie, and G. F. Stout.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Botany of Syria," by Prof. G. E. Post.

TUESDAY, Dec. 6, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: Inaugural Address by the President, Mr. G. J. Goschen.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "A Jewish Apocalypse of Moses," by Dr. Gaster; "Histoire des deux Filles de l'Empereur Zénon," by Prof. Amélineau.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Electrical Tramways: the Bessbrook and Newry Tramway," by Mr. E. Hopkinson.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Fauna of Corea and the adjoining Coast of Manchuria," by Prof. H. H. Giglioli and Count T. Salvadori; "Liste des Oiseaux recueillis en Corée par M. Jean Kalinowski," by Mr. L. Taczanowski; "The Piguus Hippopotamus of Liberia, *Hippopotamus liberiensis* (Morton), and its claims to distinct Generic Rank," by Prof. W. H. Flower.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 7, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Age of the Altered Limestone of Strath Skye," by Dr. A. Geikie; "Theospondylus Davisi, Seeley, with some Remarks on the Classification of the Dinosauria," by Prof. H. G. Seeley; "The Discovery of Trilobites in the Upper Green (Cambrian) Slates of the Penrhyn Quarry, Bethesda, near Bangor, North Wales," by Dr. H. Woodward.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Chemistry, Commerce, and Uses of Eggs of various Kinds," by Mr. F. L. Simmonds.

THURSDAY, Dec. 8, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music—I. Characters," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Algebra of Linear partial Differential Operators," by Capt. MacMahon; "A Theorem, analogous to Strling's, relating to certain Functions of Variables subject to a Linear Relation," by Mr. J. J. Walker; "The Solution of Green's Problem in the Case of the Sphere," by Mr. A. E. Johnson; "Junctional Paraboloïds," by Mr. A. G. Greenhill; "Unibrocoidal Triangles and their Inscribed Triangles," by Mr. R. Tucker.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: Annual General Meeting; Election of Council and Officers; "Safety Fuses for Electric Light Circuits, and the Fusing Points of various Metals usually employed in their Construction," by Mr. A. C. Cookburn.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "Some of Shakspeare's Waiting-Women," by Miss Grace Latham.

FRIDAY, Dec. 9, 8 p.m. New Shakspeare: "Some of Shakspeare's Waiting-Women," by Miss Grace Latham.

SATURDAY, Dec. 10, 3 p.m. Physical: "Optical Properties of Phenylthiocarbimide," by Mr. H. G. Madan; "Recalescence of Iron," by Mr. H. Tomlinson; "Rotation of a Copper Sphere and of Copper Wire Helices when freely suspended in a Magnetic Field," by Dr. H. O. Shettle.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

(First Notice.)

No biography of recent years has been looked for, especially by men of science, with greater eagerness than that of the late Mr. Darwin.

Now that it has appeared, the scientific world will certainly not be disappointed, and the larger reading public ought not to be. We have of late years been surfeited with biographies, the publication of which has been warmly defended or vehemently attacked. The biography of Darwin will find none to cavil at the way in which it has been done, and it will need no defence. The apology for the life of Darwin is in his work.

The world of letters has been dimly conscious that we have had living and moving among us—until he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in April 1882, in the presence of one of the most distinguished companies that even that building has ever held—a man whose influence on the developments of thought we are only yet beginning to recognise. So retired a life did Mr. Darwin lead for the last forty years, the consequence of uninterrupted ill-health, so rarely did he make his appearance at any public gatherings, that there are only too few to whom the recollection of even slight personal intercourse will be one of their most precious memories, comparable to that of the Roman poet when he exclaimed—*Tantum Virgilium vidi*. In one of the most interesting chapters in these volumes, written by Prof. Huxley, he places the name of Charles Darwin alongside those of Isaac Newton and Michael Faraday. The comparison scarcely seems to me adequate. Great as was the importance of the discoveries of those illustrious men, it can hardly be said that the influence of their discoveries extended beyond the domain of physical science. On the other hand, into what department of human knowledge have not the hypotheses of evolution and natural selection intruded themselves within the last quarter of a century? How have they influenced our conceptions of the very laws of thought themselves! The exact position of Darwin in the development of these laws cannot be determined until the generation which knew him in the flesh has passed away, until his personality has been absorbed in the ideal of the founder of a system; but it has long seemed to me that the judgment of posterity will allow him among his predecessors—if we exclude purely religious teachers—but very few peers. If the greatness of a man is to be judged by the influence of his writings on the currents of human thought, then the peers of Darwin are not Galileo and Newton, Harvey and Faraday, but Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon. And herein lies the great value of such a biography as this. It will be a *κρῖμα εις dei*—a picture to all future generations of the inner workings of the mind of one of the greatest of the world's masters, of his life as it showed itself to those of his own household and to his intimate friends. What would we not give for such a picture of the genesis of the *Republic*, or of the *Metaphysics*, or of the *Organon*?

Mr. Francis Darwin has very wisely left his father, to a large extent, to tell the story of his life himself. With the exception of a short piece here and there of connecting narrative, and a very valuable chapter by Prof. Huxley, the remainder of these three volumes consists almost entirely of an autobiographical sketch written in 1876, and of letters to his most intimate scientific friends—

Sir J. D. Hooker, Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Asa Gray, Prof. Huxley, and others.

It is often stated that, up to the time that he left Cambridge, Darwin showed no indications of remarkable genius, and no special tendency towards natural history pursuits. No doubt there was an entire absence in his childhood of that marvellous precocity with which we are familiar in the case of John Stuart Mill; but that he had already exhibited a decided bent towards natural science is shown by some of his letters written during this period, by the avidity with which he attended Prof. Henslow's lectures on botany, and by the fact that, immediately on leaving Cambridge, although at that time he intended to become a clergyman, he was recommended by Sedgwick and Henslow for the post of naturalist to the five years' cruise of the *Beagle* under Capt. FitzRoy. His letters home, while engaged on this expedition, showed, in the opinion of competent judges at home, promise of a brilliant future.

Darwin was not a specialist; and herein lies one of the secrets of the position which he ultimately attained. I mean, he did not devote his life to the exclusive study of some one group of plants, of animals, or of natural phenomena. The range of his scientific knowledge was very wide. Although in later life he disclaimed the title of botanist, he had an accurate acquaintance with the phenomena of vegetable physiology. He was an accomplished zoologist, and his knowledge of geology was such that he served for three years as one of the honorary secretaries to the Geological Society. No doubt he did specialist's work; and his *Monograph of the Cirripedia*, published by the Ray Society in 1851 and 1854, is one of the most valuable contributions of the kind to scientific literature. Such work is essential to the young naturalist, whether botanist, zoologist, or geologist, for it is the only way in which that intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of nature can be obtained which is indispensable for future generalisations. But to spend one's life in the observation and record of minute resemblances and differences is not congenial to a mind of the highest powers; nor does it develop faculties of the highest kind. The specialist must usually lay the foundation on which other men may build. Not only in natural science but in other departments of knowledge, specialists have ever been the last to admit new ideas. In no branch of natural history has specialisation been carried further than in entomology; and Darwin records (vol. iii., p. 69) how serried a front the entomologists at first presented against the admission of the theory of evolution. The late Mr. George Bentham, the prince of botanical specialists, the highest authority of his day in descriptive botany, wrestled long and hard against the hypothesis of natural selection; and it was only the fairness of his mind, and the strength of his logical faculty, that ultimately won the day against almost insuperable prejudice. The cramping influence over men's minds of these "eidola of the cave" is further illustrated by the fact that at the present day hardly a single special lichenologist has accepted the theory of the compound nature of lichens, now taught by the leading physiologists.

Nothing strikes one more forcibly in reading Darwin's Life and Letters than his extraordi-

nary power of recognising the proportionate value of the facts and phenomena which came under his notice—the result of most careful and painstaking observation, but the evidence of true genius. He seemed to detect at a glance, not whether a particular fact was favourable or otherwise to his theory—that consideration never had any weight with him; but whether it was a fact of primary or secondary importance, or of no importance at all, in obtaining a correct view of the laws of nature. Mr. Geikie describes very happily (vol. i., p. 329) this “remarkable insight in all that Mr. Darwin ever did.” Darwin was a great believer in his relative Mr. Galton’s views on the hereditary transmission of mental peculiarities; and it is interesting to find (vol. i., p. 13) that his father possessed a precisely similar unerring insight into the characters of men.

But what can be said, beyond what has already been said, on Darwin’s private and personal character, as known to everyone who came into personal contact with him, and as admitted by all, whether friend or foe, who knew him only through his letters or his books? So courteous and gentle, so ready to assist all who came to him for advice, so free from all unworthy jealousy; and, withal, so humble, and modest, and depreciative of his own great services to science. If I were asked to name the one leading feature of Darwin’s character, it would be his love of truth, which amounted to an absorbing passion. All the world knows the history of the joint publication by Darwin and Wallace of the first Essay on Natural Selection, so honourable to the kindly feeling and generous self-renunciation of both parties concerned. In illustration of these points in his character, I cannot refrain from giving two extracts—the first from his autobiographical sketch (vol. i., p. 89):

“I have almost always been treated honestly by my reviewers, passing over those without scientific knowledge as not worthy of notice. My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed; but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole, I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly over-praised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies . . . as it rarely did any good, and caused a miserable loss of time and temper. Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that ‘I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.’”

The second is from a reminiscence by Dr. Lane of his life at a public water-cure establishment (vol. i., p. 131):

“He was surrounded by multifarious types of character, mostly very different from himself, commonplace people, in short. . . . And never was anyone more genial, more friendly, more altogether charming than he universally was. . . . He never aimed at monopolising the conversation. It was his pleasure rather to give and take, and he was as good a listener as a speaker. He never preached nor prosed; but his talk, whether grave or gay (and it was each by turns), was full of life and salt—racy, bright, and animated.”

A glance at the lines on Darwin’s face, in truth, would show that he was free from that defect, so common with great men—an absence of the sense of humour. This is illustrated by the following delicious anecdote related by the Rev. J. Brodie Innes, for many years vicar of Down (vol. ii., p. 289):

“On my last visit to Down, Mr. Darwin said at his dinner-table, ‘Brodie Innes and I have been fast friends for thirty years, and we never thoroughly agreed upon any subject but once, and then we stared hard at each other, and thought one of us must be very ill.’”

Before passing to a more critical account of Darwin’s scientific work, which we must reserve for another number, may I be allowed, for a very few lines, the reviewer’s privilege? The letters in these three volumes are, with few exceptions, to Darwin’s scientific friends, and relate to his scientific work. It is true that we learn his opinion on slavery, on the secession war in the United States, on the conduct of Governor Eyre in Jamaica, and on the proposal for the total suppression of vivisection; but one would like to have had more of these views of men and things. Not that Darwin’s views on any question of the day outside his own work would have had any special value in guiding the judgment of others; but that we should have gained from them even a fuller and more complete idea of the man. Possibly letters to his family or private friends bearing on extraneous subjects were not accessible to the editor, or possibly there were reasons against their publication. Secondly, the illustrations hardly seem to me fully worthy of the book, with the exception of the charming sketch (vol. i., p. 108) of the study in his house at Down, in Kent, his home for forty years—a spot which will be as worthy of the visits of future pilgrims as Shakspeare’s birthplace at Stratford or Scott’s home at Abbotsford. Instead of the two portraits given here, a far better presentation of the man, to my mind, would have been afforded by a reproduction of Collier’s magnificent portrait executed for the Linnean Society, or of Boehm’s statue in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Die arische Periode und ihre Zustände. By F. Spiegel. (Leipzig: Friedrich.) A work on the common culture of the Indians and Iranians before their separation is very welcome, more especially when it comes from the authoritative pen of the veteran Avestan scholar, Prof. Spiegel. The philology of the Asiatic branch of the Aryan family of speech has now arrived at a point which makes it possible to determine what is the exact character of the ties which bind the India and Iranian members of the group together, and mark them off from their European sisters. Where we find two cognate languages giving the same names to the same objects we may conclude that the objects were known to the speakers of the two tongues while they still lived together, and we can thus form a picture of the social condition and religious ideas of the latter. It is this picture of primitive Indo-Iranian life which Prof. Spiegel has drawn for us in his new work. He has gone patiently and exhaustively through all the words which throw any light on the social and religious life of a people. The result of his survey is to show more clearly than ever how intimate must once have been the relations

between the speakers of the Iranian and Sanskritic dialects. It is more especially in terms that refer to religious beliefs and practices, to the worship of the gods and the institution of a priesthood and a ritual, that an intimate relation is found to exist, though there is also a surprising similarity in the use of geographical expressions. When we compare the religious ideas and institutions of the Indo-Iranians with those which “linguistic palaeontology” has shown to be common to the Aryan communities of Europe we are struck by the wide difference, not to say contrast, between them, and the immense social advance which Indo-Iranian religion implies. A similar advance in culture is made evident by comparing the “Aryan” social life as depicted by Spiegel with the utter barbarism which Otto Schrader’s researches have proved to have characterised the primitive Indo-European community. The latter, for instance, still lived in the stone-age, while the Indo-Iranians were acquainted with the use of bronze and iron. Like many other recent writers Prof. Spiegel is inclined to look to Europe as the original home of the Aryan-speaking peoples. Thus he tells us that “the view formerly prevalent which brought the Indo-Kelts from Central Asia has been rendered more than doubtful by recent investigations”; and he concludes that “without forgetting that the determination of the original seat of the Indo-Kelts must always remain a mere hypothesis, we must, nevertheless, allow that the hypothesis of their origin in Central Asia has become extremely improbable.” It is needless to add that Prof. Spiegel’s book should be added to the library of every comparative philologist. The student of human history and culture will also find it of value and interest.

Zur Sprachgeschichte. By H. Winkler. (Berlin: Dümmler.) Dr. Winkler continues his researches into what may be termed universal syntax, making the Ural-Altaic languages the starting-point and text of his studies. His new volume is primarily devoted to an examination of the ideas underlying the use of the noun and the verb in the Altaic dialects; but in order to test and establish his conclusions he passes most of the other languages of the world under review. As a contribution to comparative syntax the work is a valuable one. We regret only that Dr. Winkler has fallen into the besetting sin of his countrymen and written ten pages where one would have sufficed. He is also too much inclined to regard language from an abstract point of view, and so to find in syntactical constructions depths of thought which the actual employers of them have never dreamed of. Wilhelm von Humboldt did infinite harm by his discovery of “the inner form of language”—an expression which savours more of metaphysics than of philology; and, though Dr. Winkler is careful to assure us that he not only does not undervalue “the formless languages,” but finds in them forms of greater force and meaning than those of the so-called formal tongues, he would do better not to believe in a “formless fundamental type” at all. The first object of a language is to be intelligible, and it can be made intelligible only through the form which it assumes. To speak, as Dr. Winkler does on p. 115, of “the grammatical form of the verbal expression” being “not always the adequate expression of the thought,” is little else than nonsense. Our thought can never be adequately expressed by language, for the simple reason that language is necessarily symbolical; on the other hand, if our meaning is understood by another, it is adequately expressed, whatever may be the grammatical form of the verbal expression.

Studi sulle antiche Lingue italiane. By C. Moratti. (Florence: Le Monnier’s Successors.)

of Moratti has published a limited number of copies of a work which is full of labour and learning. He essays in it to show that Armenian and Albanian furnish the key to the Etruscan, Messapian, and other less-known dialects of ancient Italy, constituting, along with Phrygian, a chain of languages which extend from the mountains of the East to the Iberians of the West. Part of the work consists of translations of the Etruscan, Messapian, and Euganean inscriptions, in which almost every word is interpreted without even the addition of a note of interrogation. Our confidence in these translations is shaken, however, by our finding equally fluent renderings of Mordtmann's copies of the Phrygian execratory formula, which Prof. Ramsay has shown to be a mass of blunders. In fact, we may say that Prof. Moratti has succeeded in proving anything, it is that Etruscan has nothing to do either with Armenian or with any other Indo-European language. When will "Etruscologists" learn that they must follow Pauli's example, and decipher before they compare?

Unless the meaning of a word or form can be made out from the internal evidence of the inscriptions themselves so as to win the acceptance of every scholar, no amount of comparisons with other languages is of any value. Prof. Moratti tells us that the Etruscan *thura* is the word "door"; other scholars see in it merely a suffix; and his explanation of *Acnanasa* as "I have begotten," the latter part of the word being the Sanskrit *āsa* "I have," will hardly win the assent of those who see in it a proper name. Where the signification of a word is accepted on all hands, as in the case of *sekhē* "a daughter," and *clan* "a son," we notice that he has no Indo-European comparisons to offer, or else falls back on the exploded notion that *clan* is the Erse *cland*. Most of his grammatical explanations relate to cases about which the decipherer can say nothing, since, with our present materials, we have no means of determining the sense; but some are contrary to the more probable explanations put forward by others. Thus *mi* is identified with *εμί*, though Pauli has shown that it is a demonstrative; and the suffix *-si*, in which we ourselves see a sort of dative, is analysed into a genitive *-s* and an enclitic pronoun *i*. Until the Indo-European origin of the Etruscan numerals can be demonstrated, however, the theory of the Indo-European affinities of the language may be safely left on one side. In spite of the arbitrary values assigned to them, Prof. Moratti, like Deecke and Bugge, has only succeeded in making it clear that whatever else they may be they are not Aryan; at all events, we may say of the attempts by which they have been tortured into something like an Aryan form, "credat Judaeus Apella." If comparison goes for anything, Mr. Robert Brown's comparison of them with the Arintzi numerals in the ACADEMY (November 27, 1886, and May 21, 1887) is far more convincing than anything yet put forward by the "Indo-European school." As regards the Euganean inscriptions, it seems to us that *rehtiaah* must correspond to the Latin "dedit" rather than to "beneficio"; and it is curious that it did not occur to Prof. Moratti to render the words *khetor ri* by "four years." His comparisons of certain Romanic words of doubtful etymology with Albanian is interesting, and merits further examination. But we must not forget that our knowledge of the Albanian dialects extends back for hardly more than three centuries, and that in an earlier period of its existence Albanian must have borrowed a good deal from the languages with which it came into contact. Nor can we share the author's belief in the superiority of the consonants over the vowels as a test of primitiveness in the Indo-European tongues, and we are

sorry to find him harking back to the old doctrine that the Indic *ā* is more original than the European *a*, *ē*, *ō*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RECENT EMENDATIONS OF THE ARISTOTELIAN TEXT.

Oriel College, Oxford: Nov. 23, 1887.

THE ACADEMY of November 19 contains an abstract of a paper read at the Cambridge Philological Society by the President, upon several passages of the *Ethics* of Aristotle. In four of them emendations are proposed, and in another the reading of certain MSS. is preferred to that of the ordinary printed text.

The first two emended passages are I. vii. 7-8, and VII. xiii. 2. I. vii. 7-8 is as follows:

"τοιούτων δὲ τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν οἰόμεθα εἶναι. ἔτι δὲ πάντων αἰρετώτατην μὴ συναριθμουμένην."

Of this it is said:

"Both here, and in vii. 13 § 2=1153 b 9, γῶσι δὲ καὶ ἀναγκαῖον . . . αἰρετώτατην εἶναι, the sense seems to demand the substitution of αἰρετώτατον for αἰρετώτατην."

The text should not be changed in these passages. The first is an instance of an easily understood assimilation of the gender of the predicate, with εἶναι, to that of the subject, in an idiom common with superlatives. See Kühn, *Gr. Gr.* § 363. The assimilation has its point, for the subject in the first passage is not expressed, but understood from the previous sentence. In the second the subject does not appear in its own clause, where it would be accusative. But in the second it is not even necessary to assume any special idiom.

The third passage is II. vii. 14:

"ἡ γὰρ αἰδῶς ἀρετὴ μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν, ἐπαινεῖται δὲ καὶ ὁ αἰδήμων,"

with the note:

"Williams translates—'Shame, for instance, is not a virtue, and yet he who shows a proper shame is praised'; and to all appearance the commentators, with the one exception of the paraphrast, interpret in this way. But, (1) when the sentence is thus read, punctuated, and understood, the καὶ which stands before ὁ αἰδήμων is absolutely meaningless. And (2) the implication that αἰδῶς is not praised—which implication is the sole justification of the anacoluthic introduction of a new subject—is unknown, not only to the paraphrast, who writes τῶν ἐπαινουμένων δὲ ἔστιν· ὁ γὰρ αἰδήμων ἐπαινεῖται, but also to Alexander Aphrodisiensis, who in his *ἁπορία καὶ λύσεις*, iv. 21=p. 270 Spengel, plainly affirms that Aristotle in this place alleged αἰδῶς to be praiseworthy: ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ μὲν ἐπαινετὸν αὐτὸ πάθος εἶπεν, ἐνταῦθα δὲ κτλ. Hence, we should either read ἡ γὰρ αἰδῶς ἀρετὴ μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν, ἐπαινεῖται δὲ <ἐπαινεῖται δὲ> καὶ ὁ αἰδήμων, or, at any rate, place a comma after ἐπαινεῖται δὲ, and mentally supply ἐπαινεῖται with the three concluding words."

The text is sound here also. The use of καὶ is a familiar idiom. The meaning is "αἰδῶς is not a virtue, but yet he who has it is in the number of those who are praised." Literally—"is praised as well as (others)"; or simply—"αἰδῶς is not a virtue, yet it too is praised." Thus the text does not imply that αἰδῶς is not praised, but that it is; and it has been so understood by the authorities which the writer of the paper quotes.

The next emendation is as follows:

"vi. 5 §§ 4, 6, λέπεται ἔρα αὐτὴν [sc. τὴν φρόνησιν] εἶναι ἔξιν ἀληθῆ μετὰ λόγου πρακτικῆν περὶ τὰ ἀνθρώπων ἀγαθὰ καὶ κακά. . . ὥστ' ἀνάγκη τὴν φρόνησιν ἔξιν εἶναι μετὰ λόγου ἀληθῆ περὶ τὰ ἀνθρώπινα ἀγαθὰ πρακτικῆν. In spite of the etymology in § 8, it is difficult to believe that Eudemus ever spoke of a ἔξιν as ἀληθῆς. Now, in § 6, M^b, the Latin version, and Eustratius, read not ἀληθῆ, but ἀληθοῦς. In § 4, however, MSS., version, and scholiast agree in giving ἀληθῆ."

It is then pointed out that Alexander Aphro-

disiensis, on *Met.* 981^b 25, quotes: ἔξιν μετ' ἀληθοῦς λόγου πρακτικῆν, which seems approved.

The balance of evidence here seems in favour of the text. The only important objection, if it were well founded, would be the first. The difficulty seems to be that ἀληθῆς would be the epithet of a thought or statement rather than of the corresponding disposition of mind (ἔξιν). But this is by no means certain, whether we take Aristotle or Eudemus. In the case of a man who ἀληθεύει (speaks the truth), ἀληθῆς is applied not only to his statements but to himself—ἀληθῆς τις (cf. *Nic. Eth.* II. vii. 12 with *Eud. Eth.*), and clearly, therefore, his character could have the epithet ἀληθῆς, or be identified with ἀλήθεια. In this book (*Eth.* VI.) the soul is said ἀληθεύειν (to think the truth) so far as it possesses the intellectual virtues or ἔξεις, of which φρόνησις is one (ii. 6 καθ' ἂρ . . . ἔξεις ἀληθεύσει. iii. 1 ἔστω δὲ οἷς ἀληθεύει ἡ ψυχὴ . . . πέντε τὸν ἀριθμὸν, ταῦτα δ' ἐστὶ τέχνη ἐπιστήμη φρόνησις κ.τ.λ.); and so, as in the other use of ἀληθεύειν, there seems no reason why the ἔξιν itself should not be called ἀληθῆς.

The evidence of the MSS. is in favour of ἀληθῆ in both passages. It is far more likely that the rare variant ἀληθοῦς in § 6 is corrupted from ἀληθῆ, than that the converse should have happened.

As to Eustratius and the Latin version, it is hardly safe to quote them as reading only ἀληθοῦς in § 6. By "the Latin version" is doubtless meant that called "*vetus* or *antiqua translatio*." A Bodleian MS. of this (fourteenth-century, Coxe) reads *verum* (= ἀληθῆ) in the first place, and *vera* (= ἀληθοῦς) in the second. But one of the printed copies which I have consulted in Prof. Chandler's library (Paris 1500, a fine edition, professedly made under the supervision of Tartaretus) reads *verum* (ἀληθῆ) in both places.

Eustratius, quoted *simpliciter*, I suppose means the Aldine. The excerpts from the *Ethics* which precede the commentary in Eustratius read here ἀληθῆ in both places, not ἀληθοῦς. (Two MSS., by the same hand, A.D. 1495 and 1497, at Corpus and New College, Oxford, have ἀληθοῦς.) The commentary itself in the Aldine (and in the two MSS.) repeating the text, with slight alterations, has ὡς ἀναγκαῖος ἐπομένου τοῦ τὴν φρόνησιν ἔξιν εἶναι μετὰ λόγου ἀληθοῦς. If this is to indicate a reading ἀληθοῦς, it is not accurate to represent Eustratius as indicating only ἀληθῆ in the first place (§ 4). For, while the excerpt from the *Ethics* there has ἀληθῆ (Ald. New Coll., Corpus), the commentary following has λέπεται ἔρα αὐτὴν εἶναι ἔξιν ἀληθῆ μετὰ λόγου πρακτικῆν περὶ τὰ ἀνθρώπων ἀγαθὰ καὶ κακά. τὸ μὲν ἔξιν ἀληθοῦς μετὰ λόγου κοινὰ λαμβάνων τῆς ἐπιστήμης τε καὶ τέχνης κ.τ.λ. If the text is right, this union of two formulae, either of which describe φρόνησις, suggests that the commentator may have passed from one to the other of himself. The second formula is the simpler, and occurs in the definition of τέχνη (ἔξιν μετὰ λόγου ἀληθοῦς ποιητική). Alexander Aphrodisiensis, in the passage quoted from him, had given the definition of τέχνη a few lines above, and he or the copyists may have been affected by it. But no stress need be laid on these latter considerations. The inference from the data is hardly that the author of the *vetus translatio* and Eustratius found only ἀληθοῦς in § 6; but rather that there may be a variation in these texts themselves, or that Eustratius indicates a double reading in the *Ethics* MSS. of the second passage. And the significant fact is that all known MSS. and authorities for both passages support ἀληθῆ in the first; that the second, where there is a variant, is precisely that in which from the position of ἀληθῆ after λόγου a corruption of the harder reading might be expected; and that even here only one of the principal MSS. seems to have it.

The proposal to read *ἀληθοῦς* in both places has been already made, with some hesitation, by Sussehl in his edition, and with the same authorities, except that he adds Par. 1417, and has not the passage from Alexander Aphrodisiensis. He does not alter the order of the words in the first place (§ 4).

The passage in which another reading is preferred to the one commonly adopted is II. vii. 1:

“ἐν γὰρ τοῖς περὶ τὰς πράξεις λόγοις οἱ μὲν καθόλου κενώτεροι εἰσιν, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ μέρους ἀληθινώτεροι. The editors almost without exception prefer κενώτεροι, the reading of O^b and the Latin version, to κοινώτεροι, the reading of K^b L^b M^b. What is wanted is, however, not unqualified praise of οἱ ἐπὶ μέρους λόγοι, and unqualified condemnation of οἱ καθόλου, but such a recognition of the merits of both as will justify the application of the general statement to particular instances. This consideration seems to me decisive in favour of κοινώτεροι.”

It is hard to see what this adds to Grant's commentary. He prefers κοινώτεροι, and for the same reason (see his note and translation). Grant, however, does not think the reason “decisive,” but only that κοινώτεροι is “more natural”; and that this is a more judicious attitude appears from a passage which Grant partly quotes in his note from *Pol.* I. xiii. 10:

“ἄλλο δὲ τοῦτο καὶ κατὰ μέρος μᾶλλον ἐπισκοποῦσιν· καθόλου γὰρ οἱ λέγοντες ἐξαπατῶσιν ἑαυτοὺς· ὅτι τὸ εὖ ἔχειν τὴν ψυχὴν ἀρετή, . . . ἢ τὶ τῶν τοιοῦτων· πολλὸ γὰρ ἔμεινον λέγουσιν οἱ ἐξαριθμοῦντες τὰς ἀρετὰς, κ.τ.λ.”

This is about a subject kindred to that in the passage before us; and it is clear that it is not a “recognition of the merits” of οἱ καθόλου λόγοι, but of their demerits. Obviously, therefore, the probability is on the side of κενώτεροι. Aristotle's inclination to inuendo against Plato may account for the turn of his remark in both places.

The remaining passages discussed are V. vii. 1 and I. vi. 1. V. vii. 1:

“ὡς τὸ μὲν λυτροῦσθαι, ἢ τὸ ἀγαθὸν εἶναι ἀλλὰ μὴ δύο πρόβατα. In my edition of book v. I expressed a doubt about the words ἀλλὰ μὴ δύο πρόβατα. It seemed to me that, in contrasting the sacrifice prescribed with the sacrifice not prescribed, the author would oppose, not ἀγαθὸν τὸ δύο πρόβατα, but ἀγαθὸν τὸ πρόβατα, or μίαν ἀγαθὸν τὸ δύο πρόβατα. Why should the sacrifice which was not prescribed be more precisely defined than that which was prescribed?”

The answer to this question is so obvious that one must wonder it was ever asked. Of course the specification of the number of the sheep (cf. “a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons”) shows that two known forms of sacrifice, prescribed possibly in different places, are being contrasted. The writer of the paper now sees this, because he has noticed the sacrifice of two sheep in Aristophanes (*Aves*). But one would think that everyone reading the Aristotelian passage must have inferred from it alone that “two sheep” was a customary sacrifice somewhere. The citation from Aristophanes is, of course, valuable, and ought to appear in the note of every future editor; but it is not in the least necessary for the translation. In fact, if we had no other authority for or against, the Aristotelian passage might fairly be *locus classicus* for the custom. I. vi. 1:

“ἀμφοῖν γὰρ ἔντοιν φίλων δειον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν. The thought which this phrase has made familiar seems to have been a traditional commonplace of the Platonic school, descending perhaps from Socrates himself, and at any rate recalling his teaching. Compare (besides Aristotle, *Metaphysics* Λ 8. 1073 b 16) Plato, *Charmides* 166 d; *Republic* 595 c, 607 d; *Phaedo* 91 c; *Philebus* 14 b; *Sophist* 246 d.”

The commonplace is surely common to all disputants, and one cannot seriously assign it to a definite school. Such comparisons are only

interesting when there is some striking similarity in the manner of putting this commonplace, as showing how one writer has been affected by reading another. From this point of view only one of the passages quoted from Plato is of real use, but it is a very good one:

Rep. 595 c: “ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ πρό γε τῆς ἀληθείας τὴν ἡττοσύνην ἀνήρ.”

It is important to notice such coincidences, even in trivial matters. In Plato and Aristotle there are enough of them to show how full Aristotle's mind was of the thoughts and words of Plato, which may sometimes have influenced his expression unconsciously. Take, for instance, the following:

Arist., *Eth.*, I. vii 17: δόξειε δ' ἂν παντὸς εἶναι πρῶτα γαίην καὶ διαρθρῶσαι τὰ καλῶς ἔχοντα τῇ περιγραφῇ.

Plato, *Λωος*, 770 n: . . . ἀπερίγητον καθάπερ τὴν περιγραφήν. τοῦτο δὲ δεήσει συμπληρῶν ὑμᾶς τὸ περιγηθῆναι.

Arist., *Eth.*, I. vii. 2: μεταβαδίων δὴ ὁ λόγος εἰς ταῦτ' ἀφίεται.

Plato, *Λωος*, 639 d: δοκεῖ μοι τρίτον ἢ τέταρτον ὁ λόγος εἰς ταῦτ' ἀπεριφερόμενος ἔχειν. 688 b, ἢ κεῖ δὴ πάλιν ὁ λόγος εἰς ταῦτ' ἀφίεται. *Rep.*, 456 b, ἢ κομμεν ἀρα εἰς τὰ πρότερα περιφερόμενοι.

J. COOK WILSON.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. LEWIS RICE, the compiler of the official Gazetteer of Coorg, and now secretary to the adjoining native state of Mysore, has recently published (Bangalore) a small quarto, entitled *Coorg Inscriptions*. It contains the text (printed in Roman characters) of some twenty-three Canarese inscriptions on stone or copper, together with translations of all, and lithographed facsimiles of the three most important. Prefixed is an introduction, in which Mr. Rice traces the annals of the Ganga dynasty, with the help of other inscriptions, from the third century A.D. We are glad to hear that this work is only preliminary to a more elaborate one on the inscriptions of Mysore.

THE Clarendon Press has just issued Part III. (HWISTLUNG-SÄR) of Prof. Toller's new edition of Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*. The editor has evidently profited by the just, though perhaps too harshly expressed, strictures which have been passed on the two earlier parts. The execution of the present part shows marked improvement, especially with regard to the accentuation and the etymologies. Some rather important changes of method seem to have been adopted during the progress of the work; for example, the letters of the alphabet have special articles as far as N, but no further. The practice of printing the primary words in capitals is continued (though, latterly, in a seemingly capricious and uncertain way) down to the middle of M, and is afterwards dropped; and in the selection of the typical forms of words the spelling *i* is in the later pages chosen for the umlaut of *eu*, for which, previously, *y* was preferred. We are not quite sure about the expediency of the last-mentioned change. It results in puzzling inconsistencies in the case of compound words, and the spelling with *y* is much more frequent in the text usually read, and, indeed, in Prof. Toller's own quotations. The additions to Bosworth's material are much more numerous than in the earlier parts, some recently published sources, such as Kluge's glosses in *Anglia* for 1885, having been used with good results.

DEAN BYRNE'S *Origin of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic Roots* (Trübner), is a work of great industry. The author has taken all the root-words of the three languages named, and grouped them under seven “phases of utterance,” according to the position of the vocal organs when employed in pronouncing the

words. The recognised principles of etymology are necessarily ignored. In Latin *cetera* besides Sanskrit *yas* and Greek *ἕτερος* “the *c* replaces *y* and *h*,” while in *jocus* “the *c* is from *v*”; *πῶς* and *πῶτος* go together, *tiber* and *lympha*, *campus* and Sanskrit *sama*, *sitis* and English *soot*. The book has an excellent index.

WE have received the first Heft of the *Orientalische Bibliographie*, which Prof. Aug. Müller, of Königsberg, has undertaken to edit, with the collaboration of Prof. Bezzenberger, also of Königsberg; Prof. Strack of Berlin; Dr. John Müller of the Royal Library at Berlin; and Dr. Vollers of the Khedivial Library at Cairo. It is issued by the well-known Oriental publishers, Reuther, of Berlin, and may be obtained in this country from Messrs. Williams & Norgate. There are to be four parts in the year, to be obtained at the low subscription price of seven marks. The present part consists of sixty-nine pages, and catalogues no less than 1106 works, including articles in periodicals but not including reviews. The main classification adopted is as follows: (1) General, including anthropology, the comparative history of religion, and—nearly a dozen treatises on “Volapük”; (2) Northern and Central Asia and Eastern Europe—which is very poorly represented; (3) Eastern Asia and Oceania, subdivided into China, Korea, Japan, Indo-China (including Burma), Oceania, the Malay Archipelago and Madagascar; (4) Indo-Germanic, subdivided into India (including Gypsy), Iran, the Caucasus, and Asia Minor; (5) Semitic, subdivided into Assyrio-Babylonia, Syria and Mesopotamia, Palestine and Hebrew—which is especially numerous—Phoenicia, and Arabia and Islam (with a special section on Arabic works printed at Cairo); (6) Africa, subdivided into Egypt, North-Eastern Africa, North-Western Africa, and the remainder of Africa. Most of these sub-divisions are again treated separately with regard to language, literature, history, &c.; and at the end of each section are collected reviews which have not been given under other titles.

WE have also received Part I. (A—DA) of the fourth edition of F. Kluge's well-known *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache*. We hope to review this valuable work at length on the completion of this new edition. The present part contains several new articles, and many material corrections and improvements.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 21.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Messrs. W. Macdonald, R. J. Quelch, and G. F. Stout were elected members.—Dr. J. McK. Cattell, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper on “The Psychological Laboratory at Leipzig.” He explained how experimental psychology undertakes to analyse and measure mental phenomena, and advocated the systematic work of the laboratory, both for the education of students and for the advancement of knowledge. Whenever experiment has been introduced into science a rapid advance has followed, and there are good grounds for hope that methods which have been so fruitful in physics will not prove barren for psychology. The study of consciousness is, as we all know, fraught with peculiar difficulties. It is not easy to be at once the observer and observed. “The eye sees not itself,” and the phenomena are both complex and transient. The best results have been obtained when introspection has been combined with the objective manifestations of the contents of other minds, more especially when they have on the one hand become fossilised as in language, customs, art, &c.; or, on the other hand, are relatively simple, as in children, in savages, and in disease. But under circumstances the most favourable to scientific observation, there are serious difficulties in the way of exact analysis and measurement; and it will be found that in psycho-

ty, as elsewhere in science, experiment gives the most trustworthy and accurate results. Experiment calls up the phenomena to be studied in a constant and by keeping certain conditions constant, and by altering others, gives the best chance for analysis; above all it enables us to photograph the transient phenomena, and subject them to objective examination and measurement. An account was then given of the psychological laboratory at Leipzig, founded by Prof. Wundt in 1879, and of the researches which have been undertaken in it, including experiments on the measurement of sensation, the duration of mental processes, attention, memory, and other subjects.—The paper was followed by discussion.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday,
Nov. 22.)

PROF. FLOWER, vice-president, in the chair.—Canon Isaac Taylor read a paper on "The Primitive Seat of the Aryans," in which he discussed recent theories as to the region in which the Aryan race originated. The prescientific Japhetic theory and the Caucasian theory of Blumenbach have long been abandoned. A few years ago the theory advocated by Pott, Lassen, and Max Müller, which made the highlands of Central Asia the cradle of the Aryans, was received with general acquiescence, the only protest of note coming from Dr. Latham, who urged that the Asiatic hypothesis was a mere assumption based on no shadow of proof. The recent investigations of Geiger, Cuno, Penka, and Schrader have brought about an increasing conviction that the origin of the Aryan race must be sought, not in Central Asia, but in Northern Europe. These writers have urged that the evidence of language shows that the primitive Aryans must have inhabited a forest-clad country in the neighbourhood of the sea, covered during a prolonged winter with snow, the vegetation consisting largely of the fir, the birch, the beach, the oak, the elm, the willow, and the hazel, while the fauna comprised the beaver, the wolf, the fox, the hare, the deer, the eel, and the salmon—conditions which restrict us to a region north of the Alps and west of a line drawn from Dantzic to the Black Sea. It has also been urged that the primitive Aryan type was that of the Scandinavian and North German peoples—dolichocephalic, tall, white skin, fair hair, and blue eyes; and that those darker and shorter races of Eastern and Southern Europe who speak Aryan languages are mainly of Iberian or Turanian blood, having acquired their Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. It has been urged that the tendency in historic times has been to migration from north to south, the inhabitants of the fertile and sunny regions of Southern Europe, where the conditions of life are easy, having no inducements to migrate to the inhospitable north. Moreover, in Central Asia we find no vestiges of any people of the pure Aryan type, while the primitive Aryan vocabulary points to the fauna and flora of Northern Europe rather than to that Central Asia. Fair races have a greater tendency to become dark in a southern climate than dark races to become fair in northern regions, as is proved by the fact that the complexion of the polar peoples, such as the Eskimo, the Lapps, and the Samoyeds, has been unaffected by their sojourn for uncounted centuries in the north, while there is much evidence to prove that the noble classes in the Mediterranean lands were formerly lighter in colour than at present. A vast body of evidence, of which the foregoing is a brief summary, has been adduced to show that Northern Europe rather than Central Asia was the home of the undivided Aryan race. But the Aryans must have had forefathers from whom they were developed; and the inquiry suggests itself, what could have been the race from which the Aryans might have been evolved? A Semitic, an Iberian, an Egyptian, a Chinese, a Turkic, or a Mongolic parentage is out of the question; and the author proposed to show that both from the anthropological and from the linguistic point of view that the Finnic people come closest to the Aryans, and are the only existing family of mankind from which the Aryans could have been evolved. The Tchadic branch of the Finnic family approaches very nearly to what we must assume to have been the primitive Aryan type. The Tchuds are either mesocephalic or dolichocephalic. They are a tall race, the hair yellow, reddish, or light brown, the

skin white, while blue or grey eyes are usual. As we go eastward from the Baltic we find that the Ugro-Finnic tribes approximate more and more to the Turko-Tatar ethnic type, just as when we go southward the southern Aryans conform increasingly to the Iberian type. Hence in the Baltic provinces of Russia we discover what seems to be the centre of dispersion, a region where the ethnic characteristics of Finns and Aryans do not greatly differ. Of this fact only two explanations are possible. Either the Baltic Finns have been Aryanised in blood while retaining their Finnic speech, an hypothesis supported by no evidence, and in itself improbable; or else we have here in their original seats a survival of the people from whom the Aryans were evolved. Anthropological considerations tend therefore to show that the Aryans are an improved race of Finns; while, on the other hand, the Finnic speech approaches more nearly than any other to the Aryan, and is the only family of speech from which the Aryan languages can have been evolved. The only argument for deriving the proto-Aryans from Central Asia was the belief that Sanskrit comes the nearest to the primitive Aryan speech. It is now believed the Lithuanian, a Baltic language, represents a more primitive form of Aryan speech than Sanskrit, and hence the argument formerly adduced in support of the hypothesis that the Aryans originated in Central Asia becomes an argument in favour of Northern Europe. The separation of the Aryan from the Finnic races must have taken place at a period so remote that we cannot expect to find any marked identity in their vocabulary. The culture words common to the Aryan and Finnic tongues are, for the most part, loan words. But the words denoting the primary relations of life, the names for father, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister, can hardly be loan words; and these are substantially identical in the Finnic and Aryan languages. The same is the case with a few of the numerals, the pronouns, and the names for some of the primary necessities of life, such as the words denoting salt, shelter, food, and the rudest implements. But when we go back to the verbal roots which constitute the very basis of language, we find a remarkable identity between the Aryan and Finnic tongues. Thus the eighteen trilateral roots beginning with *k*, given in Skeats's *Etymological Dictionary*, are all found in Finnic with the same fundamental signification. It is quite incredible that this identity in the ultimate roots can be accidental. Both in Aryan and Finnic these verbal roots are combined with formative suffixes to form nominal stems. We have the same formatives with the same significations. The conjugation of the verb is also effected in the same way, by the addition of identical pronominal suffixes to the verbal roots. The accusative, the ablative, and the genitive, which appear to be the three original cases, are formed in similar fashion by the addition of identical post-positions. The only fundamental differences between Aryan and Finnic grammar lie in the absence of gender in the Finnic language, and in the wholly different formations of the plural. But Professor Sayce has shown reasons for believing that the proto-Aryan speech possessed no gender, thus agreeing with its Finnic prototype; and he also believes that it possessed only the dual, the plural being a later development. But the dual is formed in precisely the same manner in the Aryan and Finnic languages, while the comparatively recent origin of the Finnic plural is proved by the fact that in the Finnic and the allied Turkic languages the plural is diversely formed. Hence the proto-Finnic speech agrees in every respect, both as to the grammar and the roots, with the proto-Aryan speech; and there is therefore no difficulty in the supposition that the one represents an archaic stage out of which the other was developed. These considerations modify considerably our conceptions as to the way in which we may conjecture that the Aryan race originated. Instead of supposing a single Aryan tribe in Central Asia, which sent off successive swarms to the west and south, we may rather conceive of the whole of Northern Europe from the Rhine to the Vistula as occupied by a Finnic race, whose southern and western members gradually developed ethnic and linguistic peculiarities of that higher type which we associate with the Aryan name. The Baltic Finns are survivals of this race. The Celts, owing to their remoteness, diverged at an early time from

the eastern type, while the Lithuanians and the Hindus preserved many archaic features both of grammar and vocabulary. The Slaves must be regarded mainly as Ugrians, and the South Europeans as Iberians, who acquired an Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. The time of the separation of the Aryan from the Finnic stock must be placed at the least 5,000 or 6,000 years ago. At that time the linguistic evidence shows that the undivided race possessed only the rudiments of civilisation. Of the metals they possibly knew gold and copper, but their tools were mainly of stone or horn. They sheltered themselves in rude huts, they knew how to kindle fire, they could count up to ten, and family relations and marriage were recognised. They were acquainted with the sea, they used salt, and they caught salmon; but it is doubtful whether they were acquainted with the rudiments of agriculture, though they gathered herbs for food and collected honey. They possessed herds of domesticated animals, consisting probably of oxen and swine, and perhaps of reindeer; but the sheep seems to have been unknown. If this hypothesis as to the primitive identity of the Aryan and Finnic races be established, a world of light is thrown upon many difficulties as to the primitive significances of many Aryan roots and the nature of the primitive Aryan grammar. We are furnished, in fact, with a new and powerful instrument of philological investigation, which can hardly fail to yield important results. Comparative Aryan philology must henceforward take account of the Finnic languages as affording the oldest materials which are available for comparison.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Notes on some Early Persian Lustre Vases. By Henry Wallis. (Quaritch.) *Notes on Some Examples of Early Persian Pottery.* By Henry Wallis. (Henry Wallis.) Our information with regard to early Persian ware is so scant that we should be thankful to any one who tries to add to it—especially in so serious and scholarly a way as Mr. Wallis. What is known may be said roughly to consist of two facts: (1) That certain brown lusted tiles are dated in the thirteenth century, and (2) that most of the later pottery that forms the bulk of the collections at South Kensington and elsewhere belongs to the period of Shah Abbas the Great (1585-1627) and afterwards. In the first of Mr. Wallis's books of notes, he shows reason why certain lusted bottles and vases may be ascribed to the thirteenth century; and in the second he gives reasons for thinking that certain unlusted plates recently discovered "in digging the foundation of a Persian town" may belong to the same period, together with a certain well-known and beautiful class of vase, specimens of which are at the South Kensington Museum, the Cluny Museum, and the Museum at Sévres. The latter vases are distinguished by the beauty of their shape, the boldness of their decoration, with panels of floriated ornament, Arabic inscriptions, &c., and the charm of their colour and surface. They have hitherto been much of a puzzle to connoisseurs. South Kensington, we think, has not ventured to assign them to any fabrique, simply calling them vases of the thirteenth century, but those in France have been assigned to the little-understood section of Siculo-Arabesque. Mr. Wallis advances his views on all these questions with moderation; and, by means of illustrations, some of which are admirably executed in colours by Mr. Griggs, he has put the points of his argument with great plainness.

Great Minds in Art. By William Titebuck. (Fisher Unwin.) A curious title this, and a curious selection of great minds. Raphael and Landseer, Dürer and Doré, Rembrandt and Wilson, Velasquez and Wilkie—evidently a collection of stray articles which have served

a current need, and are now gathered together in book-form. It would have been well if Mr. Tirebuck had been contented to publish them so, without any pretence that the whole book is governed by a preconceived idea. They are separate beads, and in threading them on a string he has only shown how different they are in size and shape and colour. As separate articles they might pass, notwithstanding that the author has peculiar notions as to the meaning of English words and the proper way of arranging them. They are pleasant enough to read, and the article on Doré brings his interesting personality vividly before the reader. The "Introduction" is the mistake. In his desire to give his volume the appearance of organisation, the author's ingenuity has been put to a strain it cannot bear. We are told that "As personalities these men were eight in number, but as artists, they were virtually one"; and that "The eight painters whose biographies appear in this volume may be regarded as the eight parts of speech in the one great language of pictorial art." These eight parts of speech are comic enough. We will give them for the instruction of art students. 1. Grace in form and colour. 2. Imagination. 3. Pathos. 4. Sentiment. 5. Moral inference. 6. Contrast, or light and shade. 7. Realism, or fidelity to what the artist sees; and 8. Idealisation, or the power of adding to what he saw something finer which he imagined. Which painter is to be identified with which part of speech we will partly leave our readers to decide. Mr. Tirebuck's judgment is certainly in favour of modern art, for he selects Doré to represent imagination, Landseer sentiment, and Wilson idealisation. We not unfrequently, however, agree with Mr. Tirebuck; and his opinion that "the painter, as the disseminator of beauty, feeling, and thought, serves a most *utilitarian* purpose in the social system," is good sense, if not good English.

PROFESSOR MASPERO.

PROF. MASPERO has just completed the text of *Mariette's Monuments Divers*, which (as arranged between Mariette and himself, before the lamented death of the former) is entirely from his pen. With this important work, which will be given to the world with all reasonable promptitude, ends the colossal task which Prof. Maspero undertook some sixteen years ago—the task of seeing the bulk of Mariette's works through the press. Eight years of collaboration with the living man have been followed by eight years of laborious editorial work consecrated to the memory of the departed *savant*; and there now remain but a few fugitive papers on Mariette's excavations at El Assasif in Western Thebes, on "Alexandria in the time of the Caesars," &c., which will be published by Prof. Maspero in the pages of the *Recueil des Travaux*. Only those who know the difficult character of Mariette's handwriting, the fragmentary and unfinished condition of many of his MSS., and the immense mass of documents which have had to be sifted, deciphered, completed, and reduced to publishable form, can appreciate the amount of self-sacrifice and devotion with which Prof. Maspero has performed this onerous duty.

Prof. Maspero's second memoir on the Royal Mummies found at Dayr-el-Bahari in 1881 is in the press, and will shortly be issued. He has also just completed a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the Egyptian collection in the Museum of Marseilles, which not only describes and explains the objects in their order as seen by the visitor, but is designed to serve at the same time as a practical introduction to the study of Egyptian archaeology. This excellent catalogue will, we venture to think, serve as a type for all future handbooks of the same kind.

In the meanwhile, Prof. Maspero's *magnum opus*—his long-promised history of Ancient Egypt—progresses slowly but surely. Begun before he accepted the position left vacant by the death of Mariette, it has long been arrested by pressure of official work in Egypt. Even now, we can scarcely hope to see the publication of the first part earlier than 1889.

A. B. E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXPLORATIONS IN EGYPT.

Bromley, Kent: Nov. 23, 1887.

As I presume the Egypt Exploration Fund will be continuing the excavations at Tell Basta in the coming season, I should wish to urge on the subscribers and committee the necessity of making a complete plan of the remains of the temple and statues as they are uncovered. It is true that everything was more or less disturbed in ancient times; but that is the more reason for recording carefully where and how each sculptured block now lies. It is only thus that any attempt at a restoration can be successful. Not a block should be moved until its position is recorded and a reference number given connecting it with the copy of inscription or sculpture upon it. A merely sketch-plan, made with a plane table, would be quite inadequate; for if a scientific body undertakes to clear and turn over a great site, it would be inexcusable not to provide a proper record of the positions of objects. When no plan is made the information is lost for ever, as has been so sadly the case in past ransackings in Egypt, both government and private. If a first-class survey cost £50, it would be none too much for a proper record; and I hope that the services of some thoroughly scientific surveyor in Egypt may be obtained. I feel at liberty to say this, as the very eminence of scholars in linguistic attainments is the best reason for not expecting of them an equal mastery of surveying.

For my own part, I shall be working in the Fayum this winter; as, to my surprise, private resources for excavating have been placed in my hands since I withdrew from the present organisation of the fund.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

"DIE FRONICA."

London: Nov. 20, 1887.

Will you kindly allow me space for a few remarks on Mr. Weale's friendly, not to say indulgent, review of *Die Fronica* in the *ACADEMY* of November 12.

In the first place, I think the distinction between the Veronica and Abgarus legends of the Christ-face is more marked than Mr. Weale would perhaps allow. I found they could be kept quite distinct, and had had a quite different evolution. On the other hand, the artistic representations of the two legends are, as Mr. Weale rightly remarks, very much intermingled. So far as I have been able to investigate the Aquitaine version of the Veronica legend, I believe it to be of a comparatively late date, and the chief work dealing with it is thoroughly unscholarly and untrustworthy (see footnote, p. 2). The version, indeed, seems to have no bearing on the sweat-cloth incident, and would have led me away from those German sources with which I was more competent to deal.

In the next place, I think Mr. Weale is just a little bit hard upon Heaphy. That Heaphy is not a trustworthy critic is very apparent to all readers of his book, but I believe he honestly stated what he had seen and copied. Also I think that, owing to Cardinal Antonelli's assistance, he had access to certain portraits not

usually exhibited. I do not believe that the Christ-representations in Heaphy's sketch-book in the Print-Room of the British Museum are copies of post-mediaeval pseudo-copies of the Roman sweat-cloths. To judge them and their value, the sketch-book itself, and not the lithographed prints in *The Likeness of Christ*, must be examined. I should, however, write much less confidently on this and other points were I now re-writing the book, which I ought perhaps to have stated was compiled in 1883-4, and has been practically printed from the manuscript of that date.

A few words of *Corrigenda* and *Addenda* may, perhaps, be serviceable to readers. Mr. Weale recognised, but indulgently passed over, some rather stupid MS. misreadings. In particular, I would refer to the Dutch MS. on pp. 67-9. The proof of this I sent to Mr. J. H. Heasels; but, unfortunately, he mislaid it till it was too late to use the corrections he kindly sent me. The more important of these I now give. Some are printer's errors, some misreadings. P. 67, for "spieghal," read *spiegel*; for "ghesalscap," read *gheselscap*; p. 68, for "welcke," read *welck*; for "behoerlicste," read *behaechlicste*; for "beerste," read *keerste*; for "St.," read *A(men)*; for "Inocenaus," read *Innocencius*; for "ghedeyckket," read *ghedenckket*; for "ie," read *ic*; for "nac," read *nae*; p. 69, for "gothed," read *gotheden*; and for "St.," read *A(men)*.

The following Veronica hymn occurs in a Darmstadt MSS. (2,772) recently examined by F. Roth (*Germania*, 1887, p. 256). It introduces the Vernicle as a charm against evil, and thus throws a new light upon the many-sided use it was put to in the Middle Ages. It should be added to chap. ii.:

Dicor Veronica Christi solius amica
Et ego demonstro Christi faciem tibi panno
Hanc si scripturam leges inspiciendo figuram
Illo nempe die pietatis munere divine
Non formidabis hostes tutusque meabis.
Nec facies aliqua te concitabit iniqua
Consilium sanum decrevit Gregorianum
Vultum formosum, Christi forma speciosum
Semper adorari, venerari, glorificari,
Hinc prece non ficta valet hec oratio dicta
Trecenti verum sibi quadraginta dierum
Pro culpa varia datur indulgentia sana.

A last remark as to my statement on p. 89 that Dürer copied no Greek Zeus model, but evolved his Zeus-Christ by seeking the most perfect human ideal. I was aware at the time of writing it that Dürer had occasionally used himself as a model for Christ. This point had been brought out by Thausing in 1876. I have, indeed, often found the *Selbst-Bildniss* at Munich mistaken for a Christ portrait. But this portrait is not the type of the sweat-cloth-faces (see plates xvii. and xix. of my volume and compare with *Thausing*, p. 355).

The following passage, however, taken from the Dürer MSS. in the British Museum is of singular value on this point. It shows that Dürer had really had a notion of adopting Zeus and Apollo as Christ-types. It would appear to refer, indeed, to the dimensions of the body, but is still of importance in measuring the classical influences at work in Dürer's conception. I owe this reference to Miss L. Eckenstein, who has recently been transcribing the MSS.:

"Plinius schreibt das dy alten moler vnd bildhauer / als abelles protognes vnd dy anderen haben gar künstlich beschriben wy man ein wolgestalten glidmas der menschen sol machen nun ist woll möglich das solche edle pücher seyen im anfang der kyrchen fertrugt vnd aws getilgt worden vnd has der abgötterey willen / dan sy haben gesagt der jupiter soll ein solche proportz haben der abollo ein andre / dy fenus soll also sein der ercules also desgleichen mit den andren allen / [corrected : ach wer ich aber do gewest so het ich gesprochen] [added : solt iwch meinem zwfall—im also sein vnd wer dy selb zeit entgegen gewest so het ich gesprochen] o libn heiligen heren vnd fetter vnd

des pösen willen wölt dy edlen erfundennen kunst dy do durch gros müe vnd erbet zw samen pracht ist nit so jemerlich tötten dan dy kunst ist gros schwer vnd gut vnd wir mügen vnd wöllen sy mit grossen eren in das lob gottes wenden / dan zw gleicher wels wy sy dy schonsten gestalt eines menschen haben zw gemessen irem abgot abblo also wolln wyr dy selb mos prawchen zw cryste dem herren der der schönste aller welt ist / vnd wy sy prawcht haben fenns als das schönste weib also woll wir dy selb zirlich gestalt krewschlich darlegen der aller reinsten jungfrauen maria der muter gottes / vnd aws dem ercules woll wir den somson machen des gleichen woll wir mit den andrn allen tan solcher pücher hab wyr aber nymer vnd dorum / So ein ferloru ding vnwider pringlich ist / als dan mus man noch ein anderen trachten / söichs hat mich pis her bewegt das ich vnder standen hab mein nochfolgette meinvg für zw legen / awff das so es etlich lesen / im weiter noch denken / vnd das man deglichs zw einem neheren vnd pesserer weg vnd grunt kumen müg / vnd will aws mas zall vnd gewicht mein fürnemen anfohen wer achtung dorawf hat der würtz hernach also finden."

As I said before, my conclusions date from 1883. It must be left to others to correct or modify them, as my work in 1887 lies in a very different direction.

KARL PEARSON.

THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

Liverpool: Nov. 15, 1887.

As I hope shortly to print my views in an essay form, I will at present only briefly reply to Mr. Brock, who seems in his last letter to have travelled over the old ground again. Met at every other point he, as a last resource, asks me (as he did in the *Builder*) to produce the accounts for repairing the walls in the time of Charles I., and in that of Queen Anne. I must give the same reply as before. The Parliamentary army on entering the city after the siege would repair the large breach by the forced work of their own men, and by impressed labour, using up no doubt most of the old material, and obtaining such fresh stone as was required close at hand. The excavations on the north wall, where the discoveries were made, are on the site of this breach. As to any accounts (properly so called) existing for these repairs in the city archives, it is hardly likely there will be any. With regard to the repairs in Anne's reign, the inscription set up by the Corporation at Pemberton's Parlour still exists, almost immediately above the reparations, stating that in 1708 *divers breaches*, &c., were rebuilt, and the decayed part of the walls repaired, adorned, &c., at the cost of one thousand pounds and upwards. Here is the account for these repairs. For me this is sufficient. I can at least trust the Corporation in the matter. If Mr. Brock chooses to ransack the city archives for further particulars, he can do so.

But Mr. Brock adds a portion a passage from Dr. Stukeley's *Iter Boreale* (p. 31) with the view of proving that there is an example of "something like" the wall of a Roman *castrum* in Britain, built without mortar. It is to the effect that the Chester east gate was so built, and that it was a Roman arch. It is a pity that Mr. Brock did not quote the whole passage, as I have done in *Roman Cheshire* (p. 106), and also that he had not read the evidence of both previous and later writers on the subject. Dr. Stukeley saw no Roman arch. In fact, he did not, and could not, see what he engraves. His drawing is a purely fanciful one, and is contradicted both by his own text, and by the evidence of other writers. The gate remained a single archway (with a second parallel one blocked up) from the time of the siege until its demolition *circa* 1766. Randle Holme (*Harleian MSS.* No. 2073) has a drawing of it, showing a single pointed arch,

with turrets at the angles of the upper part. The gate, as it existed in Edwardian times, remained encased in later pointed architecture till its demolition (a drawing taken at this time by Broster and Wilkinson I have engraved in *Roman Cheshire*); and then the before-named parallel archway of equal size was brought to light, and is engraved by Pennant, Broster, Sir F. Palgrave, and Musgrave. But Stukeley states that he saw three arches abreast—a large centre one, and a small one each side—while he engraves three arches of almost equal size, with the "Ichnography" of the structure. This was in 1725, and more than forty years before the houses represented in Broster and Wilkinson's sketch were pulled down. These latter stood against the blocked-up arch.

In fact, though the credulous doctor saw Roman remains in many places where they never existed, he says nothing about the wonderful cornice near the north gate, the stones on the Roodeye, or the north wall, near the Phoenix Tower, being Roman. And why not, if he was really able to distinguish Roman wall-work? But he tells us, on the contrary, that he thought between the east gate and the river (*i.e.*, towards Newgate) some Roman work existed. His statements are quite on a par with his idea that the stones in the north gate of Newark were "of a Roman cut," with his being hoaxed by Bertram to believe that the forged Itinerary of Richard was genuine, with his invention of an Empress Oriana, and with his remarks dated August 16, 1750, "This day I walked to Caesar's Camp at Pancras, where he pitched his tent 1804 years ago this day, where he made King Cassivelan and King Mandubrace friends," &c. No one was more useful than Dr. Stukeley in recording a find of coins, the discovery of a villa, hypocaust, or pavement; but on such matters as the age of a gateway or a wall, his authority is *nil*. As the Rev. W. C. Lukis remarks with regard to the above camp, "It required the enthusiasm and ingenuity of a Stukeley to make this discovery and invent its history." His idea of the Edwardian gateway, cased in pointed work, being Roman is another instance. I need not tell Mr. Brock that an arch may be often built without mortar, where a wall cannot; but Stukeley describes the gate as being very ruinous and shaky, and the mortar had possibly become decomposed and had fallen out, though I see no reason why it should not have been built without mortar in Edwardian times. With Dr. Collingwood Bruce and other authorities I believe that the Romans never built the wall of a *castrum* without mortar. There is no instance in Britain, and the so-called continental examples have all been disputed.

The excavations at the Roodeye stones seem, so far, to bear out my idea of their having been placed to keep the bank from being washed away, and at the same time serving as a landing-place, or abutment of a bridge. The concrete backing making a thickness of thirteen feet seems to show this; but until the completion of the excavations it is premature to say anything. That the stones have been part of the wall of the Roman *castrum*, or of the mediaeval city wall, few, I think, will now believe. Whether put there in Roman times or later, they have been taken from a Roman building. I have to-day had in my hands some of the crumbling mortar which occurred, in two courses of them only, on the ground level, as reported by the city surveyor (February 24, 1884). It can be easily broken between the finger and thumb, and then, in fact, ground to powder by the same means. This is the only mortar found on the face of this wall. Of that which is behind I will speak at some future time.

Since this correspondence began, I believe

that a boulder foundation (two courses) has been found beneath the Kaleyards part of the wall, though I have not yet learnt all particulars. This would seem to point to what I have previously said that when Roman work was come upon it would be the concrete or boulder foundation, as in the south wall in Bridge Street. If Roman work be found at the Kaleyards, the Edwardian walls have been built upon it; and I have long thought the wall at this point would be found to be composed of similar materials to the north wall—*i.e.*, sculptured fragments, tombstones, &c. The tombstone found at the Corn Exchange steps, which I take to be a surplus stone cast aside, seems to confirm this. But as no breach was ever made here the foundation has probably remained; while the breaches in the north wall have been the cause of the foundation having been removed from that quarter, and the tombstones, &c., previously in it, with fresh additions, have simply been built up again from the ground level. For symmetry's sake (at least) the plinth has been renewed to match the other portions of the wall.

Finally, the conclusion come to in *Roman Cheshire*, and endorsed by the Archaeological Institute, that no Roman work remained in the walls above ground, is not only maintained but confirmed. With this, my correspondence with Mr. Brock must cease.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

[Those who have followed this discussion may be interested to know that the presidential address, delivered by Sir Jas. A. Picton at the opening meeting of the British Archaeological Association on November 16, entitled "Notes on the Walls of Chester, Historical and Constructive," has been printed as a pamphlet (Liverpool: Walmsley), though without the illustrative plates which will appear in the *Journal* of the association.—ED. ACADEMY.]

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. JESSE HAWORTH, of Bowdon, Cheshire, owner of the famous throne-chair of Queen Hatasu, or Hatshepsu (XVIIIth Egyptian Dynasty), which has for the last seven months been the centre of attraction at the Manchester Exhibition, has munificently presented this venerable and unique royal relic to the nation. The throne-chair has, we understand, arrived at the British Museum.

AN important collection of water-colour drawings and pencil sketches by the late Hablot K. Browne will be sold on Monday next by Messrs. Sotheby. How many years have gone by since "Phiz" first began to illustrate Dickens's novels! Those of us who are middle-aged can well remember how, on the happy day on which the monthly number came out, we always first turned to the two illustrations, not only for the sake of their humour, but also as the quickest means of ascertaining how the plot of the story was being worked out. When we had read the number, we once more turned back to them to see how far the artist had satisfied our conceptions of the scenes which he illustrated. Dickens and "Phiz" were then so inseparably connected that they almost seemed to make a kind of firm of literary and artistic monthly benefactors to the human race. Among the pictures which are announced for sale we observe "The Fat Boy discovering Mr. Tupman kissing Rachel," "Mr. Pickwick in the Middle-aged Lady's Bedroom," "Mr. Pickwick on the Slide," and "Barnaby Rudge and the Hangman."

MR. ROSCOE MULLINS has all but finished the life-sized statue of the Dorsetshire poet—

the late Rev. William Barnes. It is now about to be cast in bronze, and will then be placed prominently in the town of Dorchester—the poet's county town, into the streets of which he was for many a year accustomed to walk from his remote country home. The statue represents the poet of Dorsetshire folk and of familiar landscape standing bareheaded, but in a thick and well accustomed coat, which in a measure has shaped itself to his figure, and in great knickerbockers and buckled shoes. The poet is chiefly bald; he wears a beard. The aspect of his features is as of one engaged in thought. The work has already, in various stages of its progress, been seen by several of his friends, among them by his daughter and by Mr. Thomas Hardy, the great Dorsetshire novelist.

THE exhibitions to open next week are the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which Mr. Holman Hunt has just been elected a member; a collection of water-colour drawings of Eton by Mr. Russell Dowson, at the Fine Art Society's; and some sketches of the Venetian Lagoons, by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, at Mr. Dunthorne's in Vigo Street.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will lecture on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt" for the Natural History, Geological and Antiquarian Society, at Tamworth, on Monday evening next, December 5.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE interest in the French plays at the Royalty has been sustained as best it might, since we wrote last, by the appearance of M. Febvre. Febvre is a very sound actor—long esteemed by the English public, as he is valued in Paris; but he is not an actor of genius. And there is, of course, no particular novelty in the "Demi Monde," in which he has appeared. The "Demi Monde" is, nevertheless, a sufficiently welcome change after the somewhat overrated "Monde où l'on s'ennuie." Dumas is greater than Pailleron; a more caustic observer, a more pungent and brilliant chronicler of our follies.

FROM the Globe Theatre a piece, which could not in any case have long remained there, is to be removed immediately. Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Arabian Nights" is now going to the Comedy. There it is likely to have a very good run; and, as it is allowed to be extremely smart—conceived in a true vein of comedy, and very neatly acted—we shall hope to have something further to say about it.

MR. CHARLES WARNER is to be the recipient of an extraordinary and well-deserved tribute on the morning of Friday next, at Drury Lane. Mr. Warner is going to Australia—with his great performance in "Drink," no doubt, and with many other of his impersonations—and before he departs the whole profession does him honour by the performance of next Friday. The programme is phenomenal, both as to importance and as to length. At half-past one the doings of the day will begin—we should be extremely rash if we prophesied when they would be over.

ON Monday last there was produced at the Ladbroke Hall a piece styled "By the Sea," which was announced as an adaptation from the French of M. Theuriet—evidently from his "Jean Marie." The heroine's part was played by Miss Eleanor Marx. It is right to state that an adaptation of "Jean Marie," by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, has previously been performed several times under the title of "Under

the Farm by the Sea"; and that Miss Eleanor Marx had the advantage of appearing in one of these performances.

MUSIC.

WAGNER'S SYMPHONY.

WHEN Wagner fled from Dresden in 1849, he left behind him a portmanteau full of music. Among other things there were the band parts of a Symphony written in 1832, and performed at a Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig on January 10, 1833. About a year later the composer sent the score to Mendelssohn, then conductor at the Gewandhaus. Mendelssohn appears to have taken no notice whatever of it, and after his death the MS. was not to be found. But after many years the portmanteau was discovered by an old friend of Wagner's. The orchestral parts of the Symphony were restored to his possession; a fresh score was made; and the work was performed under the direction of the composer at Venice, on Christmas eve, 1882, less than two months before his death.

The work was heard for the first time in England at Mr. Henschel's third concert last Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall. The music was written at a time when Wagner was studying counterpoint, canon, and fugue, and when Beethoven was his idol. Dorn thus describes his enthusiasm for Beethoven: "He went to sleep with the quartets, sang the songs, and whistled the concertos." Hence we find the young musician making parade of his skill, and imitating his idol. Wagner, in a letter addressed to Herr Fritsch, editor of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, in 1882, criticises his own work, declaring that some of the themes "do very well for counterpoint and express very little," pointing out that he took Mozart and Beethoven as models, and frankly acknowledging that, but for the Andante of Beethoven's C minor and the Allegretto of the A major, the slow movement of his Symphony would never have seen the light. Had he continued to write Symphonies there is little doubt that he would have shown more and more of his own individuality, and that his music would have shown fewer traces of the influence of the two great masters. So was it afterwards with his works for the stage. Weber is visible in "Rienzi" and even "Lohengrin," but not in "Tristan" and "Parsifal." The question might be asked—Has the world lost or gained by the resolution of Wagner not to go on writing Symphonies? The best way of answering this question is to point to "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal." He felt that it was impossible to equal, far less surpass, the great symphonic master in his own particular line; and this very despair prompted him to follow a path almost of his own finding, and, like all independent thinkers, to gain, for a time, the admiration of the few, and the hostility of the many.

But now a few words about the Symphony itself. The first movement contains little that is original; the first theme recalls Beethoven, and the second the Preciosa march, and it is spun out to very great length. But the constant activity and the confidence which the young *maestro* displays are very striking. Wagner has given a good description of the Andante. There can be no doubt about the truth of his indebtedness to Beethoven. And yet there are some touches of harmony and orchestration, as in the coda after the second subject, which remind one of the Wagner of later years. The Scherzo is the most compact, the most original, and the most interesting of the four movements. In the Scherzo proper, besides the rhythm of the Choral Symphony, the composer appears haunted by a passage in Schubert's great Symphony in C. But this

is a mere coincidence, as he can have known nothing of that work. The analyst reminds us that Wagner in the Trio has the same instrumentation and similar harmonies as the Trio of Beethoven's Symphony in A; but beyond these two points there is little in common between the two movements. In the Finale we are reminded more of Mozart than of Beethoven, excepting at the close, where, as the analyst somewhat sarcastically remarks, that there are "as many tonic and dominant chords as in the close of Beethoven's C minor." In the working-out section there is a good display of contrapuntal skill. Wagner wrote for a large orchestra, including three trombones and a double bassoon. Looking at the Symphony as a whole, it is of considerable interest, and quite as full of promise as any of the early symphonies of Schubert.

Mr. Henschel deserves the thanks of the English musical public for introducing to them Wagner's first and last symphonic attempt. The work takes in performance about three-quarters of an hour. It will be repeated on December 21, and ought to draw a large audience.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A *Fantaisie* for orchestra, entitled "Eroica," by Rubinstein, was a novelty at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. It proved, as is usual with that composer's later works, long and tedious. Some of the themes—such as the opening one in F, and the March in D minor near the close—are attractive, but by repetition one wearies of them. Then, again, by the side of some excellent orchestral effects one meets with others which are decidedly commonplace, not to say vulgar. Mr. Manns had evidently rehearsed with great care—with greater care, indeed, than the piece deserved. M^{de}m. de Pachmann played Schumann's pianoforte Concerto in A minor, but her reading of this romantic work was weak. Not only did she fail to catch the spirit of the music, but she dragged the time in all three movements, especially the last. It would seem as though M^{de}m. de Pachmann had never heard this Concerto played by M^{de}m. Schumann. Later in the programme she gave some short solos, and was probably heard to greater advantage. M^{de}m. Nordica sang well "Isolde's Liebestod" in English, but not with sufficient declamatory power. The programme commenced with a grand Concerto in B flat by Handel, No. 7 of the set of twelve written for strings. It is in Handel's usual fugal style. It wants, however, the *Cembalo* to fill up the middle; as performed, it sounds all top and bottom.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave a selection of pieces by Scarlatti at the last Monday popular concert. The beautifully finished and artistic playing of this lady contrasted favourably with some rough and jerky performances heard lately at these concerts. Miss Zimmermann was much applauded, and gave for an encore Mendelssohn's Etude in B flat minor. The programme included Mozart's Quartette in E flat, and Grieg's Sonata in F, for piano and violin. Miss M. Hall was the vocalist.

The principal novelty at Mr. Henschel's third Symphony concert has been noticed above. M^{de}m. Norman Néruda also played in her most dainty style Spohr's Dramatic Concerto, and was enthusiastically received. The programme contained overtures by Gluck and Beethoven.

DELICIOUS PRESERVE.—The most attractive of all preserves is MORELLA MARMALADE, made from the celebrated Kent Morella Cherry. The stones being extracted, double weight of fruit is given. Sold in 1 lb. pots by grocers, &c. Makers—THOMAS GRANT & SONS, Maidstone, and 46, Gresham-street, E.C.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Loocrine: a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.)

OLD Geoffrey of Monmouth did an ill service to English literature when he startled the twelfth century with his tale of the conquest of Britain by Brutus the Trojan, putting forth as veritable history a fiction which had not even the merit of high poetical capabilities to excuse it. "The Poets' Poet" fails to enchant with it in the second book of his *Faerie Queen*. The "sacred feet" of Milton "lingered there," as Mr. Swinburne says, but eventually passed on; and who can doubt that it was a happy impulse which diverted his poetic fancy from ancient legendary Britain to the recorded beginnings of all humanity? The fact is that poets cannot always find nutriment in the food which chroniclers supply; and it would be well if the desperate attempt to link our English beginnings with "the tale of Troy divine" failed to attract them to fields where fancy has little room for its higher flights.

If the story of *Loocrine*, son of Brutus, were potentially a great poem, Mr. Swinburne could not fail to make a great poem of it. He has not done so, and the choice of subject is the cause. He has told us in the graceful stanzas of dedication to his sister which introduce the drama how the case stands with the material which he has chosen; and, were it not that introductions are usually written after what they introduce, one is led to wonder why he proceeded to his task. Nevertheless, although the poet knows that "these wan legends" have no part in the sun whose glory lightens Greece and gleams on Rome" he has not been deterred from giving us the drama of "*Loocrine*," attempting what smaller men would have left alone. He has even enwrapped it in the atmosphere, if not in the sunlight, of Greece; and has put forth a tragedy in Attic shape in many ways, though, as will presently be shown, devoid of much that serves to relieve the austerity of Attic drama.

The story of *Loocrine*, which may be read either in canto x. of book ii. of the *Faerie Queen*, or in Milton's *History of Britain to the Conquest*, may be briefly told here. *Loocrine*, *Albanact*, and *Camber* are the three sons of King Brutus, of whom *Loocrine*, as the eldest, rules *Loegria*—i.e., England, except Cornwall; *Albanact* has Scotland, and *Camber*, Wales, for his portion. On the occasion of an irruption of fierce strangers, who land on the Humber bank (probably historically true), *Albanact* is killed in a battle where *Loocrine* is victorious. *Estrild* or *Estrildis*, a German princess forcibly carried off by the invader

from her own land, is found by the conqueror in the camp of the enemy, after the fight is over; and, though he is previously affianced to *Guendolen*, daughter of *Corineus*, the giantkilling king of Cornwall, and eventually marries her, *Loocrine* makes *Estrild* his paramour and by her has a daughter, the *Sabrina* of Milton's "*Comus*." When *Guendolen* discovers the relations between *Estrildis* and *Loocrine* she levies war against her husband, with the help of their son *Madan*, and *Loocrine* is mortally wounded in battle.

Mr. Swinburne has varied some of the details of this legend; but is there any obligation to abide by the original statement of a pure fiction? The tragedy is written in five acts, each of which consists of two scenes. There are only seven speaking characters in the *dramatis personae*; and of these never more than three are present at a time, which suggests the limitations of Attic tragedy, rendered necessary by the small number of actors employed. The jealousy of the injured wife supplies the keynote to the drama, which contains much upbraiding and recrimination, undergone not only by the unfaithful husband, *Loocrine*, but also by the contemptible *Camber*, king of Wales, his brother, but no friend to him. Indeed, it may safely be said that the chief defect of the poem is that there is too much railing in it, and too little dignity of tone in some of the leading characters. It has been said above that "*Loocrine*" is in many ways a tragedy in Attic shape; but it lacks the choral interludes which throw their glamour of loveliness around "*Atalanta in Calydon*," and there is no herald with his *rhetoric* to compensate in a passage of vivid description for the absence of the stir of action on the stage. As a result, one is reminded somewhat of *Racine* rather than of *Sophocles*, despite the *Procrustean stichomuthia* which Mr. Swinburne, along with Milton, admires. At the risk of seeming to play with words we must, therefore, call "*Loocrine*" a bloodless tragedy, which certainly serves to show this, if nothing else—how wide is the range of the poet who has written *Songs before Sunrise* and the present drama.

Mr. Swinburne's rich vocabulary, which to our mind serves him in ill stead where it is employed in scenes of an angry nature, enables him to enchant us whenever love is to the fore. Anyone reading the plot of "*Loocrine*" might safely anticipate that the best scenes would be those where the cause of the lawful wife's jealousy, *Estrild*, appears, especially as with her is her daughter and *Loocrine's*, *Sabrina*, for our poet has studied childhood deeply, or else has an instinctive sympathy with child-nature. Had *Estrild* and *Sabrina* filled the stage during the main scenes of the drama, and had *Camber* and *Madan* been kept more in the background, the result would have been a poem of far greater beauty.

In justification of the contrast drawn between the more turbulent scenes and those where *Estrild* and *Sabrina* are present, two quotations may be given for the reader to choose—not which is the pleasanter reading, for it is not the special business of tragedy to be pleasant—but which consists best with his ideal of the dignity and artistic excellence of a great drama. Here is the

one quotation, in a speech of *Madan* to *Camber*:

"Let the loud fierce knaves thy brethren
quelled
Ward off the wolves whose hides should line thy
throne,
Wert thou no coward, no recreant to the bone,
No liar in spirit, and soul, and heartless heart,
No slave, no traitor—nought of all thou art.
A thing like thee, made big with braggart breath,
Whose tongue shoots fire, whose promise poisons
trust,
Would cast a shieldless soldier forth to death
And wreck three realms to sate his rancorous lust
With ruin of them who have weighed and found
him dust.
Get thee to Wales; there strut in speech and
swell;
And thence, betimes, God speed thee safe to hell."
And here the other, in a scene between
Estrild and *Sabrina*:

"ESTRILD.

"Dost thou understand,
Child, what the birds are singing?"

"SABRINA.

"All the land
Knows that: the water tells it to the rushes
Aloud, and lower and softer to the sand:
The flower-fays, lip to lip and hand in hand,
Laugh and repeat it all till darkness hushes
Their singing with a word that falls and crushes
All song to silence down the river-strand
And where the hawthorns hearken for the
thrushes.

And all the secret sense is sweet and wise
That sings through all their singing, and replies
When we would know if heaven be gay or grey,
And would not open all too soon our eyes
To look, perchance, on no such happy skies
As sleep brings close and waking blows away."

Unfortunately, though there are other passages in "*Loocrine*" like this, or nearly as beautiful, there are several like that, in which Mr. Swinburne seems to forget for a while that strong language does not make strong situations. Indeed, the absence of "situations," in the stage sense, is so marked that it is difficult to imagine an audience sitting out "*Loocrine*," though a student may find much delight in reading it. The confronting of leading characters with each other in two instances, where much could be made of their meeting, seems to be carefully avoided. *Guendolen*, the lawful wife, never stands face to face with *Estrild*, the paramour; nor does *Camber*, the intriguing inferior brother, meet *Loocrine*, who, with all his faults, is morally his master, and could be made to show it in telling fashion by Mr. Swinburne in an interview between the two. *Loocrine* is a well-drawn personality, and an uncommon one, admirably summed up by his wife at the end of the drama: "Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not mine"; and these last four words supply the explanation of the whole tragedy.

It has been already hinted that the character of *Estrild* has not been developed with any minuteness in "*Loocrine*," and this seems to be an instance of the self-restraint which Mr. Swinburne exhibits throughout the poem. It certainly would be far more congenial to him, one would think, to dwell more fully on her and her child, instead of on the angry *Guendolen*, the mean and miserable *Camber*, and the disagreeable *Madan*, of whom we are not surprised to read in *Spenser* that eventually he

"raignd, unworthie of his race,
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild."
More unpromising material than these three

characters supply it would be difficult for any dramatist to choose, and the wonder is ever-recurrent: Why was such a subject chosen? or, if chosen, why was it treated with such rigour of form and severe simplicity of plot? It is true that the rhymes are managed with a rich variety, which savours of romantic origin, of which more anon, and in a way which is only possible to a consummate master of word-music, such as Mr. Swinburne is; but the resultant impression is one of contrast rather than of harmony between the matter and the manner of the poem.

The present reviewer is old-fashioned enough to think that blank verse, as employed in "Hamlet," in "Samson Agonistes," and in "Atalanta," is the one ideally excellent form for tragedy; and on that ground, among others, he sets "Lochrine" below "Atalanta." The first act of "Lochrine" commences with rhymed heroics, the metre of Dryden's choice; and very well is the rhyme managed; that is, it is made as unobtrusive as possible—brought in to be put out of the way. The second scene, however, is written in 210 lines, this total being a multiple of 14—the correct sonnet number; and, indeed, it is, metrically, nothing else than fifteen sonnets, on the true or Italian model, running on, without break at the end of each, and divided into two rhyme-linked quatrains and two tercets apiece (we believe that Mr. Swinburne could, without effort, have written it in sestinas—a far more difficult mode—but doubt whether the effect would have been so good as could be produced by the simplest metrical schemes known). Various systems of rhyme, which it would weary the reader for us to analyse here, prevail in subsequent scenes, and then again in act v., scene i., we have ninety-eight lines, or seven sonnets, this time in the spurious form, if there is forgiveness for calling spurious the form which Shakspeare loved—viz., three independent quatrains followed by a couplet; while the last scene of the drama takes up again the heroic couplets with which the first act began, and thus rounds off the whole metrical effort with the following beautiful lines, spoken by Guendolen as she contemplates the consummated tragedy—Lochrine, Estrild, and Sa brina dead.

"The gods are wise who lead us—now to smite,
And now to spare. We dwell but in their sight
And work but what their will is. What hath
been
Is past. But these, that once were king and
queen,
The sun, that feeds on death, shall not consume
Naked. Not I would sunder tomb from tomb
Of these twain foes of mine, in death made one—
I, that, when darkness hides me from the sun
Shall sleep alone, with none to rest by me.
But thou—this one time more I look on thee—
Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not
mine—
Sleep sound—and God be good to thee, Lochrine.
I was not. She was fair as heaven in spring
Whom thou didst love indeed. Sleep, queen
and king,
Forgiven; and if—God knows—being dead, ye
live,
And keep remembrance yet of me—forgive.

It was necessary to dwell at some length on the metrical element in "Lochrine," because it is so elaborate, as compared with that of other dramas, and, very possibly, supplies some explanation of the unreal and artificial character which seems to cling to the com-

position. To write a scene in fifteen sonnets, metrically, must divert much of the writer's attention from the subject-matter to the way of expressing it; and, without agreeing altogether with Milton's views on rhyme, one may ask, Is it not still true that

"some famous modern poets" have paid over-much attention to it, "carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them?"

A word in conclusion. Wherever in this review the language of disparagement has been employed, the standard of comparison in the writer's mind has been one supplied by Mr. Swinburne himself. The grievance, if any, is not that the poet is unequal to the task of treating the story adequately, but that the story was not worthy of his treatment; and that consequently he has given us a masterpiece of metrical art with but little living interest entwined with it—the well-cut and richly-faceted jewels without the inner flash. Were there no gems of purer ray to hand?

HERBERT B. GARROD.

Greek Life and Thought, from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest. By J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan.)

THESE studies of Greek life and thought may be regarded as complementary to more than one of Prof. Mahaffy's other volumes upon Greek affairs. They carry further the account of *Social Life in Greece*; they take note of authors later than the point at which the *History of Greek Literature* ends; and they supply the domestic and literary features necessary to body-out the brilliant sketch of *Alexander's Empire*.

Mr. Mahaffy vindicates, in an eloquent introduction, the importance of his subject. Perhaps *Hellenistic* would have more nearly expressed its real limits than any other word. But then it would have cut out the strictly Greek society of the time, as distinguished from the Hellenism of Jews or Bactrians; and the author wishes to embrace in one account the characteristics of the age, whether they have to be looked for in Asia, or Africa, or Europe. The subject is a grand one, and the author's opportunity is the better because the subject has been comparatively neglected. The political and social experiments of the time; the spread of Greek culture, necessary for the future of humanity; the actual achievements in architecture and sculpture, in poetry and in painting—these things arouse instantly the interest of the historian and the artist, while the philosopher will be curious to see how Mr. Mahaffy justifies his favourable opinion of the morality and the daily life.

This splendid subject has now found an English historian competent to do it justice. Mr. Grote's prejudice against monarchy made his survey of it hurried and his judgment bitter. Mr. Freeman has glanced at it in two essays; but has dealt fully with one aspect of it only in the first part of his *History of Federal Government*. (That first volume still remains the only volume; but we earnestly wish with Mr. Mahaffy that it could be republished in a cheap form.) Of course, the

difficulty in dealing with the whole lies not so much in the state of the evidence—though the "literature is fragmentary and scattered by the winds of time in a manner almost unexampled for an epoch of culture and of books"—as in its own extremely divided nature. The countries of which Hellenism took possession were as far apart as countries could be in ancient history, and were generally at war one with another. There is no single thread running clearly through the whole number of countries and of generations. The unity is factitious—a unity rather of culture than of history. This difficulty Mr. Mahaffy has not perfectly got over, but he has gone as near as is possible to writing a flowing and a connected account of a scattered subject. Very naturally he looks for some historical bond of union among the fragments of Alexander's empire, and he puts forward the Celtic invasions as such a bond. The little cities of Hellas proper had found union in resisting Persia, and the states of the Diadochi needed something which should call out their patriotism and emphasise their Hellenic character.

"It is hard to estimate what would have been the loss to Hellenism, and so to succeeding ages, had not the want been supplied by a new and terrible kind of human being, the scourge of the world, giving depth to curses and to prayer, splendour to conflict and to victory, just pride and thankfulness to the champions of civilisation. For as the Northern heathens are to the legendary Round Table of Arthur, so are the Celts (Galatae) to Hellenism. Coming in with an irresistible tide of invasion from the North, strange in stature and in tongue, impious in religion and utterly inhuman in cruelty, these barbarians devastated Northern Greece far more terribly than the Oriental hordes of Xerxes had once done; and they were repulsed only by the most splendid patriotism of noble men, combined with the visible interposition of the blessed gods" (p. 156).

It is not unlikely that, if we had all the materials, we should find that smouldering hostility to Rome played a like part among the later generations. The Romans always meant far more kindly to the Greeks than the Greeks felt to the Romans.

A full account of the Hellenism of this age, while it includes the social, religious, and literary phenomena, must start from a survey of the political circumstances which made the diffusion of Hellenism possible, and must point out the varying fortunes of the greater and smaller kingdoms and republics which either shared in this diffusion or supplied from the quiet mother-country fresh currents of genuinely Greek blood and Greek taste. This political history the professor has already outlined in another book; but he now refreshes the reader's memory with a chronological table and some convenient summaries.

The social aspects of the time are more fully treated, with such success as the tried skill of the author of *Social Life* would lead us to expect. He points out that the Athens of Demetrius Phalereus does not deserve the moral censure of Droyen; and that among the Hellenistic states "private life and manners were both purer and more refined than they had been in the great days of Greece." To this verdict we cannot object, if it be understood with the qualification that it is true in proportion to

the degree in which the country spoken of was Greek or Grecised. The more Greek, the greater virtue and the better taste—that was true then, whatever might be the case in Juvenal's day.

About the religious tendencies of the age we are not half so well informed as we could wish to be. The situation was far simpler in religious matters than it was after the absorption of all Hellas by Rome. There were fewer factors at work; but our means of information are scanty. They may, however, increase—indeed they are increasing—with the study of new evidence from Egypt; and the story of Zeus Hades, brought from Sinope and identified with Serapis, show how what is found in Egypt may have threads of connexion with the religious history of other lands. But one is still left to conjecture much, and there is ample scope for Mr. Mahaffy's ingenuity in framing hypotheses.

"The whole story [of Zeus Hades], as told by Tacitus and Plutarch, points to a secret discussion among the various priests, under the king's direction, and a deliberate assertion of signs and wonders to establish the amalgamated cult. So completely did religion enter into the statecraft of the Lagidæ!" (p. 188).

We are on firmer ground when he points out how successive Ptolemies took up different attitudes to the native religion of Egypt—how Ptolemy Philadelphus, in his "complete devotion to the Greek world," showed no interest in Egyptian religion or manners, while Euergetes I. built truly Egyptian buildings and conciliated the national priesthood; and how, this conciliation coming too late, the fourth and fifth Ptolemies were plagued with mahdis and insurrections. The translation of various native documents gives local colouring to the story. No one of these is more amusing than a passage which does not properly belong to our period, and which relates how King Amasis took more Kelebi wine than was good for him.

Mr. Mahaffy's readers are placed in a good position for judging of the literary achievements of the age by the admirable plan of quoting or translating largely from the surviving Greek writers, from Polybius, Callimachus, or Aratus. He has a strong objection to "pedantry," which seems from a comparison of passages in his book to mean "exactness" or "accuracy"; and this is the more curious because he himself takes pains to be accurate, and because he points out that the pedantry of Alexandria was a necessary antidote to the contamination of Greek by barbarism. If the question-begging word of "pedantry" were tabooed, we believe his judgment of all the authors would be more favourable. He can see their merits, as it is, as clearly as anyone, and express them better than most critics can do.

Another thing which gives great interest to the generations as they pass is the skilful use of biography. Now and again some character—statesman or general, dissolute king or laborious student—receives a detailed treatment which does much to bring his time before us and which clothes it with the living attraction of flesh and blood. One of the best of these portraits is the (partly conjectural) restoration of Antigonos Gonatas, who stands forward as a Stoic king. This view (which derives some support from

Diogenes Laertius) would give to the lonely Marcus Aurelius a companion figure in history; and, when the comparison is once suggested, we see several points of likeness in situation and even (if it be not claiming too much for Antigonos) in character. A philosopher compelled to fight; a statesman compelled to defend his northern frontier against barbarians, and liable all the time to lose his throne by troubles behind him—this reads like the history of the Stoic emperor who dated his Meditations from Carnuntum and wished for the opportunity to pardon Avidius Cassius.

There were two lands in which the fortunes of Hellenism were not so prosperous as in Egypt or Syria or Asia Minor. In Italy and among the Jews it was not so readily welcomed or so successful. Following Josephus and the books of Maccabees, Mr. Mahaffy thinks that Hellenism did really make great progress in Judæa. He lays stress upon the building of a Greek gymnasium in Jerusalem, and on the fact that even the priests were "eager to share in the unlawful allowances of the palaestra, attending the summons of the discus." But, whatever this may have amounted to, the chance was ruined by the haste or cupidity of Antiochus Epiphanes. "Humanly speaking, we may thank Antiochus IV. for having saved to us that peculiar Semitic type." How near the world may have been to the loss of Judaism and Jewish books! The importation of Hellenism into Rome has a chapter to itself, but is by no means fully treated. The wealth of material is so great that justice could not be done to it in a concluding chapter. Mr. Mahaffy holds out hopes of a future book upon the spiritual life of Hellenism under the Roman empire; and there perhaps he may find room for what we should like to receive from his hands—an estimate of the changes in Roman usages and ideas due to contact with Greek literature and civilisation. The topic is very large; but it is not too large for the professor, and it is not more alien from Hellenism than the history of the struggle in Judæa.

May we express a wish that if Mr. Mahaffy writes again he will keep out of sight his antipathy to Oxford and Cambridge? He has a perfect right to his opinion; but sneering at "the superannuated schoolboy who holds fellowships and masterships at English colleges, and regards himself as a perfectly trained Greek scholar," might have been omitted by an Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

What I Remember. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

"I HAVE been a very happy—I fear I may say an exceptionally happy—man. As usual, my cards turned up trumps. Despite this, I do not think that were I called upon to advise a young man in precisely similar circumstances to mine at that time, I should counsel him to follow my example; for I have been not only a happy, but a singularly fortunate man." Such is the summing-up which Mr. Adolphus Trollope, aged seventy-seven, passes upon himself.

Certainly, these volumes bear him out. From the time when, nearly seventy years

ago, he and "Katy 'Bon" were saved by the merest chance-spoken word from tumbling precipitously into an unfenced well at Harrow; past the time when he did *not* put fish-hooks in his pocket at Naples to trap handkerchief stealers, and, consequently, was *not* one night stabbed to the heart as his friend was; all through the time when "dead beat, wet through to the bone, unprovided with any wrap of any kind, and when it was freezing hard," he took his seat outside the coach to get from Canterbury to London, and reached his destination none the worse—fortune does seem to have smiled on our autobiographer. He need not tell us after this that he was "a thoroughly healthy and well-constituted child," for whom "wet feet had to remain *in statu quo* till they were dry again." We will take Mr. Trollope's word for it.

An autobiographer puts himself in a twofold attitude towards his reviewer: as a man, and as an author. Mr. Trollope disarms one at once:

"I wish," he says, "to mark the social changes in English life since my young days. I have been here so many, many years; and these years have comprised the best part of the nineteenth century."

Yet, as a man, Mr. Trollope is no less interesting than as a chronicler. To the position of philosopher he does not pretend. He has got a store of tales to tell us—sometimes almost Herodotean in style, as, for instance, in the case of the dead colonel and the 'cello—and he tells them. It is, indeed, as a *raconteur* of old stories that Mr. Trollope shows himself in his most pleasing light. He is at his best when talking about Whately, or Dr. Drury, or Cardinal Massaia, or Fanny Bent. The surface of things is far too entrancing to Mr. Trollope for him to need to probe beneath it; and we take his *Storia*, as he would himself say, *quantum valeat*.

Therefore these volumes consist of the most delightful *pot-pourri* that we could desire of the time just anterior to our own. The anecdote which Mr. Trollope tells of himself at four years old is characteristic of the book and of the man:

"My mother used to tell how, when once I had been attentively watching her dressing for dinner, while standing on a chair by the side of the dressing-table, I broke silence when the work was completed to say very judiciously, 'Now you have made yourself as fine as possible—and you look worse than you did when you began.'"

The child is father of the man. How often does some such anecdote of early years show the bent of the child's whole future course! Think of Kingsley, with his sermon to the chairs at four years old; of Newman, at ten, with the cross and beads in his schoolbook; and then think of Trollope addressing those sage remarks to his mother.

Mr. Trollope was educated at Winchester; and to many the pages about his school-life may be the most interesting in the book. To some his disclosure of Wykehamical "notions" will seem nothing short of sacrilege; for he tells with absolute candour what he remembers about the place. He was never miserable, as his younger brother, Anthony, was. He is quite certain there is no such

dear and mutton now as in the days "when George III. was king"; corporal punishment was "a mere farce" ("I myself have been scourged [?] five times in the day")—and, in fact, we suspect Winchester was the best of all possible schools. But *audi alteram partem*—as Mr. Trollope would say. Here is Anthony's account, which we extract from the *Autobiography* published two years ago:

"Over a period of forty years, since I began my manhood at a desk in the Post Office, I and my brother, Thomas Adolphus, have been fast friends. There have been hot words between us, for perfect friendship bears and allows hot words. Few brothers have had more of brotherhood. But in those school days he was of all my foes the worst. In accordance with the practice of the college, which submits, or did then submit, much of the tuition of the younger boys to the elder, he was my tutor; and in his capacity of teacher and ruler he had studied the theories of Draco. I remember well how he used to exact obedience after the manner of that lawgiver. Hang a little boy for stealing apples, he used to say, and other little boys will not steal apples. The result was that, as a part of his daily exercise, he thrashed me with a big stick. That such thrashings should have been possible at a school as a continual part of one's daily life seems to me to argue a very ill condition of school life."

Boys will be boys, and Mr. Adolphus Trollope will forgive us for recalling a touch of nature which makes all schoolboys kin. In fact there was no time, so far as we can make out, in Mr. Trollope's life when he was not a boy. He shakes hands with you at the end of these volumes as though he were ready to race you down "hills" to-morrow.

Mr. Trollope's only ill-luck seems to have befallen him when he went to Oxford. He just missed by one place his election to New College in 1829. His father sent him to St. Alban's Hall simply because Whately was head of it (Newman had left it, it will be remembered, in 1825), when Whately told him, "We don't want any New College ways here, sir!" He had not been there more than a very short while before Whately sent for him, and told him he must take his name off the books for what seems an inconceivable reason. And so Trollope left what was at the best of times, he says, only "a refuge for the destitute"; and the only person who would take him was Dr. Macbride, at Magdalen Hall. No wonder Mr. Trollope took to racing the mail and reading Gaffarel's *Curiosities*. It is an interesting picture of Oxford in 1829.

Mr. Trollope left Oxford to become his mother's faithful attendant and guide, and from this time his acquaintance with *le beau monde* commences. They went together to Paris, where he met all sorts of interesting people. He met Chateaubriand, who was then in everybody's mouth, and he found him a "tinkling cymbal"; Guizot, who looked "for all the world like a village schoolmaster"; Thiers, "who might have been mistaken for a prosperous, busy, bustling, cheery stockbroker"; and he gives us a *chronique scandaleuse* about George Sand, and her escapade with the well-known Abbé de Lamennais. (By the way, Mr. Trollope spells the name incorrectly "Lamenais.") But the Abbé was fifty-three at the time, and we may take the story for what it is worth.

We could go on multiplying impressions

and anecdotes indefinitely, but to do this would be to miss to a considerable extent the importance of the book. Mr. Trollope is equally good at pointing out the social changes "which he remembers." Take, for instance, this sketch—how delightfully written!—of the Exeter of to-day:

"It was not so much that the new rows of houses and detached villas seemed to have nearly doubled the extent of the city and obliterated many of the old features in it, as that the character of the population seemed changed. It was less provincial, a term which implies quite as much that is pleasant as the reverse. It seemed to have been infected by much of the ways and spirit of London, without having anything of the special advantages of London to offer. People no longer walked down High Street, along a pavement abundantly ample for the traffic, nodding right and left to acquaintances. Everybody knew everybody no longer. The leisurely gossiping ways of the shopkeeper had been exchanged for the short and sharp promptitude of London habits. I recognised, indeed, the well-remembered tone of the cathedral bells. But the cathedral and its associations and influences did not seem to hold the same place in the city life as in my young days. There was an impalpable and very indescribable, but yet unmistakably sensible, something which seemed to shut off the ecclesiastical life on one side of the close precincts from the town life on the other, in a manner which was new to me. I have little doubt that if I had casually asked in any large, say, grocer's shop in High Street who was the canon in residence, I should have received a reply indicating that the person inquired of had not an idea of what I was talking about; and I am very sure that half a century ago the reply to the same question would have been everywhere a prompt one."

There is no sadness here. Only a silent acceptance of the facts. On one point, indeed, Mr. Trollope seems to be strangely inconsistent. Old as he is he has not learnt the beauties of provincialisms in speech. He is rather shocked when Lady Musgrave calls a cow a "coo," and suspects "she would have left Westmoreland behind her if evil fate had called her to London." Nor can he forgive "Quakerlike" Fanny Bent, who was "as well known in Exeter as the cathedral towers," for talking Devonshire *when in Devonshire*. Even the Florentines he does not quite forgive with their *Hasa* for "Casa" and *hâpitala* for "capitale," and the like.

It is impossible, and it would be out of place, to give more than a passing allusion to the many friendships and acquaintances which Mr. Trollope has formed in the course of his long life. Figures flit across the stage and are gone, and Mr. Trollope stands by and chronicles them. In this way we catch a glimpse of Dickens, of Landor, of Prince Metternich, of Garibaldi, of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, of George Eliot and G. H. Lewes, of Tennyson, and of Mary Mitford. We are told a good deal about Lady Bulwer, better known to the present generation as Rosina, Lady Lytton; and something about Julius and Mme. Mohl. Yet these friendships and acquaintances have been, we cannot but see, the most important factors in Mr. Trollope's life. The question, as he says, is not what one has done, but what one has become; and for that reason these pages are worth all the *Bebbos*, *La Beatas*, and *Histories of Florence* wherewith he once delighted the world. Not books

but men. We shall remember the altered *tempora et mores* when "liveried footman snuffed the candles" in Keppel Street, and "when 'Evangelicalism' and 'Low Churchism' were a note of vulgarity"; but Mr. Trollope has served us and himself best when he preserves for us the delightful, racy stories of his youth and the youth of the century, and when he gives us glimpses of those loved or worshipped faces which vanished before our time. To do the *one he must*, of course, have done the other, and hence the success of his written remembrances. From what we read in these two volumes, we gather that we may yet expect another in the fulness of time; and there is certainly room for it. Mr. Trollope provokingly draws the curtain where we would not inquisitively, I hope, pry; and he has moreover given us much which perforce is here, but only to the exclusion of what many of us would prefer. Mr. Trollope will forgive our correcting him on one point. Miss Fanny Bent, whom he used to visit half a century ago, lived not at Hoopern Bowers but Lower Hoopern; and our informant tells us that "she was the most untidy old woman who ever lived, and she carried a huge green umbrella with brass fittings."

Upon how many biographies these two volumes bear will very readily be seen. Mr. Trollope is another of that extraordinary group of men who were all born about 1810; and, though differing from them in many respects (Mr. Trollope does not accuse himself of writing one line of poetry in his life, and in the course of seventy-seven years he has only once—"and that for the fun of the thing"—been at an election), his autobiography will be extremely valuable for those who are yet to come. And so we leave Mr. Trollope's volumes, hoping that he will yet give us more, and—in the words of his own favourite author, "that jolly fellow, fine gentleman, and true philosopher, Horace"—*serus in colum redeat, diuque lactus interest populo*.

CHARLES SAYLE.

Venetian Studies. By Horatio F. Brown. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

To proclaim the excellences of this fascinating book must indeed prove a grateful task for any critic. Mr. Brown's previous volume, *Life on the Lagoons*, buoyant, bright, picturesque as it was, at once established his right to the position of an authority upon Venice and matters Venetian. This new collection of studies, where he goes deeper, covers wider ground, touches graver themes, will certainly but strengthen that position. Not only have long residence and continuous study in Venice fitted him in a particular degree for his task. These, indeed, gave him the first and best advantage of special knowledge; yet that was but as the colour upon his palette. Without a fine faculty for analysis and luminous exposition, without the real historic sense or the charm of a style marked by much grace and strength, he could not have given us this sound and true piece of work. That, without any touch of flattery, is what we may call *Venetian Studies*. It adds to history; it adds to literature.

Of these eleven essays the first shows the rise to pre-eminence of the lagoon city of Rialto, the modern Venice, built on the ruins of rival townlets, Heraclea and Malamocco, as the seal of their reconciliation, and as the enduring monument of Pepin's ill-starred assault and defeat. It was then, after the Franks' repulse, that Venice broke with the empire of the West, asserted her individuality, came out from her ordeal an independent state. It was then that she attained homogeneity, that the unity and fusion of her rival elements was wrought, and her people became one with the place of their abode.

"Venetian and Venetian lagoons had made and saved the state. The spirit of the waters, free, vigorous, and pungent, had passed, in that stern moment of struggle, into the being of the men who dwelt upon them; now the men were about to impose something of their spirit, too, and built that incomparably lovely city of the sea. Venice, in this union of the people and the place, declared the nature of her personality; a personality so infinitely various, so rich, so pliant, and so free, that to this day she wakens, and in a measure satisfies, a passion such as we feel for some life deeply beloved."

The island of Rialto, as the surest rallying-point, a citadel and asylum in the hour of peril, was, therefore, in the year 803 chosen as capital; and here the government had its seat, with the Doge Angelo Participazio at its head.

Bajamonte Tiepolo forms the subject of the second study, in which are presented to us the causes, climax, and failure of his famous conspiracy. With Tiepolo's collapse, the old nobility which had fought an unequal fight for predominance in the state died, broken up, crushed out by the tyranny of the new aristocracy. Tiepolo, as the writer justly asserts, was no merely factious rebel and traitor. He raised a great question, he championed a just cause. But he had neither the *finesse* nor the force to make it a triumphant one. The year of his defeat and banishment, 1310, as marked on the little marble slab in the Campo Sant' Agostino, saw the creation of the terrible Council of Ten as the iron power destined to rule Venice. In the month of cherries, as a popular rhyme tells us,

"Del mille tresento e diese,
A mezzo el mese delle cerese,
Bagiamonte passò el ponte [the Rialto]
E per esso fu fatto el consegio di diese."

Limited first to a few days, its tenure of office was later prolonged from two months to five years. On July 20, 1335, it was proclaimed permanent, and, as Mr. Brown points out, "became the lord, the Signore, the tyrant of Venice; more terrible than any personal despot, because impalpable, impervious to the dagger of the assassin." This is what the Tiepoline conspiracy had given Venice—the very essence of tyranny, a rod of iron, and yet a preservative force which determined the internal aspect of the state for the rest of its existence.

To these two remarkable essays, others on the Carraresi and on Carmagnola succeed. The former as ambitious, restless tyrants, and the latter as a mercenary *condottiere*, both played fast and loose with Venice; and both received fearful retribution at her hands. Venice never forgave. She would wait, she would temporise; but, when the moment was ripe

for her revenge, she would coldly strike. Carmagnola's story is a good illustration of this, type as he was of the intriguing soldier of fortune, double-faced, half-hearted, who played a perilous game and lost it.

No more accurate and exhaustive account of the state archives of Venice than that prepared by Mr. Brown has, we believe, ever been offered to Englishmen. It appeared originally in the *Quarterly Review*; and the author has done well to reprint it here, as the fifth essay of the series. Another excellent paper is the one on Cardinal Contarini and his friend Reginald Pole, "the gentle cardinal," the *spirito angelico*, wherein is shown the pleasant intimacy of two fine spirits who neither of them found terrestrial quiet or content, yet who, when together in Italy, enjoyed an interval of most delightful calm. To pass lightly over the exciting story which Mr. Brown rehearses of Marcantonio Bragadin, the alchemist, will surely be less easy for readers than to miss the pages he devotes to Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus. For in these last the writer's excellences of style are less apparent; and there are touches here and there not quite in the right key. But a most valuable and impressive chapter is the one on "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic," where we see how eagerly Venice sought to have England on her side against the Turk.

And to put a fitting close to his book the writer appends his delightful paper on "The Venice of To-day," a piece of poetry in prose, that, when it appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, Miss Montalba's charming sketches richly served to embellish. It appeals to Venice lovers, not to Laodiceans, not to those who term the Sea Queen "a fetid, foreign city, full of dirt and mosquitoes," but rather to such as look upon her as

"the enticing house of true serenity."

One questioning phrase for the printer and one for the author shall escape us before we end this brief notice. Why has the former regularly, systematically, printed "*Giustiniano*" for "*Giustiniano*" (p. 62); "*Guidici*" for "*Giudici*" (p. 61); "*Guidicca*" for "*Giudecca*" (twice on the same page, 278); and so on, wherever the syllable "giu" occurs? There are misprints, too, in the footnotes to the Cornaro essay which should be set right when the volume is in its next edition. Our question for the author is this. Why has he kept out any example, any illustration of Venetian art from his book? Will he not follow up these studies by another set, in which some one of Venice's immortal painters or musicians shall receive particular regard? We sincerely hope it. And, impatient for its sequel, we recommend his present volume to book-lovers as to book-makers. It will surely contain much useful matter for the indefatigable author of *Madonna Mary*, who, as the prints tell us, will soon give her public a skilful compilation to be called *The Makers of Venice*.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

Life and Labour; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius. By Samuel Smiles. (John Murray.)

As years roll on the author's store of apt illustrations becomes ampler, while, in the case of Dr. Smiles, his skill in dealing with

them shows no signs of failure. *Life and Labour* is a companion volume to *Self-Help* and *Character*, and its publication at this season will be regarded as opportune by those who have the troublesome task of selecting prize-books. No more suitable volume could be found to bear the inscription *Laboris prae-mium*.

Perhaps the first chapter is the least interesting, or, at any rate, the least happily entitled. These are certainly not days when it is necessary to prove that work is not ignoble so long as it is honest. This is admitted on all hands. And what the "gentleman" by birth is constantly seeking is the chance of employment, and not the terrible alternative of idleness. No fear of trade being a disgrace keeps him out of the commercial world. We wish we could add that his birth always keeps him from bringing a disgrace upon trade. It may, however, be necessary to point out to the successful tradesman that success does not, as a matter of course, make him a gentleman; and that courtesy, consideration, and charity are graces that may be acquired as well as inherited.

In the aristocracy of labour the brain-workers rank highest; and Dr. Smiles is, of course, quite right in including among such those whose thoughts have found expression through the brush or chisel. The passion for work seems to be strongest among artists; but Scott and Southey are wonderful examples of literary fecundity; and—if quantity and not quality be the test—even they have been surpassed by pamphleteers and controversial theologians, whose works have happily been forgotten. Prynne is said to have written an average of eight quarto pages daily from the time he reached manhood to the day of his death, and Lope de Vega's contributions to literature are numerically astounding.

"He himself states that of his dramas about one hundred had been composed in as many days. During the fifty years of his working life he produced upwards of twenty millions of verses which are in print, besides twenty-one quarto volumes of miscellaneous works."

It is well to remember, on the other hand, that Bishop Butler spent twenty years upon the *Analogy of Religion*, and Montesquieu twenty-five upon his *Esprit de Lois*. It is of less interest to know that Rogers gave fourteen years of his leisurely life to *Italy*; and that he told Babbage (we hope in more intelligible language) "that he had never written more than four, or at least six, lines of verse in one day in his life."

As to the period of life when work is best done there is much difference of opinion. In most cases great men begin to show their greatness soon; and where promptitude, vigour, and imagination are demanded, youth has the advantage over age. The list of those whose genius has been what Dr. Smiles calls precocious is a long one, and includes such names as Pascal, whose brilliant career ended at thirty-nine; Melancthon, who at twenty-one was appointed Professor of Greek at Wittenberg; Pitt, who at twenty-four was Prime Minister; and Newton, whose discovery of the law of gravitation was made at twenty-five. But the greatest names in the list are, as might be expected, those of men of action. Alike in ancient, mediæval, and

modern times, the most successful commanders scored their successes at an early age—Marlborough and Von Moltke being exceptions which serve to prove the rule. Not that middle life is barren of examples of greatness. Goldsmith, as Johnson said, was "a plant that flowered late," and so also was Swift; Priestley, Buffon, and Humboldt did their best work in mature years; and it can never be forgotten that Milton was fifty-seven when he finished his greatest poem. That the exercise of one's natural powers has no tendency to shorten life, but rather to prolong it, there is abundant proof. "It is a poor wine," said Lord Jeffrey, "that grows sour with age;" and, we may add, the best clusters of grapes are often found on the oldest vines.

Dr. Smiles has introduced some very useful chapters on "The Literary Ailment: Over Brain-work," and how to ensure health amid the necessary conditions of toil. He insists very strongly upon the superiority of a country life. "City life," he says, "is a foe to intellectual work. There is too much excitement and too little repose." On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits"; and that contact with one's fellow men has a tendency to sharpen the intellect and correct—what is a fertile source of failure—a false estimate of one's own powers.

We need scarcely add that Dr. Smiles's book affords plenty of pleasant reading, though the introduction of examples in rapid succession has rather a bewildering effect on the mind, for there seems as much to be said for one side of each case as for the other.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

NEW NOVELS.

An Old Man's Favour. By the author of "Dr. Edith Romney." In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Mrs. Sharpe. By the author of "Shadrach." In 3 vols. (Bell.)

A Prince of the Blood. By James Payn. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Sport of Chance. By William Sharp. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Ireland's Dream. By Capt. Lyon. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Pine and Palm. By Moncure D. Conway. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Hundreth Man. By Frank R. Stockton. (Sampson Low.)

Birth-Rights. By Edgar Ray. (Fisher Unwin.)

An Old Man's Favour fully sustains the level of the author's previous books, if no great advance is visible. There is a fairly good plot, with well-accentuated motives; and two or three of the characters are drawn with some graphic faculty. The main situation is that the son of a merchant who has died ruined is gifted with musical genius, especially for the violin, which may easily lead to fame and wealth if he can give it free scope, as he is strongly urged to do by his instructor, Marmaduke Ward, an excitable, enthusiastic, and unpractical personage, evidently a favourite with the author. But an uncle, the "old

man" of the title-page, offers assistance to the family on condition that Wilfrid Leigh abandons a musical career for a commercial life, to be persevered in for a certain term of years, after which he shall be free to choose finally between the two courses. The scene is laid in Newcastle-on-Tyne; under the name of Newminster; and the sketches of business life there are vivid and telling. Along with the Leigh family another, called Dering, has come down in the same crash; and there is a good deal of pains spent on the description of the mutual relations of husband and wife in consequence, he being unable to believe that he has not forfeited her affection, and she, in her turn, being gradually changed from a cheerful, genial woman into a morose and austere one. One other detail is cleverly treated—the grinding effect of constant poverty, with the dismal need of keeping up appearances in public. There is also a good drawing, with just a spice of malice, suggesting a portrait from the life, of the *dilettante* type of amateur, who is made to serve as the foil for the more genuine article. The dialogue is pretty fluent; and altogether the story is readable.

Mrs. Sharpe is mainly a novel of character, the aim being rather to delineate a single personality than to work out a plot. The portrait in this instance is that of a domineering, capricious, exacting woman, with some good qualities overshadowed by her persistent craving for power, and her unscrupulousness in getting her way. The figure is drawn with a good deal of force and vividness; but a reviewer may be pardoned for doubting whether the thing was worth doing at all.

In *A Prince of the Blood* new ground has been broken by Mr. Payn, but scarcely to his own advantage or that of his readers, and he has not achieved more than a *succès d'estime*, if even that. Nor has he been so careful as usual in workmanship and accessories, though the old deftness shows in the plot and several of the incidents. The hero of the book, Prince Tarilam, is the heir to the Malayan king of a small island in the Indian Ocean, and is, in fact, an idealisation of Prince Lee Boo, the description of the island, its people, and the intercourse between them and the crew of a wrecked English vessel having been evidently borrowed from Capt. Wilson's account of the wreck of the *Antelope* in 1783 on the Pelew Islands, which was published from his journals by George Keate. But Mr. Payn has passed the reasonable limits of artistic freedom in dealing with Tarilam and his sister Majuba. They not only learn to speak English in an incredibly short space of time, and that better than any Frenchman has succeeded in speaking it yet, but the ideas and diction which come fluently to them are such as are entirely incompatible with the intellectual level of their race and stage of development. The purely European part of the story is better managed, but the two sections do not join neatly; and though Mr. Payn cannot fail to make us read him, he has for once shown that we may not always praise him.

The Sport of Chance is a highly sensational story, with a plot of the kind we used to get formerly from Miss Braddon and Mrs. Henry Wood. A prologue shows us the

rescue of a single survivor from a wreck on the Cornish coast. Then we are carried back a long time to a scene in Scotland, where a merchant's happy home is suddenly disturbed by a cloud coming between husband and wife in consequence of the advent of a stranger, plainly mixed up in some large forgeries upon the husband's firm, and seemingly on such terms of secret understanding with the wife as to point to her complicity. Soon after she disappears along with her baby, hiding herself with her old nurse; and the story continues for several years, busied with her husband's search for her, as he believes her to have sailed for Australia with a seducer, and with the fortunes of the child she had carried away. Where the interest depends wholly on the evolution of the plot, as in the present instance, it is unfair to disclose it, and it will suffice to say that it is a clever one, with some single episodes forcibly delineated. But the villain of the story is made altogether too black. Not only is he thief, forger, and murderer (he commits no fewer than three homicides in the course of the narrative, besides attempting one or two more), but there is a malignant love of evil for its own sake, when there is nothing to be got by it, ascribed to him, which is a little out of drawing, except on just the hypothesis of moral insanity which is inconsistent with the author's intention. The English is rather shaky in places, "irrelative," for instance, appearing for "irrelevant," and the construction of many sentences being awkward and clumsy, if not actually ungrammatical.

Ireland's Dream is a political and polemical novel, forecasting what would happen in Ireland if the programme of legislative independence were carried out. Capt. Lyon's prophecy is of national impoverishment, executive bankruptcy, judicial corruption, administrative anarchy, civil war, and general collapse. He is so far impartial that he represents the instinct of barbarous retaliation as seizing hold of the Unionists as well as of the Separatists; and if the latter have massacred the garrison of a boycotted country-house, the former wreck with dynamite a railway bridge in front of a train containing the doers of the deed, and destroy them totally. The book is written with every semblance of conviction upon the author's part, and with a directness and vigour which make some amends for the visible lack of literary experience.

Pine and Palm is a story of North and South in the United States, beginning shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. Two young men at Harvard, idealised types of Northerner and Southerner, quarrel over the slavery question, and are about to fight a duel. They are prevented from so doing; and are induced each to travel into the other's part of the Union, to study the situation at first hand, and to learn what can be said in favour of the view he has hitherto opposed. As matters fall out, both are considerably modified in their opinions by their new experiences; and it has been, in part, Mr. Conway's aim to show what palliations can fairly be allowed by sincere abolitionists for the attitude of the slave-holding aristocracy. His two heroes are a little too admirable in their several ways—a fact of which he is not at all unconscious; but

he has chosen his leading incidents carefully, and put them together in a workmanlike fashion, making a book which is pleasant to read, at the same time that it is a real help to Englishmen who want to understand something more of the true issues of the Civil War than the *Uncle Tom* class of literature can singly teach them.

The Hundredth Man is on a rather larger scale than that which best suits Mr. Stockton's peculiar humour. It is exceedingly clever in parts; but the parts of this kind do not lie close enough together. The notion of the book is that one of its characters has a theory that somewhere among every hundred men whom we meet, one will stand out from all the others by virtue of a more distinctive personality, and that it is worth while looking for and identifying him. In this case, the searcher proves to be the desired object himself. The best sketches in the book, however, are not the characters assigned the first places, but Enoch Bullripple, a Down-East farmer, and Matilda Stull, a New York young lady of remarkably practical gifts.

Birth-Rights is an exceedingly crude story on the theme of "breaking birth's invidious bar," by a beginner in literature, who does not understand yet that long sermonettes to the reader are not legitimate fiction, and that gush is not art. There are possibilities of better things perceptible by a kindly eye; but achievement has not come yet. And it would have been just as well to have named the *stola*, rather than the *toga* several times over, as the distinctive dress of ladies in ancient Rome. RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

GIFT-BOOKS.

WE take the liberty of noticing in this place the two latest additions to the pretty series of "Clarendon English Classics," which are bound in ornamental parchment, with uncut edges and gilt tops, and yet are not extravagant in price. These are Goldsmith's *Selected Poems* and Johnson's *Rasselas*, edited, with introduction and notes—the former by Mr. Austin Dobson, the latter by Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. When we have mentioned these names, it is superfluous to add that two fitter editors could not be found. Nor will anyone suppose that either of them has acquitted himself of so congenial a task in a perfunctory manner. Each little book contains, indeed, a load of learning worthy of an ancient scholiast, which Mr. Dobson, at least, bears with the lightness of a flower. Of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, also, it should be said that he has been able to illustrate the Abyssinian morality with apposite quotations from his own edition of *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*. On one point only will we venture to exercise the reviewer's privilege. In his table of Chief Events in the Life of Samuel Johnson Dr. Hill records, under the year 1763, "got to know Boswell"—which, by its curious inversion of thought, recalls Elliston's saying embalmed by Charles Lamb. "I like French," said a friend to Elliston, "because he is the same natural, easy creature on the stage that he is off." "Just my case," retorted Elliston, "I am the same person off the stage that I am on." After this digression, we cannot conclude without recommending either of these volumes to those in search of a present at this season for a good boy. No more alluring guide could be imagined into the pleasure garden of English literature.

Familiar Wild Birds. By W. Swaysland. With coloured plates. (Oassell.) This is the third volume of a series of which the two preceding ones have already been praised in the ACADEMY; and we are glad to hear that a fourth is yet to come. When completed, the series must, to some extent, belie its title; for it cannot be said that the capercaillie is "familiar," except in poulterers' shops, or the kite, except in literature. But to cavil thus would be to show ingratitude for a most welcome gift, which, for its conspicuous merits, can only be compared to Lord Walsingham's show-cases of natural groups at South Kensington. We refer not so much to the descriptions of Mr. Swaysland himself—though these are brief and to the point—as to the truly admirable coloured plates, all of which, in this volume, are reproduced from the drawings of Mr. A. Thorburn. Besides these plates, there are a couple of woodcuts illustrating the life of each bird, as well as coloured representations of their eggs of the natural size.

Run Away from the Dutch; or, Borneo from South to North (Sampson Low), is the attractive title of a thrilling tale of Eastern adventure, adapted by Mr. A. P. Mendes from Maurice Blok's translation of the original by Mr. Perelaer, late of the Dutch Indian Service. It is written quite in the Jules Verne style, with the same obvious intention of combining pleasure with instruction, but lacking the peculiar fascination of that brilliant storyteller. Nevertheless, the interest is well sustained from first to last; and a great deal of useful information on the physical geography, natural history, and inhabitants of Borneo has been skilfully woven into the texture of the plot. This turns exclusively on the adventures of three Europeans and a native, who, growing tired of their treatment in the Dutch Service, execute a well-concocted scheme to regain their freedom, and make their way under incredible difficulties from the southern to the north-western part of the island at that time governed by the famous Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak. The characters of the Europeans—a Belgian and two Swiss—are consistent enough; but Johannes, the native, is an absurd prig, who is endowed with lofty European conceptions about man and the universe, and who refers in the following style to the reported tailed tribes of the interior:

"Yet it is a positive fact, which many savants have accepted, that here in Borneo tribes do exist rejoicing in the luxury of a tail. According to them, this tail is nothing but a small, motionless elongation of the spinal column," &c.

Hamadoc, the Dyak belle, who captivates Wienersdorf, the Swiss, and is ultimately converted by him into a "grande dame de par le monde," is a still more preposterous impersonation—a "proud child of nature," with "a heart and a character of the noblest mould," and so forth. Still, the book will, no doubt, be eagerly devoured by young folks possessing the insatiable taste for "blug, blug," characteristic of *Helen's Babies*. Repulsive scenes of horror follow in rapid succession, and passages such as the following are of far too frequent occurrence:

"Human bodies, completely flattened out, were seen buried in the deep and hard ruts made by the rolling blocks of stone. Here a fractured skull, there a ripped chest or gaping abdomen, farther on dis severed hands and feet—everywhere blood." There are several good illustrations; and the translation is generally free from such solecisms as "at the side of," in the sense of "compared with," occurring at p. 238.

Perils in the Transvaal and Zululand, by the Rev. H. C. Adams (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is as successful an attempt as we have read to reproduce for the delectation of boys the more

sensational incidents in the Zulu and Transvaal wars, with the battles of Isandhlwana, Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill. The leading characters in it are mainly young Englishmen of the ordinary proud and vigorous type, the chief of whom are named Hardy and Rivers; but there is also a not less proud and vigorous Dutchman, Vander Heyden by name, who hates Englishmen as a rule, but can also fight bravely by their side. His sister is an admirable study—though not, perhaps, for boys in their teens; and there is a revengeful enemy in the book, one Cargill alias Bostock, who is as desperate as Balfour of Burleigh, but not quite so religious. By way of relief, too, we have adventures with lions and pythons, and what not. Altogether *Perils in the Transvaal* deserves very high praise indeed.

A Son of the Morning. By Sarah Doudney. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is a strong story in every way, but particularly from the ethical standpoint, the strength being embodied in Doctor Lansdowne, the good genius of Edgar Halliford, the rather susceptible and impulsive hero of the story, who is not much of "a son of the morning" to begin with, although he improves under good tuition towards the end. Irene, the heroine, is ever so much better than the hero, who only comes to deserve that name when he is contrasted with the still weaker Neal Everstone, who was her first *fiancé*. Edgar Halliford has also a first-love affair, which very nearly drives him mad; and Miss Doudney makes a skilful use of the "lost love" of Edgar, in her widowed condition, to awaken in the breast of Irene a healthy jealousy. Literature and art have both a slight place in the evolution of such plot as *A Son of the Morning* can be said to possess; but, on the whole, they might well have been dispensed with, except in a very pretty frontispiece, which is the one illustration in this book. Doctor Lansdowne, however, who is capable of infusing his own strength of will into his friends and patients, could not have been dispensed with. He is, indeed, one of the best of Miss Doudney's characters.

Sir Walter's Ward: a Tale of the Crusades. By William Everard. (Blackie.) This book will prove a very acceptable present either to boys or girls. Both alike will take an interest in the career of Dods, in spite of his unheroic name, and follow him through his numerous and exciting adventures. These lead him to the East, from whence he returns to Germany to regain possession of the home from which a wicked uncle had ousted him. The illustrations are excellent, and we must add a word of praise for the print and binding.

On the Banks of the Ouse. By Emma Marshall. (Seeley.) This is a story of life in Olney a hundred years ago. We thought on opening the volume that the author had been happy in the choice of a subject, and on closing it we may say she has been no less happy in its treatment. Not that we altogether sympathise with her in her views of Cowper, and still less of the Rev. John Newton; but the references to both poet and preacher give an air of healthy realism to the story. In these days when so much of our fiction is marred by frivolity and cynicism, it is refreshing to read so earnest a book as this. The style too, is simple and clear. It is religious in its tone, but neither narrow nor sectarian, as is shown by the following passage (p. 274):

"Even in the great gift of the Beloved Son, such men and women can only see the satisfaction of wrathful indignation by sacrifice rather than the gift of love freely given by the sinless One in obedience to the Will which he came to do."

The illustrations give a distinct charm to the volume, and we cannot but compliment the

publishers on the manner in which they have turned out Miss Marshall's last work.

John o' London: a Story of the Days of Roger Bacon. By Somerville Gibney. (Ward & Downey.) The days of Roger Bacon are about as shadowy as those of King Arthur, and his doings and discoveries belong rather to the realm of romance than to that of science. These, however, are no obstacles to the storyteller, who has really constructed out of his materials a book which boys will enjoy. Whether Adam de Gordon be either in name or in other respects quite in harmony with the era of Henry III. must be left to the antiquary to determine. His adventures in company with the hero, who bears the unassailable name of John, are sufficiently amusing and, in a minor degree, may be even termed instructive. The author's courage in the selection of a subject deserves recognition, and we do not doubt that it will be widely given.

By Order of Queen Maude: a Story of Home Life. By Louisa A. Crow. (Blackie.) The monarch, who ruled the schoolroom in somewhat autocratic fashion, learnt by her failures how to rule herself; and, as her love of setting her brothers and sisters right had in it no small admixture of genuine affection, her majesty in the end gained a rightful supremacy in the kingdom of home. The tale is brightly and cleverly told, and forms one of the best children's books which the season has produced.

Cross Corners. By Anna B. Warner. (Nisbet.) This is an American story with a strong religious bias, but Eunice is a character who will find favour with many young English readers. Her visits to the ladies at the Cross Corners Cottage are entertaining, and the Transatlantic flavour imparts some piquancy to the conversations. The illustrations are inartistic, though the treatment of the rearing horse gives some evidence of skill.

Equal to the Occasion. By Edward Garrett. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) Mr. Garrett has done better work than this. The story is dull and commonplace, and so are the chief actors in it. Chrissy follows the usual type of conscientious daughters, whose goodness would be more attractive if it were less perfect. The book is well got-up and, of course, is thoroughly unexceptionable.

The Story of John Marleck, by Emma Marshall (Nisbet), recounts not the musical but the reforming career of this well-known English composer. Dealing with the sufferings of the band of martyrs of whom Marleck was the chief, the story is rather painful; but the historical environment seems to be reproduced with considerable accuracy.

Armour Clad. By G. P. Dyer. (Shaw.) This is a well-meant but not particularly successful story of the trials of Arthur Brandon, who commences life as one of W. H. Smith & Son's newsboys. The book is written in a strain of religious gush which is too unnatural to be pleasing. The author does not seem aware that a strong sense of religious duty in boys is mostly combined with reticence and emotional restraint.

Two of Them: a Story for Boys. By the author of "Mike and his Brother Ben." (S.P.C.K.) The conception of this little tale is good, but it is not told with either vigour or completeness, and is not particularly suited for the young. The author opens his story with some care and minuteness; but, seeming suddenly to doubt whether the narrative is interesting, hurries over several years in the hopes of finding something exciting, and failing in this concludes abruptly. The binding and illustrations are unusually good.

A Minor Chord, by Niall Herne (S.P.C.K.), is in outline an affecting story, though hardly narrated with sufficient simplicity and directness. Old John Duniseith with his quaint oracular sayings, conveyed in the broadest Doric, is a decidedly amusing personage.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are to have a new edition of Chaucer. The editors will be Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the founder and chief worker of the Chaucer Society for the last twenty years; and Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum, editor of the two volumes of *Selections from the Canterbury Tales* in the "Parchment Library." Only the poet's genuine works will be given; and the exclusion of the many spurious poems included in former editions will make room for the inclusion of his prose works. The edition will be in six volumes, octavo; and then the text, with shortened forewords, will be issued in a Globe edition. Messrs Macmillan will be the publishers. The volumes will be also included in the issues of the Chaucer Society to its members, inasmuch as their subscriptions have furnished the material on which the edition will be based. So far as possible, the best MS. of each work will be taken as the basis of its text, and not altered, save where it is plainly wrong. And though, if the MS. be Shirley's, his known personal peculiarities—like that of his retaining the Anglo-Saxon *eo* for *e*—will be changed, the spelling will not be normalised or otherwise made uniform. The notes will not be overloaded with all the various readings of all the MSS.; but only those held important will be given, students being referred to Dr. Furnivall's "Parallel Texts" in the Chaucer Society for the rest, which are so often plainly mistakes or later unauthorised changes.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has now finished his *Dictionary of Lowland Scotch*, with explanations and etymological derivations. The work is not only a glossary of the more important words, but also a storehouse of anecdote and poetic illustration, while the historical and literary development of the language is dealt with in an introductory chapter. The first edition, to be published by private subscription, will be printed on Whatman paper, and limited to 125 copies, numbered and signed by the author.

MR. ARNOLD FORSTER has been engaged in the preparation of a new work uniform with the *Citizen Reader*. It will be entitled *The Laws of Everyday Life*, and is intended as a reader for the upper standards of elementary schools and for use in night schools. A revised edition is now printing of the *Citizen Reader*, for which a number of new illustrations have been prepared. This work has attained a circulation of upwards of 50,000 copies in less than two years.

WE understand that the Autotype facsimile of the Black Book of Carmarthen is now ready for the binders. The work, which is limited to 250 copies, forms Vol. II. of the Series of Welsh Texts, and will be issued to subscribers only by Mr. J. G. Evans, 7, Clarendon Villas, Oxford.

THE new work by Prof. Roberts, of St. Andrews, entitled *Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles*, is now nearly ready. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, announce that, by special arrangement with Prof. Franz Delitzsch, they will publish next year a translation of his *Neuer Commentar über die Genesis*, which was reviewed in the last number of the ACADEMY.

WE learn from the *Pioneer* that Lala Kashi Nath Khattri has undertaken to produce a

translation of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies* for the Aryan Patriotic Association of Sirsa. The committee of the Rohilkhand Patriotic Association, represented by Pandit Ganesh Prosad Chouba, late Chief Justice of Kashmir, have offered an honorarium of £25 to the translator, that sum having been subscribed by several native gentlemen of the district.

A TRANSLATION of Herr Karl Emil Franzos's well-known novel *Ein Kampf ums Recht* will be published immediately, in one volume, by Messrs. James Clarke & Co., with a preface by Dr. George Macdonald. The translation has been made by Miss Julie Sutter.

Half-Hours with the Early Fathers is the title of a new volume by the Rev. C. H. Leonard, of Bristol, which will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish immediately a novel, in 3 volumes, by Philip Gaskell, entitled *A Lion among the Ladies*.

MR. SPENCER BLACKETT will publish early in December the second year's issue of *The Playgoer's Pocket-Book*, considerably enlarged and improved, and illustrated with upwards of seventy portraits and sketches of scenes and characters from all the plays of the year.

TINSLEYS'S Christmas Annual, entitled *Stars and Spangles*, written by Miss Lily Tinsley, will be issued immediately.

AN important contribution to the history of playing-cards was made by Mr. George Clulow in a paper read before the Sette of Odd Volumes at Willis's Rooms on Friday last, December 2. In particular, it disposed of some of the popularly received notions as to their origin and chronology. A large collection of examples from Mr. Clulow's remarkable collection of playing-cards was exhibited during the evening.

IN the second number of the *Annals of Botany*, just published by the Clarendon Press, Prof. Bayley Balfour makes a timely protest against the current mistake whereby the "coco-nut," the fruit of the *Coccoloba*, is erroneously spelt "cocoa," and thus confounded with the produce of the *Theobroma cacao* of tropical America. He shows, from quotations supplied by Dr. Murray, that "coco" is the original and proper name, and was always used by the early writers; and that the spelling "cocoa" appears to have originated with the [erroneous] notion of Dr. Johnson that *cocoa* and chocolate were made out of *coco-nuts*, which caused him to confound the two words in his Dictionary under the spelling "cocoa," although he afterwards rejected his own lexicographical authority and correctly used "coco," plural "cocoas," in his *Life of Drake*. But his erroneous precept was more powerful than his correction in practice; and, though botanists long stuck to "coco-nut," the uninformed *vox populi* went in for "cocoa-nut." Prof. Balfour calls upon botanists to unite in putting an end to the blunder, and to use the correct spelling "coco," as the Laureate has done in "Enoch Arden":

"The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes," and as "careful writers" and "those who know," actually do.

WE regret to record the sudden death of that charming writer, Miss Margaret Veley, which took place at West Kensington on December 7. Her first novel to attract attention was "For Percival," which appeared in the *Cornhill* during 1877; and her last work, we believe, was "A Garden of Memories" in the *English Illustrated Magazine* last year, since republished with two other stories in volume form. All her work was marked by freshness of sentiment and delicacy of expression.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD has been elected professor of music at Cambridge, in succession to the late Sir George Macfarren.

MR. THOMAS WILLIAM ALLEN, of Queen's College—to whom the ACADEMY is indebted for several contributions on Greek palaeography—has been elected to the Craven fellowship at Oxford. Since the reconstitution of the Craven trust, the fellowship has become not a mere prize, but an endowment for research, after the pattern of the Radcliffe travelling fellowships in physical science, which have yielded such good results. The value is £200 for two years; and the holder is required to spend eight months of each year in study abroad.

THE Craven fellow of last year, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, of Magdalen—the first on the new system—has recently submitted a report of his work. After spending some time at the British School of Athens, he visited Salonica to copy inscriptions, and then accompanied Prof. W. M. Ramsay on an archaeological journey through Asia Minor. He has since been working in the museums of Constantinople, Vienna, and Berlin. The special subject that he has chosen for study is the history of Alexander's empire.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. Coutts Trotter, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, for many years tutor and lecturer in physics, and at the time of his death vice-master of the college. But his name will be held in remembrance still more for his services to the university at large. Since 1874 he has been a member of the council of the senate; and to his reforming zeal and administrative capacity is largely due the marked success of recent changes in the academical system—notably the increased study of the physical sciences.

MR. GEORGE SIMMS, of Broad Street—whose name is well known to many generations of Oxford men—will read a paper at an early meeting of the Architectural and Historical Society upon "The Defences of the City during the Civil War." He claims to have found abundant remains of the earthworks thrown up not only by the defenders but also by the Parliamentary army. *Inter alia*, he maintains that the ruins at Godstow date from this time.

THE following is the text of the address from Oxford to Prof. Mommsen:

"Viro doctissimo Theodoro Mommseno natalicia septuagesima gratulantur alumni Oxonienses LXII., die xxx. mensis Novembris MDCCCLXXXVII. Nomina qui subscripsimus, Academiae Oxoniensis graduati, Theodoro Mommseno septuagesimum natalem adepto pie et laeto animo gratulamur, ingentem tuam laudem, quam de antiquorum litteris tam praeclare meritis es, testantes, sicut id nunc universitatis doctorum comprobavit assensio. Patere te nos quod confirmamus edoceri, nusquam illa merita neque ab ullis majoris aestimari quam inter nos aestimantur, quos ut vivendo diu adjuves institutione tua et exemplo speramus et precamur."

THE *Transactions* of the Oxford Philological Society for 1886-87 have been published in pamphlet form by the Clarendon Press. The papers, in accordance with a fundamental rule of the society, deal solely with Greek and Latin. Prof. Nettleship writes on the recent theories of Keller and Havet about the Saturnian verse, himself maintaining the old view that the basis of the metre is quantitative, though modified by the influence of Oxford. The most important historical papers are those by Mr. Pelham, on "The Provincial Organisation of Gaul and Spain"; and by Mr. Macon, on "The Significance of the Lot in Ancient Athens" and on "The Political Constitution of Corcyra in 433 B.C." Mr. Prickard contributes notes on Horace, *Epistle*, II. 2; Mr. R. L. Clarke on Vergil, *Eclogues*, I. and IX; Mr. J. Cook Wilson on some passages in Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Ethics*; and Mr. Haigh on a passage in Isaeus.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AN APRIL DAY.

BREEZES strongly rushing when the north-west
stirs,
Propheysing summer to the shaken firs;
Blowing brows of forest, when soft airs are free,
Crowned with heavenly spaces of the shining sea;
Buds and breaking blossoms that sunny April
yields,
Ferns and fairy grasses, the children of the fields;
In the fragrant hedges hollow brambled gloom,
Pure primroses paling into perfect bloom;
Round the elm's rough stature climbing bright
and high,
Ivy-fringes trembling against a golden sky;
Woods and windy ridges darkening in the glow,
The rosy sunset bathing all the vale below;
Violet-banks forsaken in the fading light,
Starry sadness filling the quiet eyes of night;
Dew on all things drooping for the summer rains,
Dewy daisies folding in the lonely lanes.

R. L. BINYON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

PERHAPS the very best thing in an exceptionally good number of *Macmillan* is Miss Probyn's little poem headed "Uncertainties," though we see no great felicity in the choice of the title. Next to this what most takes our fancy is Mr. Augustine Birrell's sparkling paper on "Authors in Court." Mrs. Oliphant, writing of the author of "John Halifax," and Mr. Henry James, writing of Emerson, will be sure to attract many readers; and the articles will not disappoint expectation. The recently published life of "Ferguson the Plotter" is very ably reviewed, the writer's conclusion being that the attempt to reverse the judgment of history on this notorious intriguer has signally failed, though the great interest of the book is fully acknowledged. An anonymous paper on "Social Oxford" is well worth reading, and Mr. H. S. Salt writes not uninterestingly on "Moultre's Poems." The number contains the opening chapters of a novel by Mr. W. E. Norris, entitled "Chris," which seems to promise well.

Blackwood has nothing very noteworthy this month, except the first instalment of M. Charles Yriarte's paper on "The life of Caesar Borgia," as illustrated by recently discovered documents. The Marquis of Lorne's Maltese ghost story looks at first like a genuine personal experience, but before the reader comes to the end he discovers it to be a feeble imitation of Poe. The articles on "Hannah More," "Literary Voluptuaries," "Rabbits in Australia," and "The Academical Oarsman," are readable, but not of striking merit. On the political articles it is not our custom to remark; but we should like to know whether the reference to "a case of undistributed muddle" on p. 864 is a bad joke of the writer's, or a very good joke on the part of the compositor.

In the *Expositor* for December Prof. Westcott concludes his attractive essays on the Revised Version of the New Testament, and Prof. Cheyne begins a rapid survey of that of the Book of Isaiah; Prof. Findlay discusses the reference to Titus in Gal. ii. 1-5; Dr. Dods sketches Malachi and his times; and Prof. Salmond gives a very useful account of recent foreign literature on the New Testament.

MR. G. LAURENCE GOMME has made the subject of Open Air Assemblies peculiarly his own. His paper in the December number of the *Antiquary* is little more than a collection of new material; but it is a gathering made by one who knows what to reject as well as what to preserve. Vestiges of the old open air courts remain in so many widely separated places that it must now be obvious to every-

one that they are really survivals from a very remote period, not, as some have imagined, customs due to merely local influences. A strange rite, it seems, is, or was, recently performed at Thornton, near Sherbourne, Dorsetshire. The tenants of the manor are accustomed on a certain day to go before twelve o'clock at noon to a certain tombstone in the churchyard and deposit in a hole therein the sum of five shillings. This is held to bar the lord of the manor from taking tithe of hay during the year. It would be interesting if this custom could be explained. The tithes were, of course, at one time due to the Church, and we apprehend the five shillings was originally a voluntary offering made in lieu thereof. Mr. P. Hampson Ditchfield communicates an amusing paper on "Hawking," which, however, does not, so far as we can see, contain new knowledge. Sir J. H. Ramsay concludes his notices of the accounts of King Edward IV. The labour of working them out must have been very great. These papers will be invaluable to anyone writing a history of English finance.

BOHN'S SHILLING LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS.

FORTY-ONE years ago Mr. Bohn commenced that series of books which, in the opinion of Emerson, "have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse." The continued favour in which the Libraries are still held is attested by the fact that they have been increased year by year, until they now number 700 volumes, and have had a sale from the commencement of about 4,000,000 volumes. The proprietors, however, feel that a time has come at which they may make the more important works of standard literature accessible to a still larger section of the public; and with this object they purpose publishing, under the above title, a series of smaller and cheaper volumes, each complete so far as it goes, comprising select works of English and foreign literature. The text will in all cases be printed without abridgment; and where introductions, biographical notices, and notes are likely to be of use to the student, they will be given. The volumes, well printed and on good paper, will be issued at 1s. in paper covers, and 1s. 6d. in cloth.

On January 1 will be published (1) Bacon's *Essays*, with introduction and notes; (2) Lessing's *Laokoon*, Beasley's translation, revised, with introduction, notes, and synopsis of contents; (3) Dante's *Inferno*, translated, with notes, by the Rev. H. F. Cary. These will be followed, at intervals of a fortnight, by Goethe's *Faust*, Part I., translated, with introduction, by Anna Swanwick; *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith's Plays, Plato's *Apology*, Hauff's *Caravan*, Molière's Plays, Helps's *Life of the late Thomas Brassey*, Stewart's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, &c., &c.

THE KAMA SHASTRA SOCIETY.

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON has just issued to his subscribers the third volume of his "Supplemental Nights," the printing of which was delayed through his illness during the early part of the year. We are glad, however, to say that the latest reports of his health are much better. Among his recent visitors at Trieste was Dr. Schliemann, who has now begun archaeological explorations in the island of Cythera. Sir Richard himself intends to pass the winter at Fiume, where the climate is less trying than at Trieste. He hopes to come to England in May, bringing with him the MS. of the fifth and last volume of the "Supplemental Nights." The fourth volume is already in the hands of the printers to the Kama Shashtra Society.

This third volume of the "Supplemental Nights" was originally intended to be the fourth; but the order has been altered on account of the difficulties which Sir Richard experienced in transcribing the Wortley Montague MS. in the Bodleian, as narrated by himself in the ACADEMY of November 13, 1886. Students, however, will not regret the change, in consideration of their delight at here finding for the first time the true Oriental version of "Aladdin," which has hitherto only been known through Galland's French. As Sir Richard announced in the ACADEMY of January 22, 1887, an Arabic original of "Aladdin" and some other tales was quite recently purchased for the Bibliothèque Nationale by M. Hermann Zotenberg, who will shortly publish a full bibliographical description of his discovery. Meanwhile, he has placed a copy of the MS. at Sir Richard's disposal; and from this the translation of "Aladdin," or rather, "Allaeddin," has been made. "Ali Baba" is another of the most familiar of the "Arabian Nights" stories, for which no Arabic original has yet been found. In order to produce a genuine Orientalised version of this, Sir Richard has had recourse to the following device. After much searching in vain among Persian and Turkish MSS., he at last found a Hindustani version containing the missing tales, which Mr. J. F. Blumhardt, of Cambridge, helped to English. He was thus enabled to escape from the plan he had originally contemplated—of turning Galland's French into Arabic, and then translating that.

In addition to these welcome novelties, the volume is noticeable for its bulk, for Sir Richard generally gives his subscribers more than he promised. We have here the popular English form of Galland's "Aladdin," to compare with the version now first made from the original Arabic; and also an appendix of about 100 pages, contributed by Mr. W. A. Clouston, which describes in detail the variants and analogues of all the tales in the volume.

In the meantime, the Kama Shashtra Society has begun a fresh undertaking—the production of a literal and unexpurgated translation of three famous Persian works:—(1) The *Gulistan*, or "Rose Garden," of Sa'di (A.D. 1258), which may be called not unfamiliar in incomplete versions; (2) the *Nigaristan*, or "Picture Gallery," of Mu'in-uddin Jawini (A.D. 1334), which has never been translated into any Western language; and (3) the *Beharistan*, or "Abode of Spring," of Jami (A.D. 1487), of which one chapter or "garden" was translated a few years ago by Mr. C. E. Wilson, under the title of *Persian Wit and Humour* (Chatto & Windus, 1883). For a popular account of these authors and their rank in Persian literature, we may refer our readers to a little volume published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch in the early part of the present year called *Persian Portraits*. Of the three translations which the Karma Shashtra Society propose to issue to a very limited number of subscribers, the *Beharistan* of Jami—the latest in date but the greatest in reputation—is now ready. It forms a volume of less than 200 pages, with a few notes.

THE LATE MR. JOHN HIRST'S LIBRARY.

DURING the nine days from December 14 to December 23 Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library which the late Mr. John Hirst, J.P. of Ladcastle, Dobcross, Lancashire, had collected during a great number of years. It is an astonishing and at the same time a very creditable circumstance that a gentleman of the activity of the late Mr. Hirst, who up to the time of his death was an industrious woollen and cotton manufacturer, not only found time to collect such a number of books, but, as we can personally testify, that he himself used and

enjoyed these books. Libraries in general reflect to a certain extent the minds of their makers. Being without the advantages of any academical education, Mr. Hirst used to say "I always wish to know what others know," and he collected his books accordingly. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that we cannot attribute any specific character to his library, though we find in it some sort of system which guided his mind while collecting.

As a staunch Churchman, his attention was, of course, first directed to the Bible, and several rare specimens are brought to market; likewise books on theology and its branches extending over all denominations and sects, several with marginal notes of great writers, such as Melancthon. There may be mentioned also an important collection of MSS., which, it is to be hoped, will not go out of England. As a prominent magistrate, Mr. Hirst naturally gave to the topography of England, and more especially that of his nearest counties—Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire—an adequate place in his library. These books it was that gave him such intimate local knowledge, and rendered him particularly fitted for an arbitrator in the numerous cases he was constantly asked to decide. Finally, as a business man, and a man of the world, he directed his eyes upon history and biography, voyages and travels, transactions of learned societies, and on books of science, principally relating to his own calling in life. That he did not neglect art may be seen from his portfolios of engravings on copper, steel, and wood; and that he did not omit the literature of the world, from a great quantity of standard authors in various languages. L. S.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BEITRÄGE, Wiener, zur deutschen u. englischen Philologie. III. John Heywood als Dramatiker. Von W. Swoboda. Wien: Braumüller. 8 M.
 DELABORDE, Le Vicomte H. Marc-Antoine Raymond: étude historique et critique. Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 40 M.
 DURM, J. Die Dombühl in Florenz u. die Kuppel der Peterskirche in Rom. Berlin: Ernst. 10 M.
 FREYMANTEL, O. Die Theekultur in Britisch-Ostindien im 50. Jahre ihres Bestandes. Prag: Calve. 2 M.
 FLÜGEL, E. Thomas Carlyles religiöse u. sittliche Entwicklung u. Weltanschauung. Leipzig: Grunow. 5 M.
 FRIDELM, Th. Neue Beethoveniana. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 10 M.
 GRANGES DE SURGÈRES, le Marquis de. Iconographie bretonne. T. 1. Paris: Picaud. 10 fr.
 KAPPELES, G. Heinrich Heine u. seine Zeitgenossen. Berlin: Lehmann. 4 M.
 SYBEL, L. v. Weltgeschichte der Kunst bis zur Erbauung der Sophienkirche. Marburg: Eiwert. 12 M.

THEOLOGY.

- WAHLE, G. F. Das Evangelium nach Johannes ausgelegt. Gotha: Perthes. 12 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- ALBERDINGER THUM, P. P. M. Geschichte der Wohltätigkeitsanstalten in Belgien von Karl dem Grossen bis zum 16. Jahrh. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 4 M.
 BOETTICHER, A. Die Akropolis v. Athen. Nach den Berichten der Alten u. den neuesten Erforschungen. Berlin: Springer. 20 M.
 DE NOLEAC, P. La Bibliothèque de Fulvio Orsini. Paris: Vieweg. 15 fr.
 ENGEL, A., et R. SERRURE. Répertoire des sources imprimées de la numismatique française. Paris: Leroux. 80 fr. (complete).
 FESTGABE zum Doktor-Jubiläum d. Herrn Geh. Rathes u. Prof. Dr. J. J. W. v. Planck, v. der Juristen-Facultät zu München überreicht. München: Kaiser. 9 M.
 GUTSCHMID, A. v. Geschichte Irans u. seiner Nachbarländer von Alexander dem Grossen bis zum Untergang der Arsaciden. Tübingen: Laupp. 4 M.
 HARRISSE, H. Christophe Colomb et Savone; Verzellino et ses Memorie. Genoa: Donath. 5 fr.
 KLOPP, O. Der Fall des Hauses Stuart u. die Succession d. Hauses Hannover in England u. Irland. 14. Bd. Die Jahre 1711–1714. Wien: Braumüller. 19 M.
 POST, A. H. Afrikanische Jurisprudenz. Ethnologisch-juristische Beiträge zur Kenntniss der einheimischen Rechte Afrikas. Oldenburg: Schulze. 10 M.
 REGESTEN zur Geschichte der Juden im fränkischen u. deutschen Reiche bis zum Jahre 1373. Bearb. v. J. Aronius. 1. Lfg. Bis zum J. 1083. Berlin: Simion. 8 M. 20 Pf.

- ZANGEMEISTER, K. Theodor Mommsen als Schriftsteller. Heidelberg: Winter. 4 M.
 ZEISELMAN, J. v. Das Stifterrecht in der morgenländischen Kirche. Wien: Hölder. 2 M. 80 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BURGHSTRAEM, A. Materialien zu e. Monographie betr. die Erscheinungen der Transpiration der Pflanzen. Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 BURMEISTER, L. Lehrbuch der Kinematik. 1. Bd. Die ebene Bewegung. 3. Lfg. Leipzig: Felix. 23 M.
 HAECKEL, E. Die Radiolarien (Rhopoda radiaria). 2. Thl. Grundriss e. allgemeinen Naturgeschichte der Radiolarien. Berlin: Reimer. 60 M.
 HANDELSCHE, A. Monographie der m. Nysson u. Bembex verwandten Graswespen. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 4 M.
 KAFKA, J. Die Süßwasserbruzoen Böhmens. Prag: Rivnac. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 KEENER, v. MARILAU, A. Pflanzenleben. 1. Bd. Gestalt u. Leben der Pflanze. Leipzig: Meyer. 16 M.
 RIBBECK, W. L. Annus Seneca der Philosoph, u. sein Verhältnis zu Epikur, Plato u. dem Christentum. Hannover: Goedel. 2 M.
 ROLLETT, A. Beiträge zur Physiologie der Muskeln. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 11 M. 20 Pf.
 UHLE, M. Üb. die ethnologische Bedeutung der malakischen Zahnstellung. Berlin: Friedländer. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ABEL, C. Gegen Herrn Prof. Erman. Zwei ägyptolog. Antiquitäten. Leipzig: Friedr. 1 M.
 ERMAN, A. Aegypten u. ägyptisches Leben im Altertum. 2. Bd. Tübingen: Laupp. 9 M.
 JUBELSCHEIT, zum siebenzigsten Geburtstage d. Prof. Dr. H. Graetz. Breslau: Schottlaender. 7 M. 60 Pf.
 MEGRET, H. Lexikon zu den Schriften Cicero's. 2. Thl. Lexicon zu dem philosophischen Schriften. 1. Hft. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.
 MYSTÈRE de Sainte Barbe: tragédie bretonne. Introduction et dictionnaire étymologique du Breton moyen, par E. Ernault. Paris: Thorin. 24 fr.
 PÄNINI'S Grammatik. Hrag., übers., erläutert etc. v. O. Böhtlingk. 10. Lfg. Leipzig: Haessel. 6 M.
 REGNAUD, P. Origine et philosophie du langage. Paris: Fischbacher. 8 fr. 50 c.
 SCHOFF, S. Beiträge zur Biographie u. zur Chronologie der Lieder d. Troubadours Peire Vidal. Breslau: Koebner. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 STUDIEN, Königsberger. Historisch-philolog. Untersuchgn. 1. Hft. Königsberg: Hübner. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN HARVARD.

Dec. 5, 1887.

Those who are acquainted with the biography of John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, are, of course, well aware of two facts: one being that the only writing of his hitherto known is that preserved in a record deposited in the Registry of the University of Cambridge, consisting of two autograph signatures; the other that he and his brother Thomas jointly held certain property by lease from the Hospital of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London.

It appears desirable to record in the ACADEMY that a third signature has now been found, the discovery of which was on this wise. At the suggestion of the writer, and with the kind and ready assent of the hospital authorities, search was made among their muniments, under the direction of Sir Arnold W. White, Chapter Clerk. The result was the unearthing of the original counterpart lease, dated July 29, 1635, by which the hospital demised to "John Harvard Clerke and Thomas Harvard Cittizen and Clothworker of London," certain tenements in the parish of Allhallows, Barking; and the counterpart is executed by John Harvard and Thomas Harvard.

There is one circumstance which invests the present discovery with peculiar value and interest. The document containing the signature has not passed into the domain of antiquarian curiosity; it has not been picked up for an old song, to be resold for a large sum at a literary auction; nor have we to trace its history from one person to another, as best we can, during a period of two centuries and a half, because it is to-day in the same custody to which it was committed the moment the ink was dry from the pens of the brothers Harvard.

It is very agreeable to be able to conclude with the statement that, thanks to permission courteously accorded, facsimiles of the entire

document, which measures some seventeen inches by twenty, are now being executed. They will be of the full size of the original, and will leave nothing to be desired in style of production. D.

THE COUNTESS LUCY.

London: Dec. 3, 1887.

I propose, in this letter, to trace, as briefly as possible, the solutions offered, up to the present moment, for that difficulty which, according to Mr. De Gray Birch, has "long been felt in English history." The time has, perhaps, now come when their points can be recapitulated with advantage.

So far back as 1826, Sir Francis Palgrave, in the *Quarterly Review*, delivered a slashing attack on the so-called Chronicle of Ingulf, denouncing it as "a mere monkish invention," and as "little better than a historical novel" (xxxiv. 294).

In his introduction to the Record Commission's *Records illustrating the History of Scotland*, Sir Francis thus returned to the subject:—"I have shown on another occasion that there are the strongest reasons for supposing that the chronicle which passes under the name of Ingulfus is spurious," &c. (pp. cvi.-cvii). But the "Lucy" problem he left untouched.

In the meanwhile, Messrs. Bowles and J. G. Nichols, in their *Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey* (1835), repeated all the old story of Lucy without hesitation, in treating of "the family of Romora," just as Sir Henry Ellis, in his *Introduction to Domesday* (1833) had accepted in full (i. 490) the worst of all the "Lucy" authorities, namely, the blundering genealogy in *Monasticon* (iii. 192). But at this point intervened the great authority on Anglo-Norman genealogy, Mr. Stapleton. His communications to Mr. Nichols resulted in the latter's recantation, and in the addition to the book of a special *excursus* (pp. 65-79) signed by Mr. Nichols, but based, avowedly, on Mr. Stapleton's notes. Alluding to the criticisms of Palgrave and Petrie, Mr. Stapleton showed that the feat of the Countess Lucy was "physically impossible." But the mistake he made, as did those who followed him, was this. He ought to have seen that this "paradox" (as shown in my last letter) was caused solely by the acceptance of two statements of fact, of which one is a blunder which a moment's reflection would dispose of, while the other rests on no proof. Instead of attacking these props of the paradox, he boldly cut the Gordian knot by a new judgment of Solomon; and, dividing the unfortunate Lucy in two, he bestowed half of her on Yvo Taillebois, and the other half on Roger FitzGerold and the Earl of Chester as co-parceners:

"There can, therefore, be little doubt that there were two Lucias, the second the daughter of the first (p. 71). "It appears probable that the Countess Lucia was the daughter of Taillebois, instead of his wife" (p. 65).

Thus was Lucy first "dimidiated" more than fifty years ago.

Mr. Stapleton urged at the same time that Roger (*sic*) FitzGerold was identical with Robert (*sic*) FitzGerold of Domesday; and that William de Romara, the castellan of Neufmarché in 1118, was his son by "the younger" Lucy. Both these hypotheses were erroneous, and the former was clearly abandoned afterwards by Mr. Nichols and himself.

The theory thus started of a mother and daughter Lucy was thenceforth given as fact by Mr. Stapleton (*Norman Exchequer Rolls*, 1844, II. cliii.), and repeated by Mr. Nichols in 1841 (*Col. Top. et Gen.* vii. 130), and in a learned and able paper on "The Earldom of Lincoln" in 1846, for the article is plainly his (*Top. et Gen.*, vol. i.). Again, in his paper read

at Lincoln in 1848, Mr. Nichols upheld the same view, though this was by no means (as Mr. Freeman implies) the birth of the hypothesis. Mr. Nichols however, only spoke of it as "the most probable explanation" of the great Lucy difficulty.

Now, I boldly assert that the double Lucy was as yet an unauthorised guess. Dismissing the obvious blunder of the *Monasticon* writer (iii. 192) her performance ceases to be impossible, and becomes only improbable. If we further reject her being a daughter of Ælfgar, the whole difficulty vanishes; and she may, after all, have been but one, and have had her three husbands.* Mr. Nichols, however, oddly enough, accepted throughout the statement of the "monkish historians" (being those quoted by Mr. Birch) that Ælfgar was her father. And in this he was followed by Palgrave (*Normandy and England*, 1864, iii. 472).

But, meanwhile, an advance had been made. In the introduction to the volume of Pipe Rolls for Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, published at Newcastle by the Messrs. Hodgson (probably a clue to the writer) in 1847, it was denied on "authentic evidence" that Ælfgar was Lucy's father (because Ordeiricus gives Ealdgyth as his only daughter); and it was urged that his sons' possessions, which, according to our friends the "monkish historians," passed to her, were, in fact, "distributed among a host of Norman adventurers" (p. xvii.). It was further, apparently for the first time, urged that (1) the Countess Lucy is entered as paying a fine "for livery of her father's lands"; (2) that the fief of Yvo Taillebois is found in the *Testa* in possession of William de Roumare, which it could only be if Lucy was the daughter, not the widow, of Yvo (pp. xvii.-xviii.). This argument was repeated in 1859 by Mr. Hodgson Hinde in his paper on the early history of Cumberland (*Arch. Journ.*, xvi. 230); and, if the statement as to the *Testa* be strictly correct (a point which Mr. Eytton's Lincolnshire MSS. would at once decide), we have here a real argument for the existence of a double Lucy.

But, except for this argument, there is nothing, I contend, to prove the fact; for the Stapleton-Nichols hypothesis is nothing but a guess to explain a difficulty, which difficulty does not, in fact, exist, the two statements upon which it rests being both unworthy of credit.

So late as 1870, in his "second edition, revised," Mr. Freeman still wrote of Lucy: "I know of nothing to connect her either with Yvo Taillebois or with the House of Leofric" (ii. 631); but in the third edition (1877), the words I have italicised were tacitly omitted, and the "mother and daughter Lucy" hypothesis fully adopted (ii. 682). But its first appearance in the *Norman Conquest* is probably to be found in a footnote (vol. iv., p. 472) in 1871. Mr. Freeman there wrote that "Mr. Nichols has made it clear . . . that Ivo's wife, Lucy, was a kinswoman at once of William Malet and the Sheriff Thorold. . . . The younger Lucy, the countess, was her daughter by Ivo." Reference may also be made to *William Rufus* (ii. 549), and to an appendix on "the English connexions of William Malet" in the second edition of vol. iii. (pp. 776-781) of the *Conquest* (1875).

Allusion should here be made to the learned paper of Mr. Riley (1862) on "the History and Charters of Ingulfus" (*Arch. Journ.*, xix., 32, 114), though it is rather valuable for its criticism than germane to the present issue.

* Messrs. Stapleton and Nichols, somewhat disingenuously, referred, in their lack of evidence, to a statement of "Peter of Blois" as to her having a daughter by Yvo Taillebois. They omitted to add that this daughter is specially said to have died young and childless.

To sum up. The Stapleton-Nichols hypothesis (1835), though too readily accepted, was premature, and a needless guess. The fresh arguments advanced in 1847 have created a real probability that there were two distinct Lucies, mother and daughter. The evidence available is so limited that no further progress, so far as I know, has been really made since. In any case, however, the "difficulties" to which Mr. Birch alludes—namely, the "physiological paradox" about the Countess Lucy—are caused solely by his own acceptance of the two erroneous statements of fact to which I have referred throughout. Whether we declare for two Lucies, or for one Lucy with three husbands, the rejection of those demonstrably erroneous statements removes the "difficulties" in question.

Criticism, however, is but a vain thing to those to whom one "authority" is as good as another—and better. J. H. ROUND.

"RASENNA" AND "TURSĒNOI."

Queen's College, Cork: Nov. 26, 1887.

The name Rasenna depends, so far as I am aware, on one solitary passage in Dionysius of Halicarnassus (i. 30):

αὐτοὶ μὲν τοὶ σφᾶς αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ τῶν ἡγεμόνων τῆς Ρασένας τῶν αὐτῶν ἐκείνην πρόπον δνομάζουσι.

Reiske's note is as follows:

"*Ρασένας* Vat. Razenua in versione Læpi. Atque apud Berosum Tyrrenos a quodam Razenuo Razenuos appellatos prodit *Sylb*[urgius]."

I cannot find any such statement in the fragments of Berosus in Müller's *Fragm. Hist. Græc.* Now, according to the *Etymologicum Magnum*, *Ταρσηνοί* = *Τυρσηνοί*. A form **Τρασηνοί* might easily come from *Ταρσηνοί* (cf. *Τρασημῆν* beside *Ταρσημῆν*). The next step might give our form, *Ρασηνοί* (*Ρασένας*), always supposing that the word is not corrupt, in which case we should possibly read *Τρασηνά*. Thus, Greek *Τυρσηνοί*, Lat. *Ē-trus-ci*, and *Tus-ci* (= *Turs-ci*), are simply foreign attempts to represent the native name. This suggestion seems so obvious that I felt certain that it must have been made long since; but I cannot find it in any of the ordinary books of reference. The article in the *Encyclop. Brit.* treats the Rasena and Tursenoi as two distinct races.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

A HITTITE SYMBOL.

London: Dec. 5, 1887.

I was not intending to pursue this subject further; but, since my last letter was written, a fact of very considerable importance has presented itself. There is in the British Museum a broken tablet giving ancient Babylonian hieroglyphs with their value in cuneiform characters. Unfortunately, of these hieroglyphs, on which the cuneiform characters are based, we have on this and some other fragments a very small proportion. But, of the few remaining, there is one which is, with regard to the "Hittite symbol," of great interest. This is an equilateral triangle peculiarly formed. It is disappointing to find the cuneiform character which gave the value of the triangle almost entirely broken away. Menant gives *din* "life," having regard, no doubt, to the form of the archaic cuneiform character *din*, which is found still bearing the semblance of an equilateral triangle. Mr. Pinches, whose opinion on a question of this kind is entitled to much consideration, thinks this view of the matter very probable with reference to the small fragment of the character remaining.

But apart from the meaning, the peculiar form of the hieroglyphic equilateral triangle is also important with respect to the "Hittite symbol of life." The two sides are formed very carefully

with doubled lines; the base has only one line. This accentuation of the sides is in accordance with the fact that the base, as such, is dropped in the Hittite symbol, as it is in the analogous symbol on the Cypriote coinage. We have thus evidence tending towards the conclusion—the truth of which has been already suspected—that the Hittite hieroglyphs are essentially connected with those of ancient Babylonia.

Another piece of evidence wearing a similar aspect may be mentioned. When, some seven or eight years ago, my attention was first directed to the Tarkutimme seal, I came to the conclusion that, while the taller cones engraved thereon denote "king," the very much smaller cones have the meaning of "man," "men," these symbols being of phallic origin; and this conviction has been subsequently confirmed. On a very ancient Babylonian inscription which the British Museum some time ago acquired, "king" is represented by a cone of very similar shape, though the lengthening is otherwise effected, and not, as in the Hittite, by mere extension of size. It was formerly thought that the Babylonian symbol is a rude representation of a man or a mummy. But this view—never, perhaps, very probable—is quite inapplicable to the symbol as it appears on the inscription just alluded to. Here, again, we have a point of connexion between the Babylonian and Hittite; though I do not suppose, even if we should ever recover in any considerable proportion the Babylonian hieroglyphs, that we shall find them identical with either of the classes of Hittite which are now known to us.

THOMAS TYLER.

STRONG PRETERITES.

London: Dec. 5, 1887.

The humorous coining of strong preterites is much earlier than Artemus Ward's mintage. His first book was published, if I do not mistake, in 1862; but I remember the strong preterites in fashion some ten years earlier, as an indirect result of the application of comparative grammar and philology to the study of English. I was held to have "taken the cake" myself by extemporising the preterite "pope clew" from "to pipe clay."

A PHILOLOGIST.

"MORT," "AMORT."

New York: Nov. 24, 1887.

May I recall that Keats, in the eighth stanza of "The Eve of St. Agnes," uses the word "amort" in the same sense that your correspondent, Mrs. Edmonds, gives it in the ACADEMY of November 12.

CLARENCE COOK.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 12, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Future University of London," I., by Prof. H. Morley.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," III., by Mr. H. H. Statham.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in British North Borneo, 1883-87," by Mr. D. D. Daly.

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, 8 p.m. Anthropological: "The Maori and the Moa," by Mr. E. Tregear; "The Shell-Money of New Britain," by the Rev. B. Danks.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Emigration," by Mr. Walter Hazell.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion: "Electrical Tramways: the Beesbrook and Newry Tramway," by Dr. E. Hopkinson.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Commercial Education," by Sir Philip Magnus.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley's Socialism," by Dr. E. Aveling.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "A New Medium," by Mr. A. D. Michael; "The Generative Organs of Ostracoda," by Mr. T. B. Rooster; "The Genus *Micrasterias*," by Mr. W. M. Mackell.

THURSDAY, Dec. 15, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music—II. Combinations," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Chemical: "An Apparatus for Comparison of Colour Tints," by Mr. A. W. Stokes; "The Sulphonation of Naphthalene," by Dr. Armstrong and Mr. W. P. Wynne; "Isomeric Changes in the Naphthalene Series, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4," by Dr. Armstrong and Messrs. Amplett, Williamson, and Wynne; "The Reduction of Chlorates by the Copper Zinc Couple," "The Oxidation of Oxalic Acid by Potassium Bichromate," and "A Method of separating Supernatant Liquids," by Prof. O. H. Bothamley; "The Alloys of Copper and Antimony and of Copper and Tin," by Dr. E. J. Bell.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Myriopoda of Mergui Archipelago," by Mr. R. J. Pocock; "Devergent Evolution through Cumulative Segregation," by the Rev. J. T. Gulick; "Apogony and Apospory in *Trichomanes*," by Prof. Bower; "Fertilisation of *Aranjo sericifera*," by Messrs. Johnston and Morgan.

8.10 p.m. Antiquaries: "Jocelin, Bishop of Bath, 1206-1242," by Canon Chubb.

FRIDAY, Dec. 16, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "River-gauging at the Vyrnwy Reservoir," by Mr. J. H. Parkin.

8 p.m. Philological: "Volapük," by Mr. K. Dornbusch.

SCIENCE.

THE SEPTUAGINT.

The Old Testament in Greek according to the Septuagint. Edited by Henry Barclay Swete. Vol. I. Genesis—4 Kings. (Cambridge: University Press.)

A Handy Concordance of the Septuagint: giving Various Readings from Codices Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, and Ephraenis, with an Appendix of Words from Origen's "Hexapla," &c. (Bagster.)

THE beautifully printed volume which stands first of these books is the first instalment of an important scheme which was proposed to the syndics of the Cambridge Press so long ago as 1875 by Dr. Scrivener. Dr. Scrivener's own ill-health, which all scholars will have regretted, seems to have been the principal reason for the delay in its execution; but in 1883 it was definitely placed under the direction of Dr. H. B. Swete, who has had the benefit of the advice of a committee nominated by the syndics, and consisting of Dr. Westcott, Dr. Hort, Prof. Kirkpatrick, and Prof. Bensly.

With such a council-board we are not surprised to find that the details of the plan are remarkably practical and well-considered. It was decided to issue first a smaller, manual edition, with a brief *apparatus criticus*, to be followed, as the work can be carried out, by a larger edition, with a fuller, but yet select, *apparatus*, representing all the most important evidence, not only that of MSS., uncial and cursive, but also that of the leading versions and early quotations. A simple dividing-line was taken. The smaller edition was to confine itself to uncials, and was to give the variants of those MSS. only which had been already published in sufficiently reliable form. All the evidence that would require renewed collations was reserved for the large edition. We may be sure that it was only by a limitation of this kind that the publication of the present volume within so short a period was made possible. The text of the two editions was to be the same. In each case it was to be not a mere reprint of any existing edition but the actual text in every case, as nearly as practicable (for there were, of course, obvious clerical errors, &c., to be removed), of the oldest extant MS. Thus B is followed wherever it is extant; where B fails, N; where N fails, A; and so on. By an excellent method—similar to that of Tregelles, and worthy of all imitation—it is shown on the margin of each page what MS. is being

followed, and also in the notes what MSS. are being collated. This is especially necessary in the case of the Septuagint, where so much of the evidence is fragmentary. The reader can also tell by this means (what in so many editions, not merely of the LXX, he is unable to tell) what may be safely inferred *e silentio*. Another feature which deserves special notice is the great care which is used in discriminating (so far as is possible from printed editions or facsimiles) the various hands in the MSS. Two points in particular which might with advantage be copied by future editors are the reserving of the notation B¹ for the *diorthota* of the MS., whether the scribe himself or a contemporary hand, and the use of B^a, B^b wherever there is any doubt as to the hand to which the correction is to be referred. As the early correctors of NB have really the value of original MSS. these precautions are by no means superfluous. Equal caution is observed in quoting the readings of Cod. Cottonianus (D), the destruction of which by fire in 1731 was so great a calamity. Fortunately it had been well collated by Grabe before this event; and since the destruction all has been done that was possible with the charred remains. The presenting of the readings of this MS., with those of the Bodleian Genesis (E) and the Ambrosian MS. (F), in so handy and trustworthy a form, would alone entitle this edition to our gratitude.

All that has been said will show that the edition has been executed in the very best style of Cambridge accuracy, which has no superior anywhere; and this is enough to put it at the head of the list of editions for manual use. In the succinct and interesting account of the MSS. and of previous editions, the only thing that it seems to us might be desiderated is a little more generosity in the notice of the really great work of Holmes and Parsons. Those editors were obliged to employ collators all over the world, and their work was, no doubt, unequal; and it may be true that those editors were not completely masters of their vast material; but when shall we see so magnificent an undertaking again? There is a tone of disparagement in Dr. Swete's remarks which one would wish away, and which is hardly in proportion with the treatment of Tischendorf in the next paragraph (*cf.* Wellhausen *op. Bleek, Einleitung*, p. 593, 4^{te} Aufl., 1878). Lagarde, too, is another editor with a grand and truly scientific conception, who seems to have met with somewhat less than his due. Nor is the reference to Lagarde quite accurate. He does not answer the question as to the possibility of recovering the three great reconstructions of Lucian, Hesychius, Eusebius, and Pamphilus, with a simple affirmative. His words are:

"Über Hesych. sind wir zu mangelhaft, über die *κοινή* Palæstinus fast gar nicht unterrichtet, und Hesych. durch *ΠΩ* [= Memphitic and Thebaic versions] und Cyrills citate herzustellen wird noch auf lange Zeit nur unvollständig gelingen" (*Ankündigung e. neuen Ausgabe d. griech. Uebersetz. d. A. T.*, p. 25, Göttingen, 1882).

Excellent as is the work before us, it must not be forgotten that it is, and only claims to be, an *ad interim* edition. In the present stage of Septuagint study, it was inevitable that such an edition should have its draw-

backs, and it is very possible that those drawbacks could not be less than they are. In so unsettled a state of things there were certainly great advantages in printing the text of actual MSS.; but was it best to print simply the oldest? The result is a patchwork text representing a number of different families. Imagine a New Testament text in which a few verses were taken from B, and then a few from D, and then a few from A (for that would be a truer analogy for the result obtained than a combination of B and S)! We should hardly consider this satisfactory. However, such a supposed case is of course an exaggeration, which is only used to show the principle of the procedure in the clearer light. For nearly all the present volume, except the Book of Genesis, B is extant; and in the Book of Genesis there are only a few places where A needs to be supplemented by D. A more serious doubt is raised by the further question, Is B really the nearest to the true text of the Septuagint? Only those who have worked at the Septuagint more directly than the writer of this notice can claim to have done should speak on such a point. But there are signs in the air that the long supremacy of B will be contested, if not shaken. Lagarde has pronounced against it (*ap. Cornill, inf. p. 81*); and Cornill, in the closest analysis which has as yet been published of any portion of the text of the Old Testament, has expressed the opinion that B is an extract from Origen's "Hexapla" made at Caesarea, and formed by leaving out the passages marked with an asterisk as interpolations (*Ezechiel, p. 81, Leipzig, 1886*). Now if that were so, it would not indeed lose all its value—for Origen probably made use of good MSS., and his text would therefore have a good base; but it would lose much of its value. Well as Origen's work was calculated to serve his immediate purpose, the object which he had in view was different from ours. He wished to improve the text of the Septuagint by bringing it more into conformity with the original Hebrew. We wish not to improve it, but to find out what the text of the Septuagint originally was. In the search for this, a good MS. of the *κοινή* would really help us more. It would be premature to assume that Cornill's conclusion was proved. It will need to be tested in other books beside Ezekiel; but it is at least a hypothesis which has an important bearing on the criticism of the Septuagint, and especially upon the plan of the Cambridge edition.

A word of warning is, perhaps, necessary to point out that, however true Cornill's theory might prove to be, it would lend but little support to the view that the text of B in the New Testament is also based upon the critical labours of Origen. There was no Hexapla of the New Testament. And this supposed relation of the text of B to Origen in the New Testament is disproved (1) by the absence from B of the most distinctively Origenian readings; and (2) by the fact that many of the readings in which it coincides were certainly older than Origen's time. The text of the New Testament and of the Old Testament must be treated separately, each on its own merits, and so far as possible without prejudice brought from the one to the other. All that it is sought to do here

is to express the hope that the Cambridge editor, in carrying out his admirable work on the larger scale, will not commit himself too much in advance, and that the framing of his text will be considered with as much care as the details of his apparatus.

The anonymous Concordance, published by a firm to which students of the Bible owe much, is an honest, thorough, and useful piece of work so far as it goes. In order to justify the title—*A Handy Concordance*—many limitations were necessary. It was decided to give up the attempt to represent the different renderings of different Hebrew words, as in Trommius, and the confusing variations in proper names. Pronouns and prepositions were also omitted; nor was it possible to add the *lemmata*, or short extracts containing the indexed word, which are given by Trommius and Bruder. These were all omissions which could not well have been avoided; but by far the most regrettable of the omissions, from a scientific point of view, is that of the Apocrypha. In any attempt to form an induction as to the meaning of a word the Apocrypha is most important. It is perfectly true, as urged in the preface, that Trommius could not be followed, and that the whole work would have had to be done afresh from the beginning. But something very like this must have been done already for the Canonical Books; and it was clearly not from the labour that the editor shrank. However, the inclusion of the Apocrypha must, no doubt, have caused delay; and it will be remedied before long in the Concordance, which is about to be published by the Clarendon Press. The great point in a work like this was that the references should be accurate; and this they seem to be in a very high degree. On comparing carefully with Trommius eleven words taken from different parts of the volume, *not one of the lists of references was found to be without some correction*. Of course, in many cases the correction only consisted in adapting the versing to Tischendorf's edition of 1880, which was taken as a standard; but, besides these, there were a number of real corrections and no less than twelve additions—not counting some fifty new examples under the single word *περισκόρια*, which had been all thrown together in one general statement by Trommius. The points verified with Tischendorf were all equally satisfactory. And not less striking than this conspicuous accuracy was the modesty which laid so little claim to it. The book is especially adapted for use along with Trommius, or by those for whom Trommius, or the forthcoming Clarendon Press edition, may be too expensive.

W. SANDAY.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

Mélanges Renier: Recueil de Travaux publiés par l'École Pratique des Hautes Etudes en Mémoire de son Président Léon Renier. (Paris: Vieweg.) As the admirers of Dr. Mommsen published some years ago a volume of *Commentationes* in his honour, so the admirers and the grateful pupils of the late M. Léon Renier have joined together to do honour to his memory by a collection of thirty-five essays; and these go far toward realising the wish of M. Renier—"replacer la science française au niveau qui lui appartient." M. Ernest Desjardins gives a

very pleasing sketch of M. Renier's early struggles, his adventures in Africa, his services to epigraphy, and his well-deserved honours. He tells also of his co-operation with M. Duruy in founding the *École Pratique*, and claims, as among his services to the cause of learning, "le sérieux et la conscience ramenés dans l'érudition," and, as it were, a "transfusion du sang qui a rajeuni l'Université et la science française." The papers themselves here published are unequal in length and importance, but they are all marked with that bright charm of style which it is so much easier to admire than to copy. The topics treated are very various, and we have not space to do them justice; but every taste in literary or historical study seems to be consulted. There is Persian matter, and Egyptian; there is a paper on points of Sanscrit grammar, and one on teaching children to read by alphabetical cakes. The Dorian tribes in Crete, early Christian usages, Cyrus the Great, and the *communis* of the Middle Ages, occur among the subjects. Nor is palaeography neglected. We find a paper on some Greek palimpsests in Paris, and one on a fragment of Virgil (Bibl. Nat. Latin 7906), which seems to support some modern conjectures, while it also contains some of the readings mentioned, though not preferred, by Servius. This report (by M. Emile Chatelain) holds out hope that discoveries of value may yet be made in the National Library, which "semble avoir été délaissée en ce qui concerne les manuscrits de Virgile." M. Félix Robion, using Egyptian documents, decides that the teaching of Pythagoras was original as to the theory of numbers, but owed much to Egypt in morals and religion. The comparison with Egyptian material is striking, but might be held to be vitiated by our real uncertainty as to the teaching of the Master. Our material is defective on the Greek side. M. Jules Nicole has been looking for some trace in ancient literature of the ridicule which must have overtaken Athenæus for saying that Dercylidas was nicknamed *σκύφος*, for his cunning (p. 500 C.). Casaubon corrected this to *ζίσυφος*, from Xen. *Hell.* 3.1.8; and now M. Nicole finds an echo of the contemporary laughter at the blunder in Lucian, *Vola* 21, *ὁ σκύφος ἀλλὰ ζισύφοβοντι βῆρος*. But how is this possible if, as is generally said, Athenæus did not publish till after 228, while Lucian died at latest in 200? M. Nicole tries to amend these dates. What is the evidence for the date of Athenæus's publication? The appearance in the dialogue of one Ulpianus, identified with the juriconsult who was butchered in 228. But his character, as sketched, does not quite suit, and the remark, *ἀπίθανον εὐρυχῶς*, is not too applicable to the victim of a mutiny. The Ulpianus is therefore a different man, and there is no other evidence except such as would point to an earlier date—*e.g.*, Suidas, who places Athenæus under M. Aurelius. As to Lucian, we know nothing certain of his dates; but the treatise *Quomodo Historia sit conscribenda*, written after 165, is not the work of a very young man, and the *Apologia* speaks of his extreme old age. Now, if he was forty years old in 165, he would be only seventy-five if he lived to 200 A.D., and might well have lived longer. This is certainly plausible, and the chronology of Greek literature is far from being definitely settled; but the weak point is that Lucian may have been much more than forty in 165.

The new edition of Madvig's *Opuscula* (Copenhagen: Gyldendel) will be heartily welcomed by students of Latin. The two volumes, in which they were originally published, have long been scarce and costly; and, although much of the teaching which they contain has found its way into the current textbooks during the half-century or more which has passed since the first collection of them, no

one can afford to neglect the masterly discussions on which it was based. The additions in the present edition are not numerous or very important. They consist of an occasional footnote, and of some *miscellanea critica* reprinted from the *Philologus*, the *Neue Jahrbücher*, and the preface to Madvig's fourth edition (1858) of select speeches of Cicero. But there are complete indexes; and, according to an excellent practice, which ought to be made imperative on publishers, the pages of the earlier edition are given in the margin. A capital portrait has been prefixed, which will make the benignant features of the veteran scholar familiar to many to whom he has hitherto been only a name.

DR. SWEET'S LECTURES ON PHONETICS.

In his fifth lecture at Oxford on "Phonetics," Dr. Sweet described the formation of the stopped and nasal consonants, treated of the acoustic qualities of the consonants, and of the relations between vowels and consonants, showing that for every vowel articulation there is a corresponding consonant articulation. He then went on to analyse the general modifications of which consonants are capable, of which the most important are front-modification (palatalisation) and rounding (labialising), drawing his illustrations mainly from Russian.

In his sixth lecture Dr. Sweet passed on to the synthesis of sounds. He began by defining force or stress, and showed how the sense of unity and separation was dependent on it. He then went on to describe the glides, or sounds produced in the transition from one fixed configuration to another, under the two heads of vowel-glides and consonant-glides, dwelling especially on the various forms of aspiration, and the varieties of stopped consonants.

In his seventh lecture Dr. Sweet treated of syllable-division, consonant-doubling, and other phenomena dependent on stress or force. He then went on to speak of intonation, and gave illustrations of the use of the simple rising and falling and the two compound tones from colloquial English; and, lastly, he pointed out the distinction between the English sentence-tones and the word-tones of Greek and Sanskrit, which are still preserved in the Scandinavian languages.

In his eighth and last lecture Dr. Sweet completed his revision of the vowels, and then went on to describe some abnormal sounds, especially those formed without expiration, such as the suction-stops, or "clicks," of the South African languages. He then pointed out the general principles which determine the "organic basis" of any one language, and finally gave a sketch of the sound-systems of French and German.

OBITUARY.

PROF. T. S. HUMPIDGE, PH.D., B.SC.

THE chemical world will learn with regret of the loss of Prof. Humpidge, of the University College of Wales, who died at his residence at Aberystwyth on Wednesday, November 30, at the early age of thirty-four.

Dr. Humpidge was a Gloucester man, and in early life had little prospect of a professional career. Leaving the Crypt Grammar School at fourteen, he entered a corn-merchant's office, where he remained seven years. But while in that position he was so successful at the evening science classes in connexion with the Science and Art Department (gaining, among other distinctions, the silver medal for geology) that the department offered him facilities for taking a chemical course at South Kensington under Prof. Frankland. Here he published his first investigation, entitled "The Coal-Gas of the

Metropolis," which showed such promise that in 1875 Prof. Frankland recommended him for one of the Jodrell scholarships. About the same time he took the second place in honours and an exhibition in chemistry at the London University Intermediate Science examination. He continued his studies at Heidelberg under Bunsen, and while there he and W. Burney carried out an elaborate research on "Yttrium and Erbium." He also received there the degree of Ph.D., *summa cum laude*.

As a teacher Dr. Humpidge was very successful—both at the De Fellenberg Institute, near Berne, where he held the appointment of science master, and at Aberystwyth, where he occupied the chair of chemistry for eight years. His students, both past and present, speak of him with respect; and he succeeded in gaining not only their confidence but their love. He was most assiduous in his duties, and completely wrapt up in the success and work of his college and students. He also translated and edited for the advantage of his pupils Kolbe's *Inorganic Chemistry*, which has now become one of our recognised text-books, and is just entering on a second edition.

While thus carrying out to the utmost the heavy duties of his chair, he did not, however, neglect scientific research, but spent most of his leisure time at this his favourite pursuit. It was under such conditions that he carried out the investigations into the atomic weight of beryllium, the results of which were from time to time laid before the Royal Society. He attacked this question from the two points of view of the specific heat of the metal and the vapour densities of the chloride and bromide. His researches showed, among other things, that the specific heat of beryllium, like those of carbon, boron, and silicon, only agrees with Dulong and Petit's rule at high temperatures, and did much towards fixing the atomic weight of beryllium as 9.1.

He also planned, and partly prepared, the materials for carrying out the re-determination of the specific heats of many of the metals; but both materials and apparatus perished in the fire which destroyed the college in the summer vacation of 1885. Soon after the fire Dr. Humpidge's health began to fail, and in the summer of 1886 acute nervous prostration necessitated a complete cessation from work. A year's rest, spent partly in the South of Europe and partly on the Cotswold Hills, seemed to have done much towards his recovery, and he returned to Aberystwyth last August with the intention of resuming work. But a relapse set in, and this intention had to be abandoned. Still he busied himself with the plans of the new college; and much of the arrangement and convenience of the new laboratory will be due to his experience and careful thought. Early in November he became much worse, and shortly took to his bed, from which he never rose again. His illness was, there is little doubt, due to the effect of the fire on a constitution already weakened by long-continued and close application, together with the extra strain (at the expense of his entire vacation) entailed by the arranging of temporary premises in which to carry on the work of the science department.

His body was interred in Llangorwen churchyard (near Aberystwyth) on December 3, the whole of the staff and students of the college attending as a token of the esteem and respect in which he was held by them. His loss is deeply felt among both his scientific and private friends, and much sympathy is felt with his wife and two children thus early bereaved.

L. T. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INITIAL POINT OF THE CHÊDI OR KULACHURI ERA.

Göttingen: Nov. 23, 1887.

In the Central Provinces of India there are found a large number of inscriptions which have reference to the Chêdi rulers of Tripuri, Ratnapur, and other places. A few of them have been edited by Dr. F. E. Hall; a list of the Ratnapur inscriptions was given as early as 1825, by Mr. (afterwards Sir) E. Jenkins; and the contents of most of them have been referred to in the volumes of the *Archaeological Survey of India*. Many are dated in years sometimes called Chêdi-samvat, or Kulachuri-samvatana, which, on historical and palaeographical grounds, cannot be referred to the Vikrama, or to the Saka Era; and it was Dr. Hall who first suggested that they should be referred to an unknown era, the initial point of which must be sought somewhere near the middle of the third century (A.D.). Afterwards, Sir A. Cunningham stated that the dates of these inscriptions referred "to a period close to A.D. 249 as the initial point of the Kulachuri, or Chêdi Samvat"; and the same scholar subsequently, in his *Indian Eras*, felt satisfied that A.D. 249 = 0, and 250 = 1, is "the true starting-point of the Chêdi era."

Having prepared for publication editions of several of the Ratnapur inscriptions, I have for some time suspected the conclusion, thus arrived at by Sir A. Cunningham, to be slightly erroneous. At present, an examination of all the years from A.D. 201 to A.D. 275, by means of excellent tables, which have been constructed by Prof. Jacobi, of Kiel, and placed at my disposal before publication, enables me to state with confidence that the only equation which yields correct weekdays for the ten known Chêdi inscriptions in which the weekday is mentioned, is

A.D. 248 = 0, AND A.D. 249 = CHÊDI-SAMVAT 1.

Starting from this equation, I have obtained the following results:

1. A Benares copper-plate inscription, according to the *Archaeological Survey of India*, vol. ix., p. 82, is dated: Samvat 793 Phalgunâ ba. di. 9 Sômê, i.e. on a Monday. The corresponding English date is Monday, January 18, 1042.
 2. The Ratnapur inscription of Jajalladêva is dated: Samvat 866 Mârگا su. di. 9 Ravau, i.e. on a Sunday. The corresponding English date is Sunday, November 8, 1114.
 3. The Râjim inscription of Jagapâta is dated: Kulachurisaivataarê 896 Mâghê mâsi s'ukla-pakshê rathâshâtmyâm Budha-dinê, i.e. on a Wednesday. The corresponding English date is Wednesday, January 3, 1145.
 4. The Sêrinârâyan inscription, according to Sir A. Cunningham, is dated: 898 Âsvina su. di. 2, on a Monday. The corresponding English date is Monday, September 9, 1146.
 5. The Bhêra Ghât inscription of Alhasadêvi is dated: Samvat 907 Mârگا su. di. 11 Ravau, i.e. on a Sunday. The corresponding English date is Sunday, November 9, 1155.
 6. Another Bhêra Ghât inscription, according to Sir A. Cunningham, is dated: 928 Mâgha ba. di. 10, on a Monday. The corresponding English date is Monday, December 27, 1176.
 7. A Sahaspur inscription, according to the *Archaeological Survey of India*, vol. xvii., p. 45, is dated: Samvat 934 Kârtika su. di. 15 Budhê, i.e. on a Wednesday. The corresponding English date is Wednesday, October 13, 1182.
- While in the preceding inscriptions the figure for the year denotes the current year, in the following the figure for the year denotes, as so often is the case in Indian inscriptions, the year elapsed:
8. A Têwâr inscription, according to Sir A. Cunningham, is dated: 902 Ashâdha su. di. 1,

on a Sunday. The corresponding English date is Sunday, June 17, 1151.

9. The Bharhut inscription, according to the *Archaeological Survey of India*, vol. ix., p. 94, is dated: Samvat 909 Śrāvana su. di. 5 Budhē, i.e. on a Wednesday. The corresponding English date is Wednesday, July 2, 1158.

10. The Têwâr inscription of Narasimhadêva is dated: 928 Śrāvana su. di. 6 Ravau Hastê, i.e. on a Sunday, the moon being in the asterism *Has'a*. The corresponding English date is Sunday, July 3, 1177, on which day the moon was in the asterism *Hasta*, as required.

In conclusion, I would only add that the calculation of the dates under (1) and (6) proves the Chêdi year to have been an ordinary northern year, i.e. a year in which the dark fortnight precedes the bright fortnight of the month.
F. KIELHORN.

A HEBREW NICKNAME.

Owens College, Manchester: Nov. 23, 1887.

In Nehemiah x. 20, we find יָרֵיחַ among the list of those who sealed the covenant. In 1 Chronicles xxiv. 15, we also read of a יָרֵיחַ. Noeldeke is probably right in regarding the punctuation with "Sere" as a euphemism, and in suggesting that the correct reading should be יָרֵיחַ, "swine."

How are we to account for the existence of such a name among the Hebrews? Is it a proof of totemism? May it not be explained by what the Arabs call Tanfir? We find in Lane's Lexicon, s.v. *Nafara* II.:

"Give thou to him a Lagat, a nickname that is disliked, as though they held such nicknames a means of scaring away the jinn and the evil eye. An Arab of the desert said, 'When I was born, it was said to my father Naffir 'Anhu, so he named me Qunfudh (יָרֵיחַ), hedge-hog.'"
L. M. SIMMONS.

"WESTERN ASIA IN THE ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTIONS."

Louvain: Dec. 4, 1887.

It is but a few days ago that my attention was called, for the first time, to the remarks in the ACADEMY of March 20, 1886, on my short treatise, entitled *L'Asie occidentale dans les inscriptions assyriennes*. The reviewer asserts that I have "adopted a tone of superiority towards [my] predecessors which is not justified by actual fact."

Allow me, sir, to oppose to this criticism the very statement with which I begin my *exposé* of Assyrian geography:

"We specially take advantage of the works of Messrs. Fried. Delitzsch and Eb. Schrader, which on many points complete previous researches and open new horizons; but we freely discuss their results, and concerning some questions we are the first to pronounce ourselves."

"The sincere homage rendered to the exceptional merit of Fried. Delitzsch and Eb. Schrader reconciles itself perfectly in our mind with the admiration we have ever felt for the labourers of the first hour, those lucky pioneers, who have cut the ways and planted immutable stakes on every domain of Assyriology. We here appraise works which, if well analysed, are an outcome of Messrs. Oppert and Rawlinson's discoveries. These two savants have gathered in a rich harvest from the field of Assyriology. Their disciples have gleaned after them, and, by collecting ear after ear, they have still formed goodly sheaves."

This, sir, and no other has been my attitude in the incriminated work. I dare hope that you will be obliging enough to insert this letter in your esteemed journal. If my request comes at a late hour, it is owing to the fact that I have but recently come back from a foreign country, where, for the past two years, I have not had the pleasure of reading the ACADEMY.

A. DELATRE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. J. D. DANA is to be congratulated on having accomplished at his age a journey to the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of re-investigating their volcanic phenomena. The journey extended over ten weeks, and involved upwards of 10,000 miles of travel. When engaged with the Wilkes exploring expedition, in 1840, he visited these islands, and has ever since taken great interest in the phenomena of their volcanoes. His recent mission was to examine afresh the great lava-lake of Kilauea; to study the rocks of its crater; and to compare the Wilkes map with the present outlines. The first results of this journey have been published in the November number of the *American Journal of Science*, and further details will appear in succeeding issues.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Classical Review* for December (David Nutt) contains two articles connected with recent correspondence in the ACADEMY—a review of Mr. Gomme's *Romano-British Remains*, by F. Haverfield; and one of Reitzenstein's *Verriatische Forschungen*, by Prof. Nettleship.

Correction.—In Mr. J. Cook Wilson's letter on "Recent Emendations of the Aristotelian Text," in the ACADEMY of last week, in page 375, col. 3, line 48, after ἀλλ' ἐθεύ; insert the words "in the second place"; and in page 376, col. 2, line 2, for "this" read "the."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 21.)

SIR T. WADDE, president, in the chair.—The secretary, Prof. Rhys Davids, read an abstract of a paper by Dr. Edkins, of Peking, on "Foreign Elements in Early Japanese Mythology," in which it was argued (1) that there were distinct traces of fire worship and other Persian ideas in Ancient Chinese History, and that the Japanese in borrowing from China had also adopted Persian ideas. Quotations were given from the legends of Izanagi and Izanami, and other myths, and the conclusion drawn that the Persian elements in Japanese religion were (1) that the dual principle is made the basis of the universe; (2) that many powerful spirits were formed before the physical universe; (3) that things were created in the same order; (4) that the Japanese Yadders Amaterasu is a form of the Persian Mith-ras; (5) that the great angels ruling the wind, fire, earth, water, wood, &c., resemble the Persian; (6) the purification ceremonies; (7) the dedication of white horses in their sun temple.—Mr. Satow did not think that the evidence adduced justified the conclusions arrived at. In order to argue as to the sources of Japanese belief, it would be necessary to go to older documents than those quoted from. That white horses were sacrificed was evidence rather of their having been thought precious than of Persian influence; and that they were offered not only to the sun-god, but to other gods. Purification played an important part not only in the Persian, but also in other forms of faith.—Mr. F. V. Dickins, Mr. Bouverie Pusey, and Mr. Freeland continued the discussion, which was summed up by the president.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 25.)

DR. E. JOHNSON in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall announced the purchase by the Committee of 250 copies of Mr. Fotheringham's book on Browning's poetry, a copy of which each member would receive in the ensuing week. In view of the recent death of Mr. Alfred Domett, who was the hero of the poem "Waring," whose grand head members had so frequently seen at the society's meetings and entertainments, Dr. Furnivall proposed a vote of sympathy from the society to his widow and family, which was unanimously carried.—The chairman then introduced Prof. P. A.

Barnett, of Sheffield, who read a paper on "Browning's Jews in Comparison with Shakspeare's Jew." The paper began by insisting that the rendering of universal truths is the greatest thing that the poets of each age can do. Homer has given us fighting heroes in an age of fighting; Shakspeare has given us romantic heroes in an age of romance; and so Browning renders for us the best thought of our age. These poets are great, not because of the properties with which they work, but often in spite of them. Shakspeare was great for all time in spite of antiquarian inaccuracy; Browning, the Shakspeare of our time, is great in range and depth of thought in spite of the encyclopaedias. What does it matter whence Shakspeare gets his Lear, his Macbeth, his Hamlet? To all time they are very people who have lived and moved. And so with Browning's work—the tragedy of Andrea del Sarto's life is a tragedy for every age. This age of criticism in which the poet lives has failed to affect his work or limit his scope. Both poets have been attracted by the interesting problem of Jewish consciousness, of that exclusive tribal life maintained in spite of enviroing society. Some of Browning's Jews, as Rabbi Ben Ezra, deal with nothing specially Jewish, but with higher consciousness common to all noble minds. The Jews, however, of "Filippo Baldinucci" and "Holy Cross Day" are real persons, and Browning deals with their souls as Jewish souls at particular crises. So with Shakspeare's Shylock. The histories of Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth, are histories concerning the human soul; that of Shylock is the history of the Jewish problem at a special period, not the Middle Ages, but later, when Christianity was becoming more human and less brutal. The two poets are alike in historical synchronism. Both indicate honestly the fact of persecution. Antonio grossly insults Shylock without shame, for the opinion of all Venice is at his back. "Holy Cross Day" shows the opinion of all Florence quite as strongly. In both, too, the persecutors show a strong desire to convert the Jews—first rob them and then convert them, for the Christian persecutor had but a small acquaintance with Christ. In both cases, too, the Jews were usurers, for Venice and Florence had what Jews they deserved. In both cases, too, the persecutors were Pagans of the least pleasant type. Both Shakspeare and Browning admit kin-affection in the Jews, and allow them high general morality, probably due to their isolation in an actively criticising society, while the low tone of current Christian morality struck Shakspeare, and made the irony of the social complication a feature in his drama. In both, again, the Jews are patient and courteous. The distinctive note of Browning is that he has penetrated the national consciousness of the Jews; and this is due to his time, for he is a Christian and religious, not a romantic poet. Both are commended for their accuracy in small matters, and yet both show inaccuracies in their acquaintance with Jewish customs; but in both the external matters little, the higher gift makes no error. In "Holy Cross Day," the self-respecting pride of the Jews is well indicated, that consciousness of being reserved for higher things—that incompleteness and perpetual hope of the Messiah, so that "they lived in life and not in act, at watch and ward." Then their contempt for the jumble of Pagan and Christian art which their persecutors delight in—the Madonnas and saints among the heathen rout of gods and satyrs—is expressed. And is it not true that art destroys religion; and that, in proportion as a special religious attitude becomes familiarised by artistic expression, it loses its significance? Who that sees a picture of hell can continue to believe in it?—Dr. Johnson thanked Mr. Barnett for a paper certainly one of the most thoughtful ever read to the society.—Dr. Furnivall asked why art was destructive of religion?—Dr. Berdoe reminded members that the title High Priest used in "Filippo Baldinucci" was an anachronism, as it has been out of use since the destruction of the Temple.—Mr. Revell was much interested in the remark about the destroying power of art, and thought it probable that dramatic forms of art might hasten the decay of some religious beliefs.—Mr. Coleridge contended that realistic imagery has kept religion alive in the hearts of the uneducated.—Miss Whitehead instanced the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau,

as an instance that dramatic art does not necessarily destroy religion. — Mr. Slater suggested that there are two classes of minds—one supported religiously by art, the other diverted from religion by art.—Prof. Barnett replied to the members who had discussed his paper that he was aware that the Jews were not entirely blameless of persecution themselves, as they had joined the Pagans in oppressing the early Christians. The oriental religious sense in its highest developments had considered that all sensuous representations of the Divine Being were wrong, and calculated to destroy the most spiritual conceptions of his existence.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, November, 30.)

J. HAYNES, treasurer, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Mackenzie Bell on "The Literary Characteristics of Crabbe and Beckford." The paper formulated a theory that Crabbe, though writing in verse, had few of the higher attributes of the poet as we now understood them, though doubtless, judged from an eighteenth-century standpoint, he did not fall short even in this respect; while Beckford, though writing little verse, was by virtue of his marvellous imagination a great poet. A poet possessed in some degree, however small, genuine imagination and passion—Crabbe possessed neither of these qualities in a high degree, therefore he should not properly be regarded as a poet of high rank; but he had one great quality which would ever keep his name in remembrance, and it was even possible that he was not sufficiently consulted in days when the actual conditions of life among the poor in our rural districts was receiving such close attention and exciting such controversy. The poems which he devoted to the conventional poetic themes of the eighteenth century were worthless, or nearly so. The verses in which he treated of what he saw around him had every attribute of value except the highest poetic quality. In support of his views, Mr. Mackenzie Bell read a passage from "The Library," and then to show Crabbe's extraordinary power of minute description, a long passage from the "Parish Register." In the second half of the paper the reader contended that Beckford was a great poet, though his claim to that title rested mainly on his prose poem *Vathek*. Crabbe had little imagination, and merely described what he saw. Beckford, full of imagination, was an idealist, and by the aid of his imagination conjured up a wonderful romance which almost appeared a narrative of real events, so strong was its hold on the mind. Numerous illustrative extracts from *Vathek* closed the paper.—In a discussion which ensued, Mr. J. W. Bone maintained that however considerable might be the genius evinced by Beckford in *Vathek*, yet its pages were so defiled by the description of abominable things and by defective moral purpose that its perusal produced repulsion.—Col. J. L. Hartley held that the author set out with a moral purpose, though he allowed himself great latitude in working it out.—Mr. F. Shum gave some interesting details regarding Beckford's collections first at Fonthill and subsequently at Bath; and said that Beckford had not only possessed books, but had read them, as shown by marginal remarks.—Mr. Hobbes followed with further information touching Beckford's relics, and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after in some measure combating Mr. Bone's views, pointed out indications in *Vathek* of Beckford's derivation of ideas from Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Goldsmith, and even Bunyan.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

The Saône: a Summer Voyage. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley.)

THIS book, with its hundred and forty-eight illustrations, most of which are from the wonderfully vivid pen of Mr. Joseph Pennell,

and its clear and faithful chronicle by Mr. Hamerton, commemorates a remarkable, if not very eventful, voyage on the Saône—a river probably less known to Englishmen than the Nile. It is remarkable, because the enterprise was one which would have scarcely occurred to any but an Englishman, and could only have been performed successfully by one well acquainted with France and Frenchmen. A certain power of organisation, a love of scenery and a love of art, a love also of boating and quiet and meditation, seem other indispensable requisites for such a voyage; and, though these are all possessed by Mr. Hamerton, even he could scarcely have enjoyed it without well-chosen companions. And yet it is not probable that many persons will be induced by his example to spend weeks in a *berrichon*, pursuing the mazes and canals of the Upper Saône at the tail of a steamer or a donkey.

These are reasons why we should be all the more grateful to Mr. Hamerton and Mr. Pennell for giving us so many glimpses of a land (or water) of interest and beauty which few of us will ever be able to explore for ourselves. The deliberate progress of the *Boussemroum* (a long narrow barge on which Mr. Hamerton erected a series of deck tents for living and sleeping) is at least sufficiently reflected in the series of letters which he addressed at irregular intervals to his friend and publisher Mr. Richmond Seeley—letters doubtless delightful to receive, on account of their frankness and simplicity, their clear record of daily difficulties and achievements, their reflections, philosophical and social, their painter-like and sometimes poetical descriptions of scenery, and their occasional incidents of relative importance, such as their temporary arrest as spies at Pont-tailleur, and their narrow escape from the same fate at Verdun. The jealousy of the military authorities in France as to the operations of artists in the vicinity of fortifications is reasonable enough, and has been well known in England since the days of Hogarth; but it is a little surprising to find that even landscape sketching within a *myriamètre* of a French fortress may subject an artist to arrest, and that Mr. Pennell had to give up the notion of sketching near Lyons. When we remember that Mr. Hamerton's party included himself (a well-known Englishman long domiciled in France), an American artist, and an officer in the French army, the suspicion with which their movements were watched is even more extraordinary.

Mr. Pennell's remarkable dexterity in drawing in pen and ink has never been more fully exhibited than in his drawings of the Saône. With an artist's eye for the selection of those "bits" which are natural compositions, he also has a sure sense of the capacity of his tools and materials. His merest sketch has at least the germ of a picture, and he does not try to depict anything which is not within the compass of a definite black line. Nevertheless, within these limits his range of expression is great. He usually leaves the sky blank, but he is quite able to express the power of sunshine, and give softness to its darkest and most defined shadows, as in "On the Quay at Tournus" (p. 250); he can distinguish accurately between many varieties of wall or roof surface, as in "The Church of

St. John Le Losne" (p. 166); he can "tint" by means of pen touches with almost as much gradation as though he washed with colour, as in "The Church at Rupt" (facing p. 102); he can suggest the colour and lightness of innumerable leafage, as in "On the Canal, near Savoyeux" (facing p. 116); and in such little finely finished vignettes as those that adorn pp. 178-80 we have a perfect suggestion of the mysterious shades of evening. It is, however, perhaps in his "Towers of Tournus" (facing p. 236) that we have the most triumphant example of his power in black and white—a drawing masterly alike in what it includes and in what it omits, uniting much suggestiveness with perfect clearness of statement.

Mr. Hamerton makes us so intimately acquainted with the merits and eccentricities of his *patron* and his pilot, of Franki the donkey-boy and Zoulou the donkey, that we share his feeling of regret when the voyage in the *berrichon* comes to an end, and he leaves the captain and the artist to pursue his travels on the Lower Saône, with his son and nephew in his own catamaran. Perhaps it may be a great convenience to be able to sleep and eat on board your vessel, but you certainly see a little more of humanity if you have to seek occasionally for board and lodging. So, at least to the reader, the loss of his former companions has compensation in the pleasant glimpses we get of host and hostess and riverside inns which consoled the crew of the *Avar* for contrary winds and hard towing. Pleasant is the picture of the hostelry kept by the fisherman, surnamed "the Pope," at Port d'Arceat; and inviting the description of the *matelots* which they ordered for dinner. This part of the volume also includes a description of Chalon and one of Tournus, with its memories of Greuze, and is perhaps more generally entertaining, if less special in its interest, than the log of the *Boussemroum*.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATERCOLOURS.

DAINTY, delicate, pretty—neither daring great things, nor ever very lamentably failing—such, taken as a whole, is the art of the Water-Colour Society. It is an art in which imagination holds comparatively little place. Few of these pictures bear evident signs of being the expression, in colour and form, of some strong definite feeling, or have power to produce an analogous feeling in the spectator. As we go round the walls of the gallery, recognising in work after work each old friendly familiar style, we come across many admirable transcripts of nature—of nature for the most part in her gentler moods—and much pleasurable and deft brush-work, and we are greeted almost everywhere with a tone of refinement and easy grace. But anything that should come to us as a direct message from nature's heart or man's experience, we do not get.

This, however, is a kind of churlish carping, against the undue indulgence in which the critic should be specially careful; for he too, perchance, has his art, and would like to build up his word-pictures, and quote his Victor Hugo's "Orientales," and Browning's "Easter Day," in illustration of such works, for instance, as Mr. Goodwin's "Gate of Zoar" (198), where the black solid cloud mass looms horrible over Sodom, or Mr. Brewtall's "Uttermost Parts of the Sea" (5),

with its one tree all wind-vexed and tortured, and its desolation of water and sunset. But the temptation to weigh unduly on pictures that lend themselves to verbal description is one that the writer ought obviously to resist. Rather should he dwell gratefully upon what the gallery offers to us of charming and delightful. Here are Mr. George Fripp's "Study in October" (44) and "View from Ardchattan" (50), which are perfect in their golden tone. Here is a most delicately graded piece of chalk down in Mr. Alfred Fripp's "Arishmell" (170). Here are studies of places in which Mr. Alfred Hunt has been so often before—"Whitby" and "Robin Hood's Bay"—studies that remind one of Turner by their scheme of light and shade, and of which I prefer the "Robin Hood's Bays" (163), especially; for in the confusion of "Whitby," Mr. Hunt seems sometimes to find it difficult to keep his sense of atmosphere. As to Mr. Goodwin, he appears to have been everywhere—to English cathedral cities, to Bath, to Switzerland, and, possibly, to Zoar. "The Bristol" (347), with its bow of a vessel for frame, is a beautiful dainty sketch. So is the "Old Bridge, Lucerne" (211). Indeed, if we might "hint a fault," without, most certainly, "hesitating dislike," it would be that the "Rochester" (298) becomes almost unreal through over-refinement.

But how attempt to enumerate here every one of the 368 works in the gallery that deserve recognition? "J'en passe et des meilleurs," as de Silva says in "Hernani." One would like to linger over the works of old favourites such as Mr. Powell and Miss Montalba, and many another. One would like also to say a word of Mr. Hopkins's "Old Market Cross" (239), a pretty piece of silvery colour; and Mr. Beavis's "Outside the Fortifications at Calais" (303), and Mr. Waterlow's "Cottage Home" (17), and Mr. H. Moore's glowing "Sunny Afternoon" (41), and Mr. Herbert Marshall's smaller sketches of seaside picturesqueness, and Mr. Brewtall's varied contributions, of which 210 and 350 are specially noticeable. Mr. Hale, too, has some interesting "impressionist" qualities that might be discussed with advantage. And Mr. Charles Robertson's careful and elaborate "Lawn Tennis" (112) suggests one or two points as to the use of garden flowers in landscape. There is a freshness in Mr. Eyre Walker's work—see specially the "Summer Morning" (283) and "Vale of Meifod" (185)—which is very pleasant; and in the work of Mr. Allan a certain distinctive gravity and weightiness that show curiously beside the airier brushwork of his peers. His "Queen's Jubilee" (69) seems to me over-charged in colour; but, save for one awkward blot of foliage, "On the Seine" (77), with its line of clipped French trees and great reach of river, is very satisfactory.

The society scarcely shows very strong this year in its figure pictures. Mr. Marks, however, does his duty as a valiant Academician should, and his "Secretary" (183) is a sturdy piece of work. Mrs. Allingham charms us as usual, and almost of course. "East and West" (174)—a young mother sitting on the shore reading a letter from far away, a distant ship carrying her thoughts thither, an ayah and a child—you can fill up the story as you like; but in doing so remember to note how well the ayah's dress fits into the general scheme of the picture. As to Mr. Marsh, one can at least say for him that he is evidently filled with a praiseworthy desire to avoid that besetment of English art which consists in making the lower classes look pretty. "Daddy" (107) is a real sailor, and his wife a real sailor's wife—which is more than can well be said of the young lady in Mr. Hopkins's "Son of Neptune" (49). Oh, for an English

Millet to bring home to us by what stern labour and sweat of brow man wrings his living from hard mother earth!

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMAN INSCRIBED AND SCULPTURED STONES.

South Shields: Nov. 28, 1887.

Those readers of the ACADEMY who are students of Latin epigraphy will be interested in hearing that the Roman inscribed and sculptured stones (*Lapid. Sept.* 83, 84, 85, 88, 89, 91, 102, 103 and 200; *C. I. L.* vii., 558, 559, 559a, 574, 573, 572 and 661c)—the most important from Milk-ing Gap Mill Castle, the others from Halton Chesters (*Hunnun*), and hitherto preserved at Matfen Hall—have been most generously presented to the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. They form an important addition to the already large collection belonging to the society.

ROBT. BLAIR.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A NEED has long been felt for a periodical which should deal adequately with the higher branches of archaeological research in a scientific spirit, and with constant reference to the progress of archaeological scholarship in this country, on the Continent, and in America. This need will, it is hoped, be met by the issue of a new monthly review edited by Mr. G. Lawrence Gomme, and published by Mr. David Nutt. The review will be divided into sections, devoted respectively to Anthropology, Archaeology, History, and Literature. While mainly concerned to further these studies by the publication of original articles appealing at once to the specialist and to all readers of general culture, the editor will also endeavour to make the review a record and index of antiquarian research in all parts of the world. The first number will, it is hoped, be ready early next year.

It is so rarely that any of the notable pre-Raphaelite pictures come into the market that it may be interesting to note that the famous "Ophelia," of Sir John Millais, painted in 1852, is now for sale, at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew's, Bond Street.

MR. ANDREW MACCALLUM has now on view at his studies, 77 Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill—Smirke's old house—four pictures of Burnham Beeches in the four seasons of the year, of which "Golden October" and "Grey November" are very striking productions. All the ferns and foliage are done with the palette-knife, heavy masses of paint, sharp edged and sharp pointed, being laid on the flat brush background. By this method the foreground stands out in relief, and a depth of shadow, variety of surface, and richness of effect are attained which are impossible to the brush alone. The November picture is a solemn and poetic one. Sombre leafless trees are set against a crimson and golden sunset sky. The dark boles are strongly and finely wrought; the deeply shadowed turf rightly and dimly lighted. The scene grows on you and takes possession of you as you gaze at it.

THE Hogarth Club is about to remove to more commodious premises at 36, Dover Street, W.; and, in order to preserve its individuality as an artists' club, it has been decided to admit one hundred additional artists without entrance fee.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE has resumed, at the Opera Comique, the powerful performance of Lena Despard in "As in a Looking-glass," which was interrupted in the late summer.

At the Haymarket Theatre, under the new régime, the grass is by no means suffered to grow under the manager's feet. When "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad-monger" are withdrawn, Mr. Buchanan's piece—now in an advanced stage of rehearsal—will be produced. It is, indeed, practically ready. As soon as it shall cease to attract, "The Pompadour" play (by Mr. Wills and Mr. Sydney Grundy) will take its place; and a play by another esteemed writer will—it is already arranged—succeed in due time to that. Meanwhile, people who have not seen the present spectacle should hasten to do so. We criticised the "Red Lamp" at length when it was first brought out. The freshest feature in the performance is the impersonation of the Princess Mourakoff by Mrs. Tree. The author affords almost no opportunity for the study of the Princess as a character; but the circumstances of the story compel her to be torn by conflicting emotions, and of these emotions Mrs. Tree has made herself—not wholly without reference to French methods—a really competent and powerful exponent. For our own part, however—skilled as the actress has become in what are doubtless accounted the great moments of the piece—we like Mrs. Tree best for her capacity of endowing the character, such as it is, with naturalness and dignity at all moments. She says the simplest things with meaning and thoughtfulness; she gives interest to a simple gesture or a position of rest. The part is not only the most trying that she has yet performed: it is unquestionably, also, her greatest success. The "Red Lamp" affords occasion for interesting acting; but, in "The Ballad-monger," we are allowed the opportunity of seeing a piece which is not only good stagecraft but excellent literature. It is written—that is, the original French by M. de Banville is written—with singular force and point; and the translation, by Mr. Besant and Mr. Pollock, is in the best spirit of the original. As regards the acting, Miss Marion Terry is by no means unskilled, even though she may not be very moving as the heroine. Mr. Brookfield is very effective as Louis XI.; but some portion of his effectiveness—the effectiveness, for instance, of his easy cynical "asides"—he has learnt apparently from Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Gringoire, the starving ballad-monger, the wandering poet, is as picturesque as wild, as much a creature of the Middle Ages as it is possible to be. His recitation of the ballad of "The Orchard of the King" is admirable. He declines to perfection. The drawbacks to the performance—if it is worth while to name them—are that once or twice, when Mr. Tree would do well to address Louis or Louis' god-daughter individually, he still declaims a little; and that here and there the piece seems to demand Gringoire's quiescence where it gets only his restlessness. Even these things, however, are things which it is possible to contest, and we should be among the first to allow the general excellence of Mr. Tree's creation. It is a performance eminently worth seeing.

THE Kendals have come back to the St. James's with a further representation of "Lady Clancarty."

As a second edition of "Miss Esmeralda" is coming out at the Gaiety on Boxing-day—and as the piece will therefore continue to be played throughout the holidays in the afternoon, while a yet more amazing new extravaganza will hold

the evening bill—it is worth while to draw attention now to the exceeding smartness—spectacular, rather than literary—of the performance. History, upon the stage, does not exactly repeat itself, and the success of "Monte Cristo, Junior," is not precisely matched by the success of "Miss Esmeralda." Still, here we are in those dull weeks just before Christmas, which are notoriously unfavourable to theatrical commerce; and here, still with us, and destined to remain, is "Miss Esmeralda." Mr. Lonnen contributes the comic element to the piece, and he does as much for it in this direction as any one actor can possibly do. His quaint activity is indeed admirable. Miss Marion Hood acts pleasantly and sings with real charm. She is a blonde heroine, in dove-colour and white. Miss Letty Lind dances with extreme agility and some grace. As to colour, she—a blonde lady also—is a very satisfactory "arrangement" in pink and grey. We are bound to smile to ourselves, and to treat the thing as a spectacle. At the Gaiety it is not dramatic (but that which passes for criticism that is wanted, and so we shall venture to comment on the presence of charming "notes" in red, and of engaging "symphonies" in gold and sunny green. As the ballets are danced in long and full and flexible skirts, they are—we feel sure—the delight of the truly cultivated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN EXPLANATION.

London: Dec. 6, 1887.

In the ACADEMY of December 3 is a notice of "By the Sea," and the paragraph is a scarcely veiled innuendo that Dr. Aveling was indebted to Mr. Wedmore for his adaptation.

The facts are these. Remembering the extreme baldness of Mr. Wedmore's translation, I suggested that another version might be attempted which should strive to retain something of the charm and poetry of Theuriet's work. This was seven or eight years after I acted in "The Farm by the Sea." I never saw the whole of Mr. Wedmore's MS. My own part I at once returned after playing in the piece. Of the whole of Mr. Wedmore's translation I only remember three lines: two at the end of one of the verses of the ballad, and the final line ("Il ne reviendra plus"), rendered respectively thus by Mr. Wedmore and Dr. Aveling:

"But Saint Azenor, she comes too late
To save from sea, to save from fate."

WEDMORE.

"Wings of the blessed saint are heard
Across the sea like some sea bird."

AVELING.

"He will never come back any more."

WEDMORE.

"He will never come back again."

AVELING.

Not a line, not a suggestion, not one word of Mr. Wedmore's translation was ever seen or heard by Dr. Aveling; and, so far as my memory serves me, there is absolutely nothing in common between the two adaptations save their common origin.

ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

[We understand that the question of Dr. Aveling's indebtedness to Mr. Wedmore in this matter has been made the subject of a communication to Dr. Aveling from Mr. Wedmore's solicitors.—ED. ACADEMY.]

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. F. C. COWEN'S "Ruth" was given, for the first time in London, at the second "Novello" Concert on Thursday, December 1. It is often said that the Bible is an exhausted mine, and that, for oratorio purposes, composers must turn to the lives of the saints or to secular subjects. The same story can, however, be used more than once. Everything depends on the mode of treatment. Mr. J. Bennett, in arranging the pastoral tale of "Ruth," has entered into the spirit of the day, and given it dramatic form. But why, as in his book of the "Rose of Sharon," spoil the effect by an epilogue pointing to future times when a "branch" is to spring from the root of the son of Naomi? It spoils the unity of a very good book, and, musically, the last chorus is an anti-climax. The score is full of the composer's happiest thoughts; and, throughout, everything is expressed in a smooth and natural manner. The famous answer of Ruth to her mother, the scene between Boaz and Ruth at the end of the first part, Boaz's air in the second part, and the duet between Ruth and Boaz in the fourth scene are all admirable. For simple utterance, pleasing expression, and agreement of word and tone these portions will compare favourably with anything previously written by Mr. Cowen. The dance of gleaners, with chorus of reapers, is particularly characteristic of the composer. But there is something more than simplicity and charm. In the choruses "The Lord hath done great things" and "Praise Him, call upon His name," there is vigour, striking effects of contrast, and contrapuntal skill of a high order. We have already mentioned one drawback to the work—the epilogue. And we are inclined to think the composer might have presented some numbers in more condensed form. In other words, the picturesque story would surely have been set off to greater advantage in a Cantata, rather than an Oratorio, frame. The performance under the composer's direction was, on the whole, an excellent one. Of the solo vocalists, M^{me}. Albani and Mr. E. Lloyd carried off the chief honours. The contralto music was sung somewhat coldly by Miss Hope Glenn; and Mr. Watkin Mills interpreted the bass part in an efficient, if not always sympathetic, manner.

Herr Heckmann and party commenced a short series of chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on Thursday, December 1. The programme contained a novelty by Beethoven. How is it that the *Grande fugue, tantôt libre, tantôt recherchée* for strings (Op. 133) has never been performed at the Popular Concerts, and, so far as we can ascertain, never before in London at all? Well, Mr. Chappell has so many works of Beethoven which act as magnets to draw the public—such as the "Rasoumofski" Quartettes, the "Kreutzer," or the "Moonlight" Sonata—that it probably never occurred to him to select a piece with which Beethoven was not fully satisfied. He was not exactly the kind of man to be led by public opinion; and yet Herr Nottebohm assures us that the composer, dissatisfied with the reception given to it when performed as the Finale to the B flat Quartette (Op. 133) at Vienna in 1826, withdrew it, and wrote the movement which now concludes the work. And for this he must have had his reasons. The resemblance between the theme on which this fugue is built and the opening theme of the great Quartette in A minor cannot escape notice. In fact, in a sketch-book of the year 1824, sketches for this fugue are found lying side by side with sketches for the first movement of this A minor Quartette. The fugue is an extraordinary piece of music, full of clever devices and daring effects; but there is such an evident

sense of labour, and the combinations are at times so harsh, that the result is more curious than pleasing. Some of the wildest passages sound like a debate of demons in Pandemonium. There is a charming episode in 2-4 time which forms a welcome contrast to the wild confusion of the rest of the music. Herr Heckmann deserves the thanks of the musical public for this opportunity of hearing the fugue. It is by no means easy to play; but the leader and his associates, Herren Forberg, Allecotte, and Bellmann, had evidently rehearsed it with the utmost care; and, for neatness and precision, the performance left nothing to desire. The programme included Beethoven's B flat Quartette (Op. 130), Haydn's in C (Op. 33, No. 3), two movements from Dittersdorf's Quartette in E flat, and Brahms' new Sonata in A for piano and violin, played with much taste and finish by M^{me}. Haas and Herr Heckmann.

Signor Alberto Geloso gave a correct but tame rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. Mr. G. A. Clinton played with admirable tone and taste a Concerto for clarinet by Julius Rietz, the friend and adherent of Mendelssohn. The Concerto, good in form and style, bears traces of his friend's influence. The programme included a Symphony in E flat by Haydn, one of a set of six composed in 1786 for the *Loge Olympique* at Paris. It was given with due effect under Mr. Manns' direction. The Crystal Palace choir was heard to great advantage in Ravenscroft's clever madrigal, "In the Merry Spring," which was encored.

Much quiet but good work is being done in and around London by various choral and orchestral societies. Those that do not become weary of well-doing may one day shine as stars of the first magnitude in the musical firmament. The Westminster Orchestral Society, now in its third season, gave a concert at the Westminster Town Hall on Wednesday evening last. The band is composed chiefly of amateurs, and the painstaking conductor is Mr. C. S. Macpherson. The playing was creditable. The conductor succeeded by a note in the programme-book in doing what the most eminent conductors have failed to accomplish. In the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, played with spirit by Miss L. Riley, the break between the first and second movements was not interrupted by applause. M^{me}. Frickenhaus gave some showy pianoforte solos. The society deserves encouragement in its aims and efforts.

M^{me}. Adelina Patti made her farewell appearance previous to her departure for America at Mr. Kuhe's evening concert at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, December 6. The gifted prima donna was in excellent voice, and was rapturously encored after her two last songs. M^{me}. Trebelli, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, added to the evening's pleasure. Miss Kuhe played two movements from a Concerto by Hiller. The hall was very full.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

No. 815, *New Series*.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Memorials of Coleorton: being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his Sister, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, 1803—1834. Edited by William Knight. In 2 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THERE is not a great deal in the *Memorials* that is new, though many of the letters are now printed for the first time. It does not appear that what we already know about Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey is sensibly affected by the present publication. The biographies of the poets will not require to be rewritten in order to include new facts from these sources. Nevertheless the volumes are pleasant reading and have a real interest, if not a distinct value.

The most material part of them concerns Coleridge. Though Coleridge's own letters are not of the first importance, and though the little that he says of himself reveals no side of his character with which we were not already familiar, he is, nevertheless, the leading figure in the book. His health, his domestic troubles, his aims, his literary difficulties, his wanderings and his home-comings are the vein of chief interest. And there is much in these letters that revives speculation on dubious points, but little or nothing that sets old discussions at rest. For example, these letters cover the whole period usually assigned to Coleridge's opium-eating, but give no facts whatever concerning it. Strangely enough, the letters of Wordsworth, which are full of solicitude as to Coleridge's many failures in health, contain, so far as I can see, nothing on the opium troubles. Dorothy Wordsworth's letters hint at Coleridge's occasional excesses in the use of spirits, but say nothing of the drug. Not even in Southey's letters is anything definite on that head to be found. But then Southey, who knew that in 1803 Coleridge was quacking himself with opium cures for the gout, appears to have known nothing with certainty of the habit which Coleridge had contracted until Cottle mentioned the matter in 1814. There is nothing so strange about these memorials as that, with so much about Coleridge's "health or un-health," there is little or nothing about the one pernicious habit which is usually thought to have been the generating cause of nearly all Coleridge's troubles of body and mind. That Wordsworth, his sister, Southey, Sir George Beaumont, and Lady Beaumont, should exchange many letters from 1803 to 1827, and discuss Coleridge on every side of his life and character without betraying a painful knowledge of his opium-eating, shows that the opium-eating was a much less serious element than we now consider it, or

that Coleridge successfully practised an extraordinary concealment amounting in its effect to duplicity. That Coleridge tried to conceal his degrading weakness we know. That (when-ever he began) he concealed it from himself down to 1803 we also know. But that he hid his opium-eating throughout the eleven years from 1803 until he betrayed himself to Cottle in 1814 we cannot believe. He told De Quincey of it in 1807. Is it likely that he lived nearly a year with Wordsworth's family in 1809 without once revealing his daily habit? Or, again, is it probable that Wordsworth and his sister, who did not shrink from discussing with Sir George and Lady Beaumont the most intimate relations of Coleridge with his wife, shrank from the disclosure of his opium-eating? It seems to me that all probability, as well as all the knowledge which we possess of Coleridge's singular openness of mind and his proneness to give free expression to his feelings, compel us to believe that whatever the extent of his habit, it was known to the friends about him. It was not fully known to his brother-in-law, and perhaps it was not fully known to his wife; but after 1803 these two were not among the friends about him.

Little as the light is that these letters afford on the opium troubles, I perceive that in various quarters there is a disposition to use them in support of conjectural statements as to when the opium-eating began. A writer in the *Athenaeum* (November 19) tells us, with the emphasis of certainty, that by the time that Southey, "reconciled to his brother-in-law" (they had then been several years reconciled), was about to arrive at Greta Hall, Coleridge

"had become a confirmed opium-eater," and that "the habit had attained such proportions, that the signification of the symptoms could only be disguised by the most frenzied attributions of the wretched condition of his health to gout, to climate—to everything, indeed, save the true cause."

This is the use to which a writer, who is well-informed on the facts of Coleridge's life, puts a letter written by Coleridge (September 22, 1803) a week after his return from Scotland. The ascertained facts are too few to justify so sweeping a charge of downright deceit on Coleridge's part. What grounds are there for supposing that Coleridge was a confirmed opium-eater when Southey reached Keswick in September 1803? There are next to none. Mr. Traill inclines to the opinion that Coleridge began the use of the Kendal Black Drop about April 1801. He is influenced by Coleridge's letter of that date to Southey, partly quoted by Cuthbert Southey. Prof. Brandl seems to think that Coleridge was a confirmed opium-eater in January 1801 (*Life of Coleridge*, p. 283), but gives no authority whatever. He has none to give. Coleridge himself says that in 1803 he first realised that he had contracted a habit of taking opium. There is no fair reason to accuse the writer of the letter of September 22, 1803, of either self-deception or conscious duplicity. At that time Coleridge was ill. He thought he was suffering chiefly from the gout, and in obvious sincerity he tried various gout medicines. It is something worse than unnecessary to say that all this time he knew full well that it was not chiefly the gout that troubled him.

This may seem to be a small matter, but it is really a large one, for it touches the important point of whether Coleridge is a truthful witness about himself. The writers who question his veracity on this head do not stop at giving him the *lié direct* on matters of less moment. Thus the critic just quoted will not believe that Coleridge spoke the truth when he said that he had suffered a three-months' attack of gout in 1794, and that he had then composed some verses on the terrors of his dreams. We are told that "the verses . . . may have had no existence until he, about this time, composed 'The Pains of Sleep.'" Also, let us add, they *may* have an existence under the title of "Visionary Hopes." Moreover, though Sara Coleridge fixes the date of "Pains of Sleep," as 1803, it is at least possible that the lines may have been composed in 1794, and never written down until 1803, when the return of the complaint recalled them, and they were transcribed for enclosure in the letter of September 22 to Sir George Beaumont. Surely the proper course is to believe Coleridge where we have no overwhelming reason for disbelieving him. The exact opposite of this appears to be the constant habit of some recent writers.

Passing from Coleridge's opium troubles to his home troubles, we find in these letters some definite information on a painful subject. Little has hitherto been known with certainty as to the form taken by Coleridge's differences with his wife. The reticence observed by those who have possessed knowledge of the facts has, perhaps, been a wise one; but it is just as well that there should no longer be any appearance of concealment, for it might come to be thought that there must be something serious to conceal. There has been nothing serious to conceal; and the whole truth, as these letters appear to show it, improves our opinion of Coleridge, without doing injury to any reasonable opinion of his wife. During his lifetime Coleridge was more than once accused of deliberate desertion of his family. It now appears from a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth's that, in 1806, Coleridge parted from Mrs. Coleridge with her full consent. That her consent was, on the whole, an unwilling consent, qualified by many fears as to what gossip would say of them, must certainly be allowed. But that she finally agreed to part from her husband, and made conditional arrangements concerning their children, is only to be questioned by those who are prepared to say that when Coleridge joined the Wordsworths at Coleorton late in 1806 he told them a tissue of falsehoods. It was already known that Southey was against the separation, and that as such he never really countenanced Coleridge's long absences from home. But it was not so fully known that, after a short period, ending with Coleridge's return to Keswick in the autumn of 1806, the Wordsworths were warmly in favour of the separation. They took Coleridge's side absolutely, and without any apparent reservations in Mrs. Coleridge's favour. In their view Coleridge was most unhappily married to a woman who bore to him no single point of resemblance. She was a thrifty housekeeper, and had other good qualities that might have made her a suitable wife for another man; but neither by temper nor by education was she fit for Coleridge, who

would only waste his pains in trying to bring her into sympathy with him. For a time Wordsworth appears to have thought that the best course for Coleridge was to make the best of a bad business, to recognise that it was a bad business, and not to fume or fret overmuch. Thus, he might not be happy, but need not be miserable. But even this negative attitude Wordsworth seems to have abandoned; and, so far as I can see, he spurred Coleridge's moral courage to the making of a definite separation. From 1806 onward Wordsworth acted consistently with his uncompromising view of the situation. He did not meddle with his friend's domestic troubles; but when Coleridge had taken a definite course, he showed sympathy in a very positive way—by inviting him to his house, and keeping him there, or at least suffering him to remain without remonstrance. On the point of Coleridge's care for the material welfare of his wife and children these memorials have nothing new to say.

The business of *The Friend* is much discussed in the letters of 1809. I see nothing here or elsewhere to justify the fine fun which some folks find in the way the journal was managed. Indeed, I begin to suspect my risible faculties when I read with grave bewilderment of "the puzzledom" of Coleridge's "despair" as the defects of his "execrable printing and publishing arrangements made themselves manifest." I cannot for the life of me see where the "puzzledom" comes in. What I do see is that, of all the circle at Grasmere, Coleridge was the person who took the least sanguine view, and perceived the most clearly that the real disasters sustained by his journal were due to the "execrable" "arrangements" of certain of his friends. But then what a joke it is that Coleridge should never suspect in advance that Clarkson had given him—no doubt unwittingly—a bogus subscription list! What fun that the rats at the printing-office should eat up a portion of a MS. ! And what high jinks that the Earl of Cork should quietly accept copy after copy, keep all, and pay for none! It must be that *that* is where the "puzzledom of despair" comes in; only the puzzledom is not Coleridge's, but the exclusive property of his critics. Something to Coleridge's disadvantage is made of the circumstance that during the time of *The Friend* he worked by fits and starts, sometimes not writing a line for weeks and weeks, and then producing an entire number of the journal in two days. This is at least natural, and among imaginative writers a familiar experience. The marvel is not that it was so; but that any man of letters, with habits short of the regularity of the habits of a mill-horse, should express surprise that it was not otherwise.

The reader of these memorials who has exhausted their Coleridge episodes will not find much else to hold his attention. What we read of Wordsworth and Southey adds nothing, so far as I can see, to what is already known. The few letters of Scott are immaterial. Certain side pictures of other people have an interest. De Quincey is lightly sketched by Dorothy Wordsworth as he appeared about the time he went in search of Coleridge at Bridgewater. Wilson (Christopher North) is also well described as he appeared in his early days at Windermere.

Wordsworth's brother-in-law, Henry Hutchinson, the sailor, is the subject of a letter by Coleridge. I have just heard that Hutchinson died in the Isle of Man, and was buried at Braddon, where an inscription by Wordsworth is over his grave. Some of the letters are good reading for their humour and some for their picturesqueness, and one or two for their pathos. Coleridge gives a happy sketch of his fellow-passengers on the way to Malta. Wordsworth describes very finely a view of Fleet Street at early morning, when it was pure white with a sprinkling of new-fallen snow, not a cart upon it, silent, empty, and with St. Paul's beyond solemnised by a thin white veil. No less fine, and of the same kind, is a letter in which Wordsworth describes a view of the Isle of Man from under Black Comb, with the snow on the peak of Snaefell, and under the peak a long body of cloud stretching the whole length of the island and poised above it. These descriptive passages in Wordsworth's letters seem to me to be as good as the very best of their kind in his poetry. There is a noble letter from Southey to Lady Beaumont on the death of her husband. Coleridge's letter, referred by the editor to 1811 (vol. ii., p. 164), seems to me, as to others, to be misplaced; but where it should stand in this correspondence I cannot say. Certainly not in 1804, unless Coleridge visited the Beaumonts at Coleorton on his way to London. Clearly it was written when Coleridge was under the same roof with Sir George and Lady Beaumont. This may have been at Keswick in the summer of 1803; but I should guess from the references to Keswick, Dunmow, and London, that the date was later and the place Coleorton.

The general tone of this correspondence is of the best; and though three of the writers were men of genius, the tone might, under the circumstances, have been other than good. Sometimes as we read we are conscious of a little stiffness and formality, as if the idea were never very remote from the consciousness of the writers that they were addressing persons who had the power to dispense favours. Perhaps the letters of Dorothy Wordsworth are the easiest and most familiar. Wordsworth's letters are often very formal; Southey's are nearly always so; and Coleridge's betray a little excess of warmth. Nevertheless, where money is in question there is never any servility or sham delicacy. In 1804 Coleridge declines a hundred pounds towards his expenses on going to Malta, and in 1825 Wordsworth declines his expenses to Italy; but in neither case is money regarded as too precious a thing to be exchanged between friends whose fortunes are unequal. The relations which this group of men bore towards each other were nearly always free from the faintest trace of uncharitableness. In one instance Coleridge shows his teeth in rather a bitter smile at the absurd over-praise of Southey, and now and again Southey's references to Coleridge are of a piece with nearly everything else written by him on that subject from 1807 to 1834. But, on the whole, the relations were those of mutual goodwill; and, in one instance, Coleridge says that the chief cause of Wordsworth and Southey having been classed with him as a school originated in their their not hating or envying each other. He considered it unusual that friends

should take pleasure in each other's welfare and reputation. If he were living still it is probably that he would still think it unusual.

The attitude of this group of writers towards the rest of the world was fearless and manly. Perhaps in Wordsworth's case it amounted to indifference. There is nothing finer in these volumes than the letter (already well known) written by Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont, telling her to be as easy-hearted as he was concerning the immediate effect of his writings on the reading public. Nevertheless, when the *Edinburgh Review* assailed Wordsworth rather bitterly, Coleridge's silence was not reckoned to his credit. Coleridge professed a great indifference to criticism, but when criticism seemed to empty his pockets he thought that Southey ought to have used the weapon (the *Quarterly*) which was always at his hand. Southey, again, believed he had brought himself to a high disdain of literary assaults by the time he published his *Vision of Judgment*, but Byron enabled him to find out his mistake. On the whole, this group of poets were about as free from envy as is natural to rivals in public favour, and about as superior to public criticism as it is possible for men to be who have to live by public money.

Very beautiful, no doubt, is the calm assurance of ultimate fame which Wordsworth's letter to Lady Beaumont shows, and it has been abundantly ratified. But, then, Southey professed fully as much indifference to immediate reputation and as firm a confidence in his future, and time has not justified him of his faith. There is nothing sure about the fate of books, whether they be good or bad. Chance seems to have most to do with it. And, so far as I can see, the chances are, and always have been, about equal that a good book will fall flat and that it will make a noise. But I fancy the chances are as ten to one that if a good book fails of all immediate effect it will also fail of ultimate fame.

HALL CAINE.

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Recollections of Forty Years. By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated by C. B. Pitman. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-1877. By E. B. Washburne. With Illustrations. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel: a Chronicle of the Principal Events, Political and Social, during the Reign of Napoleon III. from 1851 to 1864. Translated and Edited by Charles Bousfield. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

THESE recollections of M. de Lesseps are disappointing because those which he gives are so interesting. M. Renan, congratulating M. de Lesseps upon election to the French Academy, assured him that, on the Day of Judgment, the Creator will not reproach him for having modified His handiwork, because there he would "continue to play the charmer's part." We know that M. de Lesseps is not unaccustomed to such extravagant language; that he is the most distinguished of living Frenchmen, "next to Lamartine,

the most beloved man of our century, the man upon whom the greatest number of legends and dreams have been built." These volumes, however, contain ample material for an accurate judgment upon the real qualities of the man—his courage, his perseverance, his never-failing hope, his great good humour and resource. There is enough to lead us almost to believe with his French adorers that he was born to cut isthmuses. There is a little which is new concerning the political difficulties of his great undertaking, but scarcely any account or record of the construction of the Canal which would have had permanent interest; and of these volumes the greater part is occupied with dispatches upon the affairs of Rome in 1849, and with essays upon consular duties, steam, Algeria, Abd-el-Kader, and Abyssinia, as to which others might possibly write more effectively than M. de Lesseps. It is interesting to know that it was Lamartine's opinion that, "in the event of a foreign war, a good understanding with Spain is equivalent to 200,000 men on the Pyrenean frontier," and to note how, in another direction, the practical de Lesseps baffled the visionary Mazzini. "I am informed," said the Frenchman to the Italian, "that you have meditated sending proclamations to the French troops. The French soldier would burn down his mother's house if he received orders to do so. You have consequently made a great blunder."

"The origin of the Suez Canal" was that "the government tried to make out that I was mad, and I resigned my functions in the diplomatic service." M. de Lesseps got one hundred friends to join in forming the preliminary company. "We each of us put in a share of £200, and this share is now worth over £40,000." The arrangement of the book is very disorderly, and the early chapter from which we take this quotation contains a promise that the Panama Canal "will be open in 1889." But it will help people to understand M. de Lesseps. He jumps his horse over a fearful wall, and rejoices that "this foolhardy act was one of the reasons which induced the viceroy's *entourage* to support my scheme." When none of a company of Egyptian soldiers could hit a target at 550 yards, the man born to cut isthmuses was asked to try a shot, and twice hit the bull's eye, and then declined a third "so as not to endanger my reputation of being a good shot." Half suffocated and very badly burnt in his cabin on the Nile, M. de Lesseps assured the viceroy, from his bed of suffering, that his accident was of good omen for the rest of the journey as they had acquitted their debt to ill luck.

Of M. de Lesseps' recollections, the most historic is that his father, who was political agent in Egypt in 1803, selected Mehemet Ali for the Pashalik of Cairo. Another is that Louis Napoleon, while a prisoner at Ham, having received powers for organising in Europe a Panama Canal Company, asked to be allowed to leave for America to undertake this mission, and M. de Lesseps has "reason to believe that he was on the point of going there from London when the revolution of 1848 opened the gates of France to him." How M. de Lesseps courted the aid of Cobden and combated the hostility of Palmerston is recorded; as, also,

the early favour with which the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone regarded the Suez Canal. In 1856, the duke "expressed very freely and without the slightest reserve his sympathies with the project." In the same year, Prince Metternich advised "regulating by means of a convention the perpetual neutrality of the passage through the Suez Canal." But while M. de Lesseps strove with English energy for English support, he knew that "in France the opposition of England will be the chief source of attraction for us. You may rely on me that this will be so." With Napoleon III. he had so much power that, on asking for the recall of M. Sabatier, the French Consul-General in Egypt, the emperor replied: "If that is all you want, it is easily done. You can tell Walewski so." Again, the emperor aided him by refusing, one New Year's Day, to acknowledge the presence of the Turkish ambassador. The sultan's representative begged to know the cause of offence, and "the only answer he got was an expressive gesture accompanying the single word 'the firman.'" After this, and having said that "France could not allow England to take peaceable possession of Egypt," M. de Lesseps' recollections drift away from the Canal. M. de Lesseps is probably too much occupied to write a better book; and this, which is largely composed of desultory compositions with little or no reference to himself, is consequently marred by many repetitions and by conspicuous lack of methodical arrangement.

Mr. Washburne's recollections are much more consecutive. They are interesting as those of a shrewd, honest, kindly man who, during the siege of Paris and the rule of the Commune, occupied a remarkable position. They are prolix and apt to ramble far from the scene of action. Any competent editor, save the author, would have omitted or abbreviated most of the dispatches which occupy so many pages. There is matter of real value in these volumes; but it might have been contained in one. Louis Napoleon illustrated to Mr. Washburne "the great trouble of the French," their lack of self-help, by the story of "an old woman who stated to him with great earnestness that she had lost an umbrella, and she thought the government ought to furnish her with another." Mr. Washburne gives some original matter, such as Bismarck's dispatch, in which, after sanctioning the passage of General Burnside and Mr. Forbes through the German lines, he says: "This liberality of ours has been rewarded by those excellent cigars you have been kind enough to send me." The most extraordinary political occurrence in Paris was the appointment by a crowd of the National Defence Government. Gambetta threw out the names on slips of paper from a window of the Hôtel de Ville. The crowd approved, "and the men, without any other warrant of authority, were received and acknowledged by all the officers of the departments." Mr. Washburne has much scorn for some of the ways of the Parisians during the siege—their meetings with talk "for hours, calling it 'saving France'"; their mural inscriptions, "such as *Mort aux Prussiens, Deux têtes pour trois sous, Bismarck*

et Guillaume. And that is called making war!" Of their twenty-three daily newspapers, he says: "The amount of absolute trash, taken altogether, surpasses anything in history." But he admits that the French fought bravely around Paris, though they were badly led. Of their general, he says: "Trochu was too weak for anything, weak as the Indian's dog which had to lean against a tree to bark; the most incompetent man ever entrusted with such great affairs."

The second volume deals with the Commune. Among the decrees of that government, Mr. Washburne notes one "exempting tenants from the payment of rent for the previous nine months." The burning of the guillotine Mr. Washburne regards as "a piece of foolery and absurdity." On the day of the great struggle around the Hôtel de Ville with *pétroleurs* and *pétroleuses*, one of the employés of the legation "counted in the Avenue d'Antin the dead bodies of eight children, the eldest not more than fourteen years of age, who, in distributing these incendiary boxes, had been shot on the spot." A Versailles officer told Mr. Washburne "that the order was to shoot every man taken in arms against the government." When the Communal Government was declared the Bank of France had 3,000,000,000 francs in gold and silver. It "got off by paying, during the Commune, only 7,500,000 francs." The bulk was preserved by the skill of the sub-governor, who said to the Communist leaders: "The day you lay your hands upon the Bank of France its notes will not be worth more than the old assignats. All your National Guards have their pockets full of 20 franc notes, and you will ruin them at one blow." In the conclusion of Mr. Washburne's pages, we learn that his brother, a manufacturer in Minneapolis, had sent two blankets for presentation to M. Thiers, on whose behalf M^{me}. Thiers wrote appointing a day to receive Mr. Washburne and the fraternal offering. Before the day arrived, M. Thiers died; and, after his funeral, M^{lle}. Dosne told Mr. Washburne that "the last words he uttered were in reference to my coming to see him the next day." Among the last words of great men, it is worth remembering that those of *le libérateur du territoire* had reference "to a pair of carriage blankets of American manufacture." As an interesting sample of much irrelevant matter in these volumes, we may give Mr. Washburne's testimony as to the customs arrangements of New York, where he says:

"Persons going from the United States to Europe, desirous of taking back with them large quantities of dutiable goods, make their arrangements with the Custom-house officers before leaving New York, and on their return home and arriving at the port, their trunks were passed through without examination; but if arrangements had not been made beforehand bribery was openly resorted to at the time of landing." He adds that "the consequence was to induce many persons to go abroad having in view the purchasing of such articles as they wanted and defraying the expenses of the trip by the saving effected by the non-payment of the duties."

Of the six volumes before us, the most original and interesting are those containing memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel, who, though disposed to give most people a bad name,

had undoubted opportunities of seeing the inner life of the Court of Napoleon III., and we cannot help regretting that his notes do not extend to the catastrophe of 1870. Of the translator and editor much need not be said. His spelling—"Bourquency," "Violetle Duc," "Madier de Monjau," "Palikoe," "Constitutional," "pronunciamento," and "laqueys"—is strange. As to the count's temper, a judgment may be formed perhaps from two passages:

"My old friend, La Guéronnière, . . . has committed all the crimes that tarnish a man, though they do not come within the code, . . . and the foul petticoats of a miserable woman have become the winding-sheets of his honour. . . . My poor friend Marshal Canrobert, an excellent fellow and a very brave officer, though a wretched general, . . . is one of those frogs who presume too much upon the elasticity of their skin."

But there can be no mistake as to the count's picture of corruption. He says of the court:

"Ever the same disgraceful jobbery, immoral collusion, and trafficking in places, dignities, and so-called honours." Persigny was "as much like a gentleman as chicory is like coffee. . . . All the emperor's family, with very few exceptions, are a blackguardly set, and do him infinite harm."

Throughout, the emperor himself appears to be the best man of his court. Slow, cautious, sometimes irresolute, but with one idea and object—the glory of his dynasty—Napoleon is ready to make use of the English alliance, of any one, or anything, to that end. The count thinks his ruling idea was to avenge 1815:

"It is my conviction that Napoleon III. does not like England. . . . With that calm dissimulation, the power of which he possesses in a greater degree than any one in the past or the present, with that patience, the practice of which he acquired during the solitude of a long captivity, he continues by a different process his uncle's work."

The furnishers of his palaces were "obliged to give receipts for a third more than the value of the goods supplied, and the difference goes into the pockets of the officers of the household." The emperor complained of the notoriety of St. Arnaud's losses on the Bourse, and gave Fould as his informant:

"Fould!" exclaimed St. Arnaud. "Why, sire, he has been speculating for a fall and I for a rise. I believed your Majesty's Government would inspire confidence, and I lose; your Minister of State has calculated on a panic, and he wins."

As for honours, the Count says: "It is no longer a legion, it is a rabble of honour." This is strong, but not so epigrammatic as the remark of another French writer: "Once they hung thieves on crosses, now they hang crosses on thieves." Prince Napoleon has the full weight of the count's contempt, of whose sister, Princess Mathilde, he was the intimate friend:

"In appearance he is like Napoleon I., without his expression; all that was grand in his uncle's nature is mere astuteness and vulgar instinct in the nephew's. The bitter enemy of Napoleon III., any favour conferred on him he attributes to the fear he inspires. If he were brave, one might pray that a bullet might carry him off, but there is no such hope."

According to the count, Prince Napoleon replied to La Guéronnière:

"The advantage of my position consists in my bad reputation. It would be almost a misfortune for the heir to the throne not to have a bad reputation. . . . The least act of virtue is consequently appreciated at a hundred times its real value."

When our queen visited Paris, this prince received the Order of the Bath.

"Censorious wits," says the count, "assert that this will not make him clean, and that the Queen would have done better had she simply send him a good-sized cake of Windsor soap."

The character of the Empress Eugénie is unblemished in these scandalous chronicles by anything except the accusation of political and pecuniary imprudence:

"The empress only thinks of herself and of getting what diamonds, jewels, and money she can out of the emperor. . . . The empress has 100,000 francs a month, and is found in everything. . . . She compromises the imperial policy with regard to Poland. . . . She wishes to support the insurrectionary movement in that country at whatever cost."

The emperor said to her one day, when they were not alone: "Really, Eugénie, you seem to forget that you are French and that you are married to a Bonaparte." She prayed for the pardon of Orsini because "he is such an excellent patriot"; and Gen. Espinasse said roughly to her Majesty: "Why do you meddle in this matter? If you are so unfortunate as to obtain Orsini's pardon you will not be able to show yourself in the streets of Paris without being hissed." As to Poland, the empress seems to have been moved by her religion; and as to Orsini, by dislike for Austria.

The count is a good hater of England. At the time of the Orsini attempt he thought "the policy of England infamous." He rejoiced to hear from London that "An association of working-men called the 'Trades Union' are raising the flag of Socialism, and presuming to dictate terms even to the manufacturers themselves." He inclined to think the fogs of Paris "another of the results of free trade." That the Queen of England should "bring a fleet to Cherbourg at the time our squadron is there, and not stay and assist at the fêtes," he thought "the very alpha and omega of impertinence." The count was a pamphleteer, and one of his productions bore the title, "English Sentiments of Justice and Humanity with regard to the Question of India." He seems to have felt pleased when the *Times* attributed it to "Canrobert or a Russian agent."

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Industrial Peace. By L. L. F. R. Price, with a Preface by Prof. Alfred Marshall. (Macmillan.)

THEORY and fact are seldom so happily united as in this work. Prof. Marshall, in an important preface, explains the rationale of arbitration and conciliation between employers and workmen. A theoretical exposition of this subject was much needed. It lies beyond the scope of the text-books, which for the most part assume a law of supply and demand based upon competition. As

long as we suppose the force of competition to have free play, it is comparatively easy to work out an exact theory, "like the exercises of a chess player," to use Prof. Marshall's happy metaphor, "delighting in brilliant combinations, and without a sigh for the knights or the pawns who may be sacrificed on the way." But when we are not entitled to assume that each individual is independently trying to make the best bargain for himself—when combinations act in concert—the exact character of economic science becomes blurred and obliterated by the action of political and ethical elements. What is now required is the sort of considerations which regulate a commercial treaty between two communities, rather than the laws appropriate to a perfect market.

Upon this obscure topic Prof. Marshall throws a ray of light. He does not, like so many of his predecessors, shrink from analysing the popular notion of "a fair rate of wages." He abandons, indeed, or defers to a distant future, the application of an abstract ideal justice. "An absolutely fair rate of wages belongs to Utopia." The working principle seems rather to be a justice based upon custom.

"The starting-point in our search for the rate of payment for any task, in the limited sense of 'fair,' with which alone we are here concerned, may be found in the average rate that has been paid for it during living memory; or during a shorter period, if the trade has changed its form within recent years. But this average rate is often very difficult to determine; and, therefore, for practical purposes it is generally best to take in lieu of it the rate actually paid in some year when, according to general agreement, the trade was in a normal condition."

The difficulty of ascertaining the normal year is aggravated by additional complexities. It appears that the notion of fairness, as above described, is not the only regulative idea which is present to the mind of the contracting parties. While making peace they may have an eye to the possibilities of war. The terms of the pact are often adjusted with reference to "the general tendency of economic forces," if not, indeed, to "the extent of the preparations for war on either side."

The theory of Prof. Marshall is consistent with the exemplifications contributed by Mr. Price. The book, like the preface, is free from the affectation of an abstract simplicity unsuited to the subject. Mr. Price does not fall into the error which has been called—by Jevons, if we remember rightly—the fallacy of a single principle. He is aware that there cannot be "any single panacea for social ills." He expects to see "the old relation of wage-payer and wage-receiver continuing side by side with the new developments" of co-operation and industrial partnership. He does not attempt to confine within strict classifications the endless variety of affairs and institutions. At the same time, by a judicious arrangement, he enables us to grasp the immense mass of heterogeneous details which he embraces. He illustrates by numerous examples both the possibility and the difficulty of determining a normal rate of wages.

"If wages are to be regulated by selling prices, there must be some agreement with regard to the time when the two are to be considered as

standing in a normal relation towards one another.

"But this agreement upon a fair and normal relation is by no means easy of attainment; and the history of arbitration in the iron trade of the North abundantly illustrates this."

In fact, a "fair rate of wages" would seem to be, like Aristotle's standard man, serviceable when found. The parallel is not altogether discouraging. Just as, in spite of philosophical disputes, common sense is agreed upon the general maxims of morality, so in the special department of justice with which we are here concerned, the examples adduced by our author show that a definite solution, though by no means easy, is yet not so hopeless as it may appear from a speculative point of view. Good sense exercised on the merits of each particular case, under the control of good temper, appears to be of more avail than abstract theory. For detailed illustrations we refer the reader to Mr. Price's exhaustive work. We must content ourselves here with the summary encomium, that the book is worthy of the preface. Or, if a standard of excellence *in pari materia* should be applied, we venture to pronounce that Mr. Price's work is not unbecoming a place beside the celebrated studies upon *Sliding-scales* which have been executed by Prof. Munro.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

THREE TOURISTS IN THE WEST.

A Year in the Great Republic. By E. C. Bates. (Ward & Downey.)

A Lady's Ranch Life in Montana. By I. R. (W. H. Allen.)

The Making of the Great West, 1512-1883. By S. A. Drake. (Fisher Unwin.)

OF these three books, two are the record of the writers' personal impressions of America. The third rehearses seventy years of "old deeds in countries new," and, on the whole, is the more useful of the three.

What a lady thinks of certain people, or of certain cities, is to a large extent dependent for its weight on the opinion which the reader may entertain regarding the value of her verdict; hence, the uncertain price at which Miss Bates's views will be appraised. The latest American tourist undeniably writes with ease, and often with force. But she has not much to tell that was worth telling, and nothing whatever, except experiences and impressions of a merely personal character, which has not been told many times before. She visited Canada, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, crossed "the Plains" to California, went North to Vancouver Island, "did" the Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, and Chicago; and she seems to have religiously seen everything that everybody else sees, from the Yosemite Valley to the pig-slaughtering place on the shores of Lake Michigan. Such a journey, if made twenty or thirty years ago, would have meant fame. Performed in these prosaic days of railways and great hotels, it becomes singularly commonplace. In any case, the tale of her holiday could have been told in less space than two volumes. Much of it is padding—interviews with more or less eminent people, and descriptions of Boston preachers—while

nearly a hundred pages are devoted to a most unimproving account of spiritualism in America, though, in truth, it might just as well been an account of that folly in London, or in Sydney. As a rule, however, Miss Bates writes to the purpose, and with feminine good taste. She has the redeeming merit of being rarely dull; and if she steels her heart so far to apply the pruning-knife freely to her next edition—padding, passage over, fellow-passengers, preachers, spiritualists, guide-book, and even to the cackle of Boston *literati*—we could safely recommend it as a readable narrative of the commonplaces of travel along the beaten tracks of the New World. Only she would in future show wisdom in being very chary of statements which are evidently of second-hand origin. The steamboat or hotel acquaintance is seldom a safe informant, if the kind of social gossip he imparts is on a par with that in the first ten lines of the fourth paragraph of vol. ii., p. 149. These cannot be pleasant reading to the family of the most famous governor who ever ruled British Columbia, or to those who, like the reviewer, can look back on the friendships of half a lifetime. This statement regarding a much-esteemed lady is, as Miss Bates puts it, absolutely erroneous. Indeed, the entire paragraph is so out of place that, if she desires to keep in the good graces of old North-Westerns, she will delete it, and a few more of an equally "man-in-the-street" appearance.

Mrs. "I. R." is a much less pretentious writer. Her little book consists of letters from an English horse-ranch in Montana, which, though not containing anything of either political or geographical moment, may be commended for their unaffectedness and the freshness that first impressions generally impart. At the same time, it is one of those volumes which are more interesting to the home circle than to the wider world, who have not the pleasure of the young bride's acquaintance. An index or a table of contents would have improved the volume, as the former would have made Miss Bates's memoranda more accessible than they are.

Mr. Drake's prettily illustrated contribution to the current literature of American travel is of an entirely different character. It is a narrative of adventures, though the adventures are not those of the author, but of the men who explored and opened up the great West, from De Soto to Brigham Young. The Spanish, French, and English civilisations are traced, the birth of "the American idea" described, and the gold discoveries in California and what they led to limned in language as clear as might be expected from a writer so practised as Mr. Drake. The cuts are numerous and appropriate; and, though not always new, are not likely to be very familiar to the readers of this volume. No more welcome present could be offered to an intelligent boy; indeed, there are not many parents whose knowledge of American history is so thorough that they will find this story of the Western pioneers a twice-told tale.

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

A Devout Lover. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. In 3 vols. (White.)

Harmonia. By the author of "Estelle Russell." In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Seth's Brother's Wife. By Harold Frederic. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Plan of Campaign. By F. Mabel Robinson. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Yoke of the Thorah. By Sydney Luska. (Cassell.)

Propsy. By J. B. Douglas. (London Literary Society.)

Daddy's Boy. By L. T. Meade. (Hatchards.)

Briar and Palm. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant.)

Most readers will think that the susceptibility of Mrs. Lovett Cameron's hero-lover is quite as remarkable as his devotion, and it is certainly more entertaining—that is, at the outset, for as the story goes on it becomes a little tiresome. While prowling aimlessly about the lanes on Sunday morning, instead of going to church to set a good example to his father's parishioners, Geoffrey Dane meets a young lady curiously attired in a poke-bonnet and a long black cloak, who has, however, a pale, oval face, curved red lips, eyes of divine and heavenly blue, and a figure "whose absolute perfection of outline a Juno might well have regarded with envy and despair." We are, of course, prepared to learn that Geoffrey falls in love at first sight with the paragon in the poke-bonnet; but the rapidity with which he betrays his passion is somewhat startling, and the promptitude of the lady's response still more so. Madame de Bréfour is living in seclusion with her father-in-law at the Hidden House, for she has a husband who is an imbecile, and who ought to be a convict, and she professes to have retired from the world of men and women to the world of books. Perhaps, like the Lady of Shalott, she has become "half-sick of shadows"—even the shadows of Bacon and Erasmus—so when Geoffrey, at her own request, calls upon her, she first leads him to suppose that she is a widow, then allows him to go down upon his knees and cover her hand with kisses, and finally dismisses him with the tender words "God bless you, Geoffrey." This kind of thing goes on at intervals throughout the story; but as both the young man and the grass-widow are—to use the American humourist's phrase—"virtuous to the verge of eccentricity," there is no nearer approach to anything like impropriety. Unfortunately, as a rule, a record of philandering between a young married woman and a man who is not her husband, is, if not improper, at least dull and unlife-like; and to this rule *A Devout Lover* is not an exception. Geoffrey's secondary love-affair—if such it can be called—with Angel Halliday, whom he marries because Madame de Bréfour requests him to do so, is hardly more natural; indeed, human nature, as most of us know it, is to be found only in comparative unimportant persons like Miles Faulkner and Angel's sister Dulcie, who conduct their affairs, love-making included, after the fashion of ordinary beings. It would be unfair to

leave the impression that *A Devout Lover* is destitute of good things. It has a few well-conceived situations, and some of the conversations are bright and easy; but the mirror it holds up to nature has a good many non-reflective or distorting patches which stand sadly in need of re-silvering.

I hope I shall not raise expectations which will not be fulfilled when I describe *Harmonia* as a sort of rough-hewn American *Cranford*. It is, like *Cranford*, not so much a story with the orthodox hero, heroine, and plot, as a sketch of a little community whose character is simple and well marked and whose manners are more or less primitive. The author of *Estelle Russell* is not a Mrs. Gaskell, for she has not Mrs. Gaskell's inimitable lightness of touch or peculiar grace and humour; but she possesses some of what may be called Mrs. Gaskell's minor qualities—her quick observation, her aptitude for arranging effective groups, and her power of indicating character by a few simple descriptive or dramatic strokes. *Harmonia* is a new "city"—English readers must remember the American significance of the term—in one of the United States lying south of "Dixie's line," and the story deals with the characters and fortunes of some of the earliest citizens who constitute a rather miscellaneous crowd. Harry Tregellas and his young wife, who stand out well in the foreground, are a well-bred and admirable, rather than specially interesting, young couple. But the unscrupulous Major Forepaw, who intends to make his pile out of *Harmonia*; the ignorant, greedy, pig-headed parson, Mr. Bloss, whose aims, though humbler, are not one whit more exalted; the easy-going, somewhat dissolute young Englishman Raine, of whom love makes a man; the Haverstocks and the Ellacombes—all are really entertaining portraits. The chapter devoted to the meeting of the committee for fixing Mr. Bloss's salary, at which Tregellas wins golden opinions by contributing twenty dollars and a "shote"—*Anglice*, a half-grown pig—is specially good; but, indeed, the book is good throughout, though not, perhaps, with that special kind of goodness which attracts the ordinary English novel reader.

Seth's Brother's Wife, like the book just noticed, is an American story; and if Mr. Harold Frederic be a new writer, which, apparently, is the case, he is a writer from whom something good may fairly be expected. His present story is very good indeed—simple but exceedingly workmanlike in construction, and with a really strong capable grasp of character. One cannot but feel that Seth Fairchild proves a fool of the first magnitude when he allows himself to be fascinated by the mean, shallow, heartless woman whom his brother Albert has been unfortunate enough to make his wife; but there is at least a grain of folly in the composition of most of us, and the writer's skill is shown in letting us see how Isabel Fairchild worked upon the weak side of a man who was not by any means altogether weak, but whose weakness, such as it was, she had thoroughly mastered. In the general conception of Isabel there is nothing new—it is as old as the story of Delilah; but the presentation is as fresh as if the author were dealing with a type of character hitherto unutilised in fiction.

There is fine art in the way in which the New England temptress begins her spells by a factitious claim upon Seth's gratitude; and she is so astute and self-possessed throughout that even the reader does not really know her for what she is until the moment when she rapturously greets the lover whom she supposes to have come red-handed from the murder of her husband. It is Isabel Fairchild who really makes the book, and it is, therefore, well named; but the purely bucolic and political chapters are admirable studies, though the latter will have a rather caviare quality for the English reader.

I had hoped against hope that *The Plan of Campaign*, in spite of its title, might not turn out to be a political novel—though readable political novels *have* been written, and will, I suppose, be written again; but, when I discovered that the opening was laid in a Dublin drawing-room, hope died within me, and I resolved to suffer, and be strong. There has been less suffering and less need for endurance than there might have been. The political talk is kept within quite reasonable limits, and the eviction scenes are among the best things in the book. Nor is the story a one-sided polemical affair. Miss Mabel Robinson is as keenly alive to the sorrows of impecunious landlords as to the sorrows of impecunious tenants, and probably sturdy partisans on both sides will think *The Plan of Campaign* terribly wanting in backbone; but sturdy partisans are not the best of literary critics, and ordinary readers will not make this a ground of complaint. A more valid ground of objection to the book is its overflowing sentimentalism. The amorous raptures and despairs of the Nationalist leaders—especially of Talbot, who is in other respects a really heroic figure—are about as undignified as they well could be, and excite not sympathy, but a certain half-contemptuous pity, which we are certain is not the emotion we are intended to feel. For a story of Irish life, *The Plan of Campaign* is almost curiously wanting in humour; but there is a good deal of sombre power in the chapters which follow the account of the murder of Lord Roeglass.

If the second half of *The Yoke of the Thorah* had been equal to the first it would, I think, have been really a remarkable story. As it is, it is disappointing, and even irritating; all the more so, of course, because it promises so much. Still, even the inartistic second part has an interest of its own as a sketch of middle-class Jewish life in New York, evidently written from the inside; and if Mr. Sidney Luska had divided his materials he might have produced two unequivocal successes instead of one comparative failure. For the first part, taken by itself, no reader will have words other than those of enthusiastic praise. The love-story of the young Jewish painter, Elias Bacharach, and the sweet American girl, Christine Redwood, is a beautiful city idyll; and there is true and powerful tragedy, in the legitimate sense of the word, in the chapters which tell how the morbidly sensitive rather than weak nature of Elias came under the yoke, not of the Thorah, which for him had lost its sacredness, but of a stronger, calmer, and more persistent will than his own—a will, too, whose volitions seemed able to command supernatural aid.

The Rabbi Gedaza is one of the most impressive figures in recent fiction; and the pages which follow Elias's confession to his uncle of his approaching marriage to a Gentile woman are rich in a quite remarkable intensity of imaginative realisation. In the scene at the marriage ceremony the interest culminates; and then, unfortunately, the story falls to pieces, and all that follows is weariness and vexation of spirit. It is very sad, but the sadness does not kill hope for the future of the author of certain striking chapters in *The Yoke of the Thorah*.

There is not much to be said about *Propsey*. It is conventional in structure, very amateurish and slightly vulgar in style, and not specially interesting. Work which is purely imitative, and which has no individual character, is only tolerable when good models are chosen; and as the models chosen by Mr. J. B. Douglas are not good, it is difficult to speak of the book even in those terms of faint praise which are equivalent to critical damnation. It can only be said that it is not absolutely unreadable; and to some novels even this faint praise cannot be awarded.

Daddy's Boy is not one of its author's best stories; but its weaknesses, such as they are, will not be felt as weaknesses by the young readers for whom it is evidently intended. The book, in its general conception, will remind adult readers rather too strongly of Miss Florence Montgomery's pretty, though too sad, story *Misunderstood*; but the details are altogether different, and, happily, little Ronald does not die. He is a sweet little hero, who is sure to be a favourite; and we do not care to inquire too curiously whether his portrait is altogether true to child-nature. It is best to accept so pretty an idealisation without asking questions.

In *Carlowrie* Miss Swan achieved a success which she does not seem able to repeat; at any rate, she has not repeated it in *Briar and Palm*, which is a creditable piece of hack-work, but nothing more. The natural features of the coast of South-west Lancashire, where some of the scenes are laid, is well described; but the characters are all conventional, and therefore unimpressive.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Earth and its Story. By Robert Brown. (Cassell.) This fine volume ought to be popular with the large class that loves science made easy and adorned with plenty of illustrations. The work is meant either to serve as a companion to the treatises on ethnology and political geography brought out by the same editor, or to take an independent place as a popular manual of physiography. It is based on Prof. Kirchhoff's *Allgemeine Erdkunde*, of which it was at first intended to publish an English edition; but it was found necessary to make such extensive alterations, especially in the way of abridging local and technical details unsuited to the English taste, that the whole proportions of the work had to be modified. Enough of the original has been retained to afford a full explanation of all that appears in the well-known illustrations, and a great number of new cuts have been added.

Insect Ways on Summer Days. By Jennett Humphreys. (Blackie.) Something after the fashion of that old friend of our youth,

The Butterfly's Ball, Miss Humphreys introduces a variety of common insects to the inquiring looks of the young. The tiger moth, hornet, death-watch, water boatman, and a number of other familiar creatures are described, and their marvellous economy expounded in the simplest of language for the very little ones. These insects generally tell their own stories in an artless and amusing manner, and the author has frequently inserted rhymes on them which candour compels us to state are often sad doggerel. But if they fulfil the purpose for which they may be supposed to have been inserted—that of impressing the names and habits of any of these common objects of daily life in the country upon infantile faculties, no exception can be taken to them, though (as in the lyric of the cantharides), they must provoke a smile:

"Mrs. Lister
Wished to blister
Her poor sister
For a twister," &c., &c.

The account of the insects' habits and metamorphoses is, however, the chief end of the book, and this is carefully and skillfully written. The chapter on the turnip-fly is excellent; only, by way of popularising the subject, it is headed "Black Jack, the Nigger." Similarly that on cockroaches is styled "Mistress Blatta has a Chatta." Passing by these affectations, however, which may lend animation when the stories are read to the young, we must carp at the introduction of the scientific names of the creatures. "Long words," says the author, "but do not be afraid of long words." When the "cuckoo-spit" insect is called *Aphrophora spumaria*, or the "woolly bear" of the nettle beds *Arctia caju*, the tendency of the chapter would, to our minds either repel the young entomologist or send him to sleep. It would have been better to have avoided the minutiae of science in a book professing to give instruction after the fashion of Horace's schoolmaster, who tempted boys to learn with "crustula." Still the book will prove not only instructive but delightful to every child whose mind is beginning to inquire and reflect upon the wonders of nature. It is capitally illustrated and very tastefully bound, and just the book for a sensible Christmas present.

Gossips with Girls and Maidens. By Lady Bellairs. (Blackwood.) Books of advice to the young, whether youths or maidens, are generally useless and foolish, but Lady Bellairs' volume is an agreeable exception to the rule. The "Gossips" are divided into five books, to which eleven short appendices are added. The chief characteristic of the treatise is its sound commonsense, and the practical nature of its contents. Lady Bellairs endeavours to avoid generalities, and give definite and accurate information on all the subjects she treats of. Whether she is speaking of personal habits, household management, women's occupations, savings banks, marriage settlements, cooking or education, her information is equally accurate, systematic and useful, and always brought down to date. She has no sympathy with unwomanly women, but she earnestly protests against the idea that "women meant to do God's work in the world should be kept in perpetual baby-clothes"; adding that "ignorance is not innocence after a certain age, and parents can no more keep their daughters' minds childish than they can their bodies." The passage on the "natural evil results of ill-assorted unions" is a noble and courageous piece of wisdom for which all good citizens will thank Lady Bellairs. The binding, paper, and printing of the book are charming. No woman in any class of life can fail to find the book useful. There ought to be a cheap edition.

Short Biographies for the People. By Various Writers. (Religious Tract Society.) This series of careful and interesting biographies was at first mainly devoted to eminent reformers; but in the volume before us we have sketches of Dr. Chalmers, David Livingstone, Palissy the Potter, Prof. Faraday, and Alderman Kelly. The lives of the brothers de Valdés, by the Rev. J. R. Thomson, and of John A'Lasco, by the Rev. A. H. Drysdale, are the only additions made to the list of biographies of reformers. The former are interesting as throwing light upon the condition of religions thought in Spain, and the latter from his connexion with England. Mr. Thomson calls attention to the circulation in Spain of the works of Erasmus, especially the *Enchiridion* and *Colloquies*; and his remarks on this point will serve to correct Mr. Drysdale's mistakes, who speaks of Erasmus as the "chief apostle of culture" and "not much of a theologian," with "no great depth of spiritual sympathy or insight." But in spite of this unjust estimate of Erasmus, Mr. Drysdale's biography is a valuable contribution to the series, which, so far, successfully maintains its standard of excellence.

A Country Mouse. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is a well-written and amusing story, and Mrs. Martin can draw characters so clearly that she will probably write a much better one. The sisterless but spoilt Lena, and her cousin, the "country mouse," form an excellent contrast. Both seem to be studied from nature, and of the two Lena is the greater success. Wilful, impulsive, vain, and silly as she is, it is yet impossible not to be interested in her, and to believe that there is some good *au fond*, though we get few glimpses of it as long as she is surrounded by the flatterers of her rich father and herself. Luckily for her she has a day of humiliation, and her false friends disappear with her prosperity. There is no home left for her but that of the "country mouse." Then the good comes out, and a spirit of independence is born in her which makes her quite a heroine. Story interesting—characters lifelike—humour and pathos of a genuine kind—moral unimpeachable—clearly a book to recommend. But the end is weak. That turning-up of the scapegrace uncle is a poor device; and, if it was necessary to make everybody happy with a good lump sum at the end, ten thousand pounds was hardly enough for a large family.

The Dragon of the North. By E. J. Oswald. (Seeley.) The conquest of Apulia by the Normans affords an excellent field for romance, especially when the artist knows how to use the gossip of the monkish chroniclers about spectres and Saracen wizards and grisly "dragons of the slime." Our Northern dragon is of a more familiar kind, a war-drake from the Bay, one of the golden-headed galleys which carried brave warriors and bright ladies to Sicily or Micklegarth. The Northmen are of the mild type first introduced by the author of *Sintram*; but there is plenty of adventure in the book, which ends seasonably with the destruction of all the villains and a general triumph of law and order.

Their Pilgrimage. By C. D. Warner. (Sampson Low.) This bustling story of American watering-places, filled from cover to cover with amusing and well-drawn illustrations, ought to be received at once into popular favour. One of the characters thinks it just enchanting to "get a thousand people crowded into one hotel under a glass roof and let them buzz around"; and from this point of view Mr. Warner's story is certainly most successful. A brisk tale, mostly of picnics and seaside adventures, will be a relief to those who have become

somewhat tired of the painstaking, but rather dismal, kind of analytical novel which has found so many admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Little Royal Highness. By Ruth Ogden. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is a very American and a very pleasant story. Regie (H.R.H.) and his bodyguard Nan and Harry are a nice little trio. Then there is a nurse, Sister Julia, who is all that is sweet and lovable, and a shipwreck and a rescue, and a dear old clergyman and an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, and a fine old skipper of the name of Murray, some dogs, and a pony. Moreover, Miss Ogden shows us that our American cousins are one with us in their love for what is childlike and noble, and manly and refined. After all this, we wonder whether Miss Ogden will think us very unkind if we say that the illustrations by W. Rainey are even better than her story.

Captain Fortescue's Handful. By C. Marryat Norris. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) A very nice handful too, but a little hard for a lone widower to manage—Poppy and Flop, Pet and Joy—growing up anyhow without a mother or an aunt, or even a housekeeper to look after them. Healthy and natural, and the delight of their father, but a little wild and untidy, and sadly wanting in respect for their prim uncle from London, who was shocked at finding beds still unmade in the afternoon, and objected to a monkey chained in the dining-room. Naughty but nice children, careless but affectionate father, what would have happened to you all if that aunt had not come from India? Well, goodness only knows! But the aunt did come; and she prevented Pet from breaking her heart over a worthless lover, made Flop read sensible books, weaned Poppy from the stables, and at last conquered even Joy's rather stubborn but noble little heart. Then, as a general steadier all round, the Captain is shot by a smuggler, and when he recovers, his handful is no longer unmanageable. Notwithstanding, however, their great improvement, the language of these four young ladies has, even at the end of the book, a freedom which their uncle would fail to admire, however much it may endear them to the reader. Altogether, it is a very nice book, and nicely illustrated by Miss Edith Scannell.

A Flock of Girls. By Nora Perry. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.) Welcome, sisters from over the sea, Tacy and Jim, Violet and Marigold, Tib and Con, and the rest of you! How is it possible to introduce such a number of young ladies all at once, and how to make distinctions when all are almost equally nice and clever and unaffected? A general recommendation is the only way out of it. And this should be enough, seeing that on either side of the Atlantic a flock of nice girls is always welcome; and on this side you have the advantage that you are just a little strange, go to schools not quite like English schools, spend dollars instead of shillings, and "own up" instead of confessing when you are naughty.

Historic Girls. By E. S. Brooks. (Putnam's.) An excellent book in every way. The story of Woo—a little girl who afterwards became Empress Supreme and Sovereign Divine of China, A.D. 635—will be fresh, we guess, to many grown-up readers. It can hardly fail to interest the young to find that their old friend King Cole was a British king, and that, owing to his fondness for "his pipe and his bowl," he would have come to grief had it not been for the tact of his daughter Helena.

Seeking a City, by Maggie Symington (Cassell), is a very pretty little story of its kind, in

spite of the rather affected title. Nan Styleman, the girl heroine, and her grandfather with the expressive *alias* of "King Pippin," and her "dawg" Sailor, and her tormenter Kemp Wilderspin—not to speak of a good squire and others—are arranged and rearranged into a number of very effective groups. The story is one with a purpose, of course; and its object is to show how goodness, as personified by Nan, and still more by her grandfather, triumphs over not the wickedness, but the mischievousness and the undisciplined nature of Kemp Wilderspin, and how he, by way of thanks, does a good turn for those who have done so much for him. "King Pippin" is as good a character in every sense as has figured in any gift-book of the season.

The Willoughby Captains. By Talbot Baines Reed. (Hodder & Stoughton.) There are symptoms of falling-off in Mr. Reed's new public-school story. It is not a bad book of its kind; but it is rather a poor story for its author, who has, perhaps, exhausted this particular vein, and should try another. One gets a little tired of the virtues of Riddell, the captain of Willoughby school, who is practically deposed for the sake of another boy, but whose good qualities are ultimately recognised and triumphant, and wish he had been willing (or able) to administer a good thrashing to Silk and Gilks, the villains (or villain and dupe) of the story. *The Willoughby Captains* is chiefly valuable for the careful photographs it contains of certain school-scenes and interiors. From one or two of these we gather that there is still a great deal of rough-and-tumble work in public schools—at least in some them.

My Life and Balloon Experiences. By H. Coxwell. (W. H. Allen.) The veteran "air-captain" has wisely determined to deal very shortly with the uneventful portions of his life, and to gratify his readers with a full account of his principal adventures in cloud-land. Mr. Coxwell does not confine himself to his own experiences, but has added an interesting account of the chief ascents of this century, including the celebrated ascent in which Green and Rush attained a height of over five miles. An essay on military ballooning contains some instructive information as to the prospects of an art which is still in its infancy, and as to the proper methods of dealing with balloon-mines and aerial torpedoes. It is satisfactory to learn that the flying dynamiter can be blown out of his car by means of a bullet of "spongy platinum."

Dacie Darlingsea. By Mrs. Dambrell-Davies. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) The author of this pleasantly written book has, like the author of *Childe Harold*, "loved the sea." The story itself is slight, and the various chapters serve as frames for pictures of the sea. The heroine, Dacie Darlingsea, was born—metaphorically speaking—on the shore, and it nearly proved her last resting-place. The book is charmingly illustrated. There is many a pretty view of the beautiful Isle of Wight, and besides of Scotland and even of distant Norway.

Letters to a Daughter and a Little Sermon to School Girls. By Helen Ekin Starrett. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.) Short and practical, these letters seem to include every counsel that it is possible to give to girls beginning to go out into society or to become a help at home. And the advice is backed up with excellent quotations from various authors, the chapter on conversation being especially noteworthy in this respect. Confucius said "It is not easy to find a man who has studied for three years without coming to be good." The "Little Sermon," on the contrary, reminds us that too often our intellectual faculties are highly educated, while our moral feelings are disregarded. We are

reminded, too, that genuine culture is of the heart, not of the mind.

Both Sides, by Jessie W. Smith (Nisbet), is a story of a gentle widow who learns to look at both sides of everything. A good book with an excellent moral.

The Christmas Number of the Monthly Packet, (Smith & Innes), edited by Charlotte M. Yonge, contains a series of tales on the motto "Where the King is, there is the Court." To many, the name of Miss Yonge will be a guarantee that the tales are worth perusal.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week three volumes of collected pieces by the late Edward Thring, of Uppingham: *Addresses*, with a portrait; *Uppingham School Songs and Borth Lyrics*; and *Pems and Translations*. We understand that the contents of these volumes were sent to the printers by Mr. Thring just before his fatal illness. They have been seen through the press by his daughter.

DR. JOSEPH JACKSON HOWARD, of Blackheath, has been appointed, on the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk, herald of arms extraordinary, with the title of Maltravers. Dr. Howard is well known as the editor of *Miscellanea Genealogica*, and as one of the founders of the Harleian Society, for which he has edited several volumes of Visitations. The work on which he is now engaged is a history of the great Catholic families of England.

READERS at the Public Record Office will be glad to learn that Mr. Maxwell Lyte has made an important modification in the rules. Up to now only three documents at a time were allowed to a reader, and he could not write from more than three at a time. In future, when a reader is going through a consecutive series of records he may give notice to the attendant in the room, and he will be supplied with them as rapidly as he requires them. By the old rule, for instance, it took quite a fortnight or three weeks to run through the subsidy notes for a single county; by the new rule this can be accomplished in two or three hours. The old rule, which was not of old date, was practically prohibitory, and the number of readers had fallen off greatly in consequence. Now it is to be hoped that students will be again attracted to the study of our great national records.

DURING the absence in America of Mr. Ernest Rhys, his editorial duties in relation to the "Camelot" series have been entrusted to Mr. W. H. Dircks, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. As the writer of the introduction to the *Walden* of Thoreau, Mr. Dircks has already been connected with the series.

The Fleet: its River, Prison, and Marriages, by John Ashton, with seventy drawings by the author from original pictures, will be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER will shortly issue a new and limited edition of Pinkerton's *Vitae Sanctorum Scotiae*, which, as originally published in 1789, contained Adamnan's life of St. Columba, the lives of St. Ninian, St. Kentigern, and St. Margaret, and Ailred's eulogium of St. David. It is now proposed to add to these the life of St. Serf and the legend of St. Andrew; and the offices of the saints, including the office of St. Macha, with the only known fragments of his life.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT announce for publication during this month *Bandobast and Khabar: Reminiscences of India*, by Col. Cuthbert Larking, with twelve illustrations from original drawings by the author; a new novel, in three volumes, entitled *A Breton Maiden*, by

the author of "Till my Wedding Day"; and also Lodge's *Peerage and Baronetage* for 1888.

A VOLUME of sermons that the Rev. Baldwin Brown was preparing for the press at the time of his death will be issued immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *The Risen Christ*.

The Story of the Cross is the title of a new poem to be issued immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

WE understand that the first edition of the English translation of M. Forneron's *Louis de Keroualle* has been sold out, and that a second edition is already nearly exhausted.

A STAINED glass window in memory of Milton will shortly be placed in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who presented the drinking fountain to Stratford-on-Avon, and the window in honour of Herbert and Cowper to Westminster Abbey. At the request of the rector the following inscription has been written for the Milton window by Mr. Whittier:

"The New World honours him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,

Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure."

The Raleigh window, presented to St. Margaret's by American citizens, has an inscription from the pen of Mr. Lowell; and the Caxton window, presented by the printers of London, an inscription by Lord Tennyson. Caxton and Raleigh lie buried in the church, and also the wife and infant child of Milton, whose banns are recorded in the marriage register.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE next number of the *Westminster Review* will contain a reply by Mr. Gladstone to Dr. Ingram concerning the question how the union of Ireland with Great Britain was effected.

MR. RUSKIN will contribute to the January number of the *Magazine of Art* an article entitled "The Black Arts," which will be illustrated with reproductions of three of his own original drawings—"Lucca," from a tinted pencil drawing; "Mont Blanc de St. Gervais," from a watercolour drawing in 1832; and "The Cathedral Spire, Rouen," from a pencil drawing, 1835. The frontispiece to the number will be an etching of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Mariamne."

WITH the new year, *Time* will take a new departure, under the editorship of Mr. Walter Sichel. The previous character of the magazine will be maintained, but numerous new features are to be added. Among them is a series of articles contributed by specialists, and entitled "Work and Workers," which will deal both critically and practically with several of the more important branches of English labour. The January issue will contain a paper on the "Moral Aspect of the Economical Problem," by Prof. Edward Caird, of Glasgow.

WITH the new year *Little Folks* magazine will be permanently enlarged, and will be published with uncut edges. To the January number Mr. Walter Crane will contribute a series of humorous drawings under the title of "Lancelot's Levities," and Mrs. Molesworth a complete story entitled "His Right of Way." The editor has also arranged with L. T. Meade, Talbot Baines Reed, Edward S. Ellis, to furnish stories; while the artists who will supply the illustrations include Dorothy Tennant, Gordon Browne, W. S. Stacey, Walter Paget, J. Finnimore, Jane M. Dealy, M. E. Edwards, J. W. Clark, and Paul Hardy. Two serial stories will be commenced in the January issue.

The *Century* for January will contain "John Ruskin," with portrait, by W. J. Stillman; "The Catacombs of Rome," by Prof. Philip Schaff; "Meisterschaft," a play in three acts, by Mark Twain; and "Russian Provincial Prisons," by George Kennan.

The *St. Nicholas* for January will contain "The Brown Dwarf of Rugen," by Whittier; "Sara Crewe," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "London Christmas Pantomimes," by E. R. Pennell; "The Clocks of Rondaine," by Frank Stockton; and "The Amusements of Arab Children," by Henry W. Jessup.

In issuing a prospectus of the *Homilist* for the coming year, Messrs. Houlston and Sons announce that, in addition to containing some new and distinctive features, this old-established magazine will be considerably enlarged.

"FAIR FACES; or, Types of Female Beauty," is the title of a special series of full-page engravings—from drawings by Miss Margaret Thomas—to be commenced in the January number of Mr. Heath's *Illustrations*.

A NEW series, under the title of *Bow Bells Weekly*, will commence with the opening year. To the first number Mr. Wilkie Collins contributes a tale, entitled "The First Officer's Confession." The romantic school is represented by "Psyche: a Lakeland Mystery," from the pen of Miss Florence Warden. Several new features—Notes and Queries, Graphology, and Household Hints—will also be introduced.

Notes and Gleanings, a monthly magazine devoted to all matters connected with the counties of Devon and Cornwall ("a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"), is the title of a new antiquarian venture announced for publication in January, by Messrs. William Pollard & Co., of Exeter.

MESSRS. HOULSTON & SONS publish this month the first number of a new monthly, entitled the *Scots' Magazine*. It takes the place of the *Scottish Church*, and will be under the same editorship and maintain the same principles as that review.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAETHGEN, E. De vi ac significatione galli in religiosis et artibus Græcorum et Romanorum. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M.
- BORDREUX, R. Traité de la réparation des églises: principes d'archéologie pratique. Paris: Baudry. 7 fr. 50 c.
- BRISFINGERL zwischen Wagner u. Liszt. Leipzig: Breitkopf. 12 M.
- CAPITAIN, E., u. Ph. v. HERTELING. Die Kriegswaffen. 1. Bd. Rathenow: Sabenzien. 18 M.
- DAUDERT, A. Trente Ans de Paris. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.
- DOMNADIEU, F. Les précurseurs des Félibres 1800—1855. Paris: Quantin. 40 fr.
- GUIBAUD, P. Les assemblées provinciales dans l'empire romain. Paris: Colin. 7 fr. 50 c.
- KRAUS, F. X. Die Kunstdenkmäler d. Grossherzogthums Baden. 1. Bd. Die Kunstdenkmäler d. Kreises Konstanz. Freiburg-L. B.: Mohr. 18 M.
- OVERBECK, J. Atlas der griechischen Kunstmythologie. 5. Lfg. Apollon. Leipzig: Engelmann. 80 M.
- TURQUAN, J. Les héros de la défaite: récits de la guerre de 1870—1871. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY.

- GREGOROVIVUS, F. Kleine Schriften zur Geschichte u. Kultur. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M. 50 Pf.
- INSTITUTIONUM græca paraphrasis Theophilus Antecessori vulgo tributa. Pars 2. Fasc. 2. Berlin: Calvary. 3 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ERSTEIN, Th. Geonomie (mathematische Geographie), gestützt auf Beobachtung u. elementare Berechnung. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 15 M.
- GLOGAU, G. Abriss der philosophischen Grundwissenschaften. 2. Bd. Das Wesen u. die Grundformen d. bewussten Geistes (Erkenntnistheorie u. Ideenlehre). Breslau: Koebner. 11 M.
- SCHMIDT, A. Geologie d. Münsterthals im badischen Schwarzwald. 2. Thl. Die Porphyre. Heidelberg: Winter. 5 M. 20 Pf.

SELENKA, E. Studien üb. die Entwicklungsgeschichte der Thiere. 4. Hft. 2. Hälfte. Das Opussum (Didelphys virginiana). Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 16 M.

TROCKENTSCHEW, Th. Die Fauna d. mittleren u. oberen Devon am West-Abhänge d. Urals. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- HARLEZ, Ch. de. La religion nationale des Tartares orientaux Mandchoux et Mongols, comparée à la religion des anciens Chinois, d'après les textes indigènes, avec le Rituel tartare de l'empereur K'ien-Long, traduit pour la première fois. Bruxelles. 6 fr.
- HIRSCHFELD, H. Das Buch Al-Chazari d. Abd-Hasan Jehuda Hallewi im arabischen Urtext sowie in der hebräischen Uebersetzung d. Jehuda ibn Tibbon. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Schulze. 10 M.
- LEVY, E. Poésies religieuses provençales et françaises du manuscrit extravag. 288 de Wolfenbüttel. Paris: Maisonneuve. 6 fr.
- MITTHEILUNGEN aus der Sammlung der Papyrus Erzherzog Rainer. 2. u. 3. Bd. Wien: Hof- u. Staatsdrucker. 20 M.
- MÜLLER, C. H. De similitudinibus imaginibusque apud veteres poetas elegiacos. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- SCHROEDER, F. Theucydidis historiarum memoria quae prostat apud Aristidem, Aristidis schollastas, Hermogenem, Hermogenis schollastas, Aristophanis schollastas. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 40 Pf.
- STRUBVER, C. Die mittlenglische Uebersetzung d. Palladius ihr Verhältnis zur Quelle u. ihre Sprache. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILOLOGY VERSUS LITERATURE.

London: Dec. 12, 1887.

I should like, with your permission, to make a few remarks on a pamphlet recently published by Messrs. Parker, entitled *The Study of Modern European Languages and Literature in the University of Oxford*, by Prof. Henry Nettleship. Prof. Nettleship is the champion and protagonist of that party in the university who are bent on subordinating the interests of literary culture to the interests of philological study—who, having themselves no connexion either as teachers or writers with literature in the proper acceptation of the term, but being professedly philologists, entertain not unnaturally the most exalted conceptions of the scope and functions of philology, both generally as an instrument of education, and particularly as a method of exegesis, and who maintain that the only sound interpretation of literature, the only interpretation worthy of academic recognition must be philological. Of this party Prof. Nettleship's pamphlet may be regarded as the manifesto; and as it is not adorned with any of the Gothic graces of Prof. Freeman's style, or enfeebled with repetitions of the mild ineptitudes of Prof. Earle, it will probably be not without influence in a controversy which the vote of congregation last November has no doubt rather suspended than settled. It is for this reason that I am asking your permission to make some reply to Prof. Nettleship's strictures on certain remarks of mine in the *Quarterly Review*. His attempt to brand my proposal to associate the study of ancient and modern literature as a proposal to "legalise superficiality," to "establish and endow the worship of the god of shoddy," and his obscure facetiousness about Plutarch's parallel lives, I can only regret, for his own sake. Nor shall I stop to expose his perversion and travesty of the *Quarterly* scheme for a school of literature; but I shall merely remark that there can be no more certain indication of the weakness of a cause than when it is necessary to mutilate and misstate the case of an opponent before it can be confuted.

But my gratitude to Prof. Nettleship for giving me an opportunity of enforcing and illustrating what I said of philologists in their relation to literary and aesthetic criticism far outweighs any little irritation which a sense of being misrepresented may

have caused me. The remarks to which Prof. Nettleship directs attention are these:

"Philological study contributes nothing to the cultivation of the taste. It as certainly contributes nothing to the education of the emotions. The mind it neither enlarges nor refines. On the contrary, it too often induces or confirms that peculiar woodenness and opacity, that singular coarseness of feeling and purblindness of moral and intellectual vision which in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists, and of which we have an appalling illustration in such a work as Bentley's 'Milton' (*Quarterly Review*, January 1887).

"When one reads," says Prof. Nettleship, "that a coarseness of feeling and a purblindness of moral and intellectual vision has in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists, one wonders what is meant." I have little doubt that Prof. Nettleship will, after the illustrations which I am about to give, still continue to wonder at what is meant; but I am not without hope that less confirmed philologists will find in them a proof of the justice of the remarks which have so much perturbed the professor.

In January 1732 the greatest philologist which this, or perhaps any other, country has produced gave to the world his edition of *Paradise Lost*. Dipping into it at random, I extract the following emendations and notes:

MILTON.

"No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe."
(I. 63, 2.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"'Darkness visible' and 'darkness palpable' are in due place very good expressions; but the next line makes visible here a flat contradiction. 'Darkness visible' will not serve to discover sights of woe through it, but to cover and hide them. Nothing is visible to the eye, but so far as it is opaque, and not seen through. To come up to the author's idea we may say thus—

"'No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.'"

MILTON.

"Nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown:
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, Prophets old."
(III. 32-6.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Here we have got the editor's flat again, for the mark of it is easily discovered. What more ridiculous than to say *these other two*, and afterwards to name *four*? But let's see what wise choice he has made of them. Thamyris, a barbarian Thracian, who, out of lust, not superior skill in music, challenged the Muses. . . . a fine person to rival in renown! And what occasion to think *at times* of Tiresias or Phineus, old *Prophets*. Did our poet pretend to prophecy? He might equally think of any other blind men. Add the bad accent *and* Tiresias. To retrieve this passage it may be thus changed:

"Nor at times forget
The Grecian bard, equall'd with me in fate;
O were with him I equall'd in renown."

"The particle *So* is not English."

MILTON.

"Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn."
(III., 40-2.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"There must be some mistake here. *Thus seasons return*? Not a word has been said of it before to give countenance to Thus. From the mention of the Nightingale, it seems requisite to alter it thus:

"Tunes her nocturnal note, when, with the year,
Mild Spring returns."

"Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,' can hardly be right; the poor man, in so many years' blindness, had too much of evening."

MILTON.

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
Touch'd lightly." (IV. 810.)

Bentley, here observing that the presence of a toad, into which Satan had transformed himself, in Adam's bower, must have puzzled Ithuriel, suggest that a line should be inserted:

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
Knowing no real toad durst there intrude,
Touch'd lightly."

MILTON.

"Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heaven." (VI. 867-8.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"'Twas not the noise of the fall, but the clamour
of those that were falling. And "insufferable" fills
the verse rather than it does the sense. Rather,
thus,

"Hell heard the hideous cries and yells. Hell saw
Heav'n tumbling down from Heaven."

MILTON.

"Four speedy Cherubim." (II. 516.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Not much need of swiftness to be a good
trumpeter. For "speedy," I suspect the poet gave
"Four sturdy Cherubim."

Stout, robust, able to blow a strong blast."

MILTON.

"Our torments also, may, in length of time,
Become our elements." (II., 274, 5.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"This argument Mammon steals from Belial's
speech. To keep just decorum he should ascribe
it to its true author, and say it thus:

"Then, as 'twas well observ'd, our torments may
Become our elements."

MILTON.

"As from the Centre thrice to the utmost pole."

BENTLEY.

"From the Centre to the utmost pole" is vicious.
The distance is much too little, and might have
been doubled thrice with ease; but I would express
it thus, without any comparison:

"Distance, which to express all measure, falls."

Bentley's note on the last verses of the poem
beggars parody. I have not space to give the
note in full, so I must content myself with the
last part:

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Why 'wandering'? Erratic steps? Very im-
proper, when in the line before they were guided by
Providence. And why slow, when even Eve pro-
fessed her readiness and alacrity for the journey?
(614.)

"But now lead on,
In me is no delay."

"And, why their solitary way, when even their
former walks in Paradise were as solitary as their
way now, there being nobody besides these two,
both here and there? Shall I, therefore, after so
many prior presumptions, presume at last to offer
a distich—

"Then, hand in hand, with social steps their
way
Through Eden took with heavenly comfort
cheer'd."

In all this Prof. Nettleship evidently sees
nothing ridiculous. Bentley's notes and emenda-
tions are reprehensible in his eyes, not because
of their portentous stupidity, but simply
because a settled text made them superfluous.

"Bentley's Milton was no doubt," he observes,
"a great blunder, but why? Because Bentley
made the mistake of treating a modern writer,
whose text was well ascertained, in the same way
as some ancient authors, whose texts are corrupt."
Is there not something—I say it with all
respect—something of the "opacity" and

"purblindness" of which I spoke discernible
in Bentley's apologist? I have not the presump-
tion to enter the lists against the professor
on points of Latin scholarship; but, as he has
chosen to take his stand on Bentley, I will
boldly assert that two-thirds of Bentley's
Horatian emendations are as contemptible,
tasteless, and impertinent, as his emendations
of Milton. Take a very few out of very
many. In *Od. I. vi. 18*, by altering "*sectis*
in juvenes unguibus" into *strictis*, he robs
the poet of his most delicious touch of
playful humour.* By substituting in *Od. I. iv. 8*,
the variant of the Paris MS. "visit" for
the authentic reading "urit," a splendidly
graphic picture is obliterated and mere inanity
takes its place. In *Od. I. xxiii. 5-6*, the
words—

"Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis."

A touch of magically poetic beauty is trans-
formed into flat, bald prose by the altera-
tion of "veris" into "vepris" and "adven-
tus" into "ad ventum." In *Od. I. iii. 22*,
by altering "dissociabili" into "dis-
sociabilis (es)," thus separating it from *Oceano*,
and associating it with *terras*, an exquisitely
felicitous epithet is deprived of all its propriety.
Take, again, *Od. III. x. 7*:

"positas ut glaciis nives
Puro numius Jupiter."

One would have thought that the densest of
critical perception would have appreciated the
clairvoyant force of that epithet; but, alas!

"Turn what they will to verse their care is vain,
Critics like these will make it prose again."

And "puro" becomes in the text of Bentley
"duro" (!). So, again, *Od. III. xxv. 8-9*:

"in jugis
Exsomnis stupet Eulias."

Here the vivid and picturesque epithet
"exsomnis" is altered into "Edonis"; for,
as the "awful Aristarch" sagely observes:
"tantum abest ut exsomnes manserint Bacchae
ut prae nimia lassitudine frequenter somnus
iis obreperit." And this statement he proceeds
to gravely prove by references to Propertius,
Statius, Sidonius, and to the fact that Euripides
(*Bacchae*, 682) distinctly describes them as taking
a nap. Nor is Bentley's immense stupidity less
apparent in dealing with the "sermo pedestris"
of the Satires and Epistles, witness his altera-
tion of "male tornatos versus" (*Ars Poetica*,
441) into "ter natos"; his ludicrous presump-
tion in almost re-writing verse 60 in the same
poem; &c., &c.

Pope said no more than literal truth when
he said of Bentley that he

"Made Horace dull and humb'd Milton's
strains."

He was, with all his prodigious erudition,
a tasteless, unilluminated pedant; and I can only
express my surprise that even Prof. Nettleship
should mention Porson in the same breath with
him.

"But," writes the professor, "with what
admiration have I heard Matthew Arnold
speak of Bentley!" Jeffrey, as we all know,
was in a moment of irritation capable of speak-
ing disrespectfully of the North Pole. It is
quite possible that Mr. Matthew Arnold, when
he is pleasant, is capable of speaking respect-
fully of Bentley as a literary critic. I have
not the privilege of knowing Mr. Matthew
Arnold; but, as I am familiar with his writings,
I confess I should feel a little embarrassed if in
conversation he began to expatiate to me on the
beauties of Bentley's conjectural emendations.
My thoughts would turn unasily to the
dialogue in which Socrates asked Ion how it

* I am perfectly aware of Ritter's interpretation
of "sectis."

was that he was not in command of the Athenian
forces. In any case, I am quite willing to accept
Mr. Matthew Arnold as a *κρίσις κριτής*; and if
Prof. Nettleship will show that Mr. Matthew
Arnold seriously approves of Bentley's contri-
butions to literary and aesthetic criticism—
τότε μοι χάραι εὐπεία χέρον, and if I emerge
may I emerge to sit humbled and repentant
at the feet of Prof. Nettleship.

One word more and I have done. Prof.
Nettleship mourns over the degeneracy of the
Quarterly Review.

"The *Quarterly*," he says, "has in times past
done good service to philology. It has published
articles—unique, I believe, in the English litera-
ture of the last thirty years—on the Scaligers,
Casaubon, the Stephenses and Huet. But it has
now changed all that. It treats philology with a
contempt," &c.

Now the author of those articles was Mark
Pattison, whose views on the relation of phil-
ology to literature were, it is notorious, pre-
cisely similar to those which I expressed in the
columns of the same periodical, and still more
recently in the *Nineteenth Century*. I speak
advisedly. I speak confidently. I have not ex-
pressed one opinion on this subject for which I
have not his authority. I am not speaking
of details. I am speaking of the general
question. He always said that the worship of
the letter and the neglect of the spirit was the
curse of the classical system at Oxford—that
philology was killing literary culture and eating
out the life of classical literature; and that, as
long as a premium remained placed on pedantry,
so long would the universities retard, instead
of furthering, national education. It was not
with the object of glorifying philology, as Prof.
Nettleship absurdly supposes, that Pattison
wrote the articles on Scaliger, Casaubon, and
the Stephenses. It was to hold up to a society
of listless and frivolous triflers—a society for
which he never disguised his contempt—the
picture of the true scholar, of the *laboriosus et
diuturnus sapientiae miles*. It was to glorify
the sublime self-sacrifice and heroic enthusiasm
of men who, finding that a humble and dreary
task had been imposed on them—that the ancient
texts had to be settled, the force and sig-
nificance of words ascertained, allusions eluci-
dated, and the like, before the modern world
could have the key to the poetry, the philo-
sophy, the oratory of antiquity—cheerfully
dedicated their lives to obscure and unremune-
rative drudgery. The task of the modern
scholar—and no man knew this better than
Pattison—is widely different. It is for us to enjoy
and utilise the treasures which the noble labours
of Scaliger or Casaubon unlocked. And if the
scholar of the nineteenth century performed
his task as faithfully and effectually as the
scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth cen-
tury performed theirs, we should not, perhaps,
be hearing that "the classics are a lost cause,"
and witnessing their gradual elimination from
the curricula of modern education.

I should like to have said a word or two in
answer to Prof. Nettleship's attack on the
University Extension Lectures; but I must
content myself with referring him to Mr. John
Morley's speech at the Mansion House, and
to Mr. Goschen's recent appeal to the University
—and he will, perhaps, forgive me for reminding
him also of the story of Mrs. Partington.

J. C. COLLINS.

TENNYSON'S INSPIRATION FROM THE PYRENEES—
Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Dec. 3, 1887.

In the ACADEMY of June 14, 1884, there
appeared a letter from me bearing the above
heading. In it I quoted passages in some
letters which Clough wrote from the Pyrenees
while Mr. Alfred Tennyson also was in that

region, and which (under the erroneous heading, "London") are in Clough's *Poems and Prose Remains* (1869), vol. i., pp. 264-269. Here are the passages:

"Luz, St. Sauveur, September 1 [1861]. . . Tennyson was here, with Arthur Hallam, thirty-one years ago, and really finds great pleasure in the place; they stayed here and at Caunterets. *Omons*, he said, was written on the inspiration of the Pyrenees, which stood for Ida."

"Caunterets, September 7. . . I have been out for a walk with A. T. to a sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it, of which he retained a recollection from his visit of thirty-one years ago, and which, moreover, furnished a simile to *The Princess*. He is very fond of this place evidently, and it is more in the mountains than any other, and so far superior."

After quoting these passages, I went on thus:

"The simile referred to is, no doubt, that in the following lines:

'not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and, standing like a stately pine,
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left,
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dashed to the vale.'

Last May 11 I found out the "sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it." It is just above, and close to, the bridge called Pont d'Espagne. Readers of Tennyson will remember his lines headed "In the Valley of Caunteretz."
J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL.

JOHNSON'S SPELLING OF "COCO-NUT."

Oxford: Dec. 11, 1887.

Prof. Bayley Balfour is in error if he says that while "Johnson confounded the two words [coco and cocoa] in his Dictionary under the spelling 'cocoa,' he afterwards rejected his own lexicographical authority and correctly used 'coco,' plural 'cocoas,' in his *Life of Drake*."

The dictionary was not published till 1755, while the *Life of Drake* appeared in the columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1740-1. It is true that there (vol. x., p. 510) he uses "cocoas" as the plural. The same spelling is retained in a reprint of the *Life* in Davies's *Miscellaneous Pieces*, published in 1773, but this collection was published without Johnson's knowledge.
G. BIRKBECK HILL.

"STEERMAN."

London: Dec. 10, 1887.

Has not this word a claim to a place in our language? In Hearne's edition of Hening's *Cartulary of Worcester* (i. 81) we read of "Edricus qui fuit tempore regis Edwardi *stermannus* navis episcopi et ductor exercitus ejusdem episcopi." In the next century we read in the Pipe-Roll of 2 Richard I. of the *sturmanni* who were engaged for Richard's crusading fleet. These latter must equate the "rectores navium" of Richard of Devizes ("Ascribitur navis regimini rector unus doctissimus"), and in each case the word must represent a Latinisation of the English "steerman."
J. H. ROUND.

"RASENNA" AND "TURSĒNOI."

Queen's College, Cork: Dec. 14, 1887.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt! I hasten to make restitution to a great scholar now, alas, no more! The first (as yet the only) volume of the new edition of *Dionysius*, by Jacoby, has reached me since I wrote my letter. In the apparatus criticus, on the word *Ῥασέννα*, he has the

note "*Ῥασέννα* vel *Ῥασέννα*, Lepsius, p. 24," by which from a preceding note he means Lepsius *de Pelasgis*. I have not as yet been able to procure this work, but it is evident that Lepsius had already forestalled my suggestion.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

[Mr. Robert Brown, jun., writes from Barton-on-Humber that Canon Isaac Taylor (*Etruscan Researches*, p. 338) had anticipated Prof. Ridgeway's remarks concerning the Rasenna. Another correspondent also calls attention to the fact that J. W. Donaldson at one time suggested that "Rasena" was a doubtful reading, probably representing a form, "Ta-rasena," equivalent to *Ῥασέννα*.]

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 19, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Future University of London," II., by Prof. Henry Morley.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," IV., by Mr. H. E. Statham.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Philosophy during the Period of the Renaissance," by Miss O. E. Plumptre.
TUESDAY, Dec. 20, 7.45 p.m. Statistical.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion: "Electrical Tramways: the Beesbrook and Newry Tramway" by Dr. E. Hopkinson.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Hooker's Sealion," by Mr. F. E. Bedford; "A New Genus of Lizards of the Family Teiidae," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Revision of the Japanese Species of *Endomychidae*," by the Rev. H. S. Gorham.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Correlation of some of the Eocene Strata in the Tertiary Basins of England, Belgium, and the North of France," by Prof. Prestwich; "The Cambrian and Associated Rocks in North west Caernarvonshire," by Prof. Blake; "The Law that governs the Action of Flowing Streams," by Mr. R. D. Oldham.
THURSDAY, Dec. 22, 8 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: Annual General Meeting.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Materials of Music—III. Contrivances," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.
FRIDAY, Dec. 23, 8 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: "Bubastis and the City of Onias," by M. E. Naville.

SCIENCE.

The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

(Second Notice.)

CONSIDERING that Darwin himself tells us that all his real pleasure was in observing, and that writing was always an effort, his literary industry was remarkable. When we glance over the eight pages of titles of independent works or minor papers at the close of the third volume, or at the row of closely printed volumes on the naturalist's bookshelf, it is difficult to realise that, at his best, Darwin was not able to write on an average more than about an hour and a half a day, and that often even this limited time was interrupted by weeks of distressing sickness.

Darwin's larger works—excluding the *Origin of Species*, which we will consider last—may be grouped under the heads Geological, Zoological, Botanical, and Anthropological. Of purely geological works the most important is *The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs* (1842). An interest of a special kind attaches to this work, as the theory therein propounded—that the building up of coral reefs must have been always accompanied by a gradual subsidence of the bed of the ocean—is almost the only one of Darwin's that is not at the present day almost universally accepted by the scientific world. Mr. John Murray, the able naturalist to the *Challenger* expedition, has propounded an opposite theory; and reference was made quite recently in the ACADEMY (November 26, p. 347), in a review of Dr. Guppy's work on the geology

of the Solomon Islands, to the controversy in the public press on this subject between the Duke of Argyll on the one hand, and Profs. Huxley and Bonney on the other. The text of the duke's homily was the danger of idolatry, whether in politics or in science—on both of which points, I, for one, heartily agree with him. But, of all men, Darwin would have deprecated the most earnestly the setting up of himself or of any other man as an "idol." On this very subject, after reading Mr. Murray's essay, which did not convince him, he says, in a letter to Prof. Agassiz (vol. iii., p. 184), "If I am wrong, the sooner I am knocked on the head and annihilated, so much the better." It is instructive to note, in relation to the doubts thrown on this theory, that, as Darwin tells us himself, "no other work of [his] was begun in so deductive a spirit as this."

After his *Monograph of the Cirripedia* (1851 and 1854) already alluded to, and a *Monograph of the Fossil Cirripedia* (1851 and 1854), Darwin published no exclusively zoological work. In his later years it did not seem to him a point of supreme importance whether any particular form was, according to the older theory of special creations, a "God-made barnacle" or not. The *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868) was of a combined zoological and botanical character, and was the bulkiest of his writings. It is a work of immense labour and research. Although, of course, the main points were in Darwin's mind when he wrote the *Origin of Species*, yet it was not until the publication of this book that the scientific public realised the enormous array of facts proving the variability of species under domestication, from which Darwin argued the possibility of an equal or greater variation of species in nature, when exposed to constantly changing external conditions, those variations only surviving which were most fitted for the altered conditions.

Darwin's love for the country, and his long seclusion in one of the most fertile of our counties, specially inclined him to botanical pursuits; and it was in these studies and observations that his extraordinary faculty for minute, careful, and long-sustained observation was most strongly manifested. His more important botanical works are: *On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are fertilised by Insects* (1862), *Insectivorous Plants* (1875), *The Effects of Cross and Self-fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom* (1876), *The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species* (1877), and *The Power of Movement in Plants* (1880). To the special study of orchids Darwin was no doubt attracted by the abundance of some of the more remarkable of our native species on the chalk hills near his home. In the first of these works we have brought home to the reader the substitution of the old or arbitrary by the new or natural teleology. Every organ is no doubt adapted, or is in the process of becoming adapted, for the purpose it is designed to serve; or, if it has become hopelessly unadapted, is gradually disappearing. But this is not effected by the constant direct interposition of a Great First Cause, but by the slow, gradual, and no less wonderful operation of general laws. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the older teleology is afforded

(vol. iii., p. 274) by the example of a Madagascan orchid, *Angracum sesquipedale*, where, according to the older theory, "we must suppose that the flower was created with an enormously long nectary, and that then, by a special act, an insect was created fitted to visit the flower, which would otherwise remain sterile." The *Effects of Cross-fertilisation, &c.*, is an exhaustive defence of the proposition contained in the motto prefixed to the earlier editions—that "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation." The work on *Insectivorous Plants* furnishes, perhaps, the most striking illustration of the delicacy and minuteness of Darwin's observations. He there makes and demonstrates the accuracy of the astounding statement (vol. iii., p. 324) that the weight of a grain of phosphate of ammonia is sufficient to cause the "tentacles" which bear the secreting glands on the leaf of the sundew to bend through an angle of 180°. In *The Power of Movement in Plants* the same marvellous patience and persistence are applied to the phenomena of "spontaneous" movement, which he shows to be very widely distributed in the vegetable kingdom. These facts were, no doubt, to a large extent already well known; but it was in this work, written within three years of his death, that Darwin startled the botanical world by proving that the tips of the rootlets of growing plants are, like the apex of the stem, constantly performing movements of revolution or gyration in the soil.

Not to trespass too long on the forbearance of an indulgent editor, I must pass over without further notice the first of Mr. Darwin's important works, the *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M. Ships "Adventure" and "Beagle,"* in 3 vols. (1836); his last, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms* (1881); and the two which are more especially anthropological in character—*The Descent of Man* (1871) and *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872)—merely calling attention to the well-known fact that Darwin—more logical than his coadjutor, Mr. Wallace—unflinchingly applied to the origin of man the same laws which he believed to govern the evolution of other forms of animal and of vegetable life. "Our ancestor," he says in a letter to Sir Chas. Lyell (vol. ii., p. 266) "was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, an imperfect skull, and undoubtedly was a hermaphrodite." Any one of the works which we have named would have entitled its author to an honourable place among observers and discoverers. There still remains his *magnum opus*—*The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* (1859).

The heira of the new faith was not, however, the publication of this work, but the reading of the joint paper by Darwin and Wallace—"On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties, and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection"—before the Linnean Society on July 1, 1858. Sir J. D. Hooker thus describes the reception of this paper (vol. ii., p. 126):

"The interest excited was intense; but the subject was too novel and too ominous for the old school to enter the lists before armouring.

After the meeting it was talked over with bated breath. Lyell's approval, and perhaps in a small way mine, as his lieutenant in the affair, rather overawed the fellows, who would otherwise have flown out against the doctrine."

And in a letter written twenty-four years later (vol. ii., p. 294), Mr. Bentham tells how the reading of this paper induced him to withdraw one which he had down for reading the same evening, and, though still unconvinced, to cancel all that part which urged original fixity.

No more valuable or interesting contribution to the history of science has been written than Prof. Huxley's chapter, contained in these volumes, on "The Reception of the *Origin of Species*." It is quite evident from the narrative here given that, so early as 1836, Sir John Herschel and Sir Charles Lyell had both accepted the view that it is "probable that the origination of new species may be carried on through the intervention of intermediate causes"; and the speculations on the possibility of evolution by Lamarck and the anonymous author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*—lately disclosed as Robert Chambers—are familiar to all. But the theories promulgated by these writers were purely deductive, and rested on no foundation of well-ascertained facts. Darwin's method was wholly different. In the early days of the battle, no weapon was more freely hurled against him by ignorant or unscrupulous opponents than the charge that he had abandoned the Baconian method; and no charge could have been more absolutely opposed to fact. There is no more perfect chain of inductive reasoning in existence than that contained in the *Origin of Species* and the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*. To his observations of the laws of nature Darwin owed everything; to the writings of others almost nothing. He himself writes, in a letter to Lyell (vol. ii., p. 215): "You often allude to Lamarck's work. I do not know what you think about it, but it appeared to me extremely poor. I got not a fact or idea from it." It was the perfection of the inductive method employed that took such hold of the scientific world, and brought about a revolution unprecedented in rapidity. Prof. Huxley tells us how he himself, almost up to the time of which we are speaking, fought against the theory of transmutation with Mr. Herbert Spencer. If, he says, a general council of the church scientific had been held in 1860, the theory of transmutation would unquestionably have been condemned by an overwhelming majority; while, if such a council were held now, the decree would be of an exactly opposite character. If we except Mr. A. R. Wallace, who had independently come to the same conclusions as Darwin, and who was then absent from England, the only prominent scientific men that, at the time of the publication of the *Origin of Species*, had partially or entirely abandoned the view that species were fixed and unchangeable, were Lyell, Hooker, Asa Gray, Huxley, and Sir John Lubbock; and all of these, except Lyell, may be regarded as captives to Darwin's bow and spear. The extraordinary rapidity of the change is shown by the fact that now, when the new faith has found almost universal acceptance, all but one of their earliest apostles are still among us.

And now, what is the lesson to be learned from this life of Darwin—a noble memoir of a noble man? Surely that the true scientific spirit is the love of truth for its own sake; that to him who steadily treasures this path, regardless of allurements on his right hand and on the left, will come the highest guerdon. It is as true in science elsewhere that

"The man's whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works."

In Darwin's career we have before us the lesson of a life wholly devoted to the pursuit of truth, the life of a man of the highest rank in science, and yet a Christian gentleman—I use the word advisedly, notwithstanding the avowed agnosticism of his last years—teaching us, his disciples, if only we are worthy of so honourable a name, the dogmatism, jealousy, and egotism are foreign to the spirit of true science as they are to the spirit of true religion.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ERASMUS DARWIN" AND "EVOLUTION, OLD AND NEW."

London: December 14, 1887.

On Saturday last a new edition of the late Mr. Charles Darwin's *Erasmus Darwin* was advertised, of which till then I knew nothing. In this edition a foot-note, which runs as follows, is added to the original preface:

"Mr. Darwin accidentally omitted to mention that Dr. Krause revised, and made certain additions to, his essay before it was translated. Among these additions is an allusion to Mr. Butler's book, *Evolution, Old and New*."

Mr. Francis Darwin, who appears to be responsible for this foot-note, fails to see that what I have always complained of was not an accidental omission, but a deliberate *suppressio veri*. In the original preface, the late Mr. Darwin told his readers he was giving them a certain article, and went out of his way to state expressly that "Mr. Butler's work, *Evolution, Old and New*," had appeared "since the publication" of that article. When Mr. Darwin said this he knew that he was not giving the original article which he said he was giving. He knew that Dr. Krause had recast his article, had had *Evolution, Old and New* before him while doing so, and had turned the revision into an attack upon that book. It is idle to say that Mr. Darwin did not know he was suppressing a material point, which, if expressed, would have done away with the appearance of independent condemnation of my views which, as it was, was offered to the public.

In his recently published autobiography Mr. Darwin refers to his *Erasmus Darwin* as follows: "In 1879 I had a translation of Dr. Ernst Krause's 'Life of Erasmus Darwin' published, and I added a sketch of his character and habits from material in my possession. Many persons have been much interested with this little life, and I am surprised that only 800 or 900 copies were sold."

There is not here a word of compunction about the alleged oversight. The only thing that seems to exercise him is that he did not sell more copies; and yet in Mr. Francis Darwin's *Life and Letters* of his father we read that "he had a keen sense of the honour that ought to reign among authors, and had a horror of any kind of laxness in quoting" (vol. i., p. 157).

Mr. Francis Darwin has now stultified his father's original preface; and this, I suppose, I ought to take as an *amende*. Very well, I take it, somewhat, I am afraid, in the same spirit as that in which it is offered; and shall return to

the silence which I had kept for some years, and which, if Mr. Francis Darwin had not recently reopened the subject, I should not have broken.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE FINNIC ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

Oxford: Nov. 5, 1887.

It is certainly a matter of some surprise to me that Canon Isaac Taylor should have repeated his views on the "Finnic origin of the Aryans" without noticing the difficulties I suggested in my letter to the ACADEMY of October 8. As the reading public may be inclined to accept the views of a person of such high repute merely on authority, may I ask Canon Taylor if he will give us (1) those few numerals which he believes to be sister-words or aunt-words to the corresponding Aryan forms; (2) those family-names on which he relies so much. It would be extremely interesting, for example, to know what Aryan complexion he discovers in the Finnish words for "father, son, or brother." To discover the connexion in the numerals would require, it seems to me, the eyes of a philological hawk.

With regard to the historical side of the question, is there really nothing which makes it probable that the Fins have become "Aryanised in blood"? It can scarcely, I venture to think, be denied that there has been from the early dawn of Scandinavian history constant intercourse, commercial and otherwise, between Sweden and all the Baltic peoples, extending to the centre of Finland. Is it, then, so altogether unlikely that the ethnological and anthropological characteristics of the stronger race should have gradually impressed themselves upon the weaker? Would not this, in itself, quite as well account for the fact that the Fins of the West more closely approximate to the Swedish type than those of the east of Finland and the neighbouring eastern districts, as the theory which Canon Taylor advocates? At present it is certainly the case that Finnish is not universally spoken throughout the country. On the western coasts and the southern parts of Finland, Swedish is not merely the literary language, but the common language of the people. The children in the streets do not know a word of Finnish.

Again, is it not fatal to Canon Taylor's theory that, according to the views expressed by the advocates of the European centre of the Aryan family, the beech must have been a native tree? The beech certainly does not grow in Finland, and almost certainly is not a native in the lands immediately to the south of the gulf of Finland. In Sweden the extreme northern limit lies very near the Vetter Lake. But this is not all. The investigations of Scandinavian botanists in the Danish peat-bogs have proved that even in Denmark, where the beech is now abundant, that tree is comparatively of modern origin, its place having been previously occupied by the oak, and in still earlier times by the pine and spruce. That the latter trees, now not found in Denmark, were abundant in the Stone Age, in which period Canon Taylor would place the breaking up of the Aryan family, is proved beyond dispute by the discovery of the bones of capercailzie, a bird which feeds on these trees, in the Danish "kitchen-middens." It is obvious, then, that at the time when the Aryans formed, according to Canon Taylor's hypothesis, a united family, their "cradle" would have to be placed considerably further South than any Baltic countries. But why should not some bold ethnologist start the speculation that a united Aryan family is itself a mere speculation, and that there is no absolute proof that the movements and divisions of the language have followed the movements and divisions of what was originally a single race?

F. H. WOODS.

A HEBREW NICKNAME.

Oxford: Dec. 11, 1887.

It has been often urged that too frequent comparison between Arabic and Hebrew is most mischievous for Hebrew lexicography, and this is certainly one of the greatest errors continued by the new editors of Gesenius's dictionary. Mr. Simmons, in his last letter, in which he would consider the name *Hezir* (Neh. x. 20 and 1 Chron. xxiv. 15) as a nickname like a *Tanfir* in Arabic, affords another confirmation of the danger which Arabic supplies to Hebrew scholars when applied at haphazard. That "swine" was a totem among the Hebrews even Prof. Robertson Smith does not like to affirm (*Journal of Philology*, ix., p. 98). And the very name of the family, *bne Hezir*, which occurs in a tomb-inscription near Jerusalem, the date of which cannot be earlier than the first Seleucid, and not later than A.D. 60 (see Chwolson's *Corpus Inscriptionum Hebraicarum*, p. 64 sqq.), proves that *Hezir* does not mean "swine," for no Jewish family would have continued to hold such a name. Besides, the name *Hezir* in Chronicles is that of a priestly family. And it is just the punctuation of *Hezir* (LXX. in Neh. חֲצִיר; in Chron. חֲצִיר for חֲצִירָה), and not *H'azir*, which is intended to indicate that it does not mean "swine," but most likely a pomegranate, as in the Targum and in the Talmud, analogous to the name of *Bne Rimmon* in 2 Sam. iv. 2, 5, 9. Family names, with the names of trees and plants, occur among the Semites in general, and the Israelites in particular, as often as that of animals. That the pomegranate was a symbol of veneration can be seen from the name of the god *Rimmon* and from the pomegranates on the garments of the high priest. The localities of *Rimmon* are those where this fruit was worshipped, just as the names of *Tamar*, "palm-tree," and *Tappuah*, "apple," which are also proper-names of persons. Compare also the four plants used for the service of the feast of tabernacles (Lev. xxiii. 40; Baudissin, *Semitische Religionsgeschichte*, ii., p. 209).

A. NEUBAUER.

[In Mr. Simmons's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, for "Lagat" read "Laqab."]

SCIENCE NOTES.

IN consequence of the attention which is now being directed to the existence of gold in the Mawddach Valley in Merionethshire, Mr. T. A. Readwin has consented to read a paper on "The Occurrence of Gold in North Wales," at the next meeting of the Geologists' Association, on Friday, January 6, 1888.

MR. VAN VOORST'S successors, Messrs. Gurney & Jackson, will shortly publish the volume of the *Zoological Record* for 1886, being the twenty-third annual issue. Originally published by Mr. Van Voorst, under the editorship of Dr. Günther, the *Record* was long supported by an "association," and has now become the property of the Zoological Society.

MESSRS. GURNEY & JACKSON have also nearly ready *A Flora of Hertfordshire*, by the late A. R. Pryor, edited by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson, with notes on the geology, climate, and rivers of the county, by Mr. John Hopkinson, who has added a useful map to the book.

MR. F. MOORE, having completed the *Lepidoptera of Ceylon*, has now in preparation a much more extensive work, comprising the Lepidopterous insects of the entire Indian region. It will be issued in monthly parts to subscribers only, by the publishers of his previous work, Messrs. L. Reeve & Co.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming part of the Palaeographical Society's facsimiles will include the inscription of Lygdamis of Halikarnassos, 460-455 B.C.; a section of the Harris Homer, book xviii., on papyrus; two pages of the Oodex Amiatinus of the Bible, at Florence, one of them containing the dedicatory verses; specimens of the Exon Domesday and the Textus Roffensis, of two early MSS. of the Ancren Riwle, and of some Latin MSS. in the Bodleian Library; and charters of the twelfth century.

THE December number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) is the first of a new volume, and this bold enterprise to make English readers acquainted with the results of Oriental research at first hand now enters upon the second year of its existence. We hope, too, that boldness has met with a material reward, for we find the number of pages increased from sixteen to twenty-four, while both type and paper are improved. The name of Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie also appears for the first time as director of the editorial committee, to which Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen has been added. The present number does not contain anything of such special interest as Prof. Hartwig's Derenbourg's two recent papers on "The Glaser Inscriptions from Yemen." But, apart from Babylonian documents, Prof. Sayce suggests the identification of "Jareb" in Hosea (v. 13, x. 6) with the Assyrian monarch Sargon; and Prof. de Harlez, of Louvain, contributes the introductory article of a series upon the polyglot Buddhist vocabulary known as the "Man-han si-fan tayeh Yao," which contains Tibetan, Mandchu, Mongolian, and Chinese versions of an early Sanskrit text. We would add that the annual subscription to this monthly magazine is 12s. 6d.

Corrections.—In Prof. Kielhorn's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, on "The Initial Point of the Chèdi or Kulachuri Era"—under No. 5, for November 9, 1155, read November 6, 1155; under No. 9, for Samvat 609, read Samvat 909.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Nov. 26.) Mrs C. I. SPENCER, president, in the chair.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "Some of the 'Humours' in 'Every Man in his Humour,'" singling out for comment the following foibles of his day, which Jonson intended to satirise: bombastic language, affected oaths, tobacco-smoking, the sport of hawking carried to excess, extravagance in dress. Some of these failings remain; one not even a royal tractate could extinguish. As one reads this comedy, one feels that two and a half centuries have changed human nature but little. Some of the follies of 1616 have their counterparts in 1887, in a greater or, it may be, in a less degree. May we hope that we possess painters like "Rare Ben Jonson" who will depict the follies of their contemporaries for the benefit of future generations as well as he has done!

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 28.)

T. G. FOSTER, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Hill read a paper on "Necessity in Euripides and Browning." The object of this paper was the comparison of the methods of Euripides and Browning, two dramatists of the Romantic School, in regard to their use of Necessity. The development of the idea of Necessity may be traced from its first appearance in the struggle between men and the gods, as a justifying element in the otherwise irreconcilable discord of the universe. Euripides was under the influence of all the contemporary movements of art, science, and philosophy. Anaxagoras had insisted on the supremacy of mind, and on its differentiation from matter. Protagoras had made the human mind supreme. Euripides felt that there was a unity in nature, and that mind and matter were connected in an inseparable union. Necessity was, to him,

the determination of the individual spirit, by its relation to the other parts of the organised universe. It was no longer something external and separate from man. Euripides' method may be illustrated from the "Medea." Many elements combine to form the necessity of the plot. The semi-civilised nature of Medea, her pride, the Greek terror of exile, the peculiar nature of her passion, half love, half hate, her loneliness. Browning resembles Euripides in many points. His method may be illustrated from "Luria." The struggle in Luria's soul is brought out into relief by means of antithesis, concentration, and elaboration of surrounding details. Around his own mental struggle are grouped those of the minor characters. Browning's method is to seize a character in some critical moment, and, by elaboration of the circumstances involving the soul, to sketch its working as it is coloured by these circumstances. Development of character is not what is depicted, but some particular phase of it. This is the method of the introspective drama in its latest phase—the only form of romantic drama which is compatible with the present conditions of thought.

POLISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Annual Meeting, Wednesday, November 30.)

AFTER the usual tribute had been paid to the memory of Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, the most devoted and indefatigable friend of the Polish cause in this country, the secretary, Mr. Nagowski, read a paper describing the present condition of the Poles under the rule of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. In Prussia, since the expulsion of 37,000 Poles on the plea that they were subjects of other states, the government has been attempting to introduce German colonists into the Polish districts on advantageous terms, but so far with very little success. In order to counteract as much as possible the government scheme of colonisation, the Poles have combined to form a "National Land Bank," which has already been able to make some important purchases of land for occupation by Polish farmers. Another measure taken by the Prussian government for denationalising Prussian Poland is the prohibition of the use of the Polish language in the elementary schools. A meeting of 3,000 Poles, representing all classes of the population, at which several of the speakers were peasants, was held at Posen a fortnight ago, to protest against the arbitrary proceedings in Prussian Poland. Notwithstanding the incessant persecution of the Polish nationality, Polish intellectual life is stronger than ever, and the peasantry steadily resist the efforts of the Prussian authorities to incite them against the landowners. As to the Austrian Poles, they are to be congratulated on the steady and brilliant development of their autonomous institutions, and on the popularity and weight of their statesmen in the cabinet and Parliament of the Austrian Empire. Overtures have been recently made to the Poles by the semi-official Russian and German papers, doubtless, in view of the probability of a Russo-German war; but the Poles have had too much bitter experience of the crafty policy of their powerful neighbours to be deluded by such baits.

FINE ART.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

IF the intention of the Institute is, as we believe, to give an opportunity for bringing together once a year a thoroughly national collection of oil pictures of moderate size, the present exhibition carries it into effect. Such large works as the Hon. John Collier's "Priestess of Bacchus" (125), and Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Remorse" (657), may be looked upon as exceptions to the general rule. The priestess is striking in aspect and finely painted, and the same may be said of the Oriental damsel who in Mr. Solomon's picture is suffering the pangs of repentance; but Mr. Solomon's figure is more remarkable for its freedom of execution and the difficulty of its foreshortening than for its attractiveness. Striking, for a different reason, is Mr. John

Reid's "Old Battens Farm" (588), "one boundless blush of mingled blossoms." It is not from the blossoms that the blush comes, but from an unseen portion of the sky; and the blush extends over the farmhouse and the trees, and is intensified by the local red colour of a portion of the girl's costume. The picture is another instance of Mr. John Reid's real gift as a colorist, but it is a little puzzling to know what is blossom and what is cloud; and, while we acknowledge that it is perhaps the most powerful and original of the pictures here, we should prefer it if the aim of it were not so obviously professional. This fault—and it surely is a fault—affects a great deal of the most accomplished work of the day. It cannot be the best art which makes us think more of the way in which some effect has been got than of the beauty of the picture as a whole. In another way Mr. E. J. Gregory's undoubted success in his portrait of Master Geoffrey Phillips is largely professional. A red velvet dress and a red silk lining could not be painted much better than these; and, though the child has character, it is the dress which attracts. Again, in Mr. J. J. Shannon's portraits of "Mrs. Thornton" (69) and "Lady Maude Hooper" (178), it is the *chic* of attitude and the deftness of painting rather than the subjects which are most brought forward. Those who are old-fashioned enough to like the art which conceals itself will perhaps prefer Sir J. D. Linton's quiet, refined, and subtly-painted head of "Henriette" (310) to many other pictures which appeal more clamorously for notice; and will find in even so simple a composition as M. Fantin's "Double Larkspurs" (449) a grateful rest for eye and brain in the midst of clever crudities.

The strength of the exhibition, despite a number of clever little bits of *genre* in which Messrs. Seymour Lucas, F. Dadd, H. R. Steer, and one or two others maintain their reputation, lies most in landscape and seascape. Many of the best figure painters who are members are absentees this year, and it may fairly be said that the rest have not greatly exerted themselves. Mr. F. D. Millet sends an interior with figures, called "Piping Times of Peace" (454), delightful enough in its cool sweet greens and browns, but the composition is uncomfortable. There is a pretty but tame Staniland, a tolerable Frith, and Mr. Storey sends a bright sketch of a classical woodland with Pan and Syrinx. Scattered about here and there are other clever and nice pictures which would be pleasant possessions enough, but for which it is hard to find discriminating epithets of the right pitch.

In landscape the pictures of Mr. Wimperis, good as they are, scarcely console us for the absence of Mr. Thomas Collier, and a fine Macallum hardly makes up for the loss of Mr. Colin Hunter; but it would take a great many defaulters to make the Institute poor in this branch of art. Mr. Henry Moore sends one or two of his masterly studies of blue heaving sea in sunlight; and Mr. Edwin Hayes has three pictures, one of which—"Summer-time—South-west Wind and Ebb Tide" (718)—is a magnificent example of his well-known but perhaps not yet sufficiently appreciated skill. Grand and simple in style, fine in its subdued colour, with its liquid and weighty grey waves and well-drawn shipping, it yet, from its very truth and sobriety, may fail to attract the admiration it deserves. Another very good picture is Mr. James Webb's "Salisbury," with its vaporous sky and rainbow, its grandeur of design, and beautiful play of broken colour. It is a pity the foreground is not a little stronger and more interesting. Mr. Cotman's fine "Evening by the Willows" (378), Mr. Frank Dillon's bright scene at Osaka, Japan (669), and Mr. George Chester's "Village Farm" (722), are very different pictures which should not

be missed; but it would be difficult to find any part of the galleries without some landscape large or small of which something both true and pleasant might not be said. And this remark applies not only to such well-known artists as Messrs. Frank Walton, Harry Hine, Arthur Severn, Aumonier, C. E. Johnson, Hargitt, MacWhirter, Robert Allan, Fulleylove, Alfred East, and Fahey, but to such comparative unknowns as Miss Saltmer, Mr. Parker Haggarty, Miss Corbould-Haywood, Mr. Alfred Withers, Mr. A. E. Proctor, and others too numerous to mention.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

South Shields: Dec. 9, 1887.

The well-known French antiquary, M. de Caumont (*Abécédaire d'Archéologie*, i., p. 52), describes two modes, among others, of wall building practised by the Romans, one so exactly like the construction of the underground portion of the north wall of the city of Chester in the Deanery field that it may be of some importance in the discussion as to the age of it.

1. "Murs de grand appareil," he says, are constructed of fine square stones, two feet to three feet, and sometimes four feet to five feet, long, by one foot or two feet thick. These stones are placed *without mortar* ("juxtaposées sans ciment"), and are adjusted with so much precision in some buildings that the joints can scarcely be distinguished. He then describes (2) "Murs de petit appareil" which are more usual. These are formed of small stones, almost square, measuring from four to five inches. In walls of this construction horizontal courses of brick are very often found. The mortar between the stones is very thick. No points are in immediate contact, the stones being encrusted (*incrustées*) in mortar. The centre of the wall between the two faces is filled in with grouting. The writer gives woodcuts showing both modes of construction. The former is the one adopted at Chester below the present level of the ground, the latter (but without the courses of brick) in the stations on the Wall of Hadrian and in the Wall itself, and perhaps in the Chester walls above ground.

In the same volume, at p. 490, is an illustration of a tombstone representing a figure in a recessed niche wearing a dress similar to that of the so-called mediaeval priest; and not only so, but he has a chalice in his right hand, or rather what the middle age advocates of the Chester stone would say was one. The face is also knocked off. As regards the age of this there can be no question as it is inscribed along the top:

D. TICILLAE M.

ROBT. BLAIR.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT CHESTER.

Liverpool: Dec. 12, 1887.

Further acquaintance with the inscriptions found at Chester, which I have recently described, suggests some slight emendations. Thus in No. 3 of the list in the ACADEMY of September 24 there is room at the end of the third line (broken off) for two or three letters, and the CIA at the commencement of the fourth line I simply gave as it appeared in a rubbing. But CIA should be CLA, and is no part of the word before it. The correct reading, there is little doubt, should be BELLIC(VS) CL(A)UDIA CELEIA. Bellicus is a much more common cognomen than Bellicianus, and there is only room on the stone for the former. We know also that Celeia was styled Claudia Celeia, and in Orelli (No. 501) we have CLA. CELE as the abbreviation.

In No. 6 in the same list, as to which I stated (ACADEMY, October 1) that PVB preceded the centurial mark in the first line, it is possible that the deceased person had held the office of Curator operum publicorum, and that PVB is the surviving portion of the abbreviations CVRAT. OP. PVB. From the massive nature of the tombstone he was evidently a man of mark in Deva.

Out of five fragmentary inscriptions found one bears the letters

G. XX. V. V
X. AN.
H. F. C

evidently part of the words Leg(ionis) XX. V. V. Vix(it) An(nos) * * * H(eres) F(aciendum) C(ura-vit). Another, I am inclined to think, refers to a member of the Claudian tribe, who was a native of Savaria.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. QUARITCH is about to publish, for Dr. Lippmann, the Fine Art director of the British Museum, an English edition of *Italian Wood-engraving in the Fifteenth Century*, illustrated with a great number of facsimiles from the rarest of the woodcuts described in the text. It is not a mere translation from the German treatise, produced at Berlin some three years ago (frequently quoted in Mr. Fisher's recent volume on the *Early Italian Prints* in the British Museum), as a great quantity of new matter and of corrections have been added by the author, and his English edition thus supersedes the original. Many of the woodcuts are reproduced from unique or excessively rare impressions, and several have been added to the number of those which appeared in the German book. As a critical writer on the subject, Dr. Lippmann's views are of the first importance. His remarks on the early Florentine examples, on the work of Sandro Botticelli and Baccio Baldini, on the Zoan Andrea group, on the Poliphilo designs, and on the career of Jacopo dei Barbari, must attract considerable attention.

THE Rev. G. F. BROWNE, the new Disney professor of archaeology at Cambridge, proposes to deliver a course of six lectures next term on "Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type in the British Islands"—a subject which, we believe, has never been treated in any university. The inaugural lecture will be given in the Senate House on January 31; the other lectures in the museum of archaeology. The present course will be confined to Anglian stones; and opportunity will be taken to discuss Runic and other inscriptions, the relation of the Christian emblems and the Sagas, and the connexion with Rome, Ravenna, &c. In subsequent courses, to be delivered during his five years' tenure of the chair, the professor hopes to treat of the Scottish, Irish, Cornish, Welsh, and Manx sculptured stones.

THE annual general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Thursday next, December 22, at 3 p.m., in the great room of the Society of Arts, when we understand that Mr. John Fowler—to whom the association owes so much, and in particular its Fowler fund for the exploration of Zoan—will be proposed for the office of president, which has been vacant since the death of Sir Erasmus Wilson. Another meeting will be held in the same place on the following day (Friday, December 23, at 8 p.m.), when M. Naville will deliver a lecture on "Bubastis and the City of Onias."

MM. BOUSSOD, VALADON, & Co. will exhibit next week, at the Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street, a collection of French and Italian paintings. There will also be on view next

week a small collection of Mr. W. Strang's oil paintings, together with his etchings from pictures in the National Gallery, at Messrs. Clifford's, in Piccadilly; while Messrs. Agnew are showing Mr. Macbeth's etching after Fred. Walker's famous "Bathers."

THE STAGE.

"THE WOMAN HATER."

TERRY's new theatre—to judge from the advertisement at the back of the playbill—offers, as the principal inducement that you should get into it, the fact that you can get out of it with the utmost facility. Furthermore, we are informed that it is built of a material which age cannot wither. Woe to the gentleman who unthinkingly—in that moment of ease which belongs to the comedian—lights a cigarette upon the boards, for "the whole stage is dominated with a system of sprinklers"! Woe to the occupants of the stalls, and to the musicians—who are heard occasionally, underground, like that "old mole," the ghost of Hamlet's father—for, at a few moments' notice, the stage "can be deluged with a perfect sheet of water"! Clearly, under these circumstances—when so much has been done to make the visitor comfortable—it is a pure gratuity on Mr. Terry's part to do anything, in addition, to make him merry. Yet this gratuitous, and, as it would seem, almost superfluous, effort, is not withheld. Mr. Terry's presence is one of those which conduces to happiness—one is always a little blither, a little less morose, when he is on the stage; and in "The Woman Hater" he exhibits himself—his quaintness, his good humour, and his eccentricity—throughout the greater part of the evening. Mr. Terry's talent does not submit itself to analysis; his genius is essentially volatile. The personality of the comedian—and not the accomplishments he has acquired—constitutes his charm. He knows his business; but other people know theirs. It is not the knowing of his business that makes him the favourite actor that he is.

As literary work, we cannot honestly say very much for the first new piece which Mr. Terry has played in his own playhouse—Mr. David Lloyd's "Woman Hater." The subject gives no occasion for a single line of beauty; and the amusement which the piece affords is derived rather from ingenious construction—the continual creation of comic situations—than from the dialogue of literary comedy. A lively imagination and a knowledge of stagecraft have done excellent service in default of brilliant wit and dialogue of high finish. What we go to see may be described as, on the whole, a well-arranged farce in three acts. Mr. Terry impersonates the supposed "Woman Hater"—an eccentric, who, though often solitary, is by no means morose—a gentleman, indeed, whose geniality and capacity for romantic associations are such that he has spent a considerable portion of his leisure in planning imaginary wedding tours, and, as far as lay within him, executing them. He has been on one-and-twenty wedding tours, indeed—always by himself—and when the play opens he is not undesirous of undertaking a twenty-second; and this time under the ordinary conditions. He is much in love with a young widow. But a widow of more mature years, when in the act of

receiving not his protestations but his confidence, insists upon fainting on his shoulder, and, on recovery, accepts an offer that was never made. The Woman Hater—since he lives, remember, but in the world of farcical comedy—lacks the strength to free himself from this entanglement. He finds himself under the obligation of writing duplicate love-letters—probably by the carbon-paper process. Eventually he is involved in so many complications that some of his friends are not without excuse in considering him to be suffering from mania. He is conveyed to a private asylum. Here the third act passes. It is less ingenious, perhaps, than the other two, the chief amusement being derived from the continual assumption that this or that entirely sane person is really among the afflicted. But of farcical comedy—however funny it may be upon the stage—one cannot, in cold blood, narrate the plot upon writing paper. Patience and time are lacking. It must suffice to say that by the sudden appearance of two or three outsiders of unclouded brain—especially the Woman Hater's young wife and his young nephew—matters are cleared up, and the curtain falls upon Mr. Terry's timely release—upon his departure for his first—or is it his twenty-second?—honeymoon.

On the whole, this two hours' agreeable buffoonery has the advantage of a good cast. We have paid our tribute already to Mr. Terry's obvious quaintness and good humour. He has never been more vivacious, more fertile in resource. Mr. Kemble is the actor who seconds him the best. Dickens himself might have been satisfied with the presentation of these two peppery partners and excellent and blameless friends—Mr. Bundy and Mr. Dobbins, who quarrel once a day and once a day shake hands with touching cordiality. Mr. Kemble's rich voice—his manner of solidity and importance—make him the best possible contrast to his brother comedian, so airy and so rapid. Mr. Alfred Bishop's Doctor Lane is a bit of "character-acting," discreet rather than brilliant. The pushing widow of the *bourgeoisie* is well enough represented by Miss Victor; while the fascinations of a widow at least a grade above her in station—and very much above her in feeling—are represented by Miss Clara Cowper, large, handsome, and bright. The younger lovers are played by Mr. Erskine, who does little, but looks as if he could do more with effect; and Miss Florence Sutherland, who is somewhat amusing in the third act, but whose quality of voice is, we think, against her, and who has yet to acquire the virtue of style in her art.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE understand that Mrs. Kendal—who has once before had the matter under consideration—has now almost, if not entirely, decided to indulge the special students of Mr. Browning by appearing, on at least one occasion early in the year, in the immensely subtle and arduous part of the Queen in "In a Balcony." Miss Alma Murray, whose Constance of two or three years ago will not be forgotten, would, of course, again be the Constance. And with a fitting Norbert, an entirely satisfactory performance may thus be anticipated.

AT the Criterion Theatre, "Two Roses" has just been revived. It has not been seen for

several years. The cast, with the exception of Mr. Farren and Mr. David James, is entirely fresh, and it is in some respects interesting. We may, therefore, very shortly have something to say in regard to a performance of the only piece by Mr. Albery that has managed to hold the stage.

We wish to direct attention to the performance of "Othello," which is to take place at a Vaudeville *matinée* next Tuesday, since the Desdemona of the occasion—on whose account in chief, no doubt, the performance is organised—will be no raw pupil of the elocution master, and no merely fashionable person bitten with the passion of stage notoriety, but one of the most rising of the serious actresses of the day. Miss Janet Achurch—whose performance in the "Devil Caresfoot" of Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. Haddon Chambers gave her the right to essay the part of any "juvenile heroine" of the legitimate drama—chooses to essay Desdemona. Miss Achurch will be supported by Mr. Charrington as the Moor, and by Mr. Hermann Vezin as Iago.

THE "Little Comedies' Company"—headed by Mr. William Poel and Miss Grace Latham—has begun its winter work; and its work at this time of the year naturally lies about as much in large country houses as in the double drawing-rooms of London. This week the company has been acting in the Midlands.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Heckmann party gave their second concert at the Prince's Hall, on Friday evening, December 9, and introduced an interesting novelty. This was a quartet for strings in D flat by Signor G. Sgambati, an Italian pianist and composer, and a pupil of Liszt, who visited London some few seasons back. In writing the quartet, the composer seems to have taken Beethoven's later works of the kind as his model. The model is a good one, but difficult to copy. Signor Sgambati, however, if at times vague, has much to say, and expresses his thoughts in an able manner. The second and the third (Andante) movements appeared, at first hearing, the best. The programme included a quartette by Rheinberger, and Schubert's seldom-heard one in G (Op. 161).

There was nothing of special interest at the last Crystal Palace concert, so far as the music was concerned. But Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen gave an admirable reading of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor. The tone was liquid, the technique clear and firm, and there was none of that affectation which marred his Beethoven playing last season. He won a brilliant and well-deserved success. The rendering of Beethoven's Symphony in A was admirable; but of the Palace band this is an oft-told tale. Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

The pupils of the Royal College of Music gave a concert at Prince's Hall last Saturday evening. The orchestral playing, under the direction of Prof. Holmes, showed the neat technique and good intonation of the pupils; but the orchestra has been heard to greater advantage at some of their ordinary college concerts. Miss Marian Osborn deserves a word of praise for her brilliant and artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's uninteresting Rondo (Op. 29), and Mr. Price sang well a recitative and air from "Don Carlos."

Mr. E. Prout, true to his policy of encouraging native art, gave a performance of Mr. F. Corder's "Bridal of Triermain" at the second concert of the Hackney Association last Monday evening. This cantata, it may be remembered, was produced last year at the Wolverhampton festival, and was first given in London at the Bow and Bromley Institute. Having already described the work, it is only

necessary to say that fresh hearing makes one feel that Mr. Corder possesses true dramatic power, but that he has not yet shown it to its fullest extent. There is a certain freshness and unconventionality about the music; there are picturesque effects of harmony and orchestration, and, moreover, great variety of rhythm; so that the impression left on the mind is good, if not thoroughly satisfactory. The reason of this seems to be that one is oftener attracted by the manner than by the matter. The soprano music was sung at short notice by Miss Gertrude Turner; and hasty preparation, coupled with nervousness, prevented her doing herself full justice. Miss Mary Chamberlain, who has a good contralto voice, sang with much intelligence. Mr. Percy Palmer (tenor) and Mr. M. Tufnail (bass) were fairly successful. The choir sang well; but there were signs now and then, both in band and chorus, that more rehearsal would have improved the performance of a work full of difficult passages and uncomfortable intervals. The programme included Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, and Haydn's Symphony in E flat (No. 3).

Mr. Henschel gave his fifth symphony concert on Tuesday evening. It commenced with a good performance of Brahms' fine Tragic Overture. This was followed by the "Good Friday" music from the third act of "Parsifal." The tenor part was sung by Mr. O. Niemann, son of the well-known artist. He interpreted the part with much feeling and intelligence, but the quality of his voice is not altogether pleasing. Mr. Henschel took the part of Gurnemanz, and sang with his accustomed fervour. A short excerpt like this from "Parsifal" unfortunately gives little idea of Wagner's great work. The performance was conducted by Mr. Barnby. Schumann's symphony in C, under the direction of Mr. Henschel, was well received. The first movement lacked colour, the second, spirit; but the *adagio* and *finale* went well. Signor Piatti played two solos; and Mr. Niemann sang songs by Schubert and Schumann with much success. The programme concluded with a Marche Slave by Tchaikowsky. The first part is interesting, but afterwards it becomes noisy and commonplace. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC BOOKS.

Neue Beethoveniana. Von Dr. Th. Frimmel. (Vienna: Carl Gerold's Sohn). A new book about the greatest of tone-poets! But the world is never tired of reading about its heroes. Dr. Frimmel has curiously taken the same title as that adopted by the late Herr Nottebohm for articles which he published in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* from 1875 to 1879. Herr Nottebohm devoted himself entirely to describing, and commenting on, the sketch-books left by Beethoven. The first chapter of the present book treats of the composer as a clavier player.

Dr. Frimmel begins with the early days at Bonn, and gives many interesting details of Beethoven's lessons with his father and with Van Edén and Neefe. Passing on to Vienna he collects all sorts of notices about the master as a performer. The following is amusing. Czerny, in his autobiography, relates that Jelinek, a brilliant pianoforte player, told Czerny's father that he was invited to break a lance with an unknown clavierist. "I'll give him a drubbing," added Jelinek. The next day, Czerny's father asked the result of the contest. J. replied: "Satan is in that young man. I never heard such playing." The "unknown" was Beethoven. Cherubini heard Beethoven between 1805-6, and simply characterised his playing as "rough." J. A. Stumpff, who heard the master in 1823, in his worst period of deafness, says: "I must, however, mention that, when he plays the piano, he generally strikes it so that from twenty to thirty strings suffer." The year 1802

was, indeed, Beethoven's high-water mark as a pianist. After that he gradually neglected the instrument, and is said not to have been able to interpret his own last five sonatas.

The chapter of the book entitled "Letters" contains six hitherto unpublished; and the rest, although they have appeared in various papers and books, are not easily accessible to the general public, and therefore most welcome. The first of the new letters is to Zinenskall, one of the composer's early Vienna acquaintances. The second is to Ignace Pleyel, about the publishing of his fourth symphony and other important works. The third is a short note to Artaria, the publisher. The fourth, the original of which is in the possession of Dr. Schebek, is addressed to "Werther Freund," and the signature is cut away. The document, however, appears to be perfectly genuine. In it Beethoven speaks of his symphony in A as "one of the happiest products of my weak powers." The fifth is a letter addressed to Del Rio, principal of the house into which Beethoven's nephew was received in 1818. This interesting document belongs to Frau Professor Anna Pessiak-Schmerling, who is said to possess many other papers relating to Beethoven. Dr. Frimmel gives also a little song, and a short canon of Beethoven's, of which Frau Pessiak possesses the autographs. The sixth letter is to H. V. Hauschka, a well-known member of the *Gesellschaft der Musik Freunde* at Vienna.

The chapter entitled "Aus den Jahren 1816 und 1817" contains an interesting account of a visit paid by the author to a certain Friedrich Hirsch at Oberdöbling, near Vienna. This Hirsch—a grandson of Albrechtsberger, Beethoven's teacher—was eighty years of age at the time of Dr. Frimmel's visit, but in possession of all his faculties. Our author, having compared Hirsch's reminiscences with facts and dates given by Nottebohm and other authorities, believes his statements to be true generally, certain allowances being made for trifling mistakes in describing events which happened "more than sixty years ago." Hirsch received harmony lessons from Beethoven at a time when the latter was working at the Ninth Symphony. False fifths and octaves appear to have thrown the master into great anger; but "after the lesson he again became charming," said Hirsch. Beethoven's room he described as most untidy—notes, music, books, some on the writing-table, some on the floor.

After a short chapter on Mödling, the summer resort of Beethoven, comes a last and long one on the outward appearance of the master and his portraits. Dr. Frimmel reproduces a silhouette of Beethoven at the age of nineteen, which appeared in the biographical notices of Wegeler and Ries. Carl Pleyel, in 1805, in a letter to his mother, describes the great musician as follows: "C'est un petit trapu, le visage grêle, et d'un abord très malhonnête." The earliest portraits of Beethoven appear to date from the year 1801. A beautiful miniature portrait on ivory was taken in 1802 by Chr. Horneman, a Danish artist. It was given to Steffen Breuning by way of reconciliation after a quarrel, and has ever since remained in the Breuning family. A painted portrait of Beethoven is now in the possession of Frau C. van Beethoven, widow of the composer's nephew. "In it," says Dr. Frimmel, "there is no trace of the *Beethovenfriau*, as adopted by so many of our young virtuosi." The volume contains a heliogravure of Beethoven from the bust of the sculptor Klein, and another from the engraving of Eichens, in 1812, after the portrait by Schimon. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

DELICIOUS PRESERVE.—The most attractive of all preserves is MORELLA MARMALADE, made from the celebrated Kent Morella Cherry. The stones being extracted, double weight of fruit is given. Sold in 1 lb. pots by grocers, &c. Makers—THOMAS GRANT & SONS, Maidstone and 46, Gresham-street, E.C.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

No. 816, *New Series*.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist. By his Daughter, Lucy Baxter ("Leader Scott"). (Macmillan.)

ALTHOUGH it is not easy to subscribe to the eccentric judgment recently pronounced at Oxford, which ranks William Barnes second among the poets of the Victorian age, there can be little risk in affirming that his rightful place is far higher than that generally accorded to him, even by those who know and find pleasure in his work. The fact that his best poems were written in the "folk-speech" (as he would have called it) of his native county has led to their being often regarded from a mistaken point of view. Although from the first appearance of the Dorset poems there have always been some who judged more correctly, the prevailing impression even now among ordinary readers is probably that William Barnes is a poet of about the same rank as Bloomfield or John Clare. Such an estimate is certainly for more wide of the mark than even the paradox of Mr. Palgrave. It is true that Barnes was a poet of limited range. Intensity of passion has as little place in his poetry as in his gentle and peaceful life; and from the darker aspects of human life he simply turned away with a shudder. But many poets whose sphere was no wider than his are numbered among the immortals; and it is no extravagant prediction that when time shall have done its work upon the poetic reputations of the past fifty years, his name will be one of the half-dozen that survive. Among his contemporaries there were assuredly some far greater poets, but there was no more genuine poet, nor any whose work is more perfect in its own kind.

This life of William Barnes by his daughter is, as might be expected, an extremely interesting book, but it contains some things which illustrate the familiar observation that a man's life can seldom be quite judiciously written by one of his own children. I should be sorry to think that Mrs. Baxter does not appreciate her father's eminence as a poet; but she has fallen into a strange mistake, which, in a biographer who was not a member of Barnes's own family, could only be accounted for on that supposition. She has deliberately set herself to correct what she deems the mistaken view that her father was above all things a poet. "The making of poems," she says in her preface, "was but a small part of his intellectual life. His most earnest studies and his greatest aims were in philology." It is evident, from the whole tone of the book, that she believes her father's work in philology to be at least equal (if not superior) in value to his work in poetry.

It is not difficult to see how Mrs. Baxter came to entertain this unfortunate notion. Like many another man of genius, William Barnes seems to have undervalued, or at least to have taken as a matter of course, his success in his true vocation. His poems were so truly the spontaneous expression of his nature that he could not understand how they could possibly be a more valuable achievement than the works that had cost him so much toil and thought. If he had estimated his poems at their true worth, he could not have looked upon himself—which it seems that he did—as being in the first place a scientific worker and only secondarily a poet. If this was William Barnes's opinion of the nature of his own claim to distinction, it is natural and excusable that his daughter should take the same view; nor can she be severely blamed if—partly from filial reverence, partly (as it is easy to discern) on the principle of *ignotum pro magnifico*—she speaks of her father's work in philology with a ludicrous extravagance of eulogy which his own modesty would surely have deprecated. None the less, however, is the attempt to claim for him the rank of a great philologist a regrettable injustice to his fame, as it can only excite ridicule on the part of those who know how far the claim is from being well founded.

The truth is that, so far as William Barnes's philological writings are concerned, his was the not uncommon case of a man of genius who makes an ill-advised attempt to reconstruct a science from its foundation, without thinking it worth while, or without having had opportunity, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with what has been done by other and better-equipped workers. Such a man is sure to imagine that he has made many brilliant discoveries. Many of these will be simply old and acknowledged truths of the science, often disfigured almost beyond recognition by the paradoxical form in which they are presented; others will be mere illusory inferences from imperfectly known facts; and a small proportion, very likely, may consist of really new and valuable ideas, which the contemporary scientific world is unable to appreciate on account of the author's unintelligible dialect. The most famous instance of this kind of scientific speculation is Goethe's theory of colours. It is no real disparagement to William Barnes's memory to say that his original speculations on comparative philology can, from a scientific point of view, be ranked little higher than the chronemics of the illustrious German. Barnes's knowledge of languages was certainly wide and, considering that he was essentially a self-taught man, positively marvellous. But with the work of scientific philologists he had no acquaintance whatever. In one of his latest books I remember being puzzled by the frequently recurring mention of certain linguistic facts as illustrations of "Grimm's Law." The facts in question had no connexion with the formula so called by philologists, so that it was clear that the writer was using the term in some altogether erroneous sense; but what that sense could be I failed to discover, until I came to a passage in which "Grimm's Law" was defined to be the principle that "like cases have like changes." William Barnes's writings on language contain many acute and

sagacious remarks, and the interesting aspect of his genius which they exhibit undoubtedly deserved to be recognised in his biography. If the subject had been properly handled, it would have been evident that Barnes really did possess a considerable share of the scientific faculty which is so rarely found associated with poetic genius. But no one is likely to draw this conclusion from Mrs. Baxter's indiscriminating and obviously unintelligent praise, so that this biography is in effect unjust even to that side of William Barnes's intellectual character which it unwisely attempts to exalt above its due place.

Except where her father's philology is concerned, Mrs. Baxter has, on the whole, performed her task with judgment and good taste. Each of the chapters is prefaced by an illustrative passage from William Barnes's own poems. The personal anecdotes and the extracts from letters, though not so numerous as could be wished, are delightful, and give a vivid impression of the poet's singularly attractive character. Barnes's life was anything but eventful in the ordinary sense of the word, though its course was certainly somewhat peculiar. He was born at Sturminster in the second year of the century, and at the age of fourteen passed from a village school to a country lawyer's office. After about nine years spent as a clerk, during which his leisure hours were given to assiduous and varied study, he became a schoolmaster. Shortly before his fiftieth year he took orders, and lived until the age of eighty-six as a country parson. As a man of letters he "knew his art but not his trade"; and his writings, while they brought him fame beyond his modest ambition, never added much to his income. His life, though at one time not free from the cares arising from poverty, seems to have been an eminently happy one—his only great sorrow being the death of his wife, which happened in 1853. According to many testimonies, he was both an admirable schoolmaster and an admirable parish clergyman. In each capacity he was following his chosen calling, and in both he worked with the same whole-souled enthusiasm and the same disregard of routine. His methods of school management, as here described, exhibit the unmistakeable stamp of genius. For instance:

"The only visible register was an invention of the master's own, called the 'topograph.' It consisted of a large flat box in which lay a board pierced with holes and painted in lines of colour—white, red, blue, &c., and ending with black. The boys' names were placed at the top of the board opposite each file of holes, and according to his want of diligence the peg was moved down, only to be put up again on the completion of a voluntary task. Of course, if a boy were too careless to redeem it he could leave it; but a low standing was a kind of disgrace which they all felt so keenly that generally the boys lost no time in reinstating themselves. To have one's peg in the 'blues' caused the loss of a holiday; that a peg reached the 'black' was a thing almost unheard of."

This is not a plan which commonplace teachers could safely be recommended to follow, but there is no difficulty in accepting the assurance that in William Barnes's own hands it was perfectly successful.

Mrs. Baxter contributes some interesting particulars throwing light on her father's

poetic work. It seems that the novel metrical effects which he employed with so much felicity were not seldom deliberately imitated from foreign models; in some instances, from Persian poetry. The inferiority of the "Poems in Common English" to those written in dialect is accounted for when we learn that most of the former were actually translations, having been first written in the Dorset vernacular. It is true, no doubt, that Barnes loved his native folk-speech far better than he loved book-English, and that in the use of the latter for poetical expression he was comparatively unpractised. But one or two poems which Mrs. Baxter says were, by way of exception, written originally in literary English are certainly little inferior in beauty to the best of the dialect pieces.

The volume contains a list of Barnes's literary works, both published and unpublished. The latter include "A Second Set of Poems in Common English," "Studies in Poetry of Less Known Schools," "Dorset Dialogues," and some other works with promising titles. Now that William Barnes's fame has become established, and is likely to grow, it may not be unreasonable to suggest that a judicious selection from his unpublished writings, and from those which are out of print, might find a sufficiently extensive sale to justify its publication.

HENRY BRADLEY.

Some Official Correspondence of George Canning. Edited by E. J. Stapleton. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

WHEN Mr. Canning's private secretary had completed the two works—*The Political Life of George Canning* and *George Canning and his Times*—in which he vindicated the reputation of his chief, there still remained in his hands, over and above the materials which he had there employed, a considerable body of Mr. Canning's correspondence and papers. These MSS. Mr. Edward Stapleton has now arranged, annotated, and printed. Apart from the intrinsic importance of the subject his book is a good and workmanlike performance. Here and there, as circumstances seemed to require, he has inserted long notes explaining the situation of affairs at various junctures, and more particularly discussing and marshalling the views, policies, and motives of the different personages or powers concerned. These notes are clear, appropriate, and highly interesting. The notes, however, upon the several letters are somewhat less satisfactory. They suggest that they have been prepared by a different hand, as a *précis* of the contents of the correspondence, and then inconsiderately included in the collection of letters. Too often they are merely brief and superfluous repetitions of the letters which they purport to explain. As a calendar of the Canning documents they would have been well enough; but in conjunction with the letters, instead of in lieu of them, they are redundant.

These volumes form one more fragment of that vast and evergrowing heap of raw material which awaits the smelting furnace of the next Macaulay. Portions of the correspondence have been published before, and these volumes admittedly aim at completing

gaps in earlier publications. Over and over again a note of this sort confronts one—

"Portions of this letter have been published in the 'Political Life,' as well as the memorandum referred to in the first paragraph; the reply will be found printed in the Wellington Despatches, second series, vol. iii., page so and so."

Though not Mr. Stapleton's fault, this makes hopeless confusion. It involves a constant hide and seek from one to another of half a score of bulky volumes. Then, too, so much consists of mere business record—that copies of such and such despatches have been sent to this person or are sent to that, to be returned or placed in the embassy archives or what not; all of which involves a vast deal of reiteration. This is very necessary for the conduct of public affairs, and as diplomatists are a class of men who enjoy a reasonable amount of leisure they may be able to cope with it; but in the general reader, and even in the student, it produces perplexities and despair. It destroys the continuity of his reading. By the necessity of the case these volumes must be chiefly works of reference; but, as works of reference, their utility is halved by the unaccountable omission of an index, which the table of contents cannot adequately replace.

The general estimate of Canning, so long in controversy, is now fairly agreed upon, and there is nothing in this correspondence that need much change it. He was not, on the one hand, the unique genius of his generation, the statesman to whom is due all the wisdom of modern politics that is not traceable to Pitt, as some do falsely boast; nor was he, on the other hand, the intriguer and the charlatan, who stole the Liberal policy and marred it in the stealing, as others do vainly talk. This is pretty well settled. Mr. Stapleton discusses with considerable minuteness the motives of his conduct at two important junctures—his period of absence from office in 1821 and 1822; and his conflict with the Duke of Wellington, when he was forming his ministry in the spring of 1827. Singularly enough, with all his profound admiration for Canning, Mr. Stapleton places upon his conduct on both occasions a construction which is not only sinister, but gratuitously so. In the first instance, he thinks that, under pretence of the proceedings upon the Divorce Bill, Canning was really masking a determination, which he dared not openly avow, neither to serve under Castlereagh, nor to sanction his policy. In the second, he suspects him of a deliberate discourtesy to the duke, for the purpose of working upon his punctiliousness and inducing him to forego any claim to enter the new ministry. The special pleading, ingenious though it be, to which he resorts in his arguments, is itself their best refutation. That Canning's position in 1827 was so difficult as to invite, if it did not excuse, some shiftiness in getting rid of the impracticable high Tories, and coming in as a Tory minister with strong Liberal support, is plain enough. That he was determined, with all the strength of his strong will, that he and he alone should be the real first minister is clear also. But the incompatibility of further union between him and the duke is also so clear as to make that of itself,

especially in the visibly failing state of Canning's health, sufficient, without any strategy or finessing, to account for the occurrence of misunderstandings between them.

On the whole, these letters are favourable to Canning's reputation for simplicity and straightforwardness. He behaved loyally to his predecessor, though at some cost to himself, in the matter of the diplomatic arrangements, which were pending but not completed when Castlereagh died. The letter of July 2, 1826, effectually determines that, much as it looked like an intrigue of Canning's, Sir C. Stuart's conduct in accepting the task of carrying to Lisbon the constitution granted by Dom Pedro to Portugal, was quite spontaneous and highly embarrassing to the Foreign Secretary, though he endeavoured to make the best of the *fait accompli*. From the author of the memorandum which darkly describes the king as Man, the Queen as Dirce, and himself as Marcus, one is prepared for much in the way of mysterious language. In fact, however, in the field which he thoroughly loved and understood, Canning habitually expressed himself with the most pellucid clearness and convincing force; and many of the shorter letters are models of how much a few brief and business-like sentences can convey in the midst of the multifarious toils of a Foreign Secretary, who also leads the House of Commons, as the longer despatches and memoranda are of luminous and pointed argument. Methodical and hard-working himself, Canning is constantly giving Viscount Granville, though his intimate friend, the smartest raps on the knuckles for his indolence and carelessness, which, to do him justice, Granville seems to have taken in very good part. In the last three years of his life—overworked, anxious, and often a prey to the gout—Canning yielded to an occasional asperity in his private letters which would have startled its objects mightily. He writes to Granville:

"You ask me what you should say to Metternich. In the first place you shall hear what I think of him: that he is the greatest rogue and liar on the Continent, perhaps in the civilised world."

And a fortnight later he says:

"I contemplate great pleasure in reading my note to Lieven, Esterhazy, and above all to the odious and offensive Malzahn."

And to Huskisson he writes:

"I do not know who drew the Order in Council about cannon, &c. . . . Of one thing I am quite sure, that it was thoroughly discussed in cabinet whether the references under it should be to the Secretary of State or to the Admiralty or Treasury, and it was decided for the latter. Nevertheless, that blunderheaded fool at the council office continues to plague me with references."

Indeed, with a party in the cabinet hostile to him, of whom Lord Westmoreland was the most offensive, with intrigues going on to prejudice him with the king behind his back, with the French Army in Spain, and Russia hankering after a Turkish war, there was enough to try his temper; and it is wonderful with what tenacity of resolution and coolness of head he maintained and triumphantly enforced his own foreign policy in the midst of such difficulties.

Some of the voluminous correspondence of, and to, private individuals is very interesting, some of it funny, some of it dull. Canning would appear to have kept nearly everything that he received—it was Sir Robert Peel's rule too; and a good many things have thus come to be printed here which had better have been burnt. But there are several attractive letters: one from Wordsworth soliciting Canning's assistance on behalf of his son, who was a candidate for a fellowship at Merton; one from Canning which mentions that he never was in correspondence with Mr. Sheridan, and believes Sheridan had but few correspondents; several from old Gifford, dying slowly and confronting his fate with fortitude, but despondent about the future of the *Quarterly Review*. But most of them are the conceited offers of projectors or spies, or begging letters in all the moods and tenses of solicitation. To one of these his reply is very neat. A parson had written to beg for a subscription to a volume of "Lives of the Bishops of Winchester," which he was bringing out under the patronage of the bishop of that diocese. Canning replies:

"Mr. Canning has already subscribed to Mr. Cassan's 'Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury,' but he confesses he does not take such interest in episcopal biography as to wish to subscribe to the histories of all the bishops of all the sees in England. Besides, Mr. Canning really thinks that the ample income and princely patronage of the Bishop of Winchester must render any other countenance unnecessary."

That Canning should have died on the very morrow after coming into his kingdom, on the threshold of a career as first minister in which he might have developed his policy unthwarted and in freedom, seems a hard fate. But in his five years at the Foreign Office he had accomplished much, more perhaps than any other man would have done. With the aid of the present volumes, added to those of Mr. Augustus Stapleton, we can now fully realise how much he effected and how well he deserved of his country.

J. A. HAMILTON.

Guatemala, the Land of the Quetzal: a Sketch. By William T. Brigham. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE title conveys no adequate idea at all of the rich and varied contents of this "sketch," which is, in fact, an encyclopedic contribution to our knowledge of the great Central American republic, and, in some respects, of the surrounding states lying between Mexico and Grenada. The book professes to be merely a selection from notes made during three journeys in that region—apparently between the years 1883-1885, without pretending even to the dignity of "a monograph on Guatemala," or claiming to "add to the general knowledge of Central America." But these "notes"—which, however, comprise a graphic account of the author's main expedition from Livingston on the Atlantic through Coban and Quetzaltenango to San José on the Pacific, and thence through the capital and Quirigua back to the starting-point—occupy considerably less than half of the volume, and are sandwiched in between several valuable chapters devoted to a general geographical description of all the Central

American states, and to a more detailed account of the physical features, history, traditions, religion, arts, government, social usages, commercial relations, and prospects of Guatemala itself. The whole has been supplemented by an appendix, to which have been relegated "several long notes and some longer lists" which could not be conveniently incorporated in the text, but which convey much useful information on a surprising variety of subjects, such as the local nomenclature, the cabinet woods and other forest growths, weights, measures, and monetary system, a long list of heights as determined by the French expedition, the native cuisine, with old and new receipts, and, finally, a copious bibliography of Guatemala and surrounding lands. Certainly, to describe all this as a mere "sketch" is a refreshing instance of modesty in these days of pretentious or sensational titles.

Nor is the book in the least overburdened by the almost excessive quantity of dry facts placed at the disposal of the reader, for it is everywhere relieved by a judicious seasoning of that peculiar American humour which is so pleasant when kept within due limits. Even in the appendix this feature unconsciously obtrudes itself, as when it is suggested that

"perhaps the people of Guatemala are as cleanly as others; but, according to our observation, the common practice was to allow the dogs to lick the dishes, which received no additional washing. It was the custom, also, at the table d'hôte in the hotels, to finish a meal by filling the mouth with water and squirting it on the tiled floor. Once when we stopped at a wayside house to get some coffee the señora made a little fire out of doors, put the coffee in a very black pot to boil; and, after fanning the reluctant fire with her straw hat, threw herself on the ground near by to rest and smoke her *puro*. When the pot was near to boiling she reached out her bare leg and tested the temperature of the contents with her toe, as a Northern cook might have used his finger. Frank was scandalised; but, after all, it was merely a matter of taste."

Elsewhere, the strange forms of marine fauna exposed for sale in the seaports suggest the idea that "the man who first ate them must have been very brave or very hungry"; and fricasseed iguana is declared to be "perhaps the best native dish"—surely with an obvious touch of irony. At Panzos, where by-the-by the soldier on guard gets pitched into the River Polochic for refusing to let them pass, a disagreeable night is spent at the inn, one of the party sleeping on the dining-table without a mosquito-net, the other in a dirty bed with a net "full of mosquitoes and other things," so that next morning they are unable to decide "which had had the least comfort."

But Mr. Brigham possesses the rarer quality of directness of exposition, combined with the power of presenting things with a few vivid strokes of the pen. We seem at once to realise the social conditions when we read that the lighthouse at the free port of Livingston, "which all incoming vessels are taxed to maintain, consists of a stout pole, but the lantern has been broken and not replaced"; or that at the "hotel" in the same place

"a tablecloth served also for napkins, and the

dishes were of many patterns, colours, and degrees of dirtiness. It seemed absurd to call for a clean plate, but we did so to see what would happen. A large tame duck used to waddle under my chair, and at last would take bits of tortilla from my hand. Several mangy dogs and cats had to be driven out whenever we sat down to eat; but the hens were not disturbed, for they contributed so much to our larder that they were privileged; and one nested in an old felt hat on a corner shelf, while another came cackling out of one of the dark bedrooms that opened on either side."

From one or two slight references it may be gathered that one object of Mr. Brigham's visit was to "prospect" the country, with a view to ascertaining how far it offered a field for the investment of American capital, or settlement by American citizens. The different results of his inquiries on the spot, according as he is regarded as a passing traveller or an interested observer with an eye to business, are characteristically put in this way:

"As a *stranger* I was told that the place was an el dorado; that limitless crops grew without urging from a soil of unequalled richness; that the climate was salubrious, and eternal summer reigned; that business was brisk, and constantly increasing under wise laws and a favouring government. As a *settler* the song was sung to me in a minor key; labour was not to be had; no good lands could be obtained; the steamers were the tyrants of the place, and all earnings were eaten up by freights. Then there were the warning cries of those unfortunate men who wanted to make money in a newly opened country, but had not the necessary courage and endurance for a pioneer. They had not met success, and they had not grit enough to seek it. Micawbers far from home, they waited for something to turn up."

The outcome of personal investigations in various parts of the country is a balance between these extremes, inclining, however, much more to the favourable side than will be expected by most readers. Even the climate is rehabilitated; and many will be surprised to hear it described as "remarkably healthy," with a lower rate of mortality than Boston or London, for instance, although the statement is qualified by the admission that "yellow fever was common through the hot lowlands of the Pacific coast in 1883, and whooping-cough, measles, and small-pox prevailed in many parts of the country." Although systematic cultivation is unknown, crops growing "very much as they did in the Garden of Eden," such is the exceeding fertility of the soil that maize rudely planted in slight holes sometimes grows to a height of seventeen feet, the stalks averaging three ears each, and maturing in ninety days; so that favoured districts yield no less than three harvests in the year. Two heavy crops are also raised of what is stated to be "the finest rice known," while sugar-cane has yielded as much as three tons per acre for twenty years without replanting—"a result unknown in any other sugar-country." It follows of itself that there is here room not only for "a wise investment of capital," but even for actual colonisation; and perhaps somewhat too alluring prospects are held out to the Northern farmer, who

"wears out his life in the consumptive fields of New England, where his crops grow only four months in the year, instead of settling here where he can plant any day in the year (except

ts' days, unless he employs coolies), and reap a rich harvest in due season."

Mr. Brigham is certainly a clever "prospector," although still a prospector, as shrewd Northern and other farmers of British stock will be wise to remember.

He has also a naturalist's eye for the beautiful and endlessly varied forms of animal and vegetable life in these exuberant tropical lands. On the Chocon, a scarcely known northern affluent of the Rio Dulce (Lower Polochio), tall reeds with feathery blossoms more graceful than the pampas-grass, palms with bluish-green foliage, flowers of the arum family more lovely than the calla; blue herons, butterflies of the most gaudy colours, fish transparent as glass, beautiful grossbeaks with scarlet breast and metallic green back, tall forest trees laden with masses of white, greenish, and other blossoms, are passed in rapid succession; but are all noticed and photographed with a few skilful touches of the pen. More space is given to the curious semi-parasitic climbing orchids deriving their nutriment partly from the soil, partly from the supporting tree-stems; the uncanny-looking, but harmless iguana with green glittering eye, mouth like a toad's, large hanging dewlap, row of lancet-shaped dorsal spines, and long tapering tail; the lovely humming-birds flashing a brighter fire than the brightest ruby or sapphire, and building dainty nests of the golden down of the tree-fern and shingled with delicate lichens; the leaf-cutting ants, Mr. Belt's graphic account of whose strange habits is fully confirmed by our author's observations.

At Quirigua Mr. Brigham carefully explored the remarkable group of Maya-Quiché ruins, which have undergone considerable change since Catherwood's sketches—taken forty years ago—were first published by Stephens. These monuments are chiefly of the monolithic type; but, instead of being mere rough-hewn blocks like those of Stonehenge, they are for the most part elaborately carved on two or more surfaces with hieroglyphs, human and animal heads, in a style analogous to, but apparently not quite identical with, those at Copan and Palenque. Mr. Brigham, who obtained some successful photographs of the inscribed stones, fancies that they are in the nature of the denominative cartouches on the Egyptian obelisks—a view which, in the present state of our knowledge, can neither be proved nor disproved. He also detects a very Egyptian cast of countenance in one, and "a decidedly Aryan head with mustache and flowing beard," in another of the human faces. The "Egyptian" might pass, as a stereotyped and sufficiently elastic expression, which may always be expected from a certain class of theorists. But the "Aryan," especially with the characteristic hirsute appendages, would be apt to raise a protest were all criticism not disarmed by a timely rider, which, although relegated to a footnote, is not the less expiatory. Here we read that,

"although on the stone, and in the photograph as well, this head has the appearance noted in the text, a more careful examination of the photographic image magnified shows that the upper portion of the seemingly human face is in truth that of a tiger, while the flowing beard is the remaining part of a mutilated human face."

So we breathe again, and ethnologists must feel grateful to Mr. Brigham, who, having no theories, had the happy thought to examine his "Aryan head" on a large scale and find it a tiger's. When they hear in future of Aryan or Chinese, Malay or Japanese remains discovered by antiquaries of the Charay and Brasseur de Bourbourg school among the Maya or Toltec ruins, they will be able to suggest—perhaps "tiger," if examined on a sufficiently magnified scale.

This word, "tiger," which, of course, stands for "jaguar," is persistently spelt *tigre* in this volume, which otherwise betrays little traces of "American," except its irrepressible humour. It is provided with an index, several maps, and numerous photographs—not all, however, quite so successful as those illustrating the Quirigua ruins.

A. H. KEANE.

Irish Songs and Poems. By William Allingham. With Music. (Reeves & Turner.)

WERE not Mr. Allingham such a ruthless pruner of his own work, we might feel a little aggrieved with him for presenting us with a volume, under a new name, consisting for the most part of selections from his old poems. There is hardly a poem here which we have not in some shape seen before, though the eight or nine pieces of musical accompaniment (by Mrs. Tom Taylor and from other sources) are an entirely new feature. This Invocation, however, placed upon the flyleaf is to me fresh in more senses than one:

"The Western Wind blows free and far
Beneath a lovely evening Star
Across the ocean vague and vast,
And sweeps that Island Bay at last;
Blows over cliff there, over sand,
Over mountain-guarded land,
Rocky pastures, lonely lakes,
Rushing River that forsakes
His inland calm to find the tide;
Homes where Men in turn abide;
And blows into my heart with thrills,
Remembered thrills of love and joy.
I see thee, Star, above the hills
And waves, as tho' again a Boy,
And yet through mist of tears. O shine
In other hearts, as once in mine,
And thou, Atlantic Wind, blow free
For others now, as once for me!"

—a poem which fairly represents Mr. Allingham at his best, marred, as usual, by one great blemish.

The volume commences with the long poem called "The Lady of the Sea," which appeared under the name of "Mervanee" in his *Songs, Ballads, and Stories* in 1877. This remains unchanged. But in others the pruning process has led to disastrous results. Take, for instance, the following out of "The Pilot's Daughter," which was first published in 1850. The seventh stanza now runs thus:

"Yet not alone the palm grows dull
With clayey delve and watery pain:
And this for me—or hourly pain;
But could I sink and call it gain?
Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain
To wed a Pilot's Daughter."

This seems to me harsh and very involved when compared with the original:

"But not alone the palm grows dull
With clayey delve and watery pull,
And Labour sends a sleepy class
To school, a childish school to Mass:
True love will raise, not sink—alas!
How fades my Pilot's Daughter."

Or, again, in the "Invitation to a Painter" why has Mr. Allingham changed so good a line as

"British Mammon in his glory, in his breathless
race and rush,"
to

"Fashion's costly idle pomp, Mammon's furious
race and rush."

Surely the old is better? Of course, in other cases his instinct has led him right. The version of 1855 of the "Morning Plunge" began thus:

"I sprang from my lightly preest pillow
To tread the gay sunshiny floor;
O welcome, that glittering billow
Whose surf almost reaches our door."

How much he has improved this, which was the blur upon the poem before, in the present edition:

"I scatter the dreams of my pillow,
I spring to a sunshiny floor;
O New Day! how sparkles the billow,
How brilliant are sea, sky, and shore!"

And, perhaps, the happiest lines in "Our Mountain"—the poem through which more than any other breathes the genius of his native scenery (one of those published in 1850)—are those which have been interpolated since the last edition:

"Men have not tainted this atmosphere,
Wing'd thoughts only can follow here,
Folly and falsehood and babble stay
In the ground-smoke somewhere, far away.
Let them greet and cheat
In the narrow street—
Who cares what all the city-folk say?"

As to the selection as such, it seems very successfully made. There are only one or two poems which we cannot spare, noticeably, "The Maids of Elfen-mere," which was brought out in 1855 with that drawing by D. G. Rossetti, of which, while writing, I find Mr. Burne-Jones has said: "It is, I think, the most beautiful drawing for an illustration I have ever seen." Have we not something of a right to ask why this too has not been reproduced, as well as the poem? It is, of course, next to impossible to get it.

Of the, to me, new poems, one, perhaps is the most powerful and dramatic in the book, "A Stormy Night."

"A wild west Coast, a little Town,
Where little Folk go up and down,
Tides flow and winds blow:
Night and Tempest and the Sea,
Human Will and Human Fate:
What is little, what is great?
Howso'er the answer be,
Let me sing of what I know."

The story is told in sixteen short stanzas—a tale of two brothers, of murder, robbery, and suicide; in which the villain becomes the instrument of his own destruction, and the murdered man, unawares, his own avenger. Another of these, treating of the Ban-shee legend, is very weird. The volume ends with the "Familiar Epistle to a little Boy," which appeared in *Evil May Day* in 1883.

It is not for me here to criticise William Allingham as a poet. The judgment has been passed on him long ago, and it will last until he is "revived" again in a century or two. He is often a careless writer, carried away by the very boisterousness of his melody, writing what is little better than doggerel. His rhymes are often very far from inevitable. He allows them to be often much too forced, and he has no fear of platitudes. He will always,

in our mind, be associated with—of course, before all, the "Fairies"—with his "Boy's Burial," with "Our Mountain," with the "Morning Plunge," and with, I hope, "A Stormy Night." In these one can get what is most characteristic of the man, his healthy tone, his love—equal to that of Burns—for his native district,

"On that wild verge of Europe, in dark Donegal,"

his great mastery over rhythmical law, his exquisite imagination, his kindness, and reverence. For all these he will be remembered, and certainly all may be forgiven the man who can give us one, even if only one, perfect couplet:

"If any radiancy divine
Doth straight into thy spirit shine,
Lo, it is thine—not singly thine.
The wondrous light that shone to thee
A child, the children saw, and see."

CHARLES SAYLE.

Letters of David Ricardo to Thomas Robert Malthus, 1810—1823. Edited by James Bonar. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MR. BONAR, the editor of these letters, is already known as the author of an admirable book on *Malthus and his Work*, published two years ago. Apart from its other merits, among which was its calm treatment of controversies crusted with prejudice, his previous work showed in every page the pains which the author had taken to inform himself comprehensively and accurately on his subject. The letters of Ricardo to Malthus may be regarded as a continuation of that work; and Mr. Bonar has performed the humbler part of editor with an equal conscientiousness. It is enough to say that there are few allusions to events or persons of the time on which he fails to give sufficient information to the reader.

The letters themselves, we are bound to say, are not easy reading. Ricardo frequently expresses his regret that he makes "no progress in the very difficult art of composition." "My speaking," he says, "is, like my writing, too much compressed. I am too apt to crowd a great deal of difficult matter into so short a space as to be incomprehensible to the generality of readers." His speeches appear to have been freer from the fault than he himself believed; but, applied to his writings, the criticism is perfectly just. In the correspondence before us, he has to repeat his points again and again, simply because he failed to make himself understood; and it is plain that Malthus was not to blame. Whatever was the cause, whether an obscurity of style or his abstract and often unreal habit of mind, Ricardo is not a writer who can compel an unwilling reader. McCulloch was more than justified in his adaptation of Quintilian's phrase—*Ille se profecisse solet cui Ricardo valde placebit*. If Mr. Bonar had been able to give us the whole, instead of half, of the correspondence, we should have fared better; but, as he tells us, Ricardo's representatives have searched in vain for the corresponding letters of Malthus. In following a difficult argument, we are thus placed at a disadvantage in being able to hear only one side. All the same, the collection is of great interest in bringing

out the personality of Ricardo and the growth of his economical opinions.

The letters extend from February 25, 1810, shortly after the publication of Ricardo's pamphlet on "The High Price of Gold Bullion," to August 31, 1823, less than a fortnight before his death, and cover, as his editor says, the whole period of the friendship of the two men. Among the subjects which they discuss, and on which they differ profoundly, are the currency and the importation of foreign corn—then as now two burning questions, the causes determining the rate of profits, rent, over-production, the meaning of value, and the measure of value. We may quote a few sentences to show the position of Ricardo in regard to some of these matters: "I never was more convinced of any proposition in Political Economy than that restrictions on importation of corn in an importing country have a tendency to lower profits" (p. 35). But he was willing to impose a proportionate countervailing duty wherever taxation bore with unequal effect on agricultural land (pp. 64, 76). Referring to the causes which make capital scanty compared with the means of employing it, he says: "I am led to believe that the state of the cultivation of the land is almost the only great permanent cause" (p. 43). The arguments of many letters are summed up in the neat statement, which comprises the substantial articles of Ricardo's economical creed:

"Profits depend on wages, wages under common circumstances on the price of food and necessaries, and the price of food and necessaries on the fertility of the last cultivated land" (p. 122). "A bad harvest does not, perhaps, very much check the progress of wealth; but it materially interferes with the general happiness" (p. 139). "Nothing is to me so little important as the fall and rise of commodities in money. The great enquiries on which to fix our attention are the rise or fall of corn, labour, and commodities in real value, that is to say, the increase or diminution of the quantity of labour necessary to raise corn and to manufacture commodities" (p. 198).

Lastly, as showing the excellent temper in which the two economists carried on their controversies, let us quote the concluding sentences of the final letter:

"And now, my dear Malthus, I have done. Like other disputants, after much discussion, we each retain our own opinions. These discussions, however, never influence our friendship. I should not like you more than I do if you agreed in opinion with me."

It could not have been otherwise with two such men, of whom we should find it hard to say which was the more open-minded or the less influenced by any ambition other than that of finding the truth.

G. P. MACDONELL.

NEW NOVELS.

Illusions. By H. Musgrave. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

His Sisters. By Herbert P. Earl. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Paul Patoff. By F. Marion Crawford. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Nun's Curse. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Home Again. By George Macdonald. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

In at the Death: a Tale of Society. By George F. Underhill. (Sonnenschein.)

Who is John Noman? By Charles Henry Beckett. (Cassell.)

THERE is so much that is good in the first novel on our list that it is a pity the author should not have cultivated a rather less slipshod style, so as to avoid the danger of irritating his readers. Although there is plenty of incident, the book is chiefly remarkable for its extremely clever studies of character. Medea Longstaff, the heroine, is as noble a woman as any in modern fiction, while for a thoroughly unscrupulous, clever little minx commend us to Miss Rachel McCracken; and old Aunt Dorothea is as lovable as eccentric—which is saying a good deal. There is nothing, perhaps, very new in Medea's story. It is only that of an unsophisticated girl with lofty aspirations, whose very nobility of soul brings about her misery, because she cannot understand that everybody is not as single-minded as herself, and surrenders at once when love seems to have found her. As for Bruce Onslow he is only a rather commonplace scoundrel, in spite of his beauty and accomplishments. It strikes one that a man must have been either very conceited or very dense who could think that, after throwing over a girl in the most cold-blooded manner, he could whistle her back at will; and we are not disposed to envy pretty Flora her bargain. In fact, the men are the weakest drawn of the actors in the piece. Rachel's manoeuvres to get into county society are described with a good deal of quiet humour. Really the girl was so clever that the reader submits, like all her neighbours, to her fascination, and quite rejoices when she triumphs. Her success implied nothing short of genius, considering how she was handicapped by that terrible old vulgarian her father. The scene of her ball, where Bruce and Medea meet again unexpectedly, is one of the best in the novel, though it must yield in intensity to that in which the false lover is denounced and rejected by the woman whom he had deceived. Philomela's death, too, is pathetic. We should rather like to know what Mr. Musgrave imagines a pivot to be; something of the nature of a magnet apparently, since he says of Rachel in relation to the Proteus family—"She did not yet know that the baronet was a pivot which would certainly bring them."

Notwithstanding a reasonable amount of sensation *His Sisters* is rather tedious reading, chiefly because of the prodigious amount of sermonising with which it has pleased the author to pad out his narrative. The title might have been better chosen, for Ralph Marston is practically a nonentity; and either Charles Sumner or Eustace Verrall would better fill the part of hero, which cannot be allotted to Mapleton, although he is, in many respects, the most important figure of the four. The unscrupulous lawyer Littiman is well drawn, and Mr. Earl shows genuine art in relieving the darkness of the man's character by the one natural touch of his love for his niece. Clara herself does not compel much sympathy with her trials; and it strikes one that, to say the least of it, she lost no time

in re-engaging herself after her husband's death. As for her sister Mildred, one must take her charms on trust; for, as depicted, she is the merest shadow of a shade, not to be compared for a moment with the lowly-born Margaret. Mr. Earl seems most at ease when dealing with humble life. The scenes in which the Lisburn family take part are among the best in the book. On the whole *His Sisters* may, with judicious skipping, be read with a certain amount of amusement.

As good a story as was to be expected from the author's former work is to be found in *Paul Patoff*. It is supposed to be told, by request, to a certain lady unnamed by one Paul Griggs, an American who, together with his friend Balsamides Bey, plays a highly important part in the action. The plot turns upon the mysterious disappearance of a rather objectionable young Russian officer, Alexander Patoff, who vanishes as if by magic from his brother's side during a religious ceremony in the mosque of St. Sophia. Their mother, an Englishwoman, has always loved the missing man, and neglected her other son; and she now takes up the insane notion that the latter has made away with her favourite. It is partly the stigma attaching to him through this craze which goads Paul into resuming his search for Alexander, although he had already prosecuted it vainly with prodigious energy; and it must be left to the reader to discover what was the result, and what had been the young Russian's fate. As a matter of fact, the solution of the mystery was due to the American and his friend, and Patoff had very little to do with it. The way in which they construct their chain of evidence is as ingenious as their consequent course of action was daring, and the whole episode is exciting to a degree, the death of the wicked old Khanum rising to a height of tragic horror almost worthy of Webster. It is all the more striking because of the way in which modern science is made to play its part in the weird Eastern scene. As a pleasant set-off to the more stirring portions of the book, the Carvel family, with their quiet English country life, are one and all excellently conceived. Hermione is a sweet and gentle heroine. Her parents are well-imagined, both the bluff squire and his dreamy, semi-mystical wife; and as for the aesthetic old maid, Aunt Chrysochrasia—"Phoebus, what a name!"—she deserves a place in all future galleries of comic portraits. Mdme. Patoff, with her assumed (?) insanity, is also a striking, if slightly unpleasant figure; and so is the hardened scientist Cutter, who would have sacrificed anything or anybody to the working out of a psychological problem. The fall over the parapet at Weissenstein is an effective scene, and so is the last terrible one of the burning of the kiosque. But one hardly looks on an Englishwoman of fifty-two as "old." Did space permit, we should like much to quote many wise passages in this delightful book, notably the remarks on insanity (vol. i. pp. 255-82), and on the breaking of marriage engagements (vol. iii., p. 119); and we cannot refrain from one short quotation, it is so true and pregnant: "It is before all things important that youth should be young, lest it should not know how to be old when age comes upon it." By-the-by, it strikes the insular mind strangely, and rather un-

pleasantly, to find Mr. Crawford insisting so upon the cleanliness of people's hands. One is accustomed to take it as a matter of course in this country that a gentleman's hands are clean.

We cannot consider *The Nun's Curse* as among Mrs. Riddell's happiest efforts. The story is far from being a pleasant one, and the characters are not particularly attractive, if we except Mark Barry. Why on earth the family objected to that warm-hearted, rather demonstrative Irishman we fail to understand, unless it was because he swore when he was excited; and, after all, that is a habit which, though doubtless reprehensible, should hardly be punished by ostracism. Terence Conway, the unlucky inheritor of the mysterious curse, is just a happy-go-lucky young Irishman, amiable enough, but so weak and purposeless as to induce in the reader's mind a feeling of something very like contempt; while as for Philippa Dutton, she is a thoroughly odious young woman, selfish to the core, and not free from a suspicion of hypocrisy. Poor little untutored Grace was worth a million of her. And here we must enter a solemn protest. Mr. Malet, the rector, is made to argue in the most worldly way in order to dissuade Terence from making the only reparation in his power for the wrong he had done Grace, and we fail to see how he could reconcile such conduct with his duty as a priest. It is no answer to say that the proposed marriage was the result of pique at Philippa's conduct. The wrong had been done, and it had to be atoned for, even at the risk of loss of social position. Why was the slur to be left upon both mother and unborn son? Such a doctrine would strike at the root of all morality. *The Nun's Curse* is not pleasant reading, and its conclusion especially is eminently unsatisfactory.

One feels almost nervous in noticing Dr. Macdonald's new book, because he is so very severe upon the evil doings of reviewers. We would fain hope that there are but few critics so unscrupulous as those upon whom he comments. After all, a gentleman does not cease to be a gentleman because he takes to journalism. The story is rather a good one, of the trials and ultimate purification of Walter Colman, a farmer's son, who, fancying himself a poet, despises his father's calling and goes to London, with results that may be discovered from the book. We really cannot see that Lady Lufa was so bad as the author and Sefton make out. Silly no doubt she was, and something of a flirt; but it is hardly sufficient evidence of her being "soulless" that she did not fall in love with her cousin, whom she confessed bored her, and, being an earl's daughter, declined to marry a farmer's son. If Walter had not been a perfect fool he never could have cherished such an absurd hope. However, the book is well worth reading, and the scene of the prodigal's homecoming is as pathetic as anything that even Dr. Macdonald has written. Is it not rather a sweeping assertion to make that "as a savage cannot be a citizen so cannot people of fashion belong to the kingdom of heaven"?

Mr. Underhill seems to have met with an informal critic who, in our opinion, talked great nonsense, for his novel is, if not a work

of art of the first order, eminently readable and full of promise. Grammar and style leave something to be desired at times. We incline to believe, for instance, that when the author speaks of a banking account as being "phenomenal" (p. 143), he meant "nominal." But the career of the reformed gambler Hugh Muirson is cleverly told, though it seems more than doubtful whether such a man as he is at first depicted would ever have turned to any good. Possibly the author changed his mind; but Massinger was no young scape-grace sowing his wild oats, but a hardened youthful blackleg. There is little to be said about the other characters, except that Miss Aura Belgart transferred her affections from Stanhope to his wealthy rival with suspicious facility. The general massacre of principals at the end is suggestive of weariness on the author's part, but his readers need anticipate none.

The worst thing about *Who is John Noman?* is that the conclusion of a decidedly exciting sensation novel leaves the question of the foundling's identity still as undecided as when the Master of the Mountains adopted him. Why that eccentric nobleman should have settled it in his mind that the ragged waif was his heir is another mystery, inasmuch as he did not even know the sex of the missing child. But that is a trifle. John is a fine fellow throughout, and one wishes him well when he disappears from sight after so many perils and trials. Nothing more ghastly or powerful has been written for some time than the murder of Devoe or John's incarceration in the riverside hut. It is undoubtedly a book worth reading.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

GIFT BOOKS.

For God and Gold. By Julian Corbett. (Macmillan.) Like the romance recently published by Mr. Oswald Crawford, *Beyond the Seas*—which we are glad to find is now accessible in a cheap edition—*For God and Gold* succeeds in combining the excitement of adventure with the realism of history. We will venture yet further, and say that, within its limitations, it is not unworthy of being compared with that memorable novel of the Elizabethan age—*Westward Ho*. The real hero is Francis Drake; and the main subject is his third (or rather fifth) voyage to the Indies in 1572-73, with John Oxenham as his second in command, when he took Nombre de Dios and first "gazed upon the Pacific" from the tree in Panama. Of all this part it is enough to say that it closely follows the authentic narrative published by Drake's nephew in 1626, though we doubt the identification of the Cimaroons with negroes. So much might have been done by any book-maker. The literary interest arises from the framework in which the story has been set. According to the prevalent fashion, it is written in the first person, the narrator being a Puritan gentleman of Kent, who knew Drake's father when he preached at Upnor, and who was himself at Cambridge with Cartwright. At first, it would seem as if the development of this man's moral nature were to be the chief interest of the book; but the author shows his art in allowing the self-consciousness of the earlier chapters to be swept away by the realities that come later. The narrator has ceased to be a prig, and has become a hero almost without our perceiving the change. The other characters also stand out with individual clearness, with the exception, perhaps, of Harry Waldrye.

From what we have said, it will be inferred that this is no ordinary boy's book, but a romance that shows reading, thought, and power on every page.

Dick o' the Fens: a Tale of the Great East Swamp. By G. Manville Fenn. With twelve full-page Illustrations by Frank Dadd. (Blackie.) Mr. Manville Fenn has been not unsuccessful with novels in the regulation three volumes, and we believe that he has also written for the stage; but it is as a writer of books of adventure for boys that his name will be remembered. As Messrs. Blackie hold the first place in this class of literature, so, in our judgment, does Mr. Fenn hold the first place among Messrs. Blackie's writers. And it is pleasant to be able to add that Mr. Fenn has never written a finer story than this. We did not care so much for those of his earlier books in which the scene was laid in foreign parts—Asia Minor, New Guinea, or Peru—though he has no reason to be ashamed of those efforts of the imagination. He is best where he is most at home—whether in describing the romance that still lingers on the shores of the west country, or in creating a glorified market gardener's boy. On the present occasion he takes us to the fens of Lincolnshire, about a hundred years ago, so that the time and the place alike permit some boldness of imagination. In accordance with his rule, his heroes are boys, and no love is introduced. Otherwise, we might say that he has written a page of social life in the past that may challenge comparison with *Mehalah*. And, if we may venture upon another literary reminiscence, it may be said that we find here the last stage in the process of civilisation of which the first is described in Kingsley's *Hereward*. Hitherto, Mr. Gordon Browne has been associated with Mr. Fenn as an illustrator. Now we have Mr. Frank Dadd, of the Institute, who excels in depicting humorous scenes, and is perhaps the more finished draughtsman, though we somewhat miss the happy audacity of Mr. Browne's movement. And, by the way, we cannot think that the artist has rightly interpreted what the author meant by a "punt."

North against South: a Tale of the American Civil War. By Jules Verne. With numerous Illustrations. (Sampson Low.) This is the second volume that M. Jules Verne has given us this year; and, like some others of his recent works, it is divided into two parts, each with a subtitle and—what is less justifiable—each with a separate pagination. It belongs to the author's second manner, in which he abandons any appeal to the marvellous or the scientific, and trusts simply to the vivacity of his narrative to carry his readers along. While we cannot include this among his most happily inspired productions, we are glad to report that in it the champion storyteller of our generation proves that his hand has by no means lost its cunning. From the point of view of picturesqueness, the author has probably done wisely in limiting the scene to Florida, though he has thereby deprived himself of the opportunity of introducing the most dramatic incidents in the War of Secession. Nor can we quite forgive him for the subordinate and unworthy part assigned to the descendant of our boyish hero, Osceola, with the very un-Indian name of Squambo.

Memoirs of an Arabian Princess. (Ward & Downey.) The author of this amusing autobiography is a real princess, half-sister to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who some years ago married a German merchant and settled at Hamburg. The palace-revolutions and domestic wars in which she played a distinguished part seem to have left a somewhat bitter feeling in her mind, if we may judge by the strange state-

ments about the character of some of her relations. With these we have nothing to do; but the public will be interested in all that she says about her early life in what seems to have been a happy but somewhat crowded home. She shared it with about a hundred brothers and sisters and seventy-four stepmothers, including the haughty Sultana ruling supreme over the coffee-coloured Abyssinians and blue-eyed "Circassian cats" who shared the prince's affections. The idea about the cats is as old as Pliny, who tells us of a sort of people in "Albania" who have owl's eyes, and can see better by night than by day. The family seems to have been fond of breakfasting to the sound of barrel-organs, and to have found cock-fighting "by no means uninteresting, and often intensely amusing." The reader will probably pass a similar verdict on the chapters about the daily life in the harem, and the toilet, matchmaking, visiting, and other entertainments and occupations of Eastern ladies.

The Boy Travellers on the Congo. By T. W. Knox. (Sampson Low.) This is a condensation of Mr. Stanley's travels through the Dark Continent. In the letter in which Mr. Stanley himself suggested the compilation, he expresses an opinion that his work in its original form would be too tough of digestion for boys; but he believes that it may be made interesting to them by being told over again in the "chaste and forcible style" which is familiar to the readers of the Boy Travellers' Series. Frank and Fred, with their bland tutor—who seems to have stepped out of *Sandford and Merton*—have already explored the greater part of the habitable globe. Mr. Stanley now wishes them to travel to Uganda and the great lakes, "to descend the magnificent and perilous Congo," and to repeat the adventures and discoveries which made his own journey famous. In one sense the result is disappointing, since the imaginary boys mostly take turns in reading out selected passages from the original book in the cabin of an Atlantic steamer. On the other hand the reader has the advantage of a story told in the great traveller's own words, with the heavier passages conveniently abridged. The illustrations are admirable, but we miss the maps and portrait mentioned in the American preface.

My Friend and my Enemy. By Paul Blake. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Boys with a passion for adventure (and it is for such evidently that nine gift-books in ten are written) will be grateful to Mr. Blake for his new story, if only on account of a mysterious, Herculean, and vindictive Malay who figures in it, and who must surely have been the very Malay that, in De Quincey's presence and on his offer, swallowed opium as if it had been bread. The little hero of the story and his friend, an English sailor, who passes for a time under the name of Jack Brown, do not go far afield, fortunately; for they get no farther than France from the English country-town of Peddlebridge, where the first scene of the story is laid. But they are followed wherever they go by their enemy, the Malay, whom they cannot seriously injure, though they hurl stones and even rocks at him. It is only in the end that he gets his deserts, and not at their hands after all. Yet, in spite of his villainy, we are not quite sure that "the enemy" of the story is not a certain "Uncle Sol," who is a very good (or bad) specimen of the social swindler on a small scale. This is a good compact story, and a considerable amount of humour is shown in some, both of the English and of the French, scenes in it.

The Life and Adventures of a very Little Monkey, and Other Tales. By the author of "Stories of My Pets," &c. (Sonnenschein.) In this pretty little book eighteen chapters are devoted to a pet marmosette. It travelled

with its owner through Wales, which gives an opportunity for the country folk and a few of the most important places to be described for children. A few pages are given at the end to an account of Arcachon, its oysters and processional caterpillars, and to a tame black-bird. The author writes in a spirit of the utmost humanity for all creatures, and of sympathy with all that is beautiful in nature. No more delightful book could be placed in the hands of children who are fond of pets. We would only suggest that if a monkey is supposed to talk it might as well speak grammatically, and not say, "It wasn't me!" Also "dim Sasneg," the unvarying words of the Welsh peasant "who has no English," ought of course to be "dim Sassenach."

A Garland for Girls. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Blackie.) Miss Alcott has, we believe, been called the American Maria Edgeworth. For our part, we should be more disposed to compare her with the late Mrs. Craik; for, though none of her novels have won much success, her short stories are all animated by the same spirit of sympathy with the practical needs of the "little women" of to-day. The present collection is, perhaps, less marked than usual by those reminiscences of the early days of New England which have lent such a charm to Miss Alcott's former volumes. But it can be heartily recommended for its artistic simplicity and its wholesome teaching. We note that this is described as a "copyright edition."

Ships, Sailors, and the Sea. By R. J. Cornwall-Jones. With Illustrations. (Cassell.) Here we think we have found the book of which we have long been in search—one that will tell a land-boy all about the life of those that go down to the sea in ships, in an interesting but yet accurate way, without an excess of technical details. It is sufficiently illustrated, and altogether forms an excellent companion volume to Mr. Clements Markham's *Famous Sailors of Former Times*, issued by the same publishers a year or two ago.

Juan and Juanita. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. With Illustrations by Henry Sandham. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.) Those who have followed the adventures of these two Mexican children in the monthly numbers of *St. Nicholas* will be glad to have the complete story before them with additions, and to hear that it is "true in its essential facts." The faithful dog is, doubtless, due to the imagination of the author; but he adds much to the interest of the story. The volume is beautifully printed, and the illustrations both explain and adorn.

Jack Frost's Little Prisoners. (Skeffington.) This is a collection of ten quite short and simple stories by different writers, told to young children with the object of brightening confinement within doors during the winter. Among the writers are such familiar names as Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, Lord Brabourne, and the Rev. S. Baring Gould. To some it will be enough to know that the volume is a companion one to that entitled *Just Tell me a Tale*.

The Duke's Own. By J. Percy Groves. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is an interesting and exciting book for boys, written by one who has seen service. It is exciting because of war and other adventures, and interesting because one meets with historical characters and events. Peter Daly, the hero of the tale, witnesses the landing of General Humbert on the Connaught coast in the memorable year 1798, and some of the subsequent fighting between French and British. He is next a volunteer in the Indian army, and we hear all about the famous campaign under Colonel Wellesley, when Seringapatam was stormed and Tippoo Sahib slain. The book contains some good illustrations.

Mademoiselle, by Mrs. Ryffel (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a French governess, who goes to Lady Hepburn to teach a tom-boy called Willie. With her and with everybody whom she meets, Mademoiselle gets on admirably, and ends by duly marrying her Gustave. The young ladies do not marry; one finding her vocation in the Mildmay Training Institute, the rest are awaiting their fate when the book comes to a somewhat abrupt end. It strikes us there are too many servants at Lady Hepburn's; but Jimmy the Buttons, who ate jam so fast that her ladyship put salt in the pot, is amusingly sketched.

Two and Two. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Mrs. Seymour has written an account of the doings of four children—now on that, now on this side of the Channel. It is an admirable lesson-book too for teaching children to read aloud, as all the words on which emphasis should be laid are carefully italicised.

How Dante climbed the Mountain. By Rose E. Selge. (Cassell.) This modest volume of "Sunday Readings with the Children from the *Purgatorio*," contains a preface by the Bishop of Ripon which concludes with the wise words: "In days of little books, any effort to make great books part of the inheritance of childhood should be welcomed and encouraged." Miss Selge has done her work well. The only improvement we can suggest is that she should introduce more frequently than she does, quotations from the original. The occasional introduction of a fine line or picturesque epithet, literally translated, would lend her narrative the vitality it somewhat lacks. But, perhaps, this is hypercriticism. The children who have had the benefit of Miss Selge's teaching will be able, when they are older, to study for themselves Dante's great poem with an appreciation quite impossible without such help as Miss Selge has given. The Bishop of Ripon emphatically points out the worthiness of her work. The quotations at the heads of the chapters are from Dean Plumptre's translation, and the eight illustrations are carefully reduced from Doré. The book will be found useful by all beginning the study of Dante.

Word-Portraits of Famous Writers. Edited by Mabel E. Wotton. (Bentley.) Miss Mabel E. Wotton has hit upon a happy idea in going to contemporary sources for the "Word-portraits" which she gives us of these writers. As, however, she has only edited a hundred authors, ranging from Chaucer to Mrs. Henry Wood, her work is inevitably scrappy. The book is, of course, only "made," but might by some be found interesting.

The Story of a Nursery Rhyme, by C. B. (Field & Tuer) should be read by, or to, all clever little brothers who are too fond of asking clever questions. The illustrations, by Edwin J. Ellis, are remarkably good, and a vast improvement on those with which *The Story* was last accompanied when brought out in a more expensive form by the same publishers. The present volume is only one shilling.

Parlour Pastimes. (Edinburgh: Paterson.) This is a charming little book for country children, who are denied the pleasures of winter amusements in town. "Parlour Magic" will specially recommend itself to them—possibly more than to their parents.

A neat pocket edition of the *Paradiso* has just been brought out by Dr. Angelo de Gubernatis. Each canto is accompanied by a short introduction, and "delphinised" by a free prose paraphrase. There are no notes, or discussions of difficulties, nor does the edition profess to be in any sense a critical one. It is a popular and familiar introduction to the poem written for and dedicated to the author's young son. The fatal omission of the number-

ing of the lines (especially as the printed text is interrupted at irregular intervals by portions of the paraphrase) renders the edition almost useless for purposes of reference.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a library edition of the works of Lord Tennyson, which is described as containing everything that the author has published. There will be twelve volumes in all, to be issued monthly—the first in January next.

THE same publishers also announce a new edition of J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*, of which we may mention that more than 126,000 copies have been sold since its first publication in 1874. This edition has been carefully revised throughout by Mrs. Green, so as to bring its details into harmony with the latest views held by the author, being chiefly those shown in his larger history.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's new poem, *The City of Dream*, will be published in a few days by Messrs Chatto & Windus. It is a kind of modern pilgrimage, written in blank verse, and deals entirely with religious and speculative problems. It is dedicated "to the Sainted Spirit of John Bunyan."

AT the desire of the executive council, Mr. Buchanan has agreed to write the inaugural ode for the International Exhibition in Glasgow. The music will be composed by Dr. Mackenzie; and the ode will be performed chorally next April, on the opening of the exhibition by the Prince of Wales.

THE two works upon which Mr. Walter Besant is now engaged are a memoir of the late Richard Jefferies, which will be entitled a "eulogy"; and an amplification of his "jubilee" article on the Queen's accession, illustrated with numerous full-page plates and woodcuts.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's two new novels will both appear forthwith in serial form—"In Far Lochaber" in *Harper's Magazine*, and "The Strange Adventures of a House Boat" in the *Illustrated London News*.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish next month *The Long White Mountain*, by Mr. H. G. M. James, of the Bombay Civil Service, being the narrative of his recent journey through Manchuria, with an account of the history, administration, and religion of that province. The book will have a map and illustrations.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP & SON will shortly publish *Emin Pasha in Central Africa*: Letters and Journals, collected and annotated by Dr. G. Schweinfurth, Dr. Ratzel, Dr. G. Hartland, and Dr. Felkin, translated from the German by Mrs. Felkin. The book will be illustrated with a portrait, and two maps specially compiled by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein.

THE next volume of Mr. Elliot Stock's "Gentleman's Magazine Library" will be on *Literary Curiosities*. Among the articles on literary property, which occur in this section, will be found some contributions by Dr. Johnson.

MESSRS. SEELEY & Co., the well-known art publishers, announce a new monthly magazine for children, to appear with the new year, under the title of *The Children's Illustrated Magazine*, at the price of twopence. Some idea of its special aim may be gathered from the contents of the first number. These comprise a story of "Three Greek Children," by Prof. A. J. Church, illustrated with two woodcuts after Flaxman; "Recollections of a Tour in Wales Forty-five Years Ago," by Mr. P. G. Hamerton; the beginning of a serial story by

Mrs. Marshall, called "Chris and Tina"; a full-page drawing of Old London Bridge," by Mr. Herbert Railton; two plates printed in colours, by Mr. Edmund Evans; and an air by Cherubini, with new words expressly written for a Christmas song. We venture to think that the new-comer will occupy a place of its own amid the crowd.

THE new edition of Dod's *Peerage, Baronage, and Knightage* of Great Britain and Ireland, with all the Jubilee creations, promotions, and appointments, will shortly be published by Messrs. Whittaker & Co.

THE Rev. J. B. Boyle is about to publish a series of reprints of tracts relating to the counties of Northumberland and Durham, under the title of *Bernician Traits*.

THE January number of the *Practical Teacher* will contain the first of a series of articles by Sir Philip Magnus, entitled "Technical Instruction in Elementary Schools."

OWING to the press of other duties, Mr. J. Stanley Little has resigned the secretaryship of the Shelley Society. Mr. T. J. Wise will act as hon. secretary in future.

MR. DOVE, the hon. secretary and treasurer of the Selden Society, has just received from France, through the Bishop of Chester, an anonymous donation of 300 frs. for the society "from one of the relatives of the famous lawyer."

DURING the past few days the editor of *Little Folks* has distributed among some of the children's hospitals and kindred institutions throughout the United Kingdom many hundreds of dolls, scrap-books, articles of clothing, &c., which had been sent in competition for prizes by readers of that magazine.

MR. HAVERFIELD'S *Model of Syracuse* has been much praised by Prof. Freeman, who has lately returned from a visit to Sicily. Noticing the map in a contemporary, he says "We may recommend the model, which really gives a very good idea of Syracuse, and brings out the main features very well."

TRANSLATION

"CHRISTMAS IN ROME," FROM PAUL HEYSE.

I.

No tree with tapers lit, no Christmas joy,
We sit alone in silence, side by side,
And wherefore?—Each one knows, yet each will
hide;
Three little graves afar our thoughts employ,
This feast for us is silent; childish toy,
Nor Christmas bells, nor mirth with us abide,
For ever round our hearth there seem to glide
The pale sad semblance of each darling boy.
Ah well! Although we oft must quail and shrink,
And quaff in haste the bitter cup of pain,
One bit'r'er still might yet be ours to drink,
And this our very life blood's fount would drain,
And life itself would ebb if 'tween us train,
True hearts fastbound, once broken were the link.

II.

I'd many talents in the olden days,
Could cut out tinsel stars and tapers light,
And when the Christmas-tree was sparkling
bright
Would ring the eager watchers in to gaze.
The well-built fortress I could boldly raise
With leaden soldiers marching, after fight
Store of sweet ammunition bring to sight
From bomb-proof bastions, spreading glad amaze.
I had a comrade then, I loved him well,
As were he part of me, how great a part!
In many wars we fought, my gallant boy,
He'll never hear again the Christmas bell,
Nor rush to me with full and merry heart,
Clapping his little hands with childish joy.

iii.

Yet we to Christmas feast, we too were bid,
 Not the green northern fir decked out with
 light,
 An avenue of cypress, black as night,
 Below the silent Cestius pyramid.
 Slowly we wandered there the toombs amid,
 And read the long-forgotten names; in fight
 They too were wounded and have passed from
 sight,
 And the kind mother-earth their wounds has hid.
 Far, far above the misty blue appears
 The Capitol's calm giant head, grown grey
 Watching the generations rise and fall.
 You plucked two violets from a grave, and tears
 Burst from your eyes, list'ning, while loud and
 gay
 The birds were singing on the garden wall.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

OBITUARY.

LUCIANO BANCHI.

Perugia: Dec. 9, 1887.

SIENA has experienced a calamity which excites regret throughout Italy, and wherever a love of literature extends.

The Syndic Commendatore Luciano Banchi died on December 3, after lingering eight months since his paralytic seizure last spring at Florence, where he had gone for medical advice. He was buried on Monday, and his funeral was attended by representatives of all the *contrade* in mediaeval dress, and of every public institution of the city.

He was born of humble parents at or near Radicofani, an old hill-village beyond Monte Amiata—more familiar to the sight of the past generation than to ours, as before railways it was visible from the high road to travellers from Tuscany bound for Rome. Early in life he came to Siena, where by study and force of character he rose to almost every office of trust open to merit. Three times elected syndic, his ambition was directed for many years to induce the King and Queen Margherita to pay a visit to Siena at the time of the annual *Festa*, which, as a revival of mediaeval types and costumes of the fifteenth century, has no compeer elsewhere. As everyone knows, his wish was gratified this year. But the guiding spirit was irremediably broken; and greatly to the gracious queen's regret, he was unable to devote himself, as her most competent *cicerone*, to the display of the marvellous treasures of art abounding in this most fascinating of Italian cities.

Had Banchi been merely a successful syndic this notice would never have been written. He found, indeed, that office a wearisome duty; and the world is the poorer for the waste of his talents in a position which any respectable citizen could equally well have filled. His real claim to general interest was his zeal and capacity in the post he held as chief custodian of the archives of the ancient republic of Siena. Probably none are more complete; and in 1878 a pupil of Prof. Mommsen was employed by the Russian Government to trace the rise of municipal institutions and liberties through the mass of records preserved in the Palazzo Piccolomini.

The collection of seventy-eight *Tavole della Biccherna*, or painted covers of the account books of the city's income and expenditure, dating from 1257 to 1689, are in themselves a succinct history of the gradual progress of the art of painting. Only these seventy-eight remain; thirty more are at Cologne in Germany, and the rest, more than 300 in number, are, as my friend Prof. Mussini says in his pamphlet concerning them, "gone to dealers in old rubbish."

It was Luciano Banchi who selected and arranged under glass cases in a large room of

the palace the rich historical series of Papal Bulls, Charters, parchments (the earliest of which bears date A.D. 726), MSS. and autograph letters of eminent personages that may now be examined and read there. They are the choicest fruit of 50,000 documents disposed in perfect chronological order.

It was Luciano Banchi who, in the preparation of his unfinished book on Dante, based on MSS. unknown until he began his work of exploration, discovered that it was impossible that the Pia of the *Purgatorio* could have been a Pia of the family of the Solomei of Siena. Commentators had all led us astray. And when Signor Lisini, the coadjutor of Banchi, continues his researches it will be found, as already half revealed, to what noble Siena matron of right belonged the radiant crown of sorrow worn so long by another. My letter to the ACADEMY in 1883 first burst the bubble reputation, and brought forward enquiries into the truth of my statement from all countries to Siena. Signor Banchi, when appealed to, confirmed in detail the destruction of a myth, never of Dante's creation, but formed out of the inner consciousness of successive writers. I have no doubt that Dean Plumpton, in his new translation of the *Divina Commedia*, has referred to the subject in a note, taken from my further letter to the ACADEMY in 1886, which included Signor Banchi's own clear exposition of incontrovertible dates, ages, and incidents, putting Pia dei Solomei outside any pretension to celebrity as one of Dante's heroines.

Another of the services to literature we owe to Signor Banchi can be read of by all in an article entitled "A Condottiere of the Fifteenth Century," written by M. Yriarte in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, dated, I think, in 1881. M. Yriarte tells how, in search of papers to serve as personal memoirs of the famous Free Lance Malatesta, he sought in vain through the archives of Rimini, Rome, Milan, and wherever his trade of war had led the fierce and terrible captain. Chancing to visit Siena, this well-known author discussed with Banchi the total disappearance of all written memorials of the Malatesta family; when Signor Banchi produced a roll of parchments. They were in part letters from Isotta degli Atti, wife of Sigismondo Malatesta, who, to judge from the verses of contemporary poets and flatterers, was the most learned, beautiful, and wittiest woman of her time. The story which the Siena Chronicles give, Signor Banchi related. Malatesta was engaged by the Senesi to serve them in defence of their city; but, learning that he was plotting to turn traitor, and seize it for himself, they sent out by night to his camp an armed troop of soldiers to capture him. Alarmed by his guard, Malatesta fled hastily, leaving behind, it is conjectured, this bundle of letters. Those from his wife are written in her name by another hand, and are curious for their proofs both of jealousy and of devotion to her husband. On the strength of her employment of an amanuensis, Banchi and Yriarte both agreed in thinking that Isotta, called the "Sappho of Italy" was too illiterate to know how to write. If so, medals struck in her honour by order of her adoring lord must have lied like epitaphs; for in the Siena library is one with her not over-lovely profile, encircled by this inscription: "Isote Ariminensi Forma et Virtute Italie decori." Upon the reverse is the elephant of the Malatestas, with the name and date of the medallist, Matteo de Pastis, 1446.

The Italian press has already given many notices of Signor Banchi's death, and such as regard him only in his official career know where to find that information. To his friends he was invaluable as the delightful possessor of a very rare kind of knowledge; and the habit acquired from his surroundings, and

from the familiar reading of antique and dusty chronicles, seemed to have transplanted him out of our prosaic nineteenth century deep into the Middle Ages, when Siena was a cradle of new-born art and architecture. Its checkered story now sounds to us like a tale of dim and only half-remembered romance; but none knew how to give it lustre better than Luciano Banchi, who served Siena faithfully and well while his brief life of fifty years lasted.

WILLIAM MERCER.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE first number of a new German review, entitled *Archiv für die Geschichte der Philosophie*, has recently appeared. The new organ, which is to be published quarterly, will number among its contributors nearly all the chief living authorities on the subject with which it deals. Germany, as the classic land of the history of philosophy, will, of course, be most largely represented, but a good sprinkling of English, French, and Italian names is also to be found on the list; and papers in their respective languages, as well as in Latin, will be inserted. One half of the review will be filled with contributions containing original matter; while the other will be devoted to criticisms and summaries of new books, and articles classified according to the different periods in the history of philosophy and the different countries in which it is studied. Those who value the science chiefly as elucidating the meaning and origin of the ideas and systems from time to time promulgated by the world's greatest thinkers will, it is to be feared, not find much that is nourishing in the first number. A general introduction from the pen of the venerable Prof. Ed. Zeller does indeed outline such a programme as might be expected from the writer's antecedents; but the succeeding papers are almost exclusively occupied with minute chronological and biographical questions. The one exception is an attempt, more ingenious than convincing, on the part of Prof. Ziegler to re-interpret a famous utterance of Anaximander, touching the ultimate absorption of all finite things in the infinite "as a punishment for injustice," in the sense of a retribution for human misdeeds. Prof. Pappenheim endeavours to show, with great erudition, but in a remarkably bad style, that Sextus Empiricus composed his sceptical works neither in Alexandria, nor in Athens, nor in Rome, but in some still unknown city. The argument *e silentio* against Rome would, by the way, apply equally well to the *Enneads* of Plotinus. Prof. Benno Erdmann proves very satisfactorily, but, perhaps, at unnecessary length, that Kant, who, it seems, could not read English, became acquainted with Hume's ideas through a German translation of the *Essays* at some date between 1756 and 1759. The *pièce de résistance* of the number is evidently an account, to be continued in future issues, by the editor, Prof. Ludwig Stein, of the great literary find of the year, the packet of unpublished letters of Leibnitz (whose name, one observes, is again spelt with the *t*), discovered last May in the library of Halle. The extracts here communicated are chiefly interesting as giving evidence that the great mathematician spent a considerable amount of time and money in an unsuccessful attempt to construct a calculating machine. One can hardly agree with Prof. Stein when he argues from this fact that Leibnitz was not so fond of money as is commonly supposed. Surely a man may be very grasping and yet be ready to lavish his gains on some pet scheme. Mr. Bywater sends an account (in English) of "The Literature of Ancient Philosophy in England in 1886"; and Mr. Schurman, an American scholar, of "The English Literature of Recent Philosophy"

during the same period. The latter has evidently not been corrected by the writer, and is full of sad misprints.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BRIEFWÖRSEL zwischen H. L. Martensen u. I. A. Borner 1839-1881. Hrsg. aus deren Nachlass. Berlin: Reuther. 12 M.
- BUDÉ, E. de. Lettres inédites, adressées de 1688 à 1787 à J. A. Turretini, théologien genevois. T. 2. Paris: Monnerat. 4 fr.
- GÜNTHER, F. Der Harz, in Geschichte-, Kultur- u. Landschaftsbildern geschildert. Hannover: Meyer. 18 M.
- HELLGREWE, R. Aus Deutsch-Ost-Afrika. Wanderbilder. Berlin: Zenker. 20 M.
- HIRSCHFELD, P. Leipzig's Grossindustrie u. Grosshandel in ihrer Kulturbedeutung. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
- JANET, P. Les lettres de Madame de Grignan. Paris: Liseux. 5 fr.
- MAYER, A. Wiens Buchdrucker-Geschichte 1482-1882. 2. Bd. 1682-1882. Wien: Fricke. 24 M.
- MEYER, F. Daniel Chodowiecki, der Peintre-Graveur. Berlin: Mückenberger. 8 M.
- PAXOS U. ANTIFAKOS im Ionischen Meer v. Erzherzog Ludwig Salvator. Würzburg: Woerl. 30 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BEITRÄGE ZUR VATERLÄNDISCHEN GESCHICHTE. Neue Folge. 2. Bd. Basel: Georg. 8 M.
- HANDBÜCHER DER ALTEN GESCHICHTE. 2. Serie. 1. Abtlg. 2. Th. Griechische Geschichte bis zur Schlacht bei Chaeroneia v. G. Busolt. 2. Th. Die Perserkriege u. das attische Reich. Gotha: Perthes. 12 M.
- KRELLERT, O. Die Insel Gotland im Besitz d. deutschen Ordens 1393-1403. Königsberg-1. Pr.: Gräfe. 1 M.
- KREMER, A. Fähr. v. Ueb. das Sinaubudget d. Abassidenreiches vom J. 908 H. (918-919). Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 5 M. 40 Pf.
- LUTOSLAWSKI, W. Erhaltung u. Untergang der Staatsverfassungen nach Plato, Aristoteles u. Machiavelli. Dorpat: Karow. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- MARTENS, W. Heinrich IV. u. Gregor VII. nach der Schilderung v. Ranke's Weltgeschichte. Danzig: Weber. 2 M.
- MULLERBROCK, E. Etude sur les origines de la Sainte-Alliance. Strassburg: Heitz. 6 M.
- PERRIN, M. Marche d'Annibal des Pyrénées au Pô, et description des vallées qui se rendent de la vallée du Rhone en Italie. Paris: Dubols. 5 fr. 50 c.
- RANKE, L. v. Weltgeschichte. 3. Th. Kreuzzüge u. päpstl. Welt Herrschaft (12. u. 13. Jahrh.). Hrsg. v. A. Dove, G. Winter, Th. Wiedemann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 17 M.
- RIEGER, Ae. De rebus post Alexandri Magni mortem Babylone, gestis quaestione particula I. Königsberg-0. Pr.: Koch. 1 M.
- SAINT-AMAND, Imbert de. La cour de Marie-Antoinette. Paris: Dentu. 20 fr.
- SCHLIEPHAKE, F. W. Th. Geschichte v. Nassau von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart. Fortgesetzt v. K. Menzel. 7 Bd. 1. Hälfte. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 5 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HANDBUCH DER VERGLEICHENDEN HISTOLOGIE U. PHYSIOLOGIE DER HAUSGÄNGERTHIERE. Hrsg. v. W. Ellenberger. 1. Bd. Histologie. Berlin: Feyer. 25 M.
- KRAEPPELIN, K. Die deutschen Süswasser-Bryozoen. 1. Anatomisch-systemat. Thl. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 18 M.
- NEUMAYER, G. Die Thätigkeit der deutschen Seewarte während der ersten 12 Jahre ihres Bestehens (1875-88). Hamburg: Friederichsen. 3 M.
- NIEZSCHOE, F. Zur Genealogie der Moral. Leipzig: Nauemann. 3 M. 50 Pf.
- STUEBLMANN, F. Zur Kenntnis d. Ovariums der Aalmutter (Zoraces viviparus Cav.). Hamburg: Friederichsen. 5 M.
- WEX, G. Ritter v. Hydrodynamik. Leipzig: Engelmann. 6 M.
- WOHLWILL, E. Joachim Jungius u. die Erneuerung atomistischer Lehren im 17. Jahrh. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- CHLEBORAD, F. L. Fulgarische Grammatik. Wien: Hölder. 4 M. 20 Pf.
- HANDSCHRIFTEN-VERZEICHNISSE, die, der k. Bibliothek zu Berlin. 7. Bd. Verzeichnis der arabischen Handschriften v. W. Ahlwardt. 1. B. Berlin: Asher. 20 M.
- TISBE, F. A. Catalogus codicum manu scriptorum Bibliothecae Universitatis Rheno-Trajectinae. The Hague: Nijhoff. 15 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION OF THE SEPTUAGINT.
Cambridge: Dec. 14, 1887.

Dr. Sanday's kindly review (ACADEMY, Dec. 10) of vol. i. of the Septuagint, as lately edited by Dr. Swete for the Cambridge University Press, contains one or two erroneous state-

ments which I feel sure he will be glad to have corrected.

According to Dr. Sanday the text to be adopted "was to be" that "of the oldest extant MS." "Thus B," he proceeds, "is followed wherever it is extant; where B fails, N; where N fails, A; and so on." And again he asks, "Was it best to print simply the oldest?" The answer is that no such principle has been contemplated or followed. It is enough to quote Dr. Swete's Preface, p. xi: "The text of the Vatican MS. has been selected as that 'which on the whole presents the version of the Septuagint in its relatively oldest form.'" That is to say, the choice was determined, not by the relative age of B as a MS., but by the (presumed) relative age of the text which it predominantly contains. Dr. Swete is exclusively responsible for his own Preface; but the words here marked by italics are quoted by him from a recommendation made by the Septuagint Committee of the Press Syndicate, and for these I fully accept a share of responsibility, only asking that they may be taken to mean neither more nor less than they say.

Another error follows, respecting the MSS. employed to supply the text where leaves of B have been lost. Under the influence of the misapprehension about age, Dr. Sanday writes that, "where B fails, N" [is followed]; though nothing is anywhere said or implied by Dr. Swete about any such use of N. Dr. Swete's words are again explicit:

"Where the Vatican MS. is defective, its defects are supplied from the Alexandrine MS., or, in the very few instances where both these MSS. fail us, from the uncial MS. which occupies the next place in point of age or importance."

No one, I imagine, will doubt that the Cottonian MS. "occupies the next place" to B and A, "in point of age" and of "importance" alike, for the few verses of Genesis xiv. -xvi. in which both primary MSS. fail us. Except for about a dozen lines, there is no other competitor but the Hexaplaric Coislinianus. Thus, here too there is no preference given to MSS. on account of their own age alone.

Thus much on matters of fact. I trust it will not be unbecoming to say a little more on what are to a considerable extent matters of opinion. Recognising clearly the *ad interim* nature of the Cambridge edition, and the advantages of now "printing the text of actual MSS.," Dr. Sanday complains gently that "the result is a patchwork text, representing a number of different families" (say rather, two "families," and possibly for some twenty-eight lines a third). But what else could have been done? A has lost leaves as well as B; and for all great sections of the Old Testament both B and A are preserved in much greater completeness than any other uncial, of whatever age or character; so that if "actual MSS." were to be followed, the only way to escape patchwork would have been to follow one of the very few complete cursive MSS.; not a satisfactory result. The course adopted in Dr. Swete's edition is not likely to mislead a careful reader; for the source (or sources) of the text is indicated by a letter (or letters) at the top of every page, and the exact limits of defect are similarly indicated in the margin.

Perhaps it may be thought by some that, after all, it would have been best to construct some sort of critical text, avowedly provisional. But the truth is that the time has not come, nay, is still far off, when such an attempt might be made without serious risk of doing more harm than good. Not only are the materials as yet too imperfectly collected, but the study of them in a scientific spirit has hardly begun. Thus, to take a single instance, in spite of Lagarde's efforts, few critics seem to have mastered the elementary truth that the texts

of existing MSS. need not be identical with the great ancient types of text from which they may be chiefly derived; that is, that they may contain elements differing in ancestry.

Another question of higher interest is raised further on by Dr. Sanday. The courtesy of his language cannot conceal the suspicion which he evidently entertains that, in electing to have recourse to B rather than A for the text of our two preliminary editions, we have followed a common prejudice which the latest criticism seems likely to render antiquated. This latest criticism is to be found in Cornill's singularly instructive edition of the text of Ezekiel. It consists of evidence illustrated by comments, intended to support and carry further an old dictum of Lagarde's, that the text of the Septuagint in B was formed by a carelessly executed attempt to extract the original form of text from a "glossed" MS. i.e., apparently a MS. with Hexaplaric symbols and interpolations. It is but fair however to Cornill to repeat his final warning (pp. 94 f. that he "gives utterance to his result with the greatest reserve, as the matter can be established only by a careful testing of the whole of B." Thus much only, he says, he definitely maintains as absolutely required by the evidence of Ezekiel, that B, the two confessedly Hexaplaric Greek MSS. of Ezekiel now extant, and the Hexaplaric Syriac "belong to a recension of the text." Moreover, whoever will read between the lines of Lagarde's own review of Cornill, published in the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* for June 1, 1886 (pp. 413 ff.) can hardly fail to see that on this question the master has, in the course of years, been led to fall back on yet greater reserve than the disciple has imposed on himself.

What Cornill does seem to me to have proved is that in Ezekiel B and the LXX. text of the Hexapla have an element in common at variance with most other texts. But he has omitted (1) to consider the relation of this common element to each of the two texts as wholes; and (2) to enquire whether the hypothesis that the text of B was critically and yet clumsily picked out of a Hexaplaric MS. (either the mighty original at Caesarea, or a transcript of the LXX. column of it) is indeed the only, or the most probable, explanation of such partial correspondence of text as does exist. In a matter demanding such long and careful examination it is best to imitate Lagarde's present caution, however unwelcome, as he says (p. 452), it may be "to students and dogmatists." As far however as my imperfect knowledge goes, the facts suggest that in the Septuagint was copied from a MS. or MSS. partially akin in text to the MS. or MSS. from which Origen took the fundamental text for the LXX. column of his Hexapla, adapting it to his purpose by "Hexaplaric" doctorings, interpolations, and accompaniments. On this supposition the question as to the relative priority of the text which predominates in B, or the text which predominates in A, remains as it was before Lagarde and Cornill wrote. Assuredly it needs a much more searching investigation than it has ever received. But, notwithstanding the unquestionably high antiquity of the type of text which is loosely called the text of A, and its great value as evidence for the earlier history of the Septuagint, I have a strong impression that the rival text will ultimately be clearly ascertained to be that "which on the whole presents the version of the Septuagint in its relatively oldest form."

F. J. A. HORT.

Oxford: Dec. 20, 1887.

I am extremely glad to be corrected on the two important points mentioned by Dr. Hort, and I think it very probable that the emphasizing of them will be a help to the right

appreciation of Dr. Swete's work by others besides myself. It is one of the penalties of attempting to write in the midst of other heavy and distracting duties that one is apt to take in an impression at one time, and to set it down to another, without having the passages on which it is founded actually before the eye. Now, I have no doubt that the intrusion of *re* arose from the effort to define by concrete examples my recollection of the phrase, "the original MS. which occupies the next place in point of age and importance." Something, too, may have been due to the feeling which was, I confess, present to my mind, that to fall back from B upon N would be, under the circumstances, the natural course. I do not wish to urge the point by way of objection. I am not, indeed, even sure of my facts. But does not the principle which Dr. Hort lays down to some extent sacrifice homogeneity of text to antiquity? For instance, in the latter part of the Psalms, would not the text of N be nearer to what the text of B would have been, if it were extant, than the text of A? The text of A may be an older representation of its type, but is not that type more divergent from that of B than N would have been. That was my only doubt; and the underlying idea which I had was that it might have been better (whichever text had been chosen), in places where the leading MS. was deficient, to supplement it from the nearest representative of the same type of text, even if it had to be sought in a cursive MS. rather than from an older representative of another and widely divergent type. I hardly know whether this could have been done, and, if it could, whether the loss would not have been greater than the gain; but it is, I think, important for the student to be fully aware that in passing from B to A, he is not merely stepping over from one MS. to another, but that he is passing, as it were, into a wholly different region of text.

If I am grateful to Dr. Hort for his corrections, I am even more grateful for his estimate of the present position of Septuagint criticism. He has called attention to an article by Lagarde which I had not seen and which does somewhat alter the balance of the situation. I did not feel that I had earned the right to express an opinion of my own; and I was quite prepared for the possibility that recent investigations might be found to have been moving in a wrong direction. Some such hypothesis as that which Dr. Hort propounds in explanation of Cornill's phenomena was hovering before me. But I thought it right to point out that the present tendency of criticism was rather in favour of A as against B. Since I wrote, an additional item to the same effect has come to my notice. I see from the *Theol. Literaturzeitung*, No. 23, p. 550, that Kamphausen has recently been writing an essay in defence of the Masoretic text of the well-known sections in 1 Sam. xvii. and xviii., which are usually regarded as a stronghold of the supporters of the Vatican text of the LXX. I do not know how far Kamphausen's arguments hold good; but it would seem as if they might also be applied, to some extent at least, in defence of Codex Alexandrinus. However, I shall be well content to leave this, and all other points, to the consideration of the accomplished critics who are supervising and executing the Cambridge edition. W. SANDAY.

THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SCHEME.

Oxford: Dec. 17, 1887.

In his notice of my pamphlet Mr. Churton Collins represents me as hostile to the scheme of University Extension. The fact is that I have always been favourable to it, and that there is nothing in my pamphlet which lends any support to Mr. Collins's assertion.

H. NETTLESHIP.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

Mitchelstown: Nov. 28, 1887.

The "mis-statements" attributed to me and the fresh matter brought forward in the ACADEMY, No. 803, demand explanation.

1. Dealing with the scribe of Rawl. B. 512, I said (ACADEMY, No. 802): "His fidelity as copyist is shown in *pecaid* (as gen. sg.), *le* (corrupted to *re*), *dar* and *tre* governing the dative in place of the accusative." These five statements my critic now passes over; perhaps because the evidence was not formulated as hereunder.

Rawl. B. 512.	Old Irish Forms.
1. <i>pecaid</i>	1. <i>pectho</i>
2. } <i>re taisechaib</i>	2. } <i>le toisechu</i>
3. } <i>dar cridaib</i>	3. } <i>dar cride</i>
4. } <i>tre airdib</i>	4. } <i>tre arda</i>

2. *Ataebi*, we are told, the MS. has "quite rightly." It comes, this disputant found out "about three years ago," from *atoibim*. If so, the discovery bears as hard as anything I have said on that "careful and learned person," the transcriber. For *ae* in place of the Old Irish *oi* is a gross corruption. The Zeussian MSS., however, present a few instances of *ai* for *oi*. Accordingly, it is here said with charming simplicity, "*Ataibi*, being, not as Dr. MacCarthy supposes," &c. But, prythee, where has Dr. MacCarthy written *ataibi*?

3. "*Leth ataebi* signifies context—literally *side that adheres*." According to the old-fashioned notion, the detached portion it was that adhered to the context; not *vice versa*. Such too was the opinion, fairly pertinent in the present discussion, of the Tripartite Homilists. Part II. is introduced by Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Whereupon we read: Herent haec ubi dicit: Data est mihi, &c. (Eg., p. 36). That is, vv. 19, 20 adhere to v. 18. Part I., in like manner, opens with Isaiah ix. 2. Upon which the Irish Version (for, so "careful" was the scribe of Rawl. B. 512, that he did not copy the Latin original) says: "The place of adherence (*leth atoib[th]e*), i.e. the page where the verses quoted fit in: cf. herent haec) is the narrative where the prophet said previously: Primo tempore, &c. [v. 1]. So that it is on the track of those words he said: Populus qui sedebat, &c. [v. 2] (Eg., p. 2)." The second verse, namely, is the natural sequence of the first; not, as this commentator would have it, the first of the second. Six or seven similar examples could be quoted from Lebar Brecc. But they are all, of course, stark nought in presence of the newly-found hysteron-proteron.

4. *Ataibi* is "not a corruption of *atoibthe*, but pres. ind. of *atoibim*." But, methinks, even the bookish theorick ought to have saved the grammarian from such a conclusion. For had the writer intended *leth*=subject of *ataibi*, he would have employed the article, and written *al leth*. On the other hand, as a rule, the noun, when followed by a dependent genitive (*G.C.*, p. 915), does not take the article. Moreover, *articulo fere caret* says Zeuss (*ib.*, p. 483) of the verbal substantive. *Leth atoib[th]e*, therefore, is the only reading consonant with sense and grammar. The phonetic form (infected *t* being silent) the Lebar Brecc scribe—more "careful and learned" than the Bodleian—wrote accurately *atoibe*.

5. "Lebar Brecc, 251a, line 68," is quoted to prove that *toibe* is gen. sg. of *toeb*. "L. B., 251a" looks new. But readers of my paper on the Stowe Missal will recognise at once the B-text of the Irish Tract on the Mass, there given and translated, p. 259, sq. The declensional value of that copy I estimated thus: "It has been sadly marred by corruptions of form and meaning in the transcription (*ib.*, p. 148)." No one has yet arisen to dispute this decision.

In addition, the true form is preserved in the Stowe transcript.

A—Text, p. 251. B—Text, p. 264.
in oxil in *twib deiss*. isind achsail *twibe deiss*.

6. The gen. Ruasin, I showed, was employed by the writer of the fourteenth-century inscriptions on the Stowe reliquary. "The inscription in question," I am informed in reply, "reads very clearly: Orait do Gilla Ruadan, &c." Not to bandy contradiction, let Dr. Todd decide. "The remainder of this inscription is possibly [Gill]a ruasin, the same as Gillaruadan, which occurs on the next or fourth inscription, on the left-hand side of the square (Tr. R. I. A., xxiii., p. 15)." *Utri creditis, Quirites?*

7. The taunt of having abandoned Mr. Warren has elicited the instructive fact that, towards proving Maelruain a bishop, "the master" has nothing to communicate to the disciple. His search for "documentary evidence" has not gone farther afield than Lebar Brecc and O'Conor (Rev. Hib. Script.). Why, I can help him to four more:—Annals of Four Masters, Annals of Innisfallen, Martyrology of Donegal, and Aengusius Auctus, a MS. in the Franciscan Convent, Dublin. How far these are reliable, it will be time enough to discuss when anybody appeals to their authority.

Meanwhile, I shall deal with the two put forward. The statement in Lebar Brecc occurs in one of numerous notes on the Calendar of Oengus—a work purporting to have been composed in the reign of King Aed, 793-817. The hagiographic standard of these Notanda can be tested by the following. John Cassian is made Bishop of Constantinople, and Pope Gregory the Great an Irishman. Bishop Mel, of Ardagh, conferred episcopal orders upon St. Brigit of Kildare. At May 13, a distich respecting Tigernach is suggested as the true reading. The saint is identified as Tigernach of Bairche. The annotator, namely, was such "a careful and learned person" as to overlook the fact that this Tigernach died, abbot of Moville, county Down, in 1061—two centuries and a quarter after date! Lebar Brecc, accordingly, may pair off with the Four Masters, Book of Hymns, Bodleian Tripartite, and, if I may anticipate, the Annals of Ulster.

8. The extract from the last-mentioned Annals runs thus: Maelruain Tamlectai, Aidain Rathain, Aidan hua Concumbu, episcopi et milites Christi, in pace dormierunt. (The Trinity College MS., H. 1 8, fol. 24b, is in agreement.) Coming from one who considers this excerpt conclusive historical evidence, "The Rolls" edition of the Tripartite must prove a notable addition to Irish hagiography. What, it is pertinent to inquire, are the claims of Maguire, the Ulster compiler, to be deemed a reliable chronicler? *Ex pede Herculem*. At the year 814, he writes: *Direptio organorum Ecclesiae Clooncreve*. Herefrom O'Conor and the tribe of copyists have charmed the national vanity with the knowledge that organs were employed at an early period in the Irish Church. But the commonplace original, which is still in existence, knocks all the music out of the transaction—Orgain Cluana Cremha, Plundering of Clooncraft (near Elphin, county Roscommon). Things have come to a pretty pass, when a disputant, who is nothing if not critical, thinks the cause finished by handing in a quotation from a source like the foregoing.

To come to the matter under discussion, the entry, there is evidence cumulative and conclusive, is commentitious as it stands. In the first place, obits of religious in the Ulster and similar Collections were supplied from the respective monastic establishments. See, then, what a coincidence is here implied. That, forsooth, in one year, and in one only, one and the same verbal form of eulogy was employed

in three independent communities. Secondly, the gen., Aidain, which is the true lection, is meaningless in this place. The nom., Aidan, is required. Thirdly, the corresponding paragraph in the Four Masters (O'D., I, 392), which is plainly derived from different sources, (a) inverts the sequence of the Aidans; (b) does not call the monk of Rahen a bishop at all; and, what decides the question, (c) restricts the panegyric to Aidan hua Concumbu: A. h. C., epscop ocus milidh tocchaidhe do Crist, d'ec; A. h. C., bishop and soldier select of Christ, died.

We can accordingly restore the reading, as follows:

[Dormitatio] Maileruen Tamlectan; Aidain Raithin; Aidain hui Concumbu, episcopi et militis Christi.

But the "casket of wisdom" (so Maguire is styled with unconscious irony by his Continuator) referred the "epitheta ornantia" to all three: adding "in pace dormierunt," to eke out the sense. So "careful and learned" was he, however, that he failed to detect the necessity of changing the gen., Aidain, of one of his originals into the requisite nom., Aidan.

The obit of Maelruain, supplied from his own foundation in Tallaght, is thus in accord with the other original authorities in not describing him as a bishop. He was, in fact, bona-fide students will be interested to learn, a presbyter-abbot, who had in his community a well-known bishop-monk for the performance of episcopal functions. B. MACCARTHY.

P.S.—*Erratum*. In the ACADEMY, No. 802, p. 186, col. 1, l. 12, for "countrymen" read "countryman."

SPELLICANS.

London: Dec. 19, 1887.

In the *Digha Nikāya* we find a list of games to which certain Samanas and Brahmins are said to be addicted. The phrase is put into the mouth of the Buddha; and the list occurring in one of the very oldest fragments imbedded in the Buddhist Scriptures (in the Silas) dates back very probably to the time when Gotama was living. Of each word in this list we have the traditional interpretation preserved to us in the great commentary by Buddhaghosa, who wrote about A.D. 430. One of the games is called *Santikam*, and Buddhaghosa explains it:

"Little pieces [or men of the kind used in games] or bits of crockery are put all in a heap together. Then these they remove or replace with the nail, and, if any object in the heap shakes, he [the player] is beaten."

See the *Sumangala Vilāsinī*, just edited for the Pali Text Society by myself and Prof. Carpenter, p. 85.

Santikam may be rendered "Neighbourhoods"; but the game is clearly what is now called *Spellicans*. As now played, each piece has a number on it, and each player continues to withdraw (with a hook) one or other of the various pieces until in so doing he shakes the rest. Then the other player has his turn; and, when all the pieces are removed, the numbers on those taken by each player are added up, and the player with the highest number wins.

Is anything known of the history of this game in Europe? The name for it is evidently old, and connected (not with *spielen*, "to play") but with our words *spill* (a bit of paper or wood) and *splinter*. That it should have existed 500 B.C. in India need not surprise us. A study of the migration of games might be expected to yield results as interesting as that of the migration of stories.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, Dec. 27, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Astronomy, I. the Sun," by Sir R. S. Ball.
THURSDAY, Dec. 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Astronomy, II. the Moon," by Sir R. S. Ball.
SATURDAY, Dec. 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Astronomy, III. the Small Planets," by Sir R. S. Ball.

SCIENCE.

Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan: hujus libri recensiones duos, etc., edidit Salomon Schechter. (David Nutt.)

THE editor of the *Opera Posthuma* of Spinoza gave on the title-page not the full name of the writer, but only the initials "B. I. Sp." He did this in deference to the express request of the philosopher, who desired that his writings should be estimated by their intrinsic value, and that his theory should stand or fall according to its own merits, and not according to the weight of the author's name. In ancient Hebrew works this principle seems to have been applied more consistently, and many title-pages do not even contain the initials of the authors' names. Who compiled the *Mechilta*, *Sefra*, *Sefri*, or any of the *Midrashim*? A glance at the introductions of Friedman, Weiss, or Buber to their editions of the above *Midrashim*, or at the respective articles in bibliographical works or encyclopaedias, suffices to convince us of the great difficulty which scholars experience in solving problems of this kind. Equally uncertain is the answer given by historians and archaeologists to the query, Who gave the *Mishnah* its final touch? Who compiled the *Babylonian Talmud*? Who the *Jerusalem Talmud*? Vague traditions in subsequent ages have supplied names in some cases, but these rather contribute to the perplexity than to the enlightenment of the student on these questions. The uncertainty as to the author's name naturally implies the uncertainty as to the date and place of his existence. Hints and traces suggested by the contents of the book can only be employed as evidence of a negative character; and frequently even evidence of this kind cannot be obtained, on account of omissions, additions, and corruptions made by untrustworthy copyists. According to a Talmudical saying—*hakkol taluj bammazzal*, "all depends on fortune"—some parts of the Talmudical literature received due attention from the earliest times, and were, therefore, preserved in a fairly correct and original condition, while other parts were altogether neglected and have come down to us in a sadly mutilated state.

The work before us, *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan*, is a fair example of the latter treatment. In the ordinary editions of the *Babylonian Talmud* it has its place in the ninth volume among the smaller treatises (*Masechtoth Ketannoth*) after *Masecheth Horajoth*. Few Talmudists considered it necessary to expound *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan*, although its near relative or parent, the *Pirke Aboth*, on account of its simplicity and excellence, has always enjoyed great popularity, has been translated into various languages, and has been distinguished by numerous editions and equally numerous commentaries. But, after a long period of neglect and slight, the treatise has at last received its due reward and just compensation in the splendid edition prepared

by Mr. Schechter. A desideratum of long standing has now been supplied in a systematic and scholarly manner. The editor, in the learned introduction, written in fair and intelligible Hebrew, fully satisfies the reader's curiosity about the literary history of the book. In the first place, it is, of course, interesting for us to know the meaning of the title, *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan*. In opposition to the view of Frankel and others, who hold that the principal object of *Mishnah Aboth* ("Sayings of the Fathers") is to record the chain of tradition, Mr. Schechter rightly assumes that the treatise purports to be, and in reality is, a collection of practical, moral maxims. Probably this is the meaning of the term *aboth* (lit. "fathers," but frequently used in the Talmud in the sense of "first," "chief," or "principal"; here "principal rules"). *Rabbi Nathan* is held by Mr. Schechter to be identical with *Rabbi Nathan*, the *Babylonian*, an older contemporary of *Rabbi Judah*, the *Prince*. He is not, however, the author of the treatise before us, and we shall presently see what relation exists between *Rabbi Nathan* and the book *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan*.

Various theories have been suggested by Zunz, Frankel, Hayuth, Geiger, Graetz, and Weiss. These are discussed in the volume before us in a fair and impartial manner. Mr. Schechter resolves the *Mishnah Aboth* into four different elements, viz.: (1) Chap. i, 1-11, sayings of the couples; i.e., of two contemporary Rabbis, the heads of the Synhedrin. (2) Chap. i, 12-ii, sayings of Hillel and his descendants, and of R. Jochanan ben Sakkai and his disciples. (3) iii-iv, miscellanea without any particular system or order. (4) Sayings based on the numbers 10, 7, 4, and 3. In an analogous manner Mr. Schechter divides *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan* into four sections. The first two (i-xi. and xii-xviii.) form a kind of exposition—*Midrash* or *Gemara*—on the first two parts of *Mishnah Aboth*. The second section seems to be based on a *Mishnah* text different from the received one, and, according to Mr. Schechter, in a more primitive form. The third and fourth sections (chaps. xix.-xxx., and xxx. to end) are written in a style like that of the *Mishnah* or *Tosefta*, and differ from each other in the same way as the corresponding parts of *Mishnah Aboth*.

In addition to the ordinary text, as printed in the editions of the Talmud, Mr. Schechter's book contains a second text which has never been published before. As the two texts are printed side by side, a comparison of their respective merits is easy. At first sight they would appear as two different works—as two sets of sayings and *Midrashim* without any relation to each other. But on closer examination it is discovered that both have the same fundamental structure, and differ only in the form and the extent of the superstructures. There may have been in existence a *Mishnah Aboth* contained in the *Mishnah* collection of *Rabbi Nathan*, the *Babylonian*, which was older than that of *Rabbi Judah*, the *Prince*. This original *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan* was then expounded, illustrated, and enlarged. According to Mr. Schechter, the second text, though far from being preserved in its original form, has fewer traces of transformation and growth than the first.

Mr. Schechter has spared no trouble or expense to make his edition of the two texts as

correct and as complete as possible. All MSS. and all works that contain any reference to Aboth have been diligently searched, and in the footnotes we are presented with the fruit of that arduous labour. Additions, found in various MSS., and not embodied in the text or in the footnotes, have a separate place assigned to them at the end of the book, under the title "Additamenta" (*Hosafoth*). The various indexes of Biblical and Mishnic quotations and of proper names enhance the value of the present edition. Mr. Schechter has dedicated the work to Mr. Claude Montefiore; but he has earned the admiration and thanks of all students and friends of Hebrew literature by his patient, painstaking, and sound judgment, of which the present edition of *Aboth di-Rabbi Nathan* gives ample evidence. M. FRIEDLÄNDER.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

PROF. W. W. SKEAT'S *Principles of English Etymology* (Oxford: Clarendon Press) is a clear and interesting analysis of the "native" element in English. In some points it shows a distinct advance on the author's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*. The misleading theory of "root-determinatives" has disappeared, and the laws of vocalism have become far stricter, though a vowel-scheme like that given on p. 33 of Brugmann's *Grundriss* (a book which the author mentions, p. 293, but does not seem to have used) might with advantage have been inserted in chap. v., on the English long vowels. It is only incidentally (pp. 174 and 225) that we learn the correspondence of original *ā* with Teutonic *ō*; γινώσκω and English "know" are equated without hesitation (p. 121), though Ags. *cnāwan* can only come from *gnē*, not from *gnō*. The statement of Verner's law, p. 148, might, perhaps, be improved: after an accented vowel an Aryan *k t p* becomes not *h th f* but *g d b*. To say that Ags. *hjd* is the "precise equivalent" of Latin *cūlis* (p. 208) shows a seeming disregard of quantity. The "vocalic" nature of the liquids in certain combinations is frequently alluded to, but little appreciation is shown of the phonetic value of the discoveries of Brugmann and De Saussure: Eng. "corn" (p. 239) is equated with Lat. *grānum* "for *garnum*." Kuhn's connexion of *gōrii* and κλέος (p. 285) is quite impossible. The view that *l* and *r* interchange at random in European languages (p. 278) has long been superseded: the author's one instance, "smoulder" (p. 376), is rather a case of dissimilation. Whitney, writing in 1868, is unhesitatingly quoted (p. 281) as authority for the opinion that our ancestors "talked in roots"—an idea which few would now maintain. The analysis of the suffix *isto* (p. 265) would be better omitted. The word "jetsam" (p. 478) the author now derives from Lat. *jactationem*. Vowel-length is throughout marked by the acute accent, which causes inconvenience when Verner's law has to be discussed (p. 148). The first element of the Ags. diphthongs *ea* and *eo* is here accented (as being long). Is this an oversight? Especially interesting is the account of Middle English, chap. iv., and of Grimm's law, chaps. vii.—ix. (with copious examples in an appendix). The author justly ridicules the idea that *r* can be said to be "pronounced" in such a word as *barn* (an idea, however, which the *Saturday Review* still expresses at frequent intervals by its objection to the rhyme "dawn" and "morn"); but his own pronunciation is sometimes curious. He makes "hoarse" = "horse" in sound (p. 55), and seems to think the *h* may be dropped in "human" and "humid," as well as in "humour" (p. 359).

The dropping of the *h* in "what," &c. (p. 338) is really universal except in dialects. All English poets but Mr. Swinburne lengthen the *i* in the substantive *in ind* (p. 403), in order to extend the field of possible rhymes beyond "pinned," "sinned," "thinned," "skinned," "tinned," the two last of which are somewhat unpoetical. The *f* in the archaic word "hereof" (p. 373) is seldom pronounced as *v*. Is "geyser" ever pronounced *geezzer* (p. 475)? The chapter on accent (xxv.) is very good. But perhaps the most practically valuable part of the book is the protest against our modern (un-phonetic) mode of spelling; and especially against the extraordinary view, derived, it seems, from Archbishop Trench, that it is the etymologist, of all people in the world, who objects to spelling reform. If printing had been invented 2000 years ago, we should know very little about etymology. What we want to know is how people actually do pronounce their words, not how the printers think proper to spell them for us. The book is, on the whole, the best guide to English etymology that has yet appeared.

The Poems of Laurence Minot. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Joseph Hall. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) All that is known of Laurence Minot is that he is the author of a few short poems written in Northern English about 1330-1352, relating to various events of the wars of Edward III. Minot's verses have little poetical merit, and they do not add much to our knowledge of historical facts; but they have a certain degree of importance from a philological point of view, and are interesting as illustrations of the English patriotic feeling of the period. The poems have been edited several times already, but Mr. Hall's edition far exceeds all its predecessors in value. The introduction especially is a marvel of minute and painstaking research. Mr. Hall's careful examination of the documents relating to the Myniots of Yorkshire and Norfolk has failed to discover any mention of Laurence Minot; but some of the results obtained tend to justify the assumption that he belonged to that family. The historical allusions in the poems are so exhaustively elucidated that this edition will really be indispensable to students of the history of England under Edward III. Not the least valuable part of the book is the appendix, containing the version of Merlin's prophecies found in the same MS. with the poems of Minot, and three other pieces of verse (in English, French, and Latin) treating of the same events as are celebrated by Minot. The Latin poem on the battle of Nevil's Cross will be new to most readers, though the editor states that it has been previously printed in Hutchinson's *History of Durham*. It was well worth reprinting. In its rugged vigour it bears a good deal of resemblance to the well-known account of the same battle in the so-called Lanercost Chronicle. Both Minot's text and that of the poems in the appendix are given from a fresh collation of the original MSS. The glossary is very good; but we do not always like the manner in which the etymology of Romanic words is indicated, and we observe one or two slight inaccuracies. We know no ground for the statement that *ascrī*, meaning the cry of a scout on desecrating an enemy, is a different word from *ascrī*, "the shout of onset." The "auxiliary" *mun* in Northern Middle-English means "shall," not "must" as in the modern dialects of Yorkshire. Instead of *forcinuculum* in the Latin poem Mr. Hall ought to have printed *forcinuculum*, or at any rate to have suggested this correction in his notes. The word is a diminutive of the Low-Latin *fortia* (*fortia*), a fort. The use of the neuter instead of the feminine form is nowise remarkable in the fourteenth century. The text of Minot rests only on a single MS., not of contemporary

date, and the same is the case with regard to most of the pieces in the appendix, so that conjectural emendation is frequently necessary. Mr. Hall's suggestions are for the most part highly probable. We cannot, however, accept the proposed change of *tyde* into "cyde" in App. ii. 51. The passage seems to need correction; but how could Mr. Hall come to think that "cyde" is a possible fifteenth-century spelling of "kith" (O.E. *cýððu*)? We have noticed a few more small points which are open to question; but, on the whole, the book is one of unusual excellence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW INDIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Jaunpur: Nov. 18, 1887.

During a recent visit to Dehra Dūn district, where I made complete estampages in duplicate of the Asoka inscription at Kālsi (not Khālsi), I was so fortunate as to obtain a new historical epigraph of the Gupta period, at the small village of Madhā on the upper Jamnā. The inscription is in excellent preservation, and is cut in clear Gupta characters in fourteen lines. It gives the following genealogy of a dynasty, possibly the *Sūryavamsa* of Nepāl—Senavarmā, Āryavarmā, Harivarmā, Pradīpavarmā, Īsavarmā, Vriddhivarmā, Simhavarmā, Yajñavarmā, and Divākaravarmā, who founded a temple, and was apparently a feudatory of Śrī Chandragupta. If this was Chandragupta II., who ruled about A.D. 382-410, the inscription must be ascribed approximately to about A.D. 400.

I may add that the boulder bearing the Kālsi inscription is called *Chitra śīla*, "the engraved stone," not *Chhatra śīla*, "the canopy stone," as General Cunningham states. The natives pronounce it clearly and explain it correctly.

The inscription found by Dr. Führer in March last, on the face of the rock over the small cave at Prabhāsa, near the ancient Kausāmbī, is in seven lines, and in a character two or three centuries later than that of the Asoka inscriptions. It reads thus:

- (1) Rāno Gopālaputasa
- (2) Bapasatimitasa
- (3) mātulena Gopālīni
- (4) Vaipidarīputena
- (5) Āsādhasenena lenam
- (6) kārītam pūrakadasa-
- (7) masavachhare Kārttikikavada 1 sukkvāre.

"Bapasatimitra, the son of king Gopāla," is a king hitherto unknown to us.

On the west wall of the cave inside was found an inscription in three lines, covering a space 32 by 11 inches, and in the same character, reading—

- (1) Adhichhatraya rāja-Sanakayanaputrasya cha Gopālasya
- (2) putrasya rāja-Bhāvānīputrasya Bhāgavatasya putrena
- (3) Vaipidarīputrena Āsādhasenena kārītam.

Here we have a longer genealogy—Bhāgavata, the son of rāja Bhāvānī, the son of Gopāla, the son of the warrior rāja Sanakayana.

On the stone couch inside, in four short lines in Gupta characters, was found the following:

- (1) Om Śrīnāmah
- (2) Sri-Priyagamdhadhāra datta Lāvānakaḥ
- (3) pātidhāra akhanditah
- (4) āsanami dam dattam.

On the same stone bed are also the following, in Gupta characters:

No. 4.—Śrī - Nabhamyēvara[na] divirena kritih.

No. 5.—Ūrajaguptasya deyadharmmo yam mātāpitaram udisya.

No. 6.—Sākya bhikṣhoḥ bhadamta-Samha-guptasya.

No. 7.—Nandadattā Pundarikolī, perhaps the names of two bhikṣunis or nuns.

The next five are in characters ranging from the fifth to the eighth century A.D.:

No. 8.—Vijayasenasya, "Of Vijayasena.

No. 9.—Śrī-Krishnagoparūpasya.

No. 10.—Upāsaka Dharmatrātasya. the lay-disciple Dharmatrāta."

No. 11.—Laso Jako, "Jaka the dancer."

No. 12.—Aom kittiā svarati Lamke dariyā bhūmyāh, "The fame of this cave resounds in Lanka."

In Gupta characters, on the west side of the inner cell, is the name "Iāvavirakirti"; and, lastly, on the west side of the cave, and also in Gupta characters, is cut—

No. 14.—Devadāsabhataḥ Lāvānakaḥ.

It will be seen that these are mostly the names of persons—pilgrims who have visited, or ascetics who from time to time had resided in, the cave; but the first three are of some importance, and may yet be linked on to other historical data. JAS. BURGESS.

THE CHĒDI ERA.

Göttingen: Dec. 18, 1837.

Since writing my letter of November 28, published in the ACADEMY of December 10, I have calculated the necessary new and full moons for the ten dates mentioned, also by the Tables for calculating the Phases of the Moon, published by P. Lehmann at Berlin in 1882, and I have found the results given by me confirmed in nine dates out of the ten. With regard to No. 5, the Bhēra Ghāt inscription of Alhanadēvi, however, I find that I have not sufficiently taken into account the longitude and latitude of the place where the record is found. But this one exception rather proves the general result arrived at to be correct. For, taking 907 to be the number of years elapsed (as in the case of the inscriptions 8, 9, and 10), Mārḡa su. di. 11 comes out to be November 25, 1156, which was a Sunday, as required. And this result, again, is confirmed by the circumstance that there was a new moon (and a solar eclipse) about two hours before sunrise of November 15, i.e., on November 14, 1156 (November 14 + 11 = November 25).

F. KIELHORN.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

London: Dec. 20, 1837.

On the subject of the origin of the Aryans I should like to point out a fact which seems to be generally overlooked, that is the hybrid character of their languages as shown by the oldest specimens. These characteristics are, among others, (1) the inconsistencies found in the syntax—noticed already by Prof. Sayce; (2) the promiscuous use of postpositions and prepositions; (3) the numerous words or so-called roots to express the same ideas or objects; and (4) the use of three genders. The inconsistencies of syntax are always due to foreign influence, or to the result of the fusion of two languages into one. Pure languages, like the Semitic or Turkish, make exclusive use of either postpositions or prepositions, but do not mix both in their grammar. When a language has many words to express the same notion, it may be safely concluded that we have the result of two or more languages fused into one, as, e.g., in English "to end" and "to finish," "house" and "mansion," the differentiation of meanings being a late development. Lastly, the genders attributed to words appear to be the result of a classification into two groups, either animate and inanimate, as in Turkish, or male

and female, as in the Semitic tongues. The origin of the third gender (neuter) must be the amalgamation of two languages having different classifications. If we suppose these two languages to become united, the animate gender of one will be split into two, some words passing into the masculine class, others into the feminine, while those which could not find a place among either of these classes were thrown into a new one—the neuter.

Now the study of Akkadian might put us on the track of one of the languages which contributed to form the primitive Aryan. Akkadian, as it is known to us, has been strongly influenced by the Semites, but not to such a degree as to destroy its value for comparative purposes. Among the pronouns we have *gu* = I, *zu* = thou (comp. *ἐγώ, σὺ*); among the numerals I will only mention *ash* = one. Every time an Akkadian paper is read before a learned society the Sanscritists are struck by the number of common words which exist in Akkadian and Sanscrit. The conclusion is that a language closely related to Akkadian must have been one of the elements which served to form the primitive Aryan. What was the other? I should not like to say just yet, though a careful examination of the languages of Central Asia may give the answer.

G. BERTIN.

A BILINGUAL LIST OF ASSYRIAN GODS.

London: Dec. 17, 1887.

In the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology for June of the present year (p. 377) is a note by Dr. C. Bezold upon the tablet K. 2100—a text the nature of which was entirely overlooked by Mr. G. Smith; and which—recognised by me some time ago as a bilingual list—revealed, on being cleaned by Mr. Ready, a most important list of gods in different languages. Of this text Dr. Bezold quotes, in the original character, part of the last section; and, referring to the word *malahum*, which occurs there, says:

"If *ma-la-hu-um* is to be connected with מלח, the Sumerian origin of the word should be abandoned, and the Babylonian-Assyrians must have borrowed their word for 'sailor' from Phoenicia, as the Arabs, according to Paul de Lagarde, borrowed their *faḥk* from Greece (ἐφόλλκιον)."

In order to test the explanation suggested, I give herewith, transcribed into Roman characters, the whole paragraph in full:

Qa	—	ad	—	mu	i	—	[lu]
di	—	gi	—	ru	—	u	do. li-li-bu-u [: do.]
e	—	ne	:	do.	Su	(ki)	nab: do. Nim (ki)
ma	—	ia	—	lu	—	um	do. Mar (ki)
ki	—	u	—	ru	—	um	do. Lu-lu-bu (ki)
ka	—	ash	—	lu	do.	Kash-shu — u	
du	—	ur	—	du	—	u: il-tum	
il	—	tum	:	ish	—	ta-ru	
ki	—	ri	—	ir	do.	ash-ta-ru: do. Mar	
				usan	do.	Nim (ki)	
nigin		dingir	—	ri	—	e-ne	
Bu	—	ru	sha	—	mu	—	
						ilāni	

To get at the meaning of the words quoted in this section, *malahum* included, we have only to look at the seventh and following lines (the first line, being defective, does not give the needful indications). We there see the words *durdū* and *kanulu* explained by *iltum*, meaning "goddess." *Iltum*, in its turn, is explained by *ishtaru*, and *ashtarū* is given as the equivalent word in the land of Mar or Phoenicia. The two following lines give the word for goddess in the land of Nim or Elam—namely, *kirir*, and *usan* (the latter being represented by an ideograph accompanied by a gloss giving the pronunciation). The last line of the paragraph reads *nigin dingirāne* = *naphar ilāni*, "the whole of the gods," in Akkadian and Assyrian respectively; and is followed by

the first line of the next section, which gives *buru* as = *shamū* "heaven."

As the text itself is a list of gods, and with a statement that it is, in fact, a list of "all the gods," it is quite clear that the meaning character in the first line of the section is to be restored as above, and the second line may therefore be filled in with the two words indicating a division (represented by a colon in the transcription), followed by the two words wedges signifying "ditto." We have therefore the following words for "God" (the various languages named):

Qadmu (he who is before), possibly Assyrian; *Dingirū* (for *dingirū*, an Assyrianised form of *dingir*), Akkadian.

Hilibu, probably Akkadian.

Ene (lord), in the language of Su.

Nab, Elamite.

Malahum, Phoenician.

Kiurum, Lulubite.

Mashhu, Kassite.

The word *malahum*, therefore, is not a well-known *malah* "boatman"; but the ancient Phoenician word for "god," with the Assyrian nominative case-ending *u*, and the so-called immation. The etymology is uncertain. It possibly the same word as מלח (מלח), with a guttural pronunciation of the *l*.

Of these words I have already published a list in my article, "Observations upon the Languages of the Ancient Inhabitants of Mesopotamia," in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xvi., part ii.

In the same number of the *Proceedings* (p. 233-240) is an article by Prof. E. and Dr. V. Revillout, entitled "Un Nouveau Texte Royal Perse." This new royal Persian text occurs, in the printed text (p. 238) as *Shal-mar-shu*; and the alternative transcripts *Sal rag marsu*, *Rag sal marsu*, *Sal sal-maru* and *Rag rag marsu* are given. All these forms, however, are so strange that the question naturally arises, Are the characters correctly reproduced? Now, I have not seen the original, but it seemed to me, on thinking the matter over, that what the scribe had really written was probably *Ah-shi-mar-shu* (= *Ahshiwaris*, one of the Babylonian forms of the well-known name Xerxes, "king of the city of Parsu and the city of Madāa" (as the tablet has it). I give this suggestion with reserve; but, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it seems very probably the right one.

THEO. G. PINCHES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE International Geological Congress will hold its fourth session in London, commencing on September 17 and ending on September 25, 1888. The organising committee has nominated the following officers—namely, honorary president, Prof. T. H. Huxley; president, Prof. J. Prestwich; vice-presidents, the president of the Geological Society, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, and Prof. T. McK. Hughes; treasurer, F. W. Rudler; and general secretaries, J. W. Hulke and W. Topley.

Scientific News, which has hitherto been published monthly, will appear weekly from the first week in January. At the same time several novel features will be introduced.

ETHNOLOGISTS will be glad to have their attention directed to a comprehensive work on tattooing by Herr Wilhelm Joest, recently issued by Messrs. Asher, of Berlin and London. The German text, which covers the whole field of tattooing, with the associated practices of painting, scarifying, mutilating, &c., is enriched with separate contributions by Herren Finch and Jubary, well-known workers in this field. Special attention is paid to the origin of these

practices, many weighty arguments being advanced to show that they were, at all events in the first instance, in no way connected with religious ideas, or even with totemism or other less and tribal distinctions, but grew out of the love of finery common to all savage races even in the very lowest state of their evolution. The work forms a large quarto volume beautifully printed, and illustrated with twelve coloured plates and thirty zinc etchings from original designs by Pinsch, Jubary and other observers. The Japanese figures are especially elaborate, and serve clearly to show, how, in some instances, the practice of tattooing was continued and elaborated among cultured peoples as a substitute for clothing.

THE *Proceedings* of the Linnean Society of New South Wales, vol. ii., part 2, June, 1887 (Triebner), contains "Memoirs on New Australian Fishes," by Messrs. Ramsey and L. D. Ogilby; "Australian Birds' Nests and Eggs," by A. J. North; "Description of Ninety-five new Species of Beetles of various families from the Cairns District, Northern Queensland," by Mr. MacLeay; "A new Tribolite from Reefton, New Zealand," by Prof. Hutton; "Australian Earthworms," by J. J. Fletcher; several articles on "Bacteriæ," by Dr. Oscar Katz; "Australian Land Planarians," by Messrs. Fletcher and Hamilton; "Australian Polyzoa," by T. Whitelegge; with several memoirs on "Australian Plants," by Baron von Mueller, E. Haviland, E. P. Ramsay, and Alex. G. Hamilton.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY—MANCHESTER BRANCH.
(Saturday, October 22.)

DR. WARD, president, in the chair.—After some music contributed by friends, Dr. Ward delivered his presidential address. He sketched briefly the work of the branch during the past session (eight meetings), referring particularly to Prof. Dowden's admirable lecture on "The Friendship of Goethe and Schiller," and alluded to the contents of the first volume of the *E. G. S. Transactions* and of the *Goethe Jahrbuch* for 1887. He then went on to notice more particularly the great event of the year to Goethe students—viz., the bringing to light of a copy of what seems undoubtedly to be the *Urfaust* made by Fräulein von Göchhausen, and found among her papers by Prof. Erich Schmidt. He pointed out how entirely this new find—so unexpected, so un hoped for—would seem to confirm the views arrived at through purely critical methods by the late Prof. Scherer. After a brief account of Scherer's work as a literary historian, Dr. Ward concluded with an eloquent tribute to the memory of that great scholar, in whose death, on August 6, learning and letters at large has suffered an irreparable loss.—A brief interval followed, during which members of the Manchester Liedertafel sang with much effect "Wanderers Nachtlied." After this, Mr. G. Schelling read a paper on "Freiherr von Löer, Director of the Weimar Theatre," who, together with Scherer, was most prominent in founding the Weimarer Goethe Gesellschaft. He died on April 23; and thus within the space of one year the society found itself deprived of its two vice-presidents.

(Wednesday, November 23.)

THE Rev. F. F. Cornish read a paper on "The Erdgeist in the 'Faust' Fragment." The "Faust" Fragment of 1790 is still embedded in the completed work, the main additions to the earlier scenes being the prologues, Faust's attempted suicide, Easter walk, and bargain with Mephistopheles. In it the Erdgeist takes a position like the ghost in "Hamlet." Faust is not the deeply-disillusioned man of the later additions, but a shy student, knowing neither the world of nature nor man. He is a teacher, but is weary of words. He is a scholar, but loathes the dry-as-dust toil. He might have taken to literary production, but the old legend is followed,

and he takes to magic. With its aid he tries the world of gods—god-like men—but this Jacob's Ladder world is an "Idol of the Theatre" ("Ein Schauspiel nur"). He tries to approach Nature as a superior being. Magic brings him the apparition of the Erdgeist, with its revelation. The earth of the Lisbon earthquake is no kindly mother; man is no peer of her subtle pervading forces. He cannot even conceive them. All his ideas are anthropomorphic, and so his nature must be human nature, and his spirit one like himself. Faust's advances thus repulsed by Nature, and the bare idea of approaching her as "servant and interpreter" being precluded by magic, he resolves to be a colossal man, and finds himself associated with Mephistopheles—a humorist, purveyor of pleasures, and lord of witches. This gift, like the ring of Gyges, sweeps away at a stroke most of the obstacles to the gratification of his wishes; and, with some natural misgivings, he starts with Mephistopheles "to see the little world and then the great." So far the scenes date at latest from 1774; and in 1789 Goethe probably added in Italy the scene Wald und Höhle, which seems a poetical working up of an earlier prose scene, of which we have remains in the scene Trüber Tag, added in 1808. The Erdgeist Goethe seems to feel, though it cannot be got rid of, must be made something more or something less. In this scene he has tried the former course; and Faust thanks the Erhabener Geist for giving him his enjoyment of nature—a concession of which the Erdgeist's apparition and revelation contain no trace, any more than of the assignment of Mephistopheles as companion, of which Faust in the same breath complains. But Goethe found as he went on that the Erdgeist, with all its red fire, brought neither "airs from heaven nor blasts from hell"; and, finally, he dwarfed it by the addition of the Prologue in Heaven and the Wager, and changed it from a maker of a revelation into a horrible apparition which frightens Faust into attempting suicide. The inconsistent language used about it testifies to this change.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Friday, December 9.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Miss Grace Latham read a paper on "Some of the Waiting-Women of Shakspeare." Premising that these women were to be divided into two classes: the young gentlewomen who went into great ladies' households for training and education; and the domestic servants, of a rougher and coarser type than those of the present day. Miss Latham said that certain of Shakspeare's shorter characters were best studied when grouped with others of a like nature, which illustrated them; and the waiting-women were to be studied in connexion with their mistresses, who influenced them for good or evil in every case. She then spoke of Lucetta as nervous and cowardly, and made still more so by a harsh, capricious mistress, who was evidently the social inferior of the other gentlewomen; of Nerissa as independent and downright, but shrewd and affectionate, influenced for good by Portia, and in love with Gratiano, as shown by the personal interest she takes in Bassanio's arrival. Maria was characterised as a bright, clever girl, neglected, and left to run wild with Sir Toby and his associates by a weak, good-natured mistress, and, in consequence, deteriorating and hardening. Ursula was the quiet companion of silent Hero; silly and imprudent Margaret went her own way to her own humiliation, refusing to heed her gentle mistress. Miss Latham concluded by sketching the characters of two domestic servants—Mrs. Quickly, in the "Merry Wives" and the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," showing how the latter was influenced towards crime by the corrupt society round her, and by the character of the lady whom she served.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—Geo. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

ART BOOKS.

Colour. By Prof. A. H. Church. New Edition. (Cassell.) This is one of those new editions

which may almost claim to be considered as a new book. The appreciation which Prof. Church's manual met with when published in 1871 was shown by the prompt exhaustion of the edition, and it is at first sight somewhat difficult to understand why we have had to wait so long for another. It occupies ground which is otherwise almost clear; and we may safely say that there is no book of the kind which contains so much about colour in so small a compass, or arranges what is known on this difficult subject so usefully for students. It is a difficult subject, and the continued experiments of devoted men of science have been only partially successful in establishing the fundamental laws of it. They are now agreed that colour has no objective existence, that the term primary is most properly applied to red, green, and violet or blue. They have given up altogether the old primary yellow, and have demonstrated that a mixture of blue and yellow light does not produce the sensation of green. They have (or at least Prof. Church has) shown the absurdity of the term "tertiary" as applied to colour, and have invented ingenious contrivances to measure the luminosity of different tints and to determine the exact complements of even the most "broken" hues. Thousands of experiments have been made, thousands of facts recorded, but we still seem to be almost as far off as ever from the reduction to science of the puzzling phenomena of colour. Fortunately, we do not know how much we lose by our ignorance; and it is very easy to argue that we lose very little. The subject is principally of importance to artists; and what amount of science will ever make a good colourist, what amount of ignorance can prevent a really good colourist from showing his genius? Titian lived before Young, or Clerk-Maxwell, or Helmholtz; and the three together would never make a Turner. It is true that colours have also a practical importance, and that many lives may be lost by the signalmen and engine-drivers on railways, and officers and look-out men at sea, who cannot distinguish danger from safety signals, red lamps from green; but this danger is reduced to a minimum by the examination of such men before employment, and science has discovered a plan by which even the colour-blind can distinguish red from green. But because we may be able to minimise to our minds the importance of a perfect science of colour, that is no reason why we should not be interested to learn all we can about it, nor that what we may learn may not be of great use to us. With regard to "interest," it may be that our curiosity is all the more excited by the difficulty of the quest; and the knowledge we may attain to, as Mr. Church says, "if insufficient to form a good colourist, must at least prove useful in explaining the causes of failure, and in suggesting the conditions of success." These are admirable words; but there is really no stimulus needed by any one interested either in science or art to follow with eagerness the lost track into this fascinating region of research. Necessarily, a great part of Mr. Church's book is occupied about the laws of light, of reflection and refraction, about the spectrum and the phenomena of fluorescence, phosphorescence, and the like; but he finds room to say a good deal about colour as applied to art, and the practical value of the treatise is at least as great as its scientific interest. Such a book could only have been written by one who, like its author, can claim authority as an expert not only in science but also in art.

The Anatomy of Pattern. By Lewis F. Day. (Batsford.) The series of which this book is the first instalment is likely to supply a very palpable want. The tendency of the art fashion, if not of the art teaching, of the present day is to dispense with all rules, to let the

natural spirit of fancy and taste which every one supposes him or herself endowed with to have full play unencumbered with law or rule. This may be all very well so long as the effort of the designer does not go beyond the setting of a spray in the corner of an antimacassar; but when it comes to the decoration of a certain given space, or the construction of a pattern (or repeated ornament), the amateur genius finds that a certain amount of organisation is necessary, and that, however terrible the fact, it is nevertheless true that there are rigid geometrical limits which the greatest imagination cannot disregard. Alas, that even genius must dance in fetters, but so it must; and the sooner it gets used to them, so that they become a second nature, and neither the genius himself nor his admirers are conscious of their restraint, the better for him and them. There are few men who know the science of their profession better or can teach it as well as Mr. Lewis Day, few also who are more gifted as practical decorators; and in anatomising pattern in the way he has done in this manual, a way beautiful as well as useful, he has performed a service not only to the students of his profession but also to the public, if they will only incur the slight expenditure of time and money necessary to purchase and read his book.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

The Song of the River. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. (Macmillan.) This is one of those handsome volumes of pictures by which American artists show their admiration for English poets. "The Song of the River," we need hardly say, is the song which the beck sings to Tom at the end of the first chapter of *The Water Babies*, and which is entitled in Kingsley's Collected Works "The Tide River." Undoubtedly, it lends itself exceptionally well to the mode of illustration here adopted, by which each couplet (and sometimes each single line) has a large photogravure to itself. Considering the number of artists employed, and the great variety of subjects, the general result is far more satisfactory than might have been expected. The worst fault is a tendency to Gallicism in some of the figure drawings. The landscapes are all good; and we would choose for special mention two by Mr. J. D. Woodward—those illustrating "the crag where the ouzel sings" (worthy of a Northumbrian dale) and "Cleansing my streams as I hurry along." To obviate perplexity to future bibliographers, it may be as well to state that the monogram on the cover represents the initials of the American publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat.

Feuilles Glanées. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art.) In France the most distinguished writers and artists do not disdain to join in the making of what we call a gift book, and our neighbours call a "livre d'étrennes." The handsome volume before us contains twenty short pieces of verse, never before published, written by poets of such note as François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Th. de Banville, Catulle Mendès, Armand Silvestre, André Theuriot, Paul Bourget—in short, by all of those whose names are celebrated in this particular genre. And to each poem there is an etching by one of the leading practitioners of the art—Rajon, L. Flameng, Oh. Waltner, Brunet-Debaines, Edm. Hédouin, Jacquemart, A. Lalauze, &c. Two or three of these etchings are original; the others are after pictures by such living painters as Meissonier, Boucher, and Henner, or by such deceased masters as Paul Potter, Millet, and our own Constable. We venture to think that so brilliant a company has not been brought together in this country since the days when "Keepsakes" flourished. It is unnecessary for us to praise the illustrations, though one or

two of them—and of the verses too—are not quite according to English taste. We will content ourselves with commending the technical skill of M. Brunet-Debaines's interpretation of Constable, and the faithfulness of M. Rajon's rendering of the Meissonier. Some of our readers may be interested in having before them M. Paul Bourget's stanzas "Sur un Portrait":

"Quel âge! Devinez, et devinez quelle âme?
A-t-elle aimé? Cherchez à lire dans ses yeux
Où réside un esprit deux fois mystérieux:
Cet esprit de la femme et de la grande dame.

"O mensonge des yeux! Il en est dont la flamme
Brûle sur les débris d'un cœur si froid, si vieux!
Et d'autres dont l'azur languissant et pieux
Est un rideau tendu sur une toile infâme!

"Mais les yeux le voilà sont fins autant que fiers.
On se plaît à rêver dans leurs abîmes clairs
Quelque noble roman où rien ne fut souillé.

"Roman qui pour toujours demeurera caché! . . .
Toute femme est coquette, et même le plus pure
Sait taire sa vertu comme un joli péché."

L'Extrême Orient. Par Paul Bonnetain. (Paris: Quantin.) This is another volume of a series called "Le Monde Pittoresque et Monumental," of which the first was devoted to Great Britain, and the second to the environs of Paris. Like the book just noticed, it shows how lavishly French publishers get up popular books for the *Nouvel An*. It consists of about 600 pages, large quarto, finely printed on thick paper, with a picture on almost every other page. Most of the illustrations are of scenery, reproduced by some process from photographs; but many are from original drawings. By "l'extrême Orient" is, of course, to be understood mainly the French possessions and protectorates in the Indo-Chinese peninsula, both China and Japan occupying a subordinate place, Burma being barely mentioned, and Java altogether ignored. The author writes throughout in a strain of patriotism that occasionally leads him to be unjust, as, e.g., when he describes the recent occupation of Burma as undertaken "avec ce mépris du droit dont s'indignent nos instincts généreux" (p. 35). It may well be doubted whether the impartial verdict of history will draw much distinction on this ground between the English conquest of Burma and the French conquest of Tonquin. It is, therefore, the more gratifying to read his praise of Heng-Kong—"cette belle et superbe cité . . . si riche, si pratiquement organisée et gouvernée . . . la plus belle ville européenne de l'extrême Orient" (p. 413)—and to find that he attributes its prosperity to the true cause, freedom from customs duties. But the great attraction of the volume is its illustrations, the merits of which naturally culminate in the chapters on Japan, where the publisher has been able to use some engravings from M. Gonse's *L'Art japonais*. Some one, however, has been guilty of a hoax in palming off upon him the landscape entitled "Source de l'Iraouaddy," for the spot in question has assuredly been seen by no European eye.

FROM Messrs. Chapman & Hall comes an edition of De la Motte Fouqué's *Undine*, with illustrations by Mr. Heywood Sumner, and an introduction by Miss Julia Cartwright. The illustrations (unless we are mistaken), as well as the introduction, have already appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Of the latter it is enough to say that it is in the approved style of the modern folklorist. The illustrations show an advance upon those which the artist drew four years ago for *Sintram*, though he has not yet freed himself from some of the faults which were then manifest. Mr. Heywood Sumner has imagination in plenty, and a boldness that encourages him to attack the most difficult scenes. But his composition is frequently clumsy, his figures are sometimes

extraordinarily stiff; and he seems to delin in unnecessary ugliness. He draws, in short, if he were designing a painted window, rather than for a wood engraving. It would, however, be unjust not to say that he has here risen to his subject, and given us in the two *Undines* on the frontispiece and title-page a representation of the changed existence—with all that symbolises—such as Fouqué himself would have approved. The design on the cover, sometimes happens, is much more happily reproduced than the corresponding picture in the text, of Undine disappearing beneath the waters of the Danube.

MESSRS. SAMPSON Low have published new edition of Haus Andersen's *Fairy Tales and Stories*, freshly translated from the Danish by Carl Siewers, with more than 200 illustrations specially drawn by "eminent" Scandinavian artists. The translation seems to us though we do not know that a new one was wanted. About the "eminent" Scandinavian artists the less that is said the better. With few exceptions, their work throughout is an outrage alike on good drawing and on good taste.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

AT the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, a more extensive assemblage of pictures than was seen last season is now visible. The old and the new school would appear to be in conflict there; and the arrangement of the show may be less pleasantly symmetrical, and its effect less harmonious than on the last occasion. We are ourselves, we are free to confess, chiefly interested in the work of the newer men, from Mr. Whistler down to the last of his pupils—though a dramatic piece like Mr. Gordon's is in no way without merit, though Mr. Healy's contributions are painted with daintiness and present a generally engaging model, and though Mr. Arthur Hill's "Slave Girl" is a thoroughly studied and finely coloured nudity. Mr. Whistler's works here exhibited are chiefly notes of colour, and slight, though extremely expressive, etchings and lithographs. To the lithographs—most of them belonging to the set lately issued by Bousso, Valadon & Co. and so artistically printed by Mr. Way—we may refer on another occasion. Among the paintings, let us commend especially that tiny one of the crowd on the Ostend beach, and the larger "Symphony" in a small room— unquestionably a beautiful design in gladsome colour.

We forget what Mr. Edwin Ellis calls his huge and impressive study of the cliffs at Flamborough; but whatever he calls it the originality of the composition, the disposition of light and shade, the forcibleness of colour, will not be likely, among qualified judges, to pass unnoticed. He is a most unequal man; at times inclined, it would seem, to be merely brutal, but here possessed of a more chastened and better-directed power. Mr. Leslie Thomson's, Mr. Jacob-Hood's, and Mr. Aubrey Hunt's visions of the coast must likewise commend themselves to the visitor. M. Claude Monet, the French impressionist—some of whose work was seen at the Messrs. Dowdell's a few years ago—sends more than one dazzling canvas. He deals, with great dexterity, no doubt, with primary hues. The impressionisms of Mr. Alfred Stevens—who has written what, for a painter, is not at all a bad book upon art—is, to many, more agreeable. He records, indeed, with delicacy, delicate effects. As regards figure-pieces by the younger men, the most engaging in what is called "ideal design" are those contributed by Mr. William-Stott, "of Oldham"—as he likes to be called—and by M. Roussel. Great

jection has been taken to Mr. William-tott's "Birth of Venus"; but whatever the genus be, she is not vulgar. She is in many ways finely painted, and the treatment of her *attourage* of shell and sea ensures a canvas that is at least decorative. We enjoy the work. M. Coussell's "Bathers" is a composition of various grace, a poetic thing undoubtedly, and so valuable. He has a portrait of Mrs. Morimer Menpes, pleasant to behold; and other important portraiture comes from the hands of Mr. Sidney Starr, Mr. Leon Little, and Mr. Solomon. Mr. Little's is a very unconventionally treated portrait group of two friends and *ol'aborateurs*—Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Stanley Little. They face each other at a writing-table, the extraordinarily popular *velist* being beheld almost full-face, and Mr. Stanley Little in *profil perdu*. The thing is boldly painted, and is full of character, though it has not quite the "style" about it that belonged to the same painter's portrait of Mr. Haddon Chambers. Mr. Starr's portrait is of Mr. Willard, the actor, to whom lovers of the stage are looking so much just now. He stands in a morning dress, with head raised; and there is true character in the pose, and a great suggestion of flexibility and energy. The artist has set himself the difficult technical problem of the treatment of various blacks; and he has not quite solved the difficulty he has chosen to create, but it is a striking and very interesting picture.

One of the rooms is occupied almost entirely with the incomplete but generally engaging studies of a deceased exhibitor, Mr. Potter. We are glad to see them here, thoughtfully gathered together. He had a great feeling for grave, tender illumination, even for subtle colour; and his reputation, now that he is no longer able to personally profit by it, will grow under the influence of a display which has been, we believe, the pious office of friendship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. SCHLIEMANN.

London: Dec. 17, 1887.

All those interested in pre-Hellenic lore were glad to learn that on the island of Kerigo (the ancient Kythera) the remains of one of the oldest temples of Aphrodite, which is mentioned by Homer, Herodotus, and Pausanias, have been discovered by Dr. Schliemann.

Herodotus (i. 105) declares that the temple in Kythera was "set up by Phoenicians." Hesiod, who lived four hundred years before Herodotus, makes Aphrodite first rise from the waves near Kythera, and afterwards land in Cyprus—a significant journey from west to east. Homer knows an Aphrodite who was the daughter of the Epirote Zeus and of Dione. Goddesses of Love, of partly Aryan, partly Semitic, possibly even other origin, were gradually blended into one figure in the Greek Pantheon. As to the building of the temple in Kythera, the statement of Herodotus may well hold good. However, the discussion of the questions referring to the mixture of cults in the Hellenic creed will best be left to the time when the details of this last achievement of the successful pathfinder in Greek and pre-Greek archaeology shall come to hand.

In this connexion, it is but simple justice to a much-wronged man if I ask permission to draw more general attention to the most important declaration made by Mr. Penrose, the late director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, after a careful inspection of the remains at Tiryns and Mykene, in company with Dr. Dörpfeld, now the director of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens. Over and over again had Dr. Schliemann in-

vented his antagonists to such a journey. The invitation was once more issued on July 2, 1886, at the "battle of archaeologists" in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries. In September of the present year, Mr. Penrose at last acted upon the invitation. And now he is thoroughly converted, and has stated this in an explicit, argumentative letter, with a frankness and scientific honesty which merit the fullest praise.

All the objections raised against the pre-historic character of Dr. Schliemann's excavations—objections founded on the vestiges of the stone-saw, the badness of the construction and the smallness of the stones used in the Tirynthian walls, the alleged occurrence of kiln-burnt bricks, and so forth—are effectively overthrown by so distinguished an authority as Mr. Penrose. He now acknowledges "the parallel antiquity of Dr. Schliemann's recent discoveries and the great Pelasgic works." The bough on which the opponents of the discoverer sat is thus sawn off by an experienced hand; and the triumph, though late, is all the greater.

KARL BLIND.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

At the end of February the Fine Art Society—which will by that time have got its Japanese Exhibition well over—proposes to open a show of studies and sketches in Cornwall—landscape, sea, and people. The sea or coast pictures will be by Mr. Ayerst Ingram; Mr. Gotch, who now lives somewhere in Cornwall, has charge of the Cornish folk; while landscape proper is to be illustrated by the brush of Mr. Alfred East, who went into Cornwall for the summer and early autumn, and has since then been painting a winter landscape in Perthshire.

THE *Reliquary* for January will contain the following articles:—"The Norman Doorways of Yorkshire—St. Margaret's Walmgate, York," by Mr. J. Romilly Allen; "The Friar Preachers of Truro," by the Rev. C. F. R. Palmer; "Haddon Field Barrows," by Mr. John Ward; "Precedency and the Peerage, temp. James I.," by Mr. Roach le Schonix; "Recent Roman Discoveries in Britain," by Mr. W. Thompson Watkin; "Will of Alice Pretter," by the Rev. Chas. Kerry; "A Lead Cistern at Nottingham Castle," by Mr. George Bailey; "The Castle of the Peak and the Pipe Rolls," by Mr. W. H. St. John Hope; "Some Inscribed and Sculptured Stones from the Walls of Chester," by Mr. W. Thompson Watkin; "Gleanings from Close Rolls of Henry III.," by Mr. Justin Simpson; "The Plate of the Guild of the Trinity House, Hull," by Mr. T. M. Fallow.

The Society of Medallists held its annual meeting on Thursday, December 15, when the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Deputy-Master of the Royal Mint, was re-elected president, and Mr. R. S. Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueber, of the British Museum, secretaries for the ensuing year. The society, which has been formed with the object of encouraging the art of designing and making medals, has again decided to offer £20 to be competed for as a prize for medals or models of medals.

THE STAGE.

THE MATINÉE OF "OTHELLO."

It was said in these columns last week that Tuesday's performance of "Othello," at the Vaudeville, would be worth going to, and so it proved—abundantly. It was, to begin with, a good all-round performance, and reminded many people of what they very much required to be reminded, that Shakspeare may actually be interesting on a stage

too small for the massing of picturesque crowds, and on an occasion too exceptional to justify elaborate scenery. We have seen great crowds, and we have seen elaborate scenery in theatres, where only two or three of all the persons of the drama were acted as well as nearly all were acted at the Vaudeville last Tuesday. It was refreshing, for once, to dispense with scenery and crowd, and even with "star" performers to ensure a general interpretation on a high level. Such a rendering would prove, we believe, to have a power of attraction not limited to one day or to a few days. That, indeed, is the sort of rendering which the really intelligent manager must shortly attempt, in the inevitable re-action from gorgeousness. It was not perfect, of course, and yet was extremely creditable. But let us come to particulars.

Mr. Charles Charrington—clearly a studious actor, to be remembered now for something stronger and more varied than his Devil Caresfoot—was the Moor. His earlier scenes wanted sometimes, we thought, authority and dignity—especially the dignity of quietude. But his passion for Desdemona was very real; his sufferings were very real. He presented that emotional being, ruled by feeling and not by reason, and in private matters simple almost to stupidity, whom it pleased Shakspeare to contrast with the cunning and policy of the Italian—not only with the wiliness of Iago, but with the "super-subtlety" of Desdemona, and with that immediate acceptance of the *fait accompli* which characterises Brabantio—a Venetian man of the world after all, who will never cry over "spilt milk" or over a daughter who has made a mad love-match. Mr. Charrington—it has been implied already—did not entirely satisfy, but he did much—he knew how to interest, and that justly. More, even, he knew how to move, by here a startling change, by there a cry. His next important performance will be waited for with curiosity. It will never be want of intelligence that will prevent its success. Brabantio—whom we chanced to have named already—was played sympathetically enough by Mr. Vollaire; Roderigo, very naturally, and with the necessary spirit in feebleness, by Mr. Mark Ambient; and, while we are among the somewhat minor characters, let it be mentioned that the Doge was played by Mr. R. de Cordova, made up, and dressed, so far as might be, in resemblance to Bellini's austere and splendid portrait of the Doge, Loredano, in our National Gallery. Mr. Fred Terry made a distinct hit in the part of Cassio. He was gallant and attractive: in his cups he was still a gentleman. The ripest and most finished performance of all was that of Mr. Hermann Vezin as Iago. The phrase "honest Iago," strikes its key-note. If you can believe that Iago roused in no one even a suspicion of his true character, the Iago of Mr. Vezin is perfect. He is, it may be, a little bit too hurried; but nothing is ever really lost, and Mr. Vezin (unlike so many of his comrades) is never once guilty of an inappropriate emphasis.

Emilia found in Miss Carlotta Addison a representative somehow rather modern in character at first—with little trace of the Venetian carriage—but always in earnest.

Miss Janet Achurch's *Deademona* was a study in realism of a skilful and varied sort. All the courteous play with the officers in Cyprus, in the first scene of the second act—a trifling which is seen to be nothing at all when Othello enters and she rushes to greet him—all the sudden and happy kitten-like cajolery with which she seeks to win from him the forgiveness of Cassio later on, all the nervous disturbance of the fifth act, the gathering of the bed clothes about her knees, a score of gestures and movements and glances besides—prove the presence of the recent student, who has worked in her own way, felt in her own way. Intense now, now vehement, affectionate, and now not less admirably light, the *Deademona* of Miss Achurch can hardly have disappointed the most cordial expectations it had given rise to. After this performance, even the least sympathetic spectator cannot affect to consider Miss Achurch *une quantité négligeable*. Among our pitifully few poetic and inventive actresses, she is one who is to be counted with.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. WILSON BARRETT opened the Globe Theatre on Thursday, with Miss Eastlake, Mr. George Barrett, and a full company, in Mr. Sims's new piece, "The Golden Ladder." We shall go to see the play to-night, and shall next week be able to speak of it as it deserves.

MISS AGNES HEWITT's management seems to have come to an end rather suddenly at the Olympic. "The Pointsman"—fairly successful as it was, and made remarkable by the performance of Mr. Willard—has been withdrawn; and a revival of "Held by the Enemy"—under new control—is to be the next production.

WE understand that Miss Rosina Filippi—the young comedian who is still playing with such extreme finish her famous scene with Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the "Red Lamp"—leaves the Haymarket in a few days, when the run of the piece is over. Miss Filippi joins Mr. Clayton's company at the New Court Theatre, appearing on the occasion of the first performance there.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. J. F. BARNETT's "Ancient Mariner" was given at the "Novello" concert last Thursday week; and to many, as to ourselves, it may have proved a novelty, for it was produced at Birmingham twenty years ago. It would be unfair to complain of the Mendelssohnian character of the music, for it was written at a time when the influence of Mendelssohn was paramount in this country. And it would also be unfair to reproach Mr. Barnett for having adhered to well-known forms, and for having written music which would catch the ear of the public and, at the same time, would commend itself by its skill to the notice of those who had to pass judgment upon it. In the Cantata the composer has expressed himself simply and naturally. His work was successful at the time of its production, and the applause at the "Novello" concert showed that the "Ancient Mariner" still has life. The choir evidently enjoyed the music, and sang with enthusiasm. The solos were taken by Miss A. Williams, Mme. Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. The programme included Stanford's "Irish Symphony," conducted by the composer, and Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, by Mr. Bandegger.

The Bach Choir gave an interesting concert at the Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. A Magnificat in eight parts, by G. Gabrieli, and two Psalms, by Sweelinck, revealed the skill, the boldness, and, at times, the grace of two of the most famous masters of the so-called Venetian school. They were both pupils of the celebrated Andrea Gabrieli, founder of that school. These were divided by Samuel Wesley's fine Motet "Omnia Vanitas," and followed by a quaint Christmas carol by Praetorius, the learned author of the rare book *Syntagma Musicum*. Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" (eight parts) was perhaps the chief attraction of the concert. This work, so praised by Dr. Burney, was edited by Wagner. Palestrina's compositions, as they stand, are but a dead letter. They need editing and providing with marks of expression. Wagner was quite in sympathy with this music, in which rhythm is expressed, as it were, by colour, i.e. harmony, and music, which, according to the contention of Wagner, "brings us nearer than aught else to a notion of the essential nature of religion." An exceedingly clever Motet of Brahms, a graceful Madrigal of Gibbons, a charming Volkslied harmonised by Brahms, and two of Pearsall's characteristic part songs, completed the vocal music. The Bach Choir sang with much refinement. The *Stabat Mater*, went well, but the two chief successes of the afternoon were the Brahms pieces. Dr. Stanford was, as usual, the conductor. The vocal music was pleasantly interrupted—first, by a Sonata in G for violin by Tartini; secondly, by a Partita in D minor for violin and piano by Dr. Parry. The former was rendered by Miss E. Skinner, the later by the same lady and the composer. The Partita is an effective piece of writing, the old and new being cleverly combined. The *Bourrées fantastiques* are very original, and the final movement is exceedingly pleasing. The performers were much applauded at the close. Miss Skinner played with delicacy and intelligence. The hall was filled in every part.

MR. HENSCHL gave his sixth Symphony Concert on Wednesday afternoon. He commenced with Weber's "Freyschütz" Overture, and his interpretation of it was most impressive. With more strength and brilliancy in the strings it would have compared favourably with any performance we have heard elsewhere. Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen played Liszt's Piano-forte Concerto in E flat, and displayed excellent technique. His tone was certainly hard at times, but for this the instrument on which he performed was certainly in some measure to blame. He afterwards was heard in Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. The Fantasia was given in rough and exaggerated style; but the Fugue was rendered with very neat mechanism, and its various points were brought out with remarkable clearness. Wagner's Symphony in C was played for the second time, and it was capably rendered. A second hearing of this work by no means diminishes its interest. In spite of its length and its many reminiscences, it is attractive; and throughout one cannot but admire the bold utterance and skilled workmanship of the young master. The attendance was very good.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MR. DANNREUTHER will commence his eighteenth series of concerts at Orme Square, on January 5. The dates of the remaining concerts will be January 19, February 2 and 16. On the first evening a new pianoforte quintette, by Karl Nawratil, is announced; on the second, a new sonata in C minor, for pianoforte and violin, by Greig; and on the fourth a new quintette for piano and strings, by A. Becker.

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LITERATURE.

The Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. VII. and VIII. (Blackwood.)

(First Notices.)

THE last volumes of Mr. Kinglake's history are marked by the excellencies and the defects conspicuous in those which have appeared before them. We admire the industrious toil of the author. He has studied his subject with extreme care in a work that has been the labour of a life. And though his information on the Crimean War, from the French side, is, we believe, inadequate, he has, perhaps, exhausted the stores of knowledge that can be drawn from English and Russian sources. His narrative, too, many as are its faults, has the special merit that, though it enters elaborately into military details, it is easily understood by the general reader; and this, in the case of a work that sets forth the technical incidents of a great siege, is certainly a merit of a high order. Mr. Kinglake, moreover, has a good deal of the creative and the artistic faculty, if he is not a candid or a right-minded critic. His portrait of Pelissier in these volumes stands out in clear and striking relief; and we are happy to perceive that, in this part of his book, he does tardy justice to the French army—most unfairly treated by him previously. Having given it, however, the praise it deserves, this conclusion of the great work of the author, we regret to say, is disfigured and marred by faults and blemishes of the gravest kind. It is wanting in impartiality and sound discernment; it often conveys a false impression of the events which it professes to describe; and even as a composition it is not successful. Mr. Kinglake repeatedly views facts through a medium of such distorting prejudice that he wholly fails to perceive the truth. He seems almost to lose his head when he has to deal with the late Louis Napoleon; and his account of the conduct and acts of the emperor, during the period comprised in these volumes, is ungenerous, unfair, and very misleading. From the same want of insight he occasionally hazards opinions that may be dismissed as absurd. For instance, his theory of the shortcomings of Pelissier, at a crisis of the siege, is simply unworthy of a serious writer; and his sneers and carplings at the late Marshal Niel reveal—not ignorance of the science of war—but incapacity to form a sound judgment. The narrative, too,—though in parts good—in these, as in the preceding volumes, very often dwells at excessive length on petty incidents and trivial details, and does not place events in their true proportions. Its march, besides, is ill-ordered, slow, and very deficient in skill and unity;

and the style of the author, though always lucid, and sometimes even attaining eloquence, is often marked by extremely false taste, and injured by a bad pedantic mannerism. The siege of Sebastopol forms a subject for an historian as grand as that of Syracuse; but English literature may hide its diminished head, if the masterpiece of the art of Thucydides be set beside these very imperfect volumes.

Mr. Kinglake has fairly described the state of the contending armies after the great day of Inkerman. That victory—no adequate account of it has yet appeared on the page of history—saved the allies from a tremendous peril; but a few weeks sufficed to bring out the difficulties of their situation with fearful distinctness. Having recoiled from Sebastopol after the Alma, and failed to take the fortress after a brief bombardment, they found themselves committed to a protracted siege, on a desolate coast, in the depths of winter, with numbers quite inadequate to their task, and without many appliances needed for it; and they were confronted by an enemy superior in strength, holding what had become a vast entrenched camp, well fortified and open on one whole front, and not only possessing an army in the field, but able to turn to the best account the resources of a great fleet and an arsenal, and to draw reinforcements from all parts of an empire. The positions of the belligerents were, in fact, reversed. The besiegers had suddenly become the besieged; and it has often been argued that if a great effort had been made again by the generals of the Czar the invaders might even yet have been driven into the sea. This catastrophe was, perhaps, averted by the extraordinary moral effect of Inkerman—a point Mr. Kinglake has not brought out; and if the allies were forced to give the Russians time, the Russians, too, made a like concession, with consequences possibly disastrous to themselves. Mr. Kinglake scarcely alludes in these columns to the horrors of the Crimean winter, and to the terrible sufferings of the British army. He had, doubtless, noticed the subject before; but he has nowhere dwelt enough on a topic which it was incumbent on one who has written to prove that Lord Raglan was all but a faultless commander to pass over as lightly as possible. From December 1854 to March 1855 very little progress was made in the siege. The allies, in truth, were largely employed in constructing lines to defend themselves; and though no master mind was to be found in their camp, this comparative inaction was in the main due to circumstances from which there was no escape. The approaches to the fortress, however, advanced; the French attained good results in mining; the enemy's sorties were bravely repelled; and a new plan of attack was formed, the Malakoff and not the Flag Staff Bastion being now treated as the main objective—a questionable change, whatever may be said, if we are to believe the best Russian authorities. In these circumstances complete scope was given to the art of the great engineer who was the life and soul of the defence of Sebastopol; and, disposing of his immense resources against an enemy scarcely able to strike, Todleben covered the menaced front of the fortress with a vast system of counter-approaches,

which enormously increased its powers of resistance. Mr. Kinglake has elaborately described—but with a mannerism that offends a reader accustomed to a good narrative of war—the positions and characteristics of this series of works; and we should be the last to detract from their author's merits. Yet Todleben's constructions were not, as Mr. Kinglake hints, the mighty creations of genius inspired by original thought. They simply illustrated on a large scale what Carnot had taught and achieved before; and Mr. Kinglake, full as he is of details, fails to explain what is the chief value of these counter-works in the defence of a strong place—how, when properly designed, they perplex, baffled, and interfere with the besieger's projects.

The position of the allies, and the undoubted fact that Canrobert was a feeble chief, completely account for the condition of affairs before Sebastopol in the spring of 1855. Mr. Kinglake, however, has a theory of his own to explain the delays that occurred in the siege; and this, containing as it does half truths, but in its main conceptions essentially false, is, in our judgment, a caricature of history. Louis Napoleon, Mr. Kinglake asserts—pursuing the emperor with the malicious spite conspicuous throughout the whole of this book—eager to emulate his uncle's exploits, wished to take the field in the Crimea in person, and to finish the war by a great stroke of generalship; and, as this was not possible before the approach of summer, he deliberately retarded the progress of the siege, and kept his army inactive around the fortress; and, concealing his purpose from his allies, disloyally imperilled the common cause in order to satisfy mere selfish vanity. In these grave charges there are grains of fact, but, taken as a whole, they are simply shameful. The emperor undoubtedly did desire to lead a French army against Sebastopol; and Mr. Kinglake is probably right in saying that the plan of a descent from Alousta, though in conformity with the rules of war, was made on very imperfect data, and might have ended in a disastrous failure. Napoleon III., too, acting on the advice of Niel, and in accord with plain military rules, unquestionably recommended that an attempt should be made to invest Sebastopol and to hem in the garrison before the siege should be actively pressed, and the great hazard of an assault risked; and in this, as Mr. Kinglake lets out, the best English authorities agreed with him. We will admit, besides, that the imperial strategist was somewhat reticent as regards Lord Raglan; and it would have been better, on the whole, had he not attempted—though his general views were in the main correct—to direct the movements of a great war from the Tuileries. But that Napoleon III., from a sinister motive, kept his "army tethered" around Sebastopol, prevented the siege from becoming "active," and played false to the allied cause, is, we believe, a most reckless calumny; and Mr. Kinglake is gravely to blame for not publishing the evidence of a damning charge which he asserts can be made forthcoming, and for resting his case on hints and inferences. The accusation, in its main features, appears to us to be plainly confuted. The advice of Napoleon III. to Canrobert "to be prudent

and not to compromise anything," condemned as "miserable" by Mr. Kinglake, was dictated by the necessities of the case, and certainly reveals no crooked purpose. As for the emperor's desire to suspend operations of an active kind until the investment of Sebastopol should be made complete, this, we have said, was perfectly right in principle, and was sanctioned by what we may fairly call a great council of war assembled at Windsor; and it deserves special notice that at no time, with the possible exception of two or three days, did Lord Raglan dissent from the imperial view that an assault on the fortress should not be ventured while the allies were in their present state of weakness. Granting, too, even that the emperor was wrong, it does not follow that he acted in bad faith; and it must be remembered that, on a hint from England that his presence in the Crimea would not be opportune, he abandoned a design which must have seemed a duty to the heir of the traditions of Napoleon I.

The circumstance, however, that tells most against Mr. Kinglake's theory has to be yet noticed. Canrobert, weak and easily led at Sebastopol, as at Metz afterwards, was exactly a tool for the emperor's purpose on the supposition that he was playing false; and Pelissier was the only French general who, even in the spring of 1855, was the least eager to press on the siege. Yet Canrobert was practically dismissed from his command after the recall of the expedition to Kertch, and Pelissier was placed at the head of his army; and though Napoleon III., when this event occurred, was probably not completely aware of the projects formed for the siege by Pelissier, he must have known the bent of his lieutenant's mind. This consideration seems to us decisive; and we refuse to accept Mr. Kinglake's judgment until distinct evidence is adduced to sustain it. We pass on to the next phase of the siege—the second great bombardment of April 1855. Mr. Kinglake's account of this prolonged effort is minute, and even in parts graphic; but, as is the case generally with his descriptions of war, it wants unity and dramatic effect, and is expressed in pompous and too studied language; and it has the special defect, with him common, of making too much of unimportant incidents. The general results of the bombardment were that the counterworks along the front assailed were greatly injured, and in part destroyed; but scarcely any impression was made on what had become the chief points of attack—the Malakoff and the adjoining defences. The Flag Staff Bastion, however, was, no doubt, silenced—a proof of the insight of Bizot and Niel; and Mr. Kinglake, for this conclusion quoting the authority of Todleben himself, insists that had a determined assault been made, as Lord Raglan for a moment wished, the fall of Sebastopol would have ensued; and for this omission he throws blame on Canrobert and the false-hearted emperor. Todleben's view may have been correct; but it was founded on knowledge confined to himself, and wholly beyond the reach of the allies, of the extreme weakness of this point in the defence; and it does not follow that it would have been judicious, with the information the allies possessed, to have risked an attack of this kind on the fortress. It must be borne in mind that, at

this time, the Malakoff had become the chief objective, and that, except at one spot, the main defences of Sebastopol were completely intact; and, in these circumstances, it would have been most hazardous to imperil two armies in a desperate attempt to penetrate into a first-rate stronghold through an entrance made in a single work. No general, in truth, could stand the test of the captious criticism of Mr. Kinglake, resting as it does on the absurd assumption that a commander has all the facts before him. Had Massena known what was going on in Wellington's camp, he might, perhaps, have carried the lines of Torres Vedras. Napoleon, after the capture of La Haye Sainte, might possibly have forced the British position by summoning his reserves to make a great effort, had he been aware how severely the duke was pressed.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Personal Remembrances of Sir Frederick Pollock, sometimes Queen's Remembrancer. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

THIS is a season of biographies and autobiographies. Sir Frederick Pollock's book is mainly the gossip of a lawyer, and, therefore, does not compete with the scientific memories of Mr. Darwin, the artistic stories of Mr. Frith, or the literary anecdotes of Mr. Adolphus Trollope. Sir Frederick's legal remembrances began very early, as his father, the Lord Chief Baron, while he was still a rising lawyer, took him on circuit when only ten years old. Indeed, they even begin before that, as one of his earliest recollections was a story against Queen Caroline, to whom, as a strong Tory, Pollock *père* was zealously opposed.

"We were all taught she was a very bad woman, and curiosity led us to ask what she had done bad. In reply, we were told that she took things from other people's plates at dinner, and put things on their plates from her own. This was, in fact, one of the instances given in evidence of her unseemly familiarity with Bergami, her courier. It had, therefore, as an answer, the merit of being historically authentic, and also pointing a moral of good conduct for the nursery dinner-table."

When ten years old, Pollock was present at the great case of *Angell v. Angell*, which forms the groundwork of the real action in Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*, and occasioned some people to attribute to Pollock the authorship of that once famous, but now almost unreadable, book. On his youthful circuits he became known to Macaulay, of whose startling memory he gives a striking instance; to Brougham, and the other members of the Northern circuit who have become famous in law, letters, or life, and the hosts who entertained them; to Lord Lowther, Dr. Lingard the historian, Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, and other magnates of old. At Cambridge, as the son of the attorney-general, he had an equally good start, with the result that we have a report of a conversation between Sidney Smith and Whewell, in the course of which Sidney Smith remarked on Sir John Herschel's voyage to the Cape: "I suppose that you astronomers, when you are ill, are advised to change your stars just as we ordinary mortals are to change our air;" and Whewell concluded a discussion on the notion that a blunt razor, if kept unused, will get

an edge again, by saying he "wondered how long an iron garden-roller would have to be put by before you could cut with it." He speaks well, by the way, for the greater Liberalism of Cambridge, as compared with Oxford, that at that time the great question at the Cambridge Union was Sunday opening, whereas at Oxford this did not become a burning question till nearly forty years afterwards. The undergraduate majority, however, was in politics as Tory as at Oxford; and 800 of them signed a petition against the admission of dissenters to the university—one of those Liberal measures which, like the Reform Bill and the five points of the Charter, were each in turn (as appears from Sir F. Pollock's pages) thought by despondent Tories to pre- tend a cataclysm involving the dissolution of the empire—those fatal and inevitable consequences of reform which now, as ever, are predicted with equal certainty and reasonableness. Oddly enough, the party of loyalty and order took much the same way then as now of displaying their loyalty and love of order when the Crown was against them. Sir F. Pollock relates an incident in 1836 (his dates are a little mixed) which strangely reminds us of a celebrated utterance as to kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne. At a Conservative banquet held at the Lyceum, because Lord Melbourne was then Prime Minister, and Queen Victoria was supposed to favour Liberal views, her health was received "with scant honour, while all the loyal enthusiasm of such an occasion was reserved for the toast of Adelaide, Queen Dowager." A youthful sign of the same feeling towards the powers that be was afforded by Sir F. Pollock himself. When reading the lessons in chapel, he found a note from the dean, Thorpe, telling him to read a chapter of Isaiah instead of the regular lesson of the day, which was the apocryphal story of Bel and the Dragon, and he contemptuously stuck to Bel and the Dragon. This Thorpe gave occasion to a very neat epitaph. One of the undergraduates kept a cat, whom, "in order to show his respect to the authorities," he called Thorpe; and when "Thorpe the cat" died his epitaph took the shape of

"Here lies the corpse,
Was Thomas Thorpe's,"

finally condensed into the admirable inscription:

"Thorpe's
Corpse."

Grand Court on the Northern circuit is productive of some good stories. When Sir F. Pollock joined the circuit two of the leaders were those great twin brethren, the classic reporters, Adolphus and Ellis, whose reports, alas! are now at a discount. "Adolphus, in Grand Court, invented the names of Fidelia Fanny and Caleb Samuel for the twins of an eminent pleader, in order that they might be affectionately called by the abbreviations of Fi. Fa. and Ca. Sa.; and he wrote for their especial use the nursery rhyme," which suggests the junior Pollockian *Leading Cases done into English*:

"Heigh ho, Richard Roe,
Why did you break the closes so,
Which the Bishop demised to poor John Doe?
Good Mr. Doe had done you no harm
When you ejected him from his farm.
Fie on you, naughty Richard Roe,
How could you break the closes so?"

Among the judges who went the Northern circuit was Mr. Justice Williams, who, like Lord Thurlow, in a previous generation, was celebrated for the strength of his expletives. His wife being a woman of fashion, they lived in Grosvenor Square, of which he used to say, "I live in Grosvenor Square, but I'm damned if I know where the other judges live." The word "damned" had become with him so little of an *epitheton ornans* and so much of an *epitheton constans* that in reading another judge's notes on an application for a new trial, he read "d—d" into his favourite expression, thus, "When the plaintiff was asked to pay for the goods he said he would see them damned first." Counsel interrupted "We have it that he would see them delivered first." Whereon Williams thus delivered himself: "What I have is d—d, and if that does not mean damned I am damned myself." The only other judicial story of any noteworthiness is one by that putative father of half the legal jokes in the country—Mr. Justice Maule. He was sitting as judge in a Mint case in which Sir F. Pollock was prosecuting. After the chief witness, a barmaid, had given her evidence the prisoner said to her, "Go away! I know the jury won't believe you." Whereon the girl said she was not going away for his telling her, and a battle royal of words ensued. Maule, looking up from his notes, said, "My good girl, you have given your evidence very well, and you can go; and remember you have this advantage over the prisoner—that you can go and he can't." Roebuck, of Sheffield fame, was then on the circuit, and a Radical; and on one occasion he entered a solemn protest against the unworthy institution of Grand Court, but next time took his part in it like a lamb, though he sat next to Sir Frederick and descanted to him on the virtue of political assassination and the necessity of a side door to the stomach for the introduction of meals, so as to avoid long dinners. But, our author says, he became *mitior et melior* as he grew older; and the last time they met was at a Skinners dinner in the City—an occasion calculated indeed to abate any wish for a side door for the admission of nutriment to the human body.

A rather funny example of similar modification of general views in the case of the individual holder was a certain Lady Olivia Sparrow, who gave the Chief Baron and Sir Robert Peel a grand entertainment when they were members for Huntingdon. Lady Olivia was noted in the religious world, but lived in great luxury; and on Col. Peel remarking that creature comforts were not absent, she replied, "Yes, there is the more to thank God for." The most singular conflict, however, between general and personal views recorded in the book is a story of Carlyle, too long to quote at length, but exceedingly characteristic. It was, shortly, this—that Carlyle, the stern preacher of duty, having sat on a jury, and having in consequence stormed and raved as if the most frightful torture had been unjustly inflicted on him, when a summons for another sitting in the same case arrived, Mrs. Carlyle burnt it; but, having fortunately told Sir Frederick, he saved Carlyle from the fine, which would probably have awaited him, by making Carlyle go, though he had given his word of

honour to the official of the court that he would *not* come back. The *Life of Cromwell* was nearly being sacrificed to Carlyle's ravings on the subject; and even four months after the trial was over, poor Mrs. Carlyle says, in a letter to Stirling, that she was only just recovering from the deplorable plight into which they had been thrown by this awful incident. One story more, and we have done. Mrs. Grote, having offended Louis Napoleon when in London, met him at Paris in 1849, just after he had become president of the Republic. He received her very coldly, and only asked her, "Do you stay long in Paris?" when she had her revenge by answering "No, do you?"

Here we must end; but, in conclusion, we warn the reader, first, that he has been shown most of the purple patches in the book; and, secondly, that he should on no account read Sir Frederick Pollock's letters, which are characterised by effort rather than by effect. Happily, judicious skipping is easy. It is certainly necessary, since, after Sir Frederick left the Bar, the autobiography has a tendency to become a mere list of names of distinguished persons he has met at dinner, with anecdotes concerning them at very long intervals indeed.

ARTHUR F. LEACH.

Austral Africa: Losing it or Ruling it, being Incidents and Experiences in Bechuanaland, Cape Colony, and England. By John Mackenzie. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

A more competent authority on South African affairs than Mr. Mackenzie does not exist. We trust that the size of his two bulky volumes will deter no one from studying them. His style, if not strictly correct, is far from being unattractive. Diffuse he certainly is; but he succeeds in holding the reader's interest and attention, and his transparent candour and impartiality carry conviction with them. His high character and knowledge of native affairs entitled him to a hearing from those in authority; and when the Liberal party succeeded to office in 1880, being apparently of the same political complexion, he communicated his views respecting Bechuanaland to Mr. Grant Duff, but he met with kind words and nothing more—to use his own expression, he was *pigeon-holed*.

In 1882 he came to England resolved to push his views, in spite of the advice of a friend he met on his way just returned from home, who said to him:

"Mackenzie, if you say a good word for South Africa you'll get insulted. They won't hear a word on its behalf in England—they are so disgusted with the mess that has been made. They won't listen, they will swear at you—even missionary-people are as prejudiced as the rest."

This was discouraging; but Mr. Mackenzie admits that it was not far from the truth as to public feeling in 1882. He had interviews with various influential men—a member of Parliament, a pushing man of business, and an ardent politician; with the editor of a well-known newspaper, a pungent writer; with a large manufacturer, a local magnate; with an author and politician—all equally narrow and prejudiced, and indifferent to the true state of the case. Mr. Mackenzie

describes these interviews amusingly; but he was mortified and disappointed. Lastly, when he urged on "X," a leading politician on South African affairs, that there would be a change in public opinion could the public know the truth, the great man exclaimed:

"The public know the truth! When will that happen? No; we go by hot and cold stages here. We were very hot a while ago; we are chilly just now; whether we shall ever be hot again, I don't know—I think not."

Mr. Mackenzie nevertheless got the assistance of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Forster, and others; a South African Committee was formed in London, and an address to the Secretary of State for the Colonies was so influentially supported that it was not convenient to disregard it. The result was that in 1884 Mr. Mackenzie was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Bechuanaland. There was no mistake as to his views with regard to natives, white settlers, and freebooters, and as to the necessity of upholding Imperial authority. He tells us that a thorough distrust of England's sincerity and steadfastness prevailed through South Africa, produced by our own treatment of South African questions.

"I do not refer," he says, "specially to the retrocession of the Transvaal, but to what may be called the practical abandonment of South Africa by England after that event. To have given back to the Transvaal the right of local self-government was a small matter as compared with what was actually done. We are chargeable with the gravest dereliction of duty—that of having left South Africa, divided and incompetent as it was, to look after its own general affairs, without establishing, or assisting to establish, any form of general government by means of which this necessary work could be done. It is still more to our discredit that this virtual retreat from South Africa was accompanied by open protestation in England that we were not retreating at all, and that we still intended to uphold our position in the country as the supreme power and the protector of the weaker races. But there was nothing to show for this in South Africa itself. Politicians went from town to town in England advocating desertion of South Africa, retaining only the Cape as a coaling station, thus constituting another Gibraltar in the Southern seas. Who can wonder at the direst result in South Africa—the formation of the Africaner Bond? The anti-English people naturally thought of a republic, and prepared for it; the English and loyal Colonial population ground their teeth and remained silent and downcast, as colonists who were deserted by the mother country. A few Cape politicians of English race were perhaps the most rabid against the old country. They, rightly or wrongly, nursed a sense of personal desertion, and shrieked rather than said that they would never trust England again. Young English colonists left the country, in cases where that could be done. Older men set to work to learn the Dutch language, and be prepared for future possibilities. And yet the great body of the Cape Colonists, of whatever extraction, were far from being disloyal to England, and far from endorsing with their approval the deeds of the freebooters. They were the victims of misunderstanding and mismanagement. Why could not the English Government know its own mind, and abide by it?"

We fear the appointment of Mr. Mackenzie can be attributed only to a desire for temporary popularity. Probably, as in the case of Gordon, it was thought a popular move; and, like Gordon, as soon as he was out of

sight, Mr. Mackenzie was forgotten. Had he possessed a little more worldly wisdom he would have made his own terms with the Government before accepting so onerous a charge, but he was too honourable himself to anticipate the way in which he was to be treated. It would seem that it was indifferent to the Government at home whether he succeeded or not, and the Government at the Cape were rather desirous of his failure. That he failed to settle matters in Bechuanaland and reduce all the freebooters of Stellaland and Goshen to order without the assistance of a single soldier, or even one policeman, cannot be wondered at. The wonder is that he accomplished as much as he did. Here again his high character stood him in good stead. He found a universal distrust of the British Government prevailing.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said a colonist to him, "I'm sorry to have to say it to you, because we have all known you so long; but, honestly speaking, I hope you won't succeed. The English Government doesn't deserve to succeed, after what they have made us all, Englishmen and loyal colonists, suffer in the Transvaal. We all trusted, and we were deceived. For a long time scarcely a day passed when we were not insulted by the more ignorant Boers, till we were almost tired of our lives; and yet we could not go away, having invested our all in the country."

This was a specimen of the general feeling. Nevertheless Mr. Mackenzie succeeded in establishing the British Protectorate in Bechuanaland and in bringing back Stellaland to its allegiance.

It is impossible not to admire the patience and temper with which Mr. Mackenzie recounts the way in which he was treated by Sir Hercules Robinson and the Government at the Cape. Not only was he never supported, on the contrary he was continually thwarted and almost insulted. At last he had no resource but to resign. His successor, Mr. C. Rhodes, seems to have been sent to Bechuanaland with the express purpose of undoing all that he had done, and of playing into the hands of the freebooters and the disloyal; and in this he was ably assisted by Capt. Bower. Mr. Rhodes found the great body of the people of Stellaland well pleased with the Protectorate. He told them it was at an end, and Capt. Bower removed all traces of it.

"There can be no doubt," says Sir Charles Warren, "that Mr. Rhodes's action, supporting and upholding the Transvaal party, tended to a considerable degree to prevent peace being established in Stellaland. I consider that the difficulties which occurred in Stellaland since August last were entirely of his own causing; and that had he not come into the country, Stellaland might have been in a quiet state when I arrived."

While the High Commissioner at the Cape and his agent, Mr. Rhodes, were doing all in their power to crush the loyal party in Bechuanaland, Mr. Forster at home ably and nobly vindicated the administration of Mr. Mackenzie; and he so roused public feeling in England that the Government thought it politic to be hot once again, and Sir Charles Warren was sent out as Special Commissioner of Bechuanaland, with a force adequate to establish order in the Protectorate. The

success of that able administrator is fresh in the memory of all. He probably would be the first to admit that had Mr. Mackenzie been furnished with the same means, he would have been equally successful.

The lesson to be learnt from the events detailed by Mr. Mackenzie is that the policy pursued in the retrocession of the Transvaal, the abandonment of loyal subjects to the Boers, and the encouragement given to the freebooters of Stellaland and Goshen, is as impolitic as it is base. It is abundantly clear that a bold and honourable assertion of British sovereignty would have been the far easier course. Mr. Mackenzie tells us that the numbers and influence of the anti-British party in Austral Africa are greatly exaggerated. The bulk of the white population of whatever descent, and the whole of the native population, desire a firm imperial rule. This is amply proved by the partial success of Mr. Mackenzie, with no means whatever at his disposal, and by the triumphant march of Sir C. Warren. That Englishman should have been found ready to pursue the baser policy is a bad sign of the times; but that any could have sided with the murderers of Bethell and Honey would, had it not happened, have seemed impossible. Two more atrocious murders were never perpetrated; and it should have been a preliminary to all negotiations that the murderers should have been punished.

Mr. Mackenzie is confident of the future. He does not look on England as a decaying state, but has the fullest confidence that she is a vitally sound and growing commonwealth, whose great public questions invariably secure for their settlement not only the services of capable statesmen, in whose judgment the public have confidence, but the attention and conscientious study of the people themselves. We wish we could feel the same confidence; but, while our system of colonial government remains as it is, so long is there a danger of recurring "hot and cold stages"; and it is only after some fatal mistake or disaster that the attention and conscientious study of the people themselves is directed to the affairs of a remote colony.

We have confined ourselves to the main features of Mr. Mackenzie's work, which besides contains abundance of collateral information, both valuable and interesting. Each volume is furnished with a good map—a great convenience to the reader; and the index appears to be carefully made.

WM. WICKHAM.

DR. PELAYO'S HISTORY OF AESTHETICS IN SPAIN.

Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España.
Por Dr. D. M. Menéndez y Pelayo.
Tomo III. (Vols. I., II.) "Siglo XVIII."
(Madrid: Dubrull.)

THESE fresh volumes of Menéndez y Pelayo's extensive work on the history of the literature of aesthetic ideas in Spain possess all the characteristics of their predecessors. There is the same exhaustive fullness, the same careful attention to bibliographical details, which make the work absolutely indispensable to all who would really study the history of Spanish literature. There is the same fondness for formal analysis, even of foreign

authors, carried perhaps to excess—analysis not only of printed texts, but also of MSS, and sometimes even of MSS left incomplete. Yet it is difficult to understand what influence these unknown and imperfect writings could have had on the literary development of the age, however much they may enable us better to understand the complete standpoint of their authors.

The literature of the eighteenth century in Spain is, perhaps, the least peculiarly Spanish of any century in its history. From first to last the age is dominated by foreign influences—by the French classical school in poetry and the drama, by the Scotch school in philosophy, by Italians in architecture, and by the Bohemian Mings in painting. Its best writers on aesthetics of every class are chiefly to be found among the exiled Jesuit fathers who lived and wrote in Italy; and these our author claims as belonging to Spanish literature even when they wrote only in Latin or Italian. Towards the close of the century there is a faint dawn of better things. Some few precursors appear of the advent of the Romantic school, and of a return to the models of the older literature of Spain. It is pleasant to observe how our author, like Antæus, rises refreshed from contact with his native soil. His style becomes more lively and vigorous, he kindles into real enthusiasm, and his pages glow with eloquence, whenever he treats of Jove-llanos or of other worthies of his native Asturias.

But it is seldom that the work is thus enlivened by passages which appeal to the popular ear. It is, nevertheless, full of examples of sound criticism, of decisions which commend themselves to the judgment of the student, and which he will carefully store in his memory for future use and application. The wide learning of the author is everywhere apparent; and, while not concealing his own preferences, his power of appreciating the excellencies of most diverse schools of thought and art is very marked. Thus, in vol. i., pp. 107-8, we find an excellent appreciation of the Scotch school of philosophy from Hutcheson to Sir W. Hamilton and Prof. Mansell. On the standing quarrel between naturalists and idealists he quotes with approval the conclusions of Arteaga:

"There is no idealist who does not draw from nature the elements wherewith he forms his mental pictures, just as there is no naturalist who does not add much of the ideal to his portraits, however like and however close to nature he may deem his work to be. Every naturalist is an idealist in his execution, just as every idealist must necessarily be a naturalist in the first materials for his execution" (vol. i., 246).

In music he asserts, both in vol. i., pp. 252-3, and in vol. ii., 562, that Arteaga's conception of music and the opera as the union and crown of all other arts is identical with that which Wagner has more fully developed in our own day. Noticing, in the course of this history, how often a dull correct work, without a particle of real genius in it, like Addison's "Cato," for example, will carry off the suffrages of foreign nations, he remarks, *a propos* of Montiano's impossible tragedies, so much praised in France and also by Lessing, how difficult it is for a foreigner to judge of style, and lays it down as a rule

that "no one can feel the beauties of poetry except in his native language, with the exception of those great works of universal genius, which move us, even though we cannot appreciate their form" (vol. i., 394). This consideration may give us cause to question whether the judgment of foreigners is so near to that of posterity as we sometimes imagine it to be.

The eighteenth century was peculiarly an age of description and of didactics in poetry. The old enthusiasm and mystical fervour of religion had well-nigh died out, and had been replaced by cold rational systems of ethical conduct. Hence the wearying didactic poems on the *Ars Poetica*, on music, on architecture, on painting, on hunting, and on almost every subject to which a pedagogical form could be given in verse. As a corollary to this, it was eminently an age of translations. Every nation seemed to distrust its own native genius, and to be engaged either in an unreal imitation of ancient classical art, or in endeavouring to transfer to itself the beauties of other lands. The greatest foreign influence on Spain was the pseudo-classicalism of the French school. This influence our author believes not to have been solely due to the accession of a French Bourbon dynasty. It would have come all the same even if Philip V. had never ascended the throne of Spain. Pseudo-classicalism was a universal malady of the time in all forms of art—in architecture, where it produced the abominations of the plateresque and churrigueresque schools; in painting, where it commenced with the eclectic classicalism of Mengs, to end in the still falser classicalism of David; in drama, in the vain attempt to reduce all action within the unities. Next to France, Italy had the greatest influence on Spain; but the works of several English poets were translated at this time. In 1754 Milton's *Paradise Lost* was first translated, then followed versions of Pope, of Thomson's *Seasons*, and of Young's *Night Thoughts*; but especially of Ossian, whose reign seems everywhere to have been of longer duration and more powerful than at home. But while Spaniards were thus adopting the literature of other nations there was no corresponding hospitality abroad for their own. Spanish literature was wholly neglected, as our author complains (vol. ii., p. 184), "A Spanish book was as though it did not exist, or as if it were written in the dialect of the island of Otaheite."

Still the nation was slowly rousing itself. The latter part of vol. ii. gives us the history of the Academia de San Fernando y de las Bellas Artes, from its first meeting in September, 1744; and many of the subsequent pages are occupied with analyses and extracts from works read at its meetings. The term "Estética" seems to be of later introduction, being first used by the Abate Marchena in 1828. We must pass over the criticisms of the better-known writers of this period—Melendez, Iriarte, Quintana, the Moratins, Duque de Frias, Martinez de la Rosa, &c., all of whom find some mention. On architecture the remarks are brief but noteworthy. The immense value of the *Viaje de Pons, 1771-1792*, is insisted on. Tolerant of all styles except the churrigueresque "his work is more than a book: it is a

date in the history of our culture. It did as much for the arts as the voyages of Burriel, Flores, and Villanueva did for history, or that of J. Jorge y Ulloa for science." A citation from Capmany will find a response with many of our readers: "To me Gothic architecture seems always ancient, and Roman always modern." But the writer who did most to turn the national taste from a false classicalism was the statesman Jove-llanos. It is remarked that in all departments of art the reform to a truer taste was brought about not by artists or architects or specialists, but by amateurs of no practical skill or special knowledge of the arts. It is Jove-llanos who first proclaimed Velasquez the king of all Spanish painters, and with this verdict our author thoroughly agrees.

The volumes issued up to the present terminate with a chapter of criticism and bibliography of such minor arts as the ballet, pantomime, theatrical declamation, landscape gardening, equitation, and bull-fighting, on all of which the best books of the period are indicated. It is to be hoped that a full index, at least of authors' names, many of whom are here mentioned for the first time, with their dates, will accompany this great work when concluded; otherwise its utility as a manual for consultation for the ordinary student will be greatly diminished.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Nadia. From the Russian of R. Orloffsky. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

One Maid's Mischief. By G. Manville Fenn. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A New Face at the Door. By Jane Stanley. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Frozen Pirate. By Clark Russell. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.);

Fools of Nature. By Alice Brown. (Trübner.)

Germinie Lacerteux. By E. and J. de Goncourt. (Vizetelly.)

Fanny. By Ernest Feydeau. (Vizetelly.)

The Mystery of the Hansom Cab. By Fergus W. Hume. (Hansom Cab Publishing Co.)

THE influence of the vague immensities of the steppes seems to affect all the great Russian novelists. Sensationalism, as commonly understood, does not exist in the writings of men like Tolstoi, Dostoiévsky, Tourguénief. Passions, terrors, agonies of mind and body, are, of course, brought into play, and incidents as thrilling as any detailed by our own romancers are described with picturesque and occasionally with dramatic effect. But the echoes of these passions and despairs have something of the remoteness of the thunder and storm which the traveller on the plains sees or hears amid the heights of the Kavkaz. These exciting events move so slowly, are introduced so circumspectly, that they affect one no more startlingly than, during a journey, would the gradual drifting of rain-clouds from the steppe-horizons. This dilatoriness with incident, this indifference to sudden and startling surprises, this calm spectatorial method of narration, is not without charm to readers satiated with the

morbid fever of popular French *romans* or the overwrought sensationalism now so prevalent in our midst. On the other hand, it must be admitted that much of the charm is due to the soothing influence of unfamiliar placidity; just as the mountain-lover, coming suddenly from the Alps, may find a new content and pleasure in the plains of Lombardy. Save in the Cossack tales of Gogol, and in the early romances of Tolstoi, there is little dramatic intensity in Russian fiction, although the chief Slavic writers certainly betray their tendency to take dramatic views of life in the abstract. One would ere long tire of the Russian literary method, if for nothing else than the infrequency of its dramatic revelations and the dominant bias towards a redundancy of trivial and wearisome details. Even Dostoiévsky, whose sombre romances afford a surfeit of human pain and misery, seldom introduces his dramatic incidents dramatically, while he constantly ruins his most effective situations by a dire enumeration of trivialities of the most inopportune nature. While Orloffsky cannot for a moment be compared with the great masters of Russian fiction, he is of quite sufficient eminence and popularity to deserve translation; and he is fortunate in having secured so satisfactory an interpreter as the Baroness Langenan. It is not always easy for a critic, ignorant of the language in which the book he is reviewing originally appeared, to assert the merits or demerits of a translated version. Special felicities of phrase and epithet are apt to be wholly missed or but indifferently rendered; while an interpreter with a literary bias is tempted to improve upon, or at least expand, certain passages of striking effect or import. But, so far as I can judge, the Baroness Langenan's translation from the Russian of Orloffsky is exceptionally painstaking and readable. The story itself is far too long. It is not, like Tolstoi's *Anna Karénina*, for instance, a novel where a host of minor events and records of fragmentary conversations constitute a consistent whole. Two-thirds of it could be spared, and if the deletion were skilfully executed the result would be a tale of considerable interest and psychological value. *Nadia* is a girl of earnest but very vague Nihilistic proclivities; yet she duly suffers for her faith, and is the cause of agony to herself and others through her bitter and weary imprisonment of eighteen months. A double love-story runs through the novel, and Volodia and Jenny afford a bright contrast to the unhappy and distraught Dmitry and *Nadia*. In the end all is well, though but a brief space of happiness is allotted to the heroine. *Nadia*, or *Out of the Beaten Track* is much less sombre than the generality of Slavic novels; and as a vivid and presumably accurate picture of Russian provincial life it deserves to be widely read and appreciated.

Mr. Manville Fenn's new book has the indubitable advantage of novelty of scene. A story of ordinary social life interwoven with one of semi-civilised personages, with a Malayan settlement as a background, must in itself prove attractive to the jaded reader. *One Maid's Mischief* has reference to the evils and miseries wrought by the coquetry of a beautiful girl named Helen Perowne. The early part of the story is told with un-

necessary and wearisome expansion of minor matters, but when once Helen Perowne and her friend Gray Stuart are fairly settled at Sindang the interest becomes engrossing. The descriptions of life and scenery upon the great Malayan river are admirable, and the evolution of a sensational and startling plot should satisfy the most insistent craving for excitement. The Rajah Murad and the Inche Maida take leading parts in the tale, which is always most enthralling when dealing with the machinations and love affairs of these two amorous potentates. The best portions are those descriptive of Capt. Hilton's and Lieut. Chumbley's abduction by the Inche Maida; Helen's seizure by, and terrible experiences under, the lustful tyranny of the Rajah Murad; and the narrative of the "maid's" escape with the Malay girl, and, ultimately, with Dr. Bolter. Helen is too insufferably the coquette to win— notwithstanding her extreme beauty—the reader's sympathy; until at last she is discovered in the harem of the Rajah, and rendered in colour and otherwise like unto the Malay women. The other personages are lightly but ably sketched, although Scots will smile derisively at Mr. Stuart, the Caledonian merchant, with his impossible dialect. The Resident of Sindang, the officers Hilton and Chumbley, Dr. Bolter, Arthur Rosebury, the dreamy, impractical, botanising chaplain, are all true to life, and are pleasant acquaintances to meet. Mrs. Bolter, "the little lady," as Mr. Fenn refers to her about a thousand times, is meant to be an amusing example of female jealousy; but she simply wearies the reader by her vulgar stupidity, and, with all her estimable qualities, becomes ere long an intolerable bore. Wary readers will skip Mrs. Bolter as much as practicable. The real hero of the book is Chumbley, whose delightful and characteristic "fate" is something to envy from the depths of one's heart. Murad is "a very proper villain"; and when, despoiled of his rajahship for his crimes, he dies horribly, after running *amok* through the streets of Singapore, one is glad to know that *finis* can be written to the record of his life. With all its good qualities, *One Maid's Mischiefs* exemplifies the evil of the serial system. I am unaware whether or not this novel appeared serially, but it certainly must have been written for that purpose; and the result is unsatisfactory, so far as the book in its present form is concerned. There are also innumerable signs of hasty composition, which may have been unavoidable, but are none the less regrettable.

A New Face at the Door is, of its kind, an excellent story. The intriguing governess has, perhaps, become a superfluity in fiction; but when she rises to crime there is undoubtedly a malign fascination about her which her equally troublesome, but less dangerous, sister wholly lacks. Opal Carew is a very heartless, but a clever and unscrupulous, young lady, although, as is nature's way, she occasionally acts aright, and, moreover, even finds her wrongful intentions turn into fortunate events. There is a well-constructed plot; and the trial for the murder of Jack Daman is sufficiently thrilling. The reader feels from the outset that the accusation of Greta Charlstrom is baseless. Who the actual assassin was, and how the secret came to

light, need not be here disclosed. In point of literary finish, Miss Stanley's new story is an advance upon *A Daughter of the Gods*.

In *The Frozen Pirate*, the most enthralling romance which Mr. Clark Russell has written since *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, one must be content to accept as possible the impossible germinal idea. The story turns upon two motives—the finding of a rich piratical ship frozen securely in Antarctica, and the recovery to active life, after close upon fifty years of stagnation, of Tassard the buccaneer. Whether or not the latter, the germinal idea, is original in its working-out I cannot say; in itself it is, of course, a modified and otherwise altered restatement of the case of the late Rip van Winkle. Probably more readers will be disposed to accept the marvellous restoration to life of the frozen pirate, Tassard, than to acknowledge the possibility of Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*; but the least discriminative can hardly fail to discern how almost grotesquely inferior is the account of the collapse through age of the infamous Tassard compared with the appalling end of Ayesha. No doubt the Tassard incident will be considered by many, especially by boy-readers, the strongest thing in the book; but I admit it seems to me so emphatic a demerit that it may prove a mill-stone round this romance when it comes to strive with the waters of oblivion. The restoration is a physical impossibility of so palpable a kind that one cannot deceive oneself into sympathetic credulity. Granted the possibility, however, it by no means follows that the weight of his passive years would speedily overcome the resuscitated pirate. If nature be capable of the arrestment of all the functions of mind and body, as is set forth by Mr. Clark Russell, she could simply begin to react, when the spell of passivity was broken, at the point where her potency had been abruptly interfered with. The story, however, is so rich in exciting detail, and is narrated with such rare power and skill, that the most carping critic must acknowledge its excellence. There has been no finer story of Antarctic adventure, at once so thrilling, so strange, and so realistic. Mr. Clark Russell's exceptional faculty for descriptive narrative is here exemplified at its best. In vivid beauty and effect there are passages transcending anything in *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, or in *The Golden Hope*—and than this no higher praise could be given. It did not need *The Frozen Pirate* to place Mr. Russell indisputably foremost among all living writers of sea-life, but if there were any lingering doubt this romance would settle the uncertainty. Of necessity, the excitement somewhat flags after the grotesque death of Tassard, but the conclusion is reached with a skilful preservation of unexhausted interest.

To appreciate *Fools of Nature* one would need to be not only familiar, but in sympathy with, the phases of new England life therein described. It is of the wearisome school of Mr. W. D. Howells's narratives of nothing in particular, but without the charm of style which we find in the best productions of the author of *A Foregone Conclusion* and *The Lady of the Aroostook*. The motive of Miss Brown's story seems to be the exposure of the charlatanism of mediumistic spiritualists,

and from her point of view she makes out a damning case. But though one cannot regret having made the acquaintance of good, genial, foolish "Uncle Ben," it is with no sense save that of the relief which cometh from bored indifference that *Fools of Nature* is finally laid down.

Of the most radically distinct kind are the two translated French novels next on my list—both, however, already so well-known to all students of French fiction that a passing word will here be sufficient. That Emile Zola has expressed himself enthusiastically upon *Germinie Lacerteux*, as a supreme model for the "realistic" novelist pretty well explains the kind of book it is. It is a cold, skilful, intensely French narration of the retrogression of a human being towards a kind of swinish animalism. To term it a romance would be to betray an absolute incapacity to comprehend the true significance of that much-abused word; and yet it is not a novel as commonly understood. The medico-analytical school of fiction is working out its own destruction, and the best that can be said for such books as *Germinie Lacerteux* is that they conduce towards that end.

I do not suppose many people in France read Ernest Feydeau now. It is, at any rate, more complimentary to our neighbours to take their negligence in this respect for granted. But in its day *Fanny* caused such an amount of disputatious discussion that comparison thereof with the clamour which prevailed after "the battle of *Hernani*" would not be altogether inapposite. The book has thus a literary interest quite distinct from that of the record of *Fanny's* love affairs. The famous balcony scene, once regarded by *jeune France* as a piece of daring and powerful realism, seems now rather flat, and the agonies of the indignant and thwarted lover mere epileptic frenzy. The book's value, such as it is, is certainly enhanced by the author's long prefatory note, wherein, with overweening conceit, he recounts the genesis and development of his masterpiece.

Even extreme exuberance of puffing could hardly send a book into its seventy-fifth thousand unless it had exceptionally sensational literary fare to offer. *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* has, it is asserted, taken Australia by storm—a fact which says a great deal for the genial patriotism of our countrymen overseas. The story is of the *Leamington Case* kind, but the absorbing interest is neither so skilfully maintained nor so ably set forth as in that popular tale. Mr. Fergus Hume's book is replete with grammatical and other errors, not all of which can be due to careless printers. When he has time to write with care and discrimination he will doubtless follow up his first brilliantly-successful but, from a literary point of view, valueless venture with a novel that will better deserve the plaudits of his fellow-Australians.

WILLIAM SHARP.

GIFT BOOKS.

Lady Burton's Edition of her Husband's "Arabian Nights." Vol. V. (Waterlow & Sons.) Another of these beautiful volumes—the fifth of the series—reached us a few weeks

ago; and yet another may shortly be expected. The present instalment (which, by the way, is especially rich in learned and interesting foot-notes) contains *inter alia* the story of Hasan of Bassorah and the bird-maidens—an Oriental version of the "Swan-maidens"; one of those primitive myths which are the common property of the whole Aryan race. The description of the garden and pavilion in this story is justly characterised by the translator as "one of the most gorgeous in the Nights"—and to its gorgeousness his glowing and embroidered diction does ample justice. Told with Sir Richard Burton's consummate skill, and power of language, these old-world stories are ever fresh. Princes and king's daughters, barbers and fishermen, jinns and afrits succeed each other like the figures in a kaleidoscope. There is an unquestionable sameness of material; yet the combinations are infinitely varied, and the effect is always new. To weary of them is impossible. As Gray wished that he could lie for ever on a sofa and read "everlasting new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux," so, in truth, we might ask of fate no better boon than to sit by the fire all our winter evenings' long, reading everlasting new volumes of "Lady Burton's Household Edition of her Husband's 'Arabian Nights.'" And if such delicious leisure is denied to ourselves, we can, at all events, bestow it upon others. It would not be easy to imagine a more charming Christmas present for young people, at this "boxing" time of year, than Lady Burton's dainty and delightful series.

Tales of Ancient India. By Edmund C. Cox. (Bombay: Thacker.) All true national epic poems without exception have been made up from folk tales. To say this is, indeed, nothing more than to say that men and women must first have talked familiarly about those things which have furnished the materials for these poems; and if of the epics thus put together many have come down to us, many more probably have been lost, and many have died in early stages of their growth. The old folk tales of India have been embodied into epic poems more intricate and ponderous than those of my other country; and Mr. Cox in this little volume has made an effort to separate some of them from the contexts in which they are imbedded. The stories are thus brought into a form similar to that of his father's *Tales of Ancient Greece*. Of the twenty-four tales which make up the series, twelve relate to the birth, life, and death of Krishna; the rest reproduce the myths of Surya, Rama, Varuna, Indra, and other of the Vedic and Puranic gods and heroes. They are all given in a way which is likely to attract and interest children; and, apart from any amusement which the perusal may afford them, children will get some solid knowledge if they will compare them with the myths which they will find in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and elsewhere. They may, perhaps, think them not so well worth reading as the familiar tales in Grimm's collection. And, perhaps, they are not; but they will find the old features in a condition which shows the strangely flexible character of the Vedic deities. Taken as a whole, for instance, Krishna is the counterpart of the Hellenic Apollo more nearly, perhaps, than of any other of the Greek gods; but he is also the stealer of the cows, and his mode of stealing them as well as his defence after the theft carries us straight to the language of the Hymn to Hermes. Like Hermes, he is also the first to discourse sweet music; but as Hermes produces his melody from the strings stretched across the tortoise shell, so Krishna draws forth his harmonies from a reed which he hollows out and pierces with holes. The little book is dedicated to Mr. Cox's many Hindu friends.

It is to be hoped that these friends will tell their children that stories not altogether unlike them may be found in other parts of the world; and that it is a task for the wisest to try and see how such tales took shape, and from what source they come.

Indian Fables. By P. V. R. Raju. (Son-nenschein.) Mr. Ramaswami Raju has brought together, in a very pretty little volume, the collection of illustrated Indian fables which has appeared during the last two years in the columns of the *Leisure Hour*. They are mostly beast-fables of the old-fashioned kind, and many of them have been known to the world since the times of Bidpai and Lokman. Their editor appears to have taken great pains to preserve the traditional form of the stories, if we may judge by the fact that the incidents of his version are very nearly the same as in that of Galland, who translated some of them from the Turkish early in the last century. The book ought to be a favourite with children as well as with the collectors of folklore.

The Seven Wise Scholars. By Ascott R. Hope. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (Blackie.) The experienced writer for boys who prefers to be known to them only under the pseudonym of Ascott R. Hope won his reputation by his hearty descriptions of school-life. On the present occasion, the school is a mere vehicle for telling a series of marvellous stories, the extravagant fun of which has been aptly interpreted by Mr. Gordon Browne's facile pencil. This artist has his limitations; but he is never more happy than when giving expression to the humours of the modern boy.

The Diamond Lens. By F. O'Brien. (Ward & Downey.) This is a rather late republication of the tales of mystery and imagination which Mr. Fitz James O'Brien used to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other American magazines about the time of the war. The stories savour rather of Hoffmann than of Poe, and have a quaint weirdness of their own which entitles them to the praise of originality. The mesmerists, alchemists, and Dutch ghosts are somewhat conventional; but the wicked Wonder-Smith slain by an army of animated toys, and the loves of the Microscopist and the lady in the water-drop, are very excellent fooling. The story of the "What was it?" utilises the mediæval idea of demoniality, and presents us with a new kind of Christmas ghost or invisible vampire, caught and killed in an American boarding-house, which really deserves to be popular.

Little Margit. By M. A. Hoyer. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Good fairy tales are always welcome to little folks; and, although *Little Margit* and the story that follows it seem insipid, some of the other tales are very pretty, and will be sure to take with children. The adventures of a bad boy—who climbed the church steeple and put a cap on the weather-cock and made the wind blow wrong, and played many other pranks for which he got turned out of the parish—are very interesting. So, too, is the "Old Château."

UNDER the title of *The Little Wonder Box*, Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. have published a collection of Miss Jean Ingelow's short stories, bound up in six little volumes, as pretty as they are quaint.

SOME RELIGIOUS BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

The Church's Holy Year; Hymns and Poems for all the Sundays and Holy Days of the Church. By Rev. A. C. Richings. (Parker.) No more tempting subject to the religious poet can be imagined than verses set to the varying

tones of the Church's Sundays and Holy Days. Two such books at once occur to every reader—the *Christian Year* and the late Bishop Wordsworth's *Holy Year*. Between the stately music and somewhat melancholy views of the one and the wealth of Scripture lore shrined in the prosaic garb of the second, Mr. Richings may be said to hold a middle place. He weds some thought which comes out prominently in the teachings of the day with smooth and facile verse, without much sounding of its deeps, and yet in a strikingly felicitous manner. We are not surprised that these poems have reached a second edition. They are polished, and free from the doggerel which defaces so many hymns; and they cannot fail to be, as the author hopes, a devotional companion to many lovers of careful verse. A few lines may be quoted from the 20th Sunday after Trinity as a sample:

"How many hear the story read
Within God's sacred fane;
Nor heed the lesson, but go forth
Prepared to sin again.

"Thus we may mingle in God's House
Without the raiment white,
Which fits the soul for sacred feasts
And realms of pure delight;

"But when the King Himself appears
Who gave the loving feast;
The seamless robe He will require
For every wedding guest."

An Office of Prayer for the Use of the Clergy. By Rev. P. G. Medd. (S.P.C.K.) This little book consists of the office of special prayer, a collection of prayers for private use by the clergy, and an essay on the country clergyman's ideal, as it may be gathered from Keble's *Christian Year*. The first part—the office of special prayer—is mainly a cento from the Common Prayer-Book; the private prayers of the second part are far exceeded in depth and scriptural wealth by Bishop Andrews's well-known manual; and Herbert's "Country Parson" supplies a far nobler and simpler ideal than any which can be gathered from the *Christian Year*. But Mr. Medd's book may be useful to those who do not know the others, although the essay is somewhat cumbersome and verbose.

The Church and her Ministry; a Catechism. By Rev. E. J. Boyce. (S.P.C.K.) This is the book which has been so long wanted for all who have learned the Prayer-Book Catechism. It carries on and supplements its teachings in some thirty pages on the doctrines and ministry of the Church of England. No better manual could be used for the instruction of pupil teachers and candidates for confirmation.

THE author of *How to be Happy, though Married* (Rev. E. I. Hardy, Chaplain to the Forces), has collected a series of short and telling sermons under the title *Faint, yet Pursuing* (Fisher Unwin). About half of them were preached to soldiers; and all are, as might be expected, short, but weighty and incisive. Mr. Hardy does not waste time in introductions or circumlocutions, but at once states his subject, drives it home in a few concise sentences, adds a few anecdotes, illustrates it in a mode which must keep a congregation's attention, and ends with a few home-thrusts which ought to touch the most careless. Whether for pulpit use or as literature these sermons are much above the average.

Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit. By William Drysdale. (Charles Burnet & Co.) This "selection from the writings and sayings of Henry Ward Beecher" was "revised in part by Mr. Beecher, and under revision by him at the time of his death." Dr. Parker prefixes an "introductory note," in which he informs us that he "often thought of Mr. Beecher as a

kind of intellectual volcano—awful, sublime, talking fire"; but that "men would talk less about his greatness if they knew more about his gentleness. I have seen his tears." This note would be better away. The proverbs are classified under different heads, such as Nature, Character, The Family, Religion, Christ; and they have been very carefully chosen and arranged. Mr. Beecher's writings yield a large harvest of pithy sayings, which are rarely very deep, but are always smart and sensible, and at their best indicate a wide and thorough acquaintance with the life and thoughts of the American citizen. Mr. Beecher's style, like his thought, will please the practical man rather than the contemplative. It is certainly not volcanic; but it is brisk and clear, and never for a moment dull.

Clare Vaughan. By Lady Lovat. (Burns & Oates.) Though boasting the imprimatur of Cardinal Manning this book cannot, for the majority of English readers, be pronounced wholesome reading. It is an addition to the not inconsiderable gallery of phthisical religionists, those eminent and saintly women with whom the hagiology of Romanism abounds, and of whom truth compels us to state that their morbid asceticism and devotion is so blended with defective organisation and physical disease as to make it difficult to analyse the resultant product, which may be termed without offence hypernatural sanctity. Cardinal Manning introduces the book to its readers as "a witness to the world of the sanctity of the only [*sic*] church of Jesus Christ, for on no other stem do such fruits grow." We may readily and unregrettingly assent to the latter clause without concurring in the causal inference suggested by the word "for."

Flash Lights. By Edith E. Smyth. (Nisbet.) This is a series of short chapters for Sunday reading, purporting to point out the "flash lights" to be found in God's Word. The author has been in the habit of flashing out such lights upon her Sunday scholars; but listening to such excellent sermonettes is happily a different thing from reading them. Little boys seldom read anything "goody" not in the form of a story; and, even then, they are apt to skip the moral. However, the book is simple and profitable, and, as such, we ought to be thankful for it. Some of the lines which end off each sermonette are likely, in the author's words, "to take up a little niche in the memory." Here is one set:

Lo! my Father me arrays
In a garment new of praise;
It shall last me all my days.

The Life of St. Paul, by Rev. J. Stalker (Edinburgh: Clark), forms one of the series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes" now being issued by the enterprising firm of Messrs. Clark. It is a useful but not particularly striking compilation from larger works on the same subject.

The Continuity of Scripture. By Lord Hatherley. (S.P.O.K.) Lord Hatherley's useful little work is so well known that we need do no more than welcome its appearance in a new and revised edition.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish, about the middle of January, a volume of essays by Prof. Karl Pearson, of University College, London, which will take its title from the introductory essay on "The Ethic of Free Thought." The essays are fifteen in number, arranged in three groups of five each. The first group will deal generally with the philosophy of free thought in relation to science and morals. The second group is historical, and will give special atten-

tion to the German reformers and revolutionists of the sixteenth century. In the third group of essays the author directly addresses himself to the social and economical questions of the day from the standpoint of socialism.

MR. H. C. BANISTER, having undertaken the preparation of a memoir of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, will feel obliged by the loan of any letters of interest, especially such as bear upon musical matters, or which illustrate his personal character and opinions. Such letters, which may be forwarded to the care of Messrs. George Bell & Sons, York-street, Covent Garden, will be most carefully preserved, and returned at the earliest opportunity.

WE hear that the Rev. John Owen, author of *Evenings with the Sceptics*, and other works, is a candidate for the Gifford Lectureship in Natural Theology in the University of Edinburgh. He has been urged by his friends to apply because they recognise in his book on the Sceptics the free, and at the same time reverential treatment of the subject which the Gifford bequest prescribes.

MESSRS. BENTLEY & SON will begin at once the publication of a new edition of the late Mrs. Henry Wood's novels at a popular price. *East Lynne* will appear in the middle of next month, to be followed by *The Channings* in February, and *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* in March, and so on in monthly volumes until the total of some thirty novels is finished.

THE same publishers announce a new monthly periodical, to be called *Men and Women of the Day*. Each number will contain three portraits of contemporary celebrities, of what is called "panel" size, printed in permanent photography, together with brief memoirs. The contents of the first part, to appear in January, will be the Marquis of Hartington, Cardinal Newman, and Miss Mary Anderson.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*; or, Poems inspired by Life and Scenery in Australia and New Zealand. The selection has been made by Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen, himself an Australian and a poet.

MR. CHARLES MARVIN has in the press a pamphlet, entitled *English Africa*: shall Boer and German sway it? dealing with the Delagoa Question, the proposed protectorate over Amantongaland, and the rivalry between Germans and English in South Africa.

Christ the Key of the Psalter is the title of a new volume by an Oxford Graduate announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. HORACE WEIR has written a local story for the *Derby Reporter*, under the title of "At the Sign of the White House."

THE Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh will proceed to appoint a Gifford lecturer on natural theology about the end of January. The tenure of office is for two years, and may be renewed once only for a like period. The emoluments consist of the yearly interest of Lord Gifford's bequest of £25,000. The lecturer is required to give at least twenty public lectures annually, and he may, in addition, form a special class for teaching the subject to university students. The lecturer will probably be required to enter upon his duties in January 1889.

A SERIES of nine free lectures on "Centres of Spiritual Activity" will be delivered by representatives of different religious bodies at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, during the months of January and February, on Sundays, at 4 p.m. The introductory lecture of the series, to be given to-morrow, will be on "The Common Ground of the Religious Sentiment," by Mr. Edward Clodd. The other lectures

include Canon Curtis, the Rev. Edward White, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Prof. D. W. Marks, and the Rev. Henry W. Crosskey, of Birmingham.

THE Society of Gymnrodorion will hold an educational conference on Thursday and Friday next, January 5 and 6, in the Guildhall of Shrewsbury. The subject of discussion is "The Future Development of the Welsh Educational System, considered from the Scholastic Point of View."

THE third meeting of the west branch of the English Goethe Society was held at Craven Hill House, the residence of Miss Emerson, on Thursday evening, December 22, when Goethe's *Lustspiel*, "Die Wette," was read by the members, after which Miss Lena Little sang "Der König von Thule," "Wanderer's Nachtlied," and "Mignon" to Liszt's music, accompanied by Mr. Walter Bache. The evening terminated by a pianoforte solo of Liszt's "Goethe-Marsch," by the same gentleman. For the next meeting, on January 21, the committee are preparing, under Mr. Walter Bache's direction, a "Faust" evening, in which Liszt's symphony, arranged for two pianos and a male chorus, is to be performed.

MR. COLLINS requests us to state that when he represented Prof. Nettleship as opposed to the University Extension Lectures, he simply deduced what he asserted from Prof. Nettleship's own words on page 19 of his pamphlet.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

IRENE (*ætat* 13).

I.

AMONG the purple mountain-folds I sought
And sought, in vain, for peace. I sought in vain

In dreamy woods; along th' enchanted main;
In kindly hamlets. Then with books I wrought,
Seeking for peace in toil, which only brought
Dull discontent and weariness of brain.

"Where art thou, Peace?" I cried: "Oh,
soothe this pain

Of tearful longing and of throbbing thought."

A sweet voice answered. Laughter glad and clear
Set the birds singing. Beautiful bright eyes
Made a new dawn. A sweet voice answered:
"Cease

From further fruitless searching. I am here—
In flower of flesh and blood, of perfect size,
Quite loving—Your Irene! I am Peace!"

II.

Peace, with her chatter and infectious glee;
Peace, swinging mad-cap on a springy bough,
With bright hair blown and tumbled anyhow;

Peace, paddling in a shoal of summer sea;

Peace, at high revel upon an apple-tree;

Peace, reading with a bent and dreamy brow;

Peace, on a footstool—very peaceful now—

Listening with hands clasped fondly on my knee:

No abstract noun, no mythic shape divine,

No sweet elusive dream of who knows what,

But just a child, she brings my heart surcease

Of care; and, when she puts her cheek to mine

Bliss, and complete contentment with my lot.

Yes, this is my Irene—this is Peace.

WILLIAM CANTON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE principal articles in the *Revisita Contemporanea* of November are on the Chinese immigration to the Philippine Islands, by Ramon Jordana. He warns his countrymen of possible future danger by the history of the insurrections and wars incited there by the Chinese in the past. Cristoval Botella gives a good historical sketch of French social theories. There is a sacred epithalamium on the golden wedding of Leo. XIII. both in Latin and in Spanish elegiacs. We prefer the former. But we wonder if the future historian will accept as literally

true from contemporary documents such phrases as :

“*Quamvis nunc, alter Petrus, detrusus in atro Carcere permanens.*”

Catalina Garcia continues his “Brihuega and its Fuero,” arriving at last at the text of the document. We have also the report by Eduardo Abela of the Agricultural Association of Spain. Among other imperious needs the primary one of security to the labourer and isolated farmer is still lacking in many parts of that country.

We learn from the November *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia that it has sent a request to the Historical Commission in the Canary Islands to photograph, or have casts made of, all inscriptions found there, and promises speedy publication. Dr. Rudolph Beer has discovered at Leon a palimpsest of the *Lex Romana Wisigothorum*, of which no previous MS. was known in Spain. He also describes the five volumes which Bernard of Brihuega made for Alfonso the Wise, which are still unpublished. Adolfo de Castro gives some curious notes on the colonies of Orientals at Cadiz in the last two centuries. But the bulk of the number is occupied with historical documents relating to La Guardia, collected by Father F. Fita. Their chief interest lies in the history of the Jews. In 1236 the chapter of Toledo complained to Rome of Archbishop Roderic for employing Jews as his fiscal agents. There are also some valuable texts of the time of the expulsion (1491-3), and of the appeals of the Jews for protection to the kings. Some recently found Latin inscriptions seem to prove that Talavera la Vieja was the Augustobriga of the Romans.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AIMARD, G. Le Brésil nouveau. Paris: Dentu. 8 fr.
- BUCHER, B. Die Glassammlung d. k. k. Oesterreich. Museums f. Kunst u. Industrie. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 20 M.
- GEFFCKEN, F. H. Politische Federzeichnungen. Berlin: Allg. Verein f. deutsche Literatur. 6 M.
- KARABACK, J. Das arabische Papier. Wien: Hof. u. Staatsdruckerei. 6 M.
- KOCH, J. u. F. SEITZ. Das Heidelberger Schloss. 1. Lfg. Darmstadt: Bergtraesser. 20 M.
- MUSSET, G. Les falenceries Rochelaises. La Rochelle. 25 fr.
- OVERBECK, J. Griechische Mythologie. Besonderer Thl. 2. Bd. 5. Buch. Apollon. 1. Lfg. Leipzig: Engelmann. 10 M.
- PUCHTETZ, O. Das ionische Capitell. 47. Programm zum Winckelmannfest. Berlin: Reimer. 3 M.
- SCHMIDT, K. W. Sansibar. Ein ostafrikan. Cultur- bild. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 4 M. 50 Pf.
- STAUBER, A. Das Studium der Geographie in u. ausser der Schule. Augsburg: Reichel. 3 M. 30 Pf.
- WIESNER, J. Die mikroskopische Untersuchung d. Papiers, m. besond. Berücksicht. der ältesten orientalischen u. europäischen Papiere. Wien: Hof. u. Staatsdruckerei. 6 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- STUDIEN U. SKIZZEN, theologische, aus Ostpreussen. 1-5. Hft. Königsberg: L.-Fr.: Hartung. 7 M. 50 Pf.
- SULZMAN-ARUKI (Gedruckte Tafel) od. das Ritual- u. Gesetzbuch d. Judenthums. Zum ersten Male aus dem Orig. frei übers. u. mit Quellenangaben. Erläuterung, etc. versehen v. J. A. F. E. L. V. v. Pavly. 1. Lfg. Zürich: Schabelitz. 4 M.

HISTORY.

- REQUIE des traités de la France. T. 15. Supplément. 1713-1865. Paris: Pedone-Lauriel. 25 fr.
- REGISTREN DER Pfalzgrafen am Rhein 1214-1400. 2. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.
- SCHMIDT, W. Romano-catholici per Moldavia episcopatus et rei romano-catholicae res gestae. Budapest: Kiliań. 6 M.
- SCHULTZ, A. Geschichte der Habsburger in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.
- TROUSSER, E. L'île Bourbon pendant la période révolutionnaire de 1789 à 1803. T. 1. Paris: Chalmel. 10 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BELLOC, E. Les Diatomées de Luchon et des Pyrénées centrales. Paris: Lechevalier. 4 fr. 50 c.
- CAMUS, E. G. Catalogue des plantes de France, de Suisse et de Belgique. Paris: Lechevalier. 4 fr. 25 c.
- GADÉAU DE KERVILLE, H. Les Insectes phosphorescents. Notes complémentaires et bibliographie générale. Paris: Lechevalier. 2 fr. 50 c.

- GABRIEL, C. M. Physique. Paris: Baudry. 20 fr.
- HERTWIG, O. Lehrbuch der Entwicklungsgeschichte der Menschen u. der Wirbelthiere. 2. Abth. Jena: Fischer. 6 M. 50 Pf.
- SENAC, H. Essai monographique sur le genre *Pimella* (Fabricius). Paris: Lechevalier. 10 fr.
- STUDIEN, Berliner, f. klassische Philologie u. Archäologie. 7. Bd. 1. Hft. Die Erkenntnistheorie der Stoa. Von L. Stein. Berlin: Calvary. 12 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BERGK, Th. Griechische Literaturgeschichte. 4. Bd. Aus dem Nachlass hrsg. v. E. Peppmüller. Berlin: Weidmann. 8 M.
- EYALLE, A. Glossaire Saintongeais. Bordeaux: Vve Moquet. 15 fr.
- HILGARD, A. Excerpta ex Mbris Herodiani technici. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WILLIAM BARNES AND CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

Athenæum Club: Dec. 28, 1887.

In his review of the *Life of William Barnes* (December 24), Mr. H. Bradley states his dissent from “the eccentric judgment recently pronounced at Oxford, which ranks William Barnes second among the poets of the Victorian age.” And for this “paradox” he must, apparently, refer to a few words in the memorandum of a visit to the aged poet, which Mrs. Baxter has honoured me by quoting in the *Life*; as in the lecture on Barnes, given at Oxford in November, 1886, and printed in the *National Review* for the February following, I have only said that “contemporary critical judgment is always so thoroughly insecure that it will be best to make no attempt to assign the place, due to the poet whom England has lost, in our literature.”

To this rule it might have been best had I conformed strictly. But, to clear myself from the rash dogmatic judgment above assigned to me, I quote the words which I used from p. 313 of the *Life*: “This aged poet seems to me to stand second only to Tennyson in the last half century.” Of the interpretation given by Mr. Bradley, I have no complaint to make. It was naturally enough deduced from a phrase written down without thought that it would go further. My meaning, however, was that putting Tennyson as (in my eyes) our greatest “Victorian” poet—Wordsworth, who died in 1850, having done almost all his work before 1837—Barnes seemed to me, by clear right, to rank in the foremost line of those after Tennyson—a band whom I should not desire or presume to enumerate, but *with*, not *above*, whom Barnes should be recognised. This opinion (it claims to be no more), containing not one but two items of “contentious matter,” may very likely also seem eccentric and paradoxical to many readers, although, from the general tone of Mr. Bradley’s criticism, I should hope he might be disposed not to look on it with such disfavour.

From this personal explanation, with which I regret to trouble you, let me return for a moment to the general question of the validity of contemporary criticism. It is so natural to compare our favourite writer with his fellows past or present, and to fix his place among them, that of the—ten or twelve shall I say?—English writing poets of our time who, in different ways, may be called leaders, there is hardly one whom we have not seen in turn confidently hailed as lord paramount of Parnassus, and destined (if not resolved into a myth, or into someone else) for the too shadowy Valhalla of literary immortality. Among these verdicts doubtless one will be approved by the “wise testimony of the years to come”; yet, although in our hearts we each believe that the lucky and lasting verdict is our own, should we not be warned by these contradictory judgments of the day, and, even more, by the vast number of dead forgotten writers, each heralded as an immortal in his age, to refrain—and this in the interest

of our own special favourite and benefactor? It is but a truism that over-praise is fated to precede under-estimation. Are there not visible signs that the enthusiastic worship now paid in many quarters to recent or contemporary poets of genius is already bringing on the inevitable reaction? It is becoming a proof of the vital power and greatness of some that they survive the dangerous idolatry paid by over-ambitious biographers, or by the societies of which they are the patron saints. Those wise words of Tacitus—“*Pessimum inimicorum genus laudantes*”—seem to have been written to warn against excesses which, however well intended and natural, in the end do but serve the cause of Philistia. If any readers think that your correspondent has sinned thus, *habebis confidentem reum*. F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE ISIS, THE OCK, AND OXFORD.

Nottingham: Dec. 17, 1887.

Mr. Bradley (*ACADEMY*, September 24) admits that “*Ise*” (which, according to the map cited by Mr. Murray, is the earliest form of the name of the Isis) is a possible river-name; and he instances the Northamptonshire “*Ise*.” He remarks that “if the A.S. form is *Ys*, it might descend from a prehistoric [Celtic] *Uisia*, related to, though not identical with, *Ouse*.”

I find that this Northamptonshire *Ise* is recorded in a Kettering charter of A.D. 956, printed in Birch, *Cartularium Saxonicum*, iii., p. 121, and in Kemble, iii., p. 439. The boundaries proceed from “*Cranlea brig*” (Cranley), &c. to the long dyke or ditch, thence to “*Wiclea forda andlang Ysan pæt [hit] cymð to Pihes-lea [Pythley] forda*,” &c. The nominative of this name would be, I suppose, “*Yse*,” declined as a *-jón* stem. This does not exactly support Mr. Bradley’s suggestion; but the difference in form is of slight consequence. The *Ise* is recorded in the list of river-names printed at the end of Vigfusson and Cleasby’s Icelandic dictionary as *Ysa*, which supports an O.E. *Yse*. Perhaps the same name may be recorded in the Hampshire “*Ysan*” or “*Isan pyttas*, A.D. 854 (*Cart. Sax.* ii. 71, 11), and “*isen gráfas*,” in the same county (*id.* ii. 44, 19), and the “*isen hyrst*” of *Cod. Dipl.* iii. 130, 27; 131, 19, A.D. 976, may possibly be derived from “*Yse*,” rather than from *isen*, “*iron*,” from which Kemble derives it.

The Abingdon history supports the opinion that the portion of the river now known as the Isis was anciently known only by the name Thames. There are many references to this river in the Abingdon charters, but it is nowhere called the Isis. It is called the Thames even above Oxford; and the earliest version of the Chronicle (*MS. Cott. Claud., c. ix.*) states that “*Mons Abbandone ad septemtrionalem plagam Tamese fluvii, ubi prætermeat pontem Oxenefordis urbis, situs est*” (vol. i., p. 1, note). At p. 181 it is called the “*Temese*” at Hinksey (Hengesteg-ieg), and it bore the same name at its junction with the Cherwell (i. 126) and at Iffley (Giftelea? i. 89). Above Oxford, the Thames is mentioned at Kingston Bagpuiz (i. 351), at Worth in Faringdon (i. 246, 260), and at Fyfield (æt Fif-hidum? i. 325). There are several references to the river between Abingdon and its junction with the Thames; and it is called in every case the Thames; and not the Isis. With the evidence of the Abingdon charters before us, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Isis is a spurious name manufactured from the Latinised “*Tamesis*.”

The Abingdon charters afford proof, if farther proof were wanted, of the absurdity of the derivation of “*Oxford*” from the river “*Ock*.” That stream and its branches were known as the “*Eo-co-e*.” I give the instances of its occurrence in alphabetical order.

Abingdon: A.D. 955, "Eocen, acc.; *Cart. Sax.* iii. 68, 23; *Chron. Mon. de Abing.* i. 126, 26. A.D. 956, "Eo-coen," dat., "Eo-coenes," gen.; *Cart. Sax.* iii. 96, 14, 15; *Chron. Ab. i.* 176, 2; 177, 6.

Ashbury: A.D. 856, "Æo-cœnen," acc.; *Cart. Sax.* ii. 94, 20 (dubious charter). A.D. 944, "Æo-cœnen," acc.; *Cart. Sax.* ii. 549, 36.

Drayton: A.D. 958, "Oecene," acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* v. 397, 17; *Chron. Ab. i.* 248, 22. A.D. 960, "Oecene," acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 28, 15; *Chron. Ab. i.* 272, 4.

Fyfield? (set Fī-hídum): A.D. 956, "Eo-coen," acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* v. 386, 30; *Chron. Ab. i.* 233, 14. A.D. 968, "Eo-coan," dat., acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* iii. 466, 13, 18; *Chron. Ab. i.* 324, 26; 325, 4.

Gareford (Gáran-ford): A.D. 940, "Eo-coen," "Eo-coan," gen., acc.; *Cart. Sax.* ii. 489, 6, 8; *Chron. Ab. i.* 95, 5, 8.

Goosey (Góis-ieg): A.D. 959, "Eccen," "Eo-coen," dat., gen.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 8, 20; *Chron. Ab. i.* 259, 27. *Cf. Chron. Ab. i.* 14, 9.

Hanney: A.D. 956, "Eo-coene," acc., gen.; *Cod. Dipl.* v. 370, 9; *Chron. Ab. i.* 206, 4. A.D. 968, "Oecene," acc., gen.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 86, 17; *Chron. Ab. i.* 274, 14.

Kingston Bagpuiz: A.D. 965, "Eccene," dat., acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 109, 28; 110, 7; *Chron. Ab. i.* 350, 29; 351, 9. A.D. 976, "Eo-coene," dat., acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 107, 33; 108, 10; *Chron. Ab. i.* 353, 9, 19.

Lyford* (Linford): A.D. 944, "Eo-coene," "Eccene," dat.; *Cart. Sax.* ii. 552, 17; *Chron. Ab. i.* 107, 21. A.D. 1032, "Eo-coan," dat., acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* iv. 39, 6, 11; *Chron. Ab. i.* 440, 4, 10.

Marcham: A.D. 955, "Eo-coan," dat., acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 75, 28; 76, 2; *Chron. Ab. i.* 265, 9, 15.

Shellingford: A.D. 931, "Eo-coen," acc.; *Cart. Sax.* ii. 374, 9, 16; *Chron. Ab. i.* 65, 12, 22.

Worth, in Faringdon parish (Stevenson): A.D. 958, "Eo-coen," dat., acc., gen.; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 8, 25; 9, 1, 2; *Chron. Ab. i.* 260, 7, 19, 20. A.D. 958, "Eccene," acc.; *Cod. Dipl.* v. 395, 33; *Chron. Ab. i.* 246, 13.

From these forms I deduce an Old-English nom. "Eocce," gen., dat., and acc. "Eo-coan." It must be remembered that the chronicle is a thirteenth-century MS; and the compiler is, no doubt, responsible for the mute *e*'s and the occasional redundant gen. *es* in such forms as "Eo-coene," "Eo-coenes." The derivation of "Ock" from "Eo-coe" presents some difficulty, for that form would have yielded "Eck." But there can be no doubt of the identity of the "Eo-coe" and the "Ock." It is called the "Eoche," A.D. 1066-1087, in vol. ii., p. 10, 28, and p. 64, 3, A.D. 1100-1135. It appears to be occasionally called the "Oce"—*e.g.*, A.D. 953-955, "Oecene [=Ocan]wyllas," the source of the Ock, at Ashbury (*Cart. Sax.* iii. 62, 24), and there is an "Ocoenes" or "Eo-coenes gærstun" referred to at Abingdon in A.D. 955-956 (*Cart. Sax.* iii. 68, 23; 97, 5, 14; *Chron. Ab. i.* 126, 26; 176, 2, 3; 177, 6). This would be, I suppose, an enclosure of grassland abutting on the Ock at Abingdon. But it may be that "Oce" is, in both cases, a mistake of the scribe for the usual "Eo-coe."

As "Eo-coe" was the Old-English name of the Ock, it follows that a ford over that river would have been called "Eo-coan-ford." It is a very long cry from such a form as this to "Oxna-ford," the Old-English name of Oxford. And it is rather an awkward thing for the

* This is evidently Lyford, and not Linford, Bucks, as Stevenson and Birch assert. Besides being on the Eo-coe, Linford was near Cillan-riv, a water-course that is mentioned at Hanney (*Chron. Ab. i.* 206, 2; 240, 291; 274, 12), at Denchworth (*id.* i. 137, 5), and at Gareford (*id.* i. 95, 5).

adherents of the "Ocks-ford" theory that there was a ford over the Ock at Abingdon, and that it was known as "Eo-coan-ford." It is called "Eo-coen-ford" in A.D. 955 (*Cart. Sax.* iii. 68, 9, 23; *Chron. Ab. i.* 126, 6, 27). It occurs about 1180 in the form that we should expect it to have by then assumed—"Eo-ckaforð" (*Chron. Ab. i.* 323, 28). This, again, is impossible to reconcile with the contemporary "Oxenford," &c. It is not consonant with reason that of two fords over the Ock, lying within six or seven miles of each other and both deriving their name from the Ock, one should be called "Eo-coan-ford" and the other "Oxna-ford." But it is really unnecessary to further discuss the fantastic dream that Oxford means "the ford of the Ock" and not "the ford of oxen," for it is a delusion that no philologist worthy of the name would cherish for more than five minutes. There seems to be a feeling among young Oxford men that the derivation of the name from "ford for oxen" is incompatible with the dignity and glory of their university, and hence many of them fly to this "Ocks-ford" theory, or to some even more impossible Celtic derivation of the name. I put these objections on record for the guidance of those who are thus misled by a mistaken sense of local patriotism, for I have not the faintest hope of converting the professed advocates of this "Ocks-ford" theory. This must be my excuse for reverting to a subject that has been so well thrashed out in these columns.

W. H. STEVENSON.

THE TODD LECTURES.

Mitchelstown: Dec 14, 1887.

Looking through the volume of the Todd Lecture Series, just issued by the Royal Irish Academy, I observed the following in the Peter and Paul Passion. The portions of the original expressed in cypher are not distinguished by the lecturer.

"Is ann-sin tra airmitnig na Cristaigi lith ocus foraitmet na da noem apstal sa; itat kalaind Iuil," &c. (p. 87). This text, an elementary knowledge shows, is impossible. To begin with, it does not contain what *ann-sin* stands for. Next, an antecedent is wanting for the relative. Finally, *kalaind* (nom. *kalne*) being the gen., *tat* has no subject.

Going on to the paraphrastic rendering (a word-for-word version is nicknamed "a slavishly literal translation," p. 276), we have: "It is at this time the Christians celebrate the festival and commemoration of these two holy apostles, on the calends of July," &c. (p. 330). Shade of the Culdee, "the feast of Paul and Peter," on July 1! *On the calends*, it is scarcely necessary to observe, has no counterpart in the Irish. The Glossary, mayhap, will clear up the obscurity. Therein we find: "Perhaps: is ann-sin (viz., on that day) i-tat kal. Iul?" [*lege* Iuil] (p. 897). But the conjecture labours under the radical defect that this sentence is not Irish.

What, then, is to be done? The crux plainly lies in *itat*. Now, the explanation is so simple that the wonder is how the muddle could have been created. Turning to the lithographed edition, p. 172 b, l. 67, one glance suffices to unravel the tangle. The form is *it*: the *t*'s joined, and a horizontal line drawn overhead. The reading is accordingly (not *it*, but) *itert*; meaning that the festival in question fell on the third of the calends of July—June 29. More unaccountably still; the self-same contraction occurs at p. 72 b, l. 46, and is here lengthened (p. 216) and translated (p. 453) with accuracy.

* "Gen. pl. *kalne* and *kalland*" (*Calendar of Oengus*, ed. Stokes, p. cccxix). Does the editor think so still with respect to *kalne*?

It is not, of course, to be assumed that a who use this volume will be able or willing to undergo the drudgery of collating 235 octavo pages with the MS. or the facsimile. Advocates for printing contracted portions in distinctive type can consequently, it must be admitted point to the foregoing in support of their contention.

B. MACCARTHY.

"MORT" "AMORT."

Nervi: Dec. 21, 1887.

May I venture to suggest that the term "smort," fem. "smorta," is used in the Piedmontese dialect to denote a pale, dejected, death-like appearance. Surely this is but a slightly modified form of the word "mort" "amort," upon which so much has of late been written and if so, would it not be interesting to trace the date of its importation into East-England? I am not in a position to find out whether it is a Provençal appellation as well. All I can say is that on this side of the Alps it is confined to the principality of Piedmont.

J. GONING.

"DIM SASSENACH."

Dec. 24, 1887.

Your reviewer (ACADEMY, December 21, p. 421) is mistaken in supposing that the Welshman's "dim Sasneg" ought, of course, to be "dim Sassenach." The latter, misspelled from *Sassunach*, is the Gaelic form; the Welsh word is *Saesneg* or *Seisneg*, contracted by pronunciation into "Saesneg" or "Seisneg."

C. S. JERRAM.

ALL POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, January 2, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Visible Stars," I., by Sir R. S. Ball.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," I., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Natural Selection," by Prof. Duns.
TUESDAY, Jan. 3, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Astronomy, IV., the Great Planets," by Sir R. S. Ball.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture. "The Application of Electricity to Lighting and Working," I., by Mr. W. H. Preece.
THURSDAY, Jan. 5, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Astronomy, V., the Comets," by Sir R. S. Ball.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music, IV., Composition," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," II., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.
FRIDAY, Jan. 6, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Occurrence of Gold in North Wales," illustrated with Specimens, by Mr. T. A. Readwin.
SATURDAY, Jan. 7, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Astronomy, VI., the Stars," by Sir R. S. Ball.

SCIENCE.

DE QUATREFAGES ON PREHISTORIC MAN.

Introduction à l'Étude des Races Humaines.
Par A. de Quatrefages. (Paris: Hennuyer.)

UNDER the common title of "Histoire Générale des Races Humaines," M. de Quatrefages and Hamy are editing a series of ethnographic works, to which this sumptuous volume forms an introduction. Unfortunately, with all the deference due to a master in science of the old school, it must be confessed that M. de Quatrefages has outlived his day. His persistent rejection of evolutionism, and his inability even to read himself into the position of the younger workers on anthropological and ethnographical questions, will probably render his magnificent undertaking, planned on a truly gigantic scale, of but little service to the cause of science. For a knowledge of anthropometrical and ethnological facts, of course, the veteran professor has few equals in Europe; but the problems he proposes to himself and the solutions he gives for them

ing entirely to a circle of ideas now finally behind, and no longer of the slightest port or interest to the vast mass of anthropological students.

M. de Quatrefages begins with the purely use and fantastic question whether man could be included in the animal kingdom—astonishing question at any time, and still more profoundly astonishing at the present time—which he answers by placing him separately in a human kingdom all by himself, elevated to an equality with the animal and vegetable kingdoms of popular natural history, and characterised by the possession of the attributes of *moralité et religiosité*. Next, he attacks the problem of the unity of the human species, which he defends against the thrice-slain polygenists by the analogy of geese, poultry, and pigeons. Examining, in the third place, the origin of mankind, he declares himself still the uncompromising antagonist of "transformism," and refuses in any way to account for the presence of man on the earth. Nowhere does the narrow and unimaginative French scientific spirit—the logical spirit, the determination to cling passionately to the given fact, eschewing as unprofitable all inference and all constructive effort—come out more strongly than in the mind of De Quatrefages. On the other hand, his treatment of the question of antiquity admirably displays his loyalty to fact alone, when definite facts are really forthcoming. He gives an excellent critical summary of the evidence as to quaternary man, and he accepts as genuinely human many of the alleged flint weapons from tertiary deposits. While admitting that some doubt still surrounds the Abbé Bourgeois's specimens from the Calcaire de Beauce, he figures certain flints from the Upper Miocene of Puy-Courny (Cantal), which show all the characteristic marks of human chipping and subsequent usage. He urges ably, also, for the human origin of the remarkable scratches on the *Balenotus* rib discovered by Dr. Capellini in the Sienna Pliocene; and he endorses the discoveries of Signor Bagazzoni at Castenedolo. But he cannot swallow the Calaveras mortars, nor admit the tertiary date of the remains associated with the carapace of a glyptodon in the Pampas deposits. Moreover, he insists strongly on the survival—at least, in an erratic form—of the earliest human types to the present day. Bruce, he says, had a skull of the Canstadt type, while the Cro Magnon race still exists among the Kabyles of Algeria.

On the point of geographical origin, M. de Quatrefages will have none of Lemuria—not, of course, on the grounds which would influence Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace—but simply because he does not see the necessity for any such hypothesis. In the warm tertiary times when man, as he believes, first appeared upon earth, the central Asiatic plateau was, doubtless, almost tropical in climate. On ethnographic and linguistic grounds he places here the cradle of humanity. Hence man dispersed himself right and left, mainly through the changes wrought by the coming on of the glacial epoch. His migrations brought him face to face with fresh conditions; and acclimatisation to these conditions accounts, in M. de Quatrefages's opinion, by direct action, for the formation of the various races of mankind. He does not even mention natural

selection or sexual selection. The *Descent of Man* might never have been written for any notice he deigns to take of it. This is not wisdom. You may agree with Darwin, or you may differ from him, but, at the present time of day, you cannot afford to ignore him.

As a whole, the book remains a melancholy monument of misdirected industry. Its collection of data is admirable and scientific. The use it makes of them is wholly and hopelessly behind the times. It is only in France that men of science of equal calibre could think of putting forth so great a work on lines so utterly out of date. M. de Quatrefages has his arguments with Knox and Agassiz, with Morton and St. Hilaire; when he condescends to notice the ideas of Darwin and Huxley, Haeckel and Gaudry at all, it is to brush them aside as mere passing modern extravagances. Herein he acts unwisely. It is not well in science to bring up the rear.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE YUEH-TI AND THE EARLY BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

THE nationality of the early missionaries of Buddhism in China, which we find recorded in the literature of the Celestial Empire, is an interesting matter for the history of their religion. It gives an inkling as to some of the countries which had received with favour the teachings of the disciples of Sakyamuni. I only wish here to call attention to a few of the names of countries mentioned, and especially to the Yueh-ti, because of several misapprehensions which have occurred about them.

It is after the arrival in China, in A.D. 67, of Kasyapa Matanga and Gobharana, who came on the invitation of Ts'ai-yin, sent by the Han Emperor Ming-ti in A.D. 65, that some information is fragmentarily coming to light regarding the nationality of the individual missionaries. Attention has already been called to this subject in Prof. Max Müller's *Selected Essays*, vol. ii., and also to a device frequently resorted to, which consisted in prefixing the missionary's name with a symbol suggestive of his country or of his avocation.

Such is the symbol *chu* in *Chu-fah-lan*, which are the sounds commonly and wrongly given as the equivalent of the name of Kasyapa's companion, and which call for a few remarks. *Chu*, or better *tuh*, the symbol having the two sounds and the latter being the older, ought to be read *tuh*, and not *chu*, when it refers to India. It is a rule in Chinese phonetics that the dentals pass to the hushing consonants. This is shown by the simple fact that, in the various transcriptions of the name of India, *tuh* is the sound represented, and not *chu*, and that the original name imitated is *indū*, and not *sinchu*. Should we look to the composition of the Chinese symbol, framed as it was by the Buddhists themselves, we might find reason to suppose that it was intended to be read **sentu*, **shentu*, or the like, in approximate imitation of the original name. It is composed of two signs, one above the other; the upper one is that which is read *tuh* or *chu*, while the lower one is an ancient form of *shang*, "high" or "lofty." This hypothesis finds a confirmation in a variant of spelling where this character *shang* is replaced by another one, of which the sound is *shang*, "elegant."

The syllable *fah* of *chu-fah-lan* is almost certainly a misreading. It is written with a symbol which has indeed this reading in modern Chinese. But the Buddhist missionaries generally used it as a representative of *dharmā*, the Sanscrit word of the same meaning—"law." When they employed it phoneti-

cally, as in this case, and in the syllabary of Sanghapala (Julien's *Méthode*, No. 274), it is the sound *kha*, or *kap*, which it represented. This symbol for "law" is an ideo-phonetic compound made up of the determinative 85 "water," and of the phonetic *kiuh* "to go away," which at the time of Gobharana was pronounced *k'op*, or the like. The missionaries, taking into account the value only of the phonetic, preferred, as we can easily appreciate, the symbol for "law" to that for "going away." This explanation permits us to recognise in *k'op-lan*, which we take to have been the true reading of the above name, as accurate a transcription as the clumsy orthoepy of the Chinese permitted of the name of Gobharana which has been preserved to us in the Tibetan version.

Returning to the symbols prefixed to proper names of missionaries, we may remark that in the list drawn by Bunyiu Nanjio, the Japanese pupil of Prof. Max Müller, in his valuable *Catalogue of the Chinese Translations of the Buddhist Tripitaka*, there are five of such prefixes which appear in 61 cases out of a list of 173 proper names. *Shih*, or better *Sak*, as it was pronounced in olden times, occurs 34 times, suggesting *Shākya* the family name of Buddha Gautama. The other four are geographical. *Tuh*, vulgo *chu*, has been already mentioned for India. *Tchi* or *Ti*, which appears seven times from A.D. 147 to 373, is rightly supposed to suggest Yueh-ti, the Indo-Scythians of N.W. India. *An*, which occurs only four times from A.D. 148 to 281, is apparently for *An-sek* or *Arsak*, i.e., Parthia. All these have been identified in Bunyiu Nanjio's *Catalogue*. The fifth is *Khang*, which has been wrongly identified in the same work with Ulterior Tibet. It occurs five times from A.D. 187 to 396. The Japanese scholar has rightly stated that *Khang* is here for *Khang-kü*; but he is certainly wrong when he assimilates this name to *Khambu* or *Ulterior Tibet*, or to *Kambodja*, and therefore in stating in every case when the prefix occurs that the missionary named was of Tibetan descent. *Khang Kü* appears in the annals of the first Han dynasty as the name of the country of Samarcand; and *Khang* only remained for the same until the T'ang dynasty, whose annals contain a special statement to this effect. The name *Khang* was not employed in the geography of Tibet before the Yuen and Ming dynasties. Consequently, the appearance of this symbol in connexion with names of missionaries shows them to have been looked upon as originally from Samarcand, or at least from its region.

With reference to the opening statement of the present note, the name of *Arsak*, i.e., Parthia, which we know to have been so thoroughly grecised, is interesting because of the western spread it indicates; while that of *Khang*, i.e., the region of Samarcand, shows the extension to have been also northwards.

The name of the Gwet-ti, commonly Yueh-ti, calls for some remarks. Their coins, known as Indo-Scythian, show them to have been, in Mongol-like fashion, somewhat indifferent or eclectic in matters of religion, as they bear images and names of a variety of deities—Indian, Iranian, Zoroastrian, Greek, Semitic, &c. They were not, however, Mongoloid in race, as shown by their pink and white complexion described by the Chinese, and the large size of their noses figured on their coins, which find their like only among the "Stray Aryans in Tibet" (Dards) described and illustrated by Mr. R. B. Shaw in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (1878, vol. xlvii., pp. 26). The image of Gautama Buddha upright and seated, with his name plainly written BOAO and BOAO, occurs only on some coins of Kanishka (A.D. 78) after their advance southwards and their coming into contact with the Græco-Bactrians; and it does

not appear on any coin of a previous reign that we know of. His son and successor, Huvishka, is represented on several coins holding the prayer-cylinder, still so much in use in Tibet, which does not seem to have been known in India. It is a curious and instructive coincidence that the conversion of their main body to Buddhism should thus appear at the very moment when Greek influence became paramount among them. The coins of his predecessors are rude compared with those of Kanishka. The influence, obviously Greek, that they display is as yet faint; and their legends are bilingual, rude Greek on the obverse and Ariano-Pali on the reverse, while those of Kanishka are plain Greek on both sides, and the artistic finish of their design is most remarkable. The erection of many Buddhist towers and stūpas now in ruins are attributed to the neophyte-like zeal of Kanishka throughout portions of Afghanistan and Cashmere. But it seems that a portion of the Yueh-ti had become Buddhist long before his time.

The matter is singularly confused and incomplete in the Chinese compilations from which the Europeans used to derive their information; hence the divergent statements found in the works of several scholars. The Yueh-ti have been wrongly assimilated to the Tokhari and to the polyandric Ye-ta or Ephtaliti, which are different races altogether. These confusions were set right in the first case by Prof. G. de Vasconcellos-Abreu (*Le Muséon*, 1883), and in the second by Mr. E. Specht (*Journal Asiatique*, 1883). The only means is to refer to the original sources, which are the dynastic annals, as was done partly by the last-named scholar. But the notices of the Yueh-ti therein are not complete by themselves, and some facts concerning them are reported under other entries. The information below has been carefully extracted by me from the notices about the Hiung-nu Wu-sun, Kephin, the biography of Tchang Kien, besides the notices concerning the Ta Yueh-ti, the Siao Yueh-ti, the Huang-tchung Yueh-ti, and the Yueh-ti-yen, from the She-ki, and the records of the Former Han, After Han, and After Wei dynasties, and from the important evidence of numismatics.

The Yueh-ti (not Yue-chi), anciently Gwet-ti, after continuous wars raging from 201 B.C., were driven away from their settlements between the modern An-si and Si-ning on the north-west borders of China, by the Turks Hiung-nu in 165 B.C. They left behind them a certain number of weak and helpless people, who took refuge in the Nan-shan or southern range. They appear in the annals of the Former Han dynasty under the name of Siao or Lesser Yueh-ti, given to them by the Kiang or Tibetan tribes, and in the After Han annals under that of Yueh-ti of Hwang-tchung, such being the name of their habitat, which is the modern Si-ning in Kansuh, near the Tibetan frontier. They must be distinguished from the other Lesser Yueh-ti mentioned below.

The main body, known as the Great Yueh-ti, led by their elected queen, widow of the very king whose skull had just been made a drinking-cup by the Shen-vu of the Hiung-nu, made its way westwards to Ferghana, in the immediate vicinity of which they established their quarters.

About 143 B.C., their former neighbours, the Wu-sun a blue-eyed and fair-haired people, having associated themselves with the Hiung-nu, attacked them from the rear, and compelled them to flee still further. It was then that, under the command of Kitolo, they established their sway over the pacific Tchia, otherwise the Dahai of the Greeks, probably the descendants of those whom Sennacherib had vanquished in 697 B.C., and who had migrated into Bactria with the Tokhari, mentioned along

with them in the same cuneiform inscriptions. The Yueh-ti had still in 126 B.C., at the time of Tchang Kien's journey, their main settlement north of the Oxus; but their advance into Bactria had compelled the Sakas (Chinese *Shih*, anciently *Sak*) to move south, where they for a time ruled over Kopphen (Chinese *Kephin*), and broke up into several kingdoms. The Sakas on their coins, issued with legends exclusively Greek, are represented with extremely low foreheads; and their movement was coincident with, if not the cause of, the final advance of the Greeks, under Heliocles, south of the Indian Caucasus. The great king Maues, who advanced to the Bamian pass and to whom may be attributed the great Buddhist statues found there, was probably the Saka ruler at the time of Demetrius and Heliocles, if we may judge from the resemblance between some coins of Heraus the named Saka king and some of those of Maues, and from the manifest connexion between those of Maues and those of the two aforesaid Greek kings.

Kitolo, advancing southwards, passed over the Hindu-Kush, conquered the five kingdoms of Kantolo (i.e., Gandhāra, the Peshawar country), and ordered hisson to hold as a fortified post the city of Fulousha (i.e., Peshawar, and not in Tartary as wrongly supposed). The party of Yueh-ti who remained with this son of Kitolo, somewhat apart from the others, were called the Lesser Yueh-ti.

The whole dominion of the Yueh-ti formed then five principalities, two of which had Kaofu or Cabul, and Pomao or Bamian, as their capitals. One of these principalities was that of the Kut-shang (in modern Chinese Kweishuang) tribe. About 40 B.C. the chief of this tribe, K'iu-tsiu Kioh, the Kujula Kasasa or Kadphises of the Indo-Scythians coins, subjugated the four other principalities, established his sway over Bactria, Kabul, and Kopphen, and invaded Parthia. His tribal name became that of his kingdom. It appears on the coins as *Kushana* in the Ariano-Pali, *Korano* (or *Koshano*, according to the reading proposed by Dr. Stein), and also *Korrano* in the Greek legends of the coins. These variants, coupled with the rendering *Kut-shang* in the limited Chinese orthoepy (which possesses no *r* and often renders it by *t*), might suggest an original appellative, such as **Korshan*, or the like, which, however, does not appear on the coins that we know of.

Kujula Kasasa, or Kadphises I., died at the age of eighty, and was succeeded by his son, Yem-Kao-tchin-tai, obviously the Himakapissasa, Ooemo Kadphises of the coins. So that Kozola Kadaphes, or Kuyula Kaphsasa of the numismatists, does not appear in the Chinese records as successor to Kadphises I. Himakapissasa conquered India, and established therein officers who ruled in the name of the Gwet-ti, or Yueh-ti. This statement is interesting, for the name Kushan, or the like, does not appear on the coins of this ruler. And may not, after all, this form Gwet-ti be simply a Chinese imitation of an original appellative which, imitated in turn in India, was supposed there to be a Sanscrit word and became the name *Gupta*?

Stray tribes of Yueh-ti are still mentioned by the Chinese authorities of the Suy dynasty (581-618) in the mountainous region between the Taung-ling range and the N.E. of Tibet. Among them were the Yueh-ti-yen, who were thoroughly Buddhists. The Yueh-ti missionaries in China most probably did not come from the latter tribes. Their dates suggest that they must have come from the great body of their race, or perhaps from the Lesser Yueh-ti which had become Buddhist at the beginning. As recorded above, these were settled under the command of a son of Kitolo (circa 125-75 B.C.) for the keeping of the town of Fu-lou-sha (S.W. of Polo = Bolor—i.e., Chitral) or Pe-

shawar. The Chinese notice concerning this says that, in the eighth year Wu-ting of the After Wei dynasty (i.e., in 550), 842 years had elapsed since the erection of a Buddhist stūpa existing at 10 *li* eastwards of this town, their capital. Therefore it had been built in 292 B.C. Its dimensions were 350 paces in circumference and 80 *tchang* (600 feet) in height. It was commonly called "the hundred-tchang Buddha." The date is most precise, and may prove a valuable addition to the history of Buddhism. With due allowance for Oriental exaggeration the monument was important enough for justifying the step taken by Kitolo for its protection and safeguard.

It seems not unlikely that the Yueh-ti were Aryans. The survival among the Aryan Dahai of their curious physical type is highly suggestive; and the Ariano-Pali legends of those of their coins which are bilingual may be another argument in the same sense.

FERRIEN DE LACOUPELLE

OBITUARY.

PROF. BALFOUR STEWART.

DR. BALFOUR STEWART, Professor of Physics in the Victoria University, died very suddenly on Sunday, December 21, at Ballymagawey, his property in Co. Meath, Ireland, whither he had gone from Manchester on the previous Friday to spend the Christmas holidays with his family. By his death science has received a severe blow. His name was well known as that of a worker, a thinker, and an author.

Balfour Stewart was born at Edinburgh in 1828. His uncle Dr. Clouston, the minister of Stanwick, was a well-known naturalist and meteorologist. Educated at the universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Stewart was, in February, 1855, on the recommendation of Prof. J. D. Forbes, nominated assistant to Mr. J. Welsh, the superintendent of Kew Observatory. This appointment he shortly afterwards resigned; but in 1859, on the death of Mr. Welsh, he was selected to succeed him, and held the office of superintendent until 1871. In 1867 he was appointed secretary of the Government Meteorological Committee, on the understanding that he should, with the concurrence of the Kew committee of the British Association, retain his office of superintendent of Kew Observatory. In the following year he personally superintended the erection of the instruments at the several stations of the Meteorological Office—Aberdeen, Armagh, Falmouth, Glasgow, Stonyhurst, and Valencia. At the close of the year 1869 Dr. Stewart resigned the secretaryship of the Meteorological committee, and the relations between the Kew committee and the Meteorological Office were consequently modified.

In 1870, on his appointment to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Owens College, Dr. Stewart left Richmond, where he had been living, to take up his residence in the neighbourhood of Manchester, but continued to act as superintendent of the Kew Observatory. It was in November of this year that, in one of his journeys between London and Manchester, he met with the railway accident which so nearly proved fatal to him. His thigh was dreadfully crushed, and it was nine months before he could be removed from Harrow, where the disaster occurred.

Dr. Stewart's earliest contribution to science was a paper on the laws observed in the mutual action of sulphuric acid and water; but his appointment to the Kew Observatory caused his attention to be more especially directed to meteorology, radiant heat, and terrestrial magnetism. The results of his researches in these subjects are contained in a long array of papers

ich he contributed to the Royal and other med societies. His papers on "Radiant at"—a subject with which his name is honourably connected—date from the year 1858, when he published a paper entitled "An account of some Experiments on Radiant at, involving an Extension of Prevost's theory of Exchanges." This was followed, in 1860, by papers on "The Radiating Powers of discs with regard to the Dark or Heat-producing Rays of the Spectrum" and on "Internal Radiation in Crystals." The results of these and subsequent researches were embodied in his *Elementary Treatise on Heat*, published by the Clarendon Press in 1866.

He was much interested in the phenomena of sun-spots and their connexion with the earth's magnetism. In 1866 the first set of results obtained from the photo-heliograph were published, at the expense of Dr. Warren de la Rue, under the title of *Researches on Solar Physics*, by Messrs. De la Rue, B. Stewart and B. Loewy. This was followed by papers on sun-spot areas, &c., published in the same manner in 1867 and 1868. The results of these researches were also communicated to the Royal Society.

Of recent years Dr. Stewart's attention had been turned to the difficult problem of terrestrial magnetism and its variations. One of his last papers read before the Physical Society of London (of which he was in his second year of office as president at the time of his death) investigated the causes of the solar diurnal variation of the earth's magnetism. In his latest remarks, addressed to the Physical Society on November 26 last, he made reference to this subject, and hinted at the probability that before long many of its obscure phenomena would receive an explanation. The article on "Terrestrial Magnetism" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was contributed by him.

Dr. Stewart was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1862, an honour followed in 1868 by the award of the Rumford medal for the discovery of the law of the equality of the absorptive and radiative powers of bodies. He was president of Section A of the British Association in 1875 at the Bristol meeting. For two periods he acted as examiner in natural philosophy in the University of London, and he also examined for the University of Edinburgh and other examining boards.

When in Richmond, Dr. Stewart was churchwarden of St. John's Church, school manager, superintendent of the boy's Sunday-school, and generally an active coadjutor of the vicar, Canon J. D. Hales, in parish matters. He was interested, as is well-known, in psychical science, and was president, we believe from the first, of the Society for Psychical Research. The philosophic and speculative tone of his mind was well illustrated in the *Unseen Universe*, which he wrote in conjunction with Prof. P. G. Tait. This work, which appeared in 1874, excited a profound interest, and passed through many editions. In it the authors combated the view that science and religion are incompatible with each other, and contended, from a purely physical point of view, for the possibility of immortality and a personal God. As a writer of textbooks on physics, Dr. Balfour Stewart was very successful. Among these we may mention, in addition to his *Elementary Treatise on Heat*, *Lessons in Elementary Physics* (1871), *Physics* (1872), and *The Conservation of Energy* (1874). His style is characterised by simplicity of language, clearness of argument, and copiousness of illustration. Of his work on *Practical Physics*, written in conjunction with Mr. Haldane Gee, two volumes have already appeared—namely, those on "General Physical Processes" and on "Electricity and Magnetism." The third volume, on "Optics, Heat, and Sound," is in an advanced state of preparation.

At Manchester Prof. Balfour Stewart saw the establishment of the Victoria University, and took an active part in the arrangement of the academical curriculum. A. W. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHÊDI ERA.

London: Dec 28, 1887.

I wish to bring to Prof. Kielhorn's notice another inscription, which seems to me to offer a new and independent test for fixing the initial date of the Chêdi era, as it gives the name of the intercalary month *prathma Ashâdha* in the Samvat year 958. I take this date to be recorded in the Chêdi era, (1) because the characters of the inscription are not so old as Vikrama Samvat 958 or A.D. 901; and (2) because the stone was found within the limits of the Chêdi dominions, at Besâni, on the old road between Ajaygarh and Jabalpur. The date of s. 958 of the Chêdi era corresponds with A.D. 1207, in which year the month of Ashâdha was intercalary according to my reckoning. A short notice of the inscription will be found in my *Archæological Survey Reports*, vol. xx, p. 101.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE PHOENICIAN GOD MALAKHUM.

Preston, Salop: Dec. 27, 1887.

In reference to the interesting observations of Mr. Pinches on a bilingual list of Assyrian gods (*ACADEMY*, December 24), I cannot help thinking that the Phœnician god Malakhum is to be referred etymologically to the word *malakh* or *malakhu*, "a sailor," whether that word be of Sumerian or of Semitic origin. The Phœnician name of the god may refer especially to the "god of sailors" or of ships, in which the Phœnicians were known to excel. With this idea one may compare the Pataeci of the Phœnicians—i.e., the dwarf figures of gods placed at the prows of their vessels according to Herodotus, or at the prows, as Hesychius and Suidas state. The god Malakhum, as a naval deity, would certainly be very appropriate in the case of a nation that was once "very glorious in the midst of the seas."

W. HOUGHTON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE learn that Dr. Klein's *Histology* is now being translated into Italian. It has already been translated into French, German, and Spanish.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "From Chaldea to China: the Shifted Cardinal Points," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "The Indo-Scythian Deities," by Sir A. Cunningham; "Royal Egyptian Cylinder with Figures," by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie; "A Claim of Priority about Belshazzar," by Prof. E. and Dr. V. Revillout.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE SELDEN SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Dec. 17)

MR. JUSTICE WILLS in the chair.—The chairman, after expressing regret at the absence of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, said that in the specimens of what they hoped to unearth from the records of the country, which were shortly coming out under the most competent editorship of Mr. Maitland, there were many things of real and substantial interest, not only to the lawyer, but to every

student of history. Few members of the profession were ever called upon in the course of their duties to consult the "Placita de Corona." He had had occasion to examine them more minutely than most members of the Bar; and he had found them to be full of most interesting matter, and to throw a remarkable light upon the early state of society and life in the United Kingdom. It would be found, for example, that boycotting was no invention of the nineteenth century. There had been discovered an amusing illustration of the practice put into operation against the Abbot of Lillerhall. The abbot complained that the bailiff of Shrewsbury had caused proclamation to be made in the town that none should be so bold as to sell to the abbot and his men any merchandise under penalty of 10s. One of the most remarkable discoveries which he had made on one occasion in the course of a very elaborate and prolonged examination of the "Placita," and which he established not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of the court, was that in our early history the sovereign ruled exactly as the subject does now, and was subject in all respects to the same incidents; and that some of what are now considered to be royal prerogatives were interesting survivals of rights belonging to the sovereign and subject in common, which were subsequently taken away from the subject. The volume which was shortly to appear had been translated into excellent English by Mr. Maitland, and the Latin text and translation would appear side by side. They hoped before long, also, to engage in the work of preparing a glossary of ancient legal terms which would prove of great value to the profession. When at the Bar he had experienced the great want of such a work. The first attempts of the society would be in the direction of common law antiquities; but in the course of time he hoped that records of a no less interesting character with respect to equity principles and procedure would be brought to light. The results of such researches would prove of value and interest, not only to the legal practitioner, but to the historical student. —The secretary read a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby stating that Her Majesty had much pleasure in becoming patron of the society, and enclosing a subscription for the society's publications; and a letter from the private secretary of the Prince of Wales regretting his Royal Highness's inability to attend the meeting and expressing his willingness to become a member of the society. The secretary also announced that local secretaries had been appointed in the chief towns of the United States, and that measures were being taken to make the society's work known in France and Germany. From January 29th to October 31st the receipts had been £138 12s.—Lord Justice Fry, in moving the adoption of the report of the last meeting, said that a sub-committee had been appointed to consider what were the best means of preparing a glossary of legal terms which should assist those who desired to study ancient documents. It was a work of great labour, and would be one of great interest. All students had great pleasure in referring to Professor Skeat's admirable dictionary and to the great German and French works of Grimm and Littré. He trusted that the committee would receive offers of assistance in the work proposed. Different authors would have to be studied with minute attention, and a distribution of the work would therefore be necessary, as the work to be satisfactory must contain references to the authors by whom the different words were used. He was glad to find that the society was extending its *clients* not only in this country, but in America.—Sir Richard Couch seconded the motion, which was carried.—Mr. Hyde Clarke moved the re-election of the ten retiring members of the council—viz., the United States Minister, Lord Salisbury, Lord Derby, the Bishop of Chester, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Herschell, Lord Thring, and Lords Justices Cotton, Lindley, and Bowen.—Mr. Griffith seconded the motion, which was agreed to. Mr. F. K. Munton moved the reappointment of the executive committee, consisting of the Minister of the United States, Lords Justices Lindley and Bowen, Mr. Justice Stirling, and Mr. Justice Wills.—Mr. Montague Cookson seconded the motion, and it was agreed to.—Mr. Munton urged his fellow members of the solicitors' branch of the legal profession to do all they could to further the objects of the society, from whom valuable assist-

ance might be expected. He had taken the opportunity of drawing the attention of solicitors to the society, and he hoped that as a body that profession would aid the work in which they were engaged.—Mr. Griffith, after remarking that the secretary's statement showed that if a second volume was to be issued further funds would be required, moved that the law officers of the Crown be memorialised to bring before Parliament the desirability of having all the Parliamentary rolls translated and edited. In that way the work of the society would become better known and appreciated.—Dr. Pankhurst, in seconding the motion, said that the people of this country were growing more and more anxious to know from the *origines* of our history in what hands at particular periods the effective force of society was vested. Upon such questions the Parliamentary rolls would throw abundant light. In America the same curiosity existed, and the deepest interest was felt in the early records of this country. Lincoln's-inn and the other inns might make contributions to the society in furtherance of this object. The question referred to by the chairman—how in early times the Crown engaged in litigation—was only one of the many interesting constitutional and legal questions which might be elucidated by a publication of the Parliamentary rolls.—Lord Justice Fry said that Mr. Griffith and Dr. Pankhurst had raised questions of great interest; but the society could not yet do more than its own proper work; and if they undertook to enlarge the scope of their operations, they might find themselves overwhelmed. The work suggested would require large funds. He would suggest that the resolution should be slightly changed, and that the form of the resolution should be that the executive committee should be desired to consider the best means of approaching the government with a view to the publication of the Parliamentary rolls.—Mr. Stuart Moore, speaking from a long experience of the Treasury in connexion with the Record Office, said that the Record Commission had already lost so much money that the very name stunk in the nostrils of the Treasury. Though, therefore, it was desirable to keep pegging away at the Treasury, if any good was to be done it was absolutely necessary to formulate precisely what was wanted. They must proceed step by step, as to do at once what was required might easily cost £20,000.—The amended resolution was then agreed to.

FINE ART.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE fifth annual general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund was held on Thursday, December 22, in the large room of the Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, Reginald Stuart Poole, Esq., LL.D., vice-president, in the chair. There were present Sir Charles T. Newton, K.C.B., vice-president of the Fund; Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., hon. secretary; Hellier Gosselin, Esq., secretary; General Sir Charles Wilson, K.C.B.; Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G.; Henry White, Esq., First Secretary of the American Legation; T. H. Bayliss, Esq., Q.C.; Prof. Percy Gardner, Litt. D.; A. S. Murray, Esq., Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum; H. Grueber, Esq., of the British Museum; M. Naville; R. N. Cust, Esq., LL.D.; Prof. Hayter Lewis; J. S. Cotton, Esq.; &c. The following, who were unable to be present, sent letters and messages expressing regret at their unavoidable absence:—His Excellency the American Minister; the Lord Wynford; the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, Trustee of the British Museum; E. A. Bond, Esq., C.B., Principal Librarian of the British Museum; Sir W. H. Gregory, K.C.M.G.; the Rev. Canon Liddon, and Herman Weber, Esq., M.D.

The proceedings were opened by the chairman, who announced various changes in the committee, the Rev. Canon Liddon, and Mr. Meggs (U.S.A.) being among the new

members. Mr. Gilbertson, the able and much valued hon. treasurer of the Fund, having retired in consequence of ill-health, Mr. Henry Grueber had kindly consented to become his successor; and M. Carl Hentsch, of Geneva, had been elected a vice-president. The chairman next referred to the important services rendered to the Fund by Mr. Bayliss, who had advised the incorporation of the Fund, and had, with infinite pains, prepared and superintended the drawing-up of the necessary articles of association, now nearly ready for signature. He then stated the order of business to be followed, and divided the work of the meeting under three heads: (1) the reading of the reports of the hon. treasurer and hon. secretary; (2) votes of donations of antiquities to various museums; (3) election of a president and various officers.

Mr. Grueber, hon. treasurer, then read his financial report for the year 1886-7, and submitted the balance-sheet of the Fund. Mr. Grueber stated that, thanks to the great exertions of the hon. secretary, of Mr. R. S. Poole, and of Dr. Winslow of Boston, hon. vice-president and hon. treasurer for the United States, the position and resources of the society were in a satisfactory state. The total expenditure for the year 1886-7 had been £1,510 6s. 10d. The particulars were as follows:—(1) Excavations on the sites of Bubastis and the city of Onias, £551 2s. 6d.; (2) publications, including part of the account for *Tanis I.*, and the whole account for *Naukratis I.*, £495 14s.; (3) balance of Student Fund paid to Mr. Griffith, £221 12s. 7d.; (4) package, carriage, and repairs of antiquities, £70; (5) rent of office, secretary's honorarium, printing, stationery, postage, &c., £171 17s. 9d. The total receipts for the corresponding period were £1,718 13s. 11d., the chief items being as follows:—Subscriptions, £1,594 4s.; (2) sale of publications—*i.e.*, *Pithom*, *Tanis I.*, *Naukratis I.*, &c., £110 4s. 6d.; other sources, £14 5s. 5d. As compared with the financial report of last year (1885-6) the results were as follows:—In 1885-6 the gross expenditure was £1,786 11s. 2d., as against £1,510 16s. 10d. for 1886-7; and the receipts for 1885-6 were £2,160 5s. 2d. as against £1,718 13s. 11d. for 1886-7. As regards the American subscriptions, £600 was received in 1885-6; whereas the amount received in 1886-7 (including Miss C. Wolfe's donation of £200 and £50 from the University of Chautauqua) came to £860. In the receipts from sale of publications there was an advance of £36 16s. 4d. upon last year's revenue from the same source. A comparison of the cash-balance for 1885-6 and 1886-7 shows for the former year the sum of £1,880 6s. 6d., and for the present year £2,310 16s. 2d. The available balance at the bank, as declared on November 30, 1887, was £2,124 8s. 1d.; and upon this balance the budget of the society must therefore be framed for excavations, publications, &c., for the coming year, 1887-8. Forecasting these expenses, according to custom, it was proposed to devote the sum of £740 to the completion of the excavation of Bubastis under the direction of M. Naville; and a further sum of £200 to Mr. Griffith for the purpose of exploring and conducting a separate excavation in the Delta. As regards publications, *Tanis II.* and *Naukratis II.* will cost £350, *The City of Onias* £150, and the reprint of *Pithom* (third edition) £80. For the last-named work orders have already been received to nearly double the amount of the estimated cost of printing and publishing.

At the close of the hon. treasurer's report, the chairman observed that it was impossible to forecast the expense attendant on the removal of large objects from Bubastis, of which many were certain to be found; and

that such expense might amount to £400; therefore, the subscribers desired to secure sculptures for the British Museum, the Museum of Fine Arts, at Boston, and the provincial collections, they must give support, and endeavour to extend the subscription list by all means in their power.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, hon. secretary then read her report, which, as on other occasions, divided itself into two parts, retrospect and prophecy; the former dealing with the work of the past season, and the latter with the plans of the society for the season about to begin. Her present task, however, much lightened, since M. Naville himself to lecture upon his own discoveries following evening. Touching briefly on the finding of the cemeteries of the city of Onias and the unburying of the majestic ruin the great Temple of Bubastis, Miss Edwards went on to say that not more than one-third of this magnificent structure had as yet been uncovered, and that two more months work it was calculated, complete the excavational operations would be resumed in February. In the meanwhile, Mr. Griffith, their past and promising student, had already started and was by this time in Egypt, where he proposed to make an archaeological survey of the coast-line of the Delta, and would conduct an excavation at some place of interest after which he would probably join forces with M. Naville at Bubastis. The society had retained the services of Count d'Hulst, to whom the Egypt Exploration Fund owes no more able and devoted officer. It was Count d'Hulst that had been entrusted with the onerous and ungrateful task of superintending the removal of the colossal objects discovered at Tell Nebesheh in 1885, by Mr. Fowler and Mr. Griffith; and he had carried out his work successfully through in the teeth of great difficulties, and at an uncounted cost of personal fatigue, privation, and suffering. Turning to home news, Miss Edwards rejoiced to be able to report that the cause of the Egypt Exploration Fund was becoming more widely known and more warmly appreciated throughout the kingdom. The staff of provincial local hon. secretaries was rapidly increasing, each local hon. secretary representing the centre of a district; and it was much to be desired that a similar staff of voluntary workers should be established in London and its neighbourhood. Miss Edwards said she would soon see a local hon. secretary in every metropolitan postal district, and concluded with an appeal to those present for further co-operation in a noble work which was its own "exceedingly great reward."

The business of voting donations of antiquities was next taken in order, and the chairman called upon Sir John Fowler to propose the donation to the British Museum.

Sir John Fowler said it was fitting that he should give some description of the objects about to be presented to our great national collection, and state their value and importance. These objects—not counting numerous small antiquities—were (1) the sculptured throne of a colossal statue of Userhatep III., of the XIIth dynasty, in red granite, giving the earliest known example of the mythical group of the two Niles, which belongs to a style and school not as yet adequately represented in the British Museum. (2) a fine colossal sarcophagus in grey granite belonging to a priest and high functionary of the city of Am, apparently of the XXVIth Dynasty, which as a piece of sculpture is executed in the highest style of the Saite period of art, and bears a very remarkable religious inscription. Also (3) some thirty Greek painted and inscribed vases from Naukratis, dating from about 600 B.C. to 650 B.C.

(-4) a limestone archaic statuette of Apollo the hunter-god, from Naukratis, bearing a Greek inscription down the leg—very curious and interesting.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Bayliss, C., who pointed out, as the radical difference between this society and other societies, that the Egypt Exploration Fund was a body, not of recipients, but donors; and that they unearthed priceless objects in no spirit of acquisitiveness, but in order to give them away.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Sir Charles T. Newton, in returning thanks on behalf of the Trustees of the British Museum, regretted the enforced absence, through indisposition, of Mr. Bond, the principal librarian, and added that the unanimity of the vote just passed had given him particular pleasure, because it showed that the public understood and in furthering the work of the Fund they were making a good investment for the national collection. He was, however, persuaded that, notwithstanding "bad times," the British public might give much more substantial support than it has hitherto given.

General Sir Charles Wilson, who found himself unexpectedly called upon to second Sir Charles Newton, spoke of the British Museum as the pride and glory of the land, and hoped that the Egypt Exploration Fund would carry on its work with unabated vigour till the Delta was thoroughly explored.

Mr. Alexander S. Murray, Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, returned thanks for his department, and said that the Museum was well content with the liberality of the Fund. He referred to the interest of the painted vases of Naukratis, to their surprising beauty of execution and the boldness of the designs. This society was also bold in its designs, and the British Museum rejoiced to owe to the labours of the Egypt Exploration Fund the recovery of our lost knowledge of Egypt's relation to Greece and Rome.

The donation of antiquities to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., was moved by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who pointed out that the American subscription was this year equal in amount to the sum subscribed on the English side of the ledger; and that the Fund could not do too much to prove itself worthy of that large support. It was not merely for support in a pecuniary sense that the Fund had reason to be grateful; but also for the trust which their American subscribers reposed in them in the matter of distributions, and for their personal sympathy. Miss Edwards then said how much her own labours had been lightened by the cordiality of her American correspondents, and how much she felt she owed to the moral support of their indefatigable and estimable American vice-president, Dr. Winslow, of Boston. Nor was this all. The Fund had unknown friends as sympathetic as the known. An anonymous donor, who gave twenty-five dollars two years ago "In Memoriam, C. G. G.," had continued that subscription ever since. The identity of this anonymous sympathiser (a lady) had but quite recently been discovered; and Miss Edwards would respect her desire to remain unknown, merely adding that her sympathy is two-fold, and that she annually gives as much to the fund under her name as she gives un-named to the memory of our hero who fell at Khartoum. Miss Edwards then proposed that, in addition to minor objects, the following works of sculpture should be presented to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.: (1.) A seated statue, of heroic size, of Rameses II., in black granite, found at Tell Nebesheh (the site of the city of Am), in 1885; (2.) A headless black granite sphinx, of the Hyksos period, formerly inscribed on the chest with the

ovals of a Hyksos king, and re-engraved with the ovals of Rameses II., being also inscribed with the names of various other kings, including that of Setnekt. This sphinx was likewise found at Tell Nebesheh. (3.) A squatting statue in black granite of the style of the XIIIth Dynasty, reworked about the head, and inscribed with names and titles of Prince Mentuherkhopeshaf, "General of Cavalry of his father," King Rameses II. This very interesting piece was found during the present year at Bubastis. (4.) A selection of Greek vases from Naukratis.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. J. S. Cotton, who said that he performed this office with especial sympathy, because of his intimate knowledge of the intelligent treatment of learned subjects by various American newspapers. He would, however, name only three: *The Nation* of New York, *The Literary World* of Boston, and *The Critic* of New York. The two former had been uniformly friendly to the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund; and the latter, which had formerly erred in following a false light, had happily been brought back to the true faith by Dr. Winslow. Mr. Cotton then referred to the American journals of archaeology and philology, which he defined as being of a higher order of merit than any publications bearing similar titles in this country. The American School at Athens had preceded our own; and the work of the American Archaeological Society, and of the American explorers along the coast of the Mediterranean, were in every sense an honour to the United States.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Henry White, First Secretary to the American Legation, regretted the absence of his chief, the American Minister, and that of his former chief, Mr. James Russell Lowell, vice-president of the Fund; but it gave him pleasure to return thanks on the part of his country on the present occasion. He congratulated the society upon its successes. The fund not only solved important problems of ancient history, but it also formed a link between the two great English-speaking nations of the world.

Mr. William Fowler then moved the third resolution: "That a selection of Egyptian and other antiquities made by the Committee be presented to the Museum of Sydney, N.S.W.; the University of Chautauqua, in the State of New York, U.S.A.; the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; and other museums." Mr. Fowler dwelt in terms of warm appreciation upon the generosity of the American subscribers to the fund, which shamed the English body, for if they had been so liberal, we evidently had not given as freely as we ought to have given. He went on to say that there was no diminution in the interest of the work done by the fund, which interest was fed not only by the finding of new objects, but by its connexion with the great subjects of religious thought and history.

The Rev. W. MacGregor, local hon. secretary for Tamworth, seconded the resolution, and briefly referred to his own approaching visit to Egypt, where he hoped to assist M. Naville as an amateur photographer at Bubastis.

The resolution was passed unanimously.

Mr. R. N. Cust, hon. secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, seconded the resolution. Contrasting the Egypt Exploration Fund with other societies, he remarked that in the present case subscriptions were really investments; whereas, when a subscription was paid to any other society, the payee, as a rule, saw the last of his money. In giving to the Egypt Exploration Fund one was, however, sure to see the money return in another and an improved form. He knew Egypt well, and felt that he could not speak too highly of the work of this society.

The Chairman then moved that the Act of Incorporation of the Society be authorised by the meeting; and added that the Act would require to be passed by a special general meeting.

Being called upon to give some particulars, Mr. Bayliss, Q.C., explained that the Companies Acts authorised the registration of such societies as this without the addition of the word "limited"; and that the Board of Trade had practically passed their scheme, which would, probably, be sanctioned in about three months.

The Chairman next proposed that Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., be elected president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and that Miss Amelia B. Edwards, hon. secretary, and Mr. C. Hentsch, of Geneva be elected vice-presidents. He also read over the names of the retiring members of the committee, and those of the new members recently elected. Referring to Sir John Fowler, he said that the necessary qualifications of a president of the Egypt Exploration Fund were three in number. He must be eminent in either literature or science; he must know Egypt; and he must be a friend to the Fund. Sir John Fowler possessed all these qualifications. He was eminent as a man of science; he was familiar with the land of the Pharaohs; and he had been a liberal friend to the society. To find a successor to the late Sir Erasmus Wilson was no easy task, and Sir John Fowler's modest opinion of his own merits had added to the difficulty; but, happily, his objections to election had not been allowed to prevail.

The motion was seconded by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who protested against being called upon to speak to a motion which included an honour to herself. She was very grateful to her learned colleagues for desiring to promote her, but she continued nevertheless to be the hon. secretary and servant of the society. Miss Edwards then referred in feeling terms to the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, and owned that she had long been reluctant to see another in occupation of his empty chair. But the time had come when it was impossible to leave that chair vacant; and she could only say that there was no one whom she would so gladly see occupying, or who would occupy it so adequately, as her eminent friend, Sir John Fowler.

Sir John Fowler was then elected unanimously, and, taking the chair vacated by Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, delivered his presidential address.

Referring to the circumstances of his acceptance of the honour now conferred by the society, he said that he had at first declined it on what he believed to be unanswerable grounds; but that to his humiliation, he found that his letter—which he fondly conceived to be a very good letter, and entirely conclusive—produced no impression upon the committee, who informed him that his objections were illusory, and that he perfectly fulfilled the theoretical requirements of a president. It was quite true that he had been a donor to the fund, and it was equally true that he knew Egypt well. Twenty years ago he went to Egypt as an engineer, and was shown over the Suez Canal by M. de Lesseps one year before its completion. One year later, he had the honour of accompanying their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales upon their trip up the Nile, upon which occasion the party was personally conducted by the late Mariette Pasha, who spoke to him (Sir J. Fowler) on the obscure subject of the great gaps which divide certain groups of Egyptian dynasties, and expressed his belief that in process of time discoveries would be made which should bridge those gaps. This bold prophecy was already in course of fulfilment, thanks in part to the work of the Egypt

Exploration Fund. He then reminded his hearers that the remaining obelisk now standing in front of the pylons of the Great Temple of Luxor is the property of the British nation; and he related how H.R.H. the Prince of Wales went with him one morning to view the obelisk and consider the question of transport. But while there his Royal Highness, with characteristic good taste, recognised that this noble monument was most fitly seen in the place for which it was made, and decided to leave it where it is, and where it will be admired by travellers for ages to come. Very different was the case of the Alexandrian obelisk, which lay half buried in the sand, and which, had it been left there much longer, would surely have been doomed to destruction. Sir Erasmus Wilson removed and saved it, and to him we owe its presence on the Thames Embankment. Sir John Fowler then went on to say that the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund had been one stream of success from the first year of its establishment to the present day. The discovery of Pithom by M. Naville; the discovery of Naukratis by Mr. Petrie; the discoveries of Mr. Petrie at Tell Nebesheh and Tell Defenneh; and the brilliant work done by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Ernest Gardner were known to all. The discoveries of the past season were more than equal to those of preceding campaigns, and the completion of the excavation of the Great Temple of Bubastis promised magnificent results in the season about to begin.

The proceedings terminated with votes of thanks to the president, to Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, and to the Society of Arts for the use of their rooms.

[M. Naville's lecture on "Bubastis and the City of Onias," delivered in the same place on the following evening, will be given in next week's ACADEMY.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMAN INSCRIBED AND SCULPTURED STONES.

South Shields: Dec 16, 1887.

Mr. Clayton has recently made some alterations in the farm buildings at Caerworan, and during the operations a Roman inscribed stone and fragments of two others were found in the walls. The former is a centurial stone of abnormal length—3 ft. 6 in.—with the inscription

▷ FELICIS
P XXP

in an ansated sunk panel 10 in. long in the centre of the stone.

In addition to the handsome gift, by Sir Edward W. Blackett, of the Roman inscriptions, &c., to the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, referred to in my letter in the ACADEMY of December 10, the two large altars to the god Antenociticus (each about 4 ft. 6 in. high), which have stood, since their discovery, in the *sacellum* at Benwell *per lineam valli*, so well known to tourists along the wall, have, owing to their being damaged by exposure to the weather, been kindly presented by the owner, Mr. Rendel, to the Blackgate Museum. Cement casts will take their place at Benwell.

ROBT. BLAIR.

THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

Liverpool: December 24, 1887.

I much wish that the walls of Chester, at the points recently laid open on the north face, agreed with the description given by Mr. Blair from M. de Caumont's *Abécédairé d'Archéologie*, though even then they would be distinct from the walls of a Roman castrum.

It is not for a moment denied that very

massive buildings, such as aqueducts, &c., were made of vast stones close jointed and without mortar. But the walls of a castrum were different; and in this particular instance at Chester, though *externally* the large stones are in places as close fitting as Mr. Blair states, the interior of the wall is composed of these large stones loosely put together, much resembling a field wall on a large scale. A visit to the excavations on December 19 revealed the fact that the same construction is met with in the later operations as in the former. There was, when first laid bare, no *internal* face to the wall, the stones of which projected in a most irregular manner; and it seems evident that, if the bank of earth had not been raised against it on this side, the wall would long ago have fallen to pieces.

A number of inscriptions have been found in the more recent excavations, but as yet have not been allowed by the authorities to see the light.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. A. H. SMITH, acting as deputy professor for Sir Charles Newton, will deliver a course of six lectures at University College, London, next term on "Greek and Roman Engraved Gems." The first lecture of the course—on "The Gems of the Greek Islands, and the Civilisation of Mycenae"—to be given on Friday, January 13, at 4 p.m.—will be open to the public without payment or ticket.

MR. CHARLES GREEN has made a great deal of progress with his drawing of Mr. Turveydrop's Academy, which cannot fail to be his principal contribution to the Spring Exhibition of the Institute. The institution in question was situated—Dickens informs us—in Newman Street, and the large dancing-room was built over stables at the back of the house. The room itself, dating probably from the end of the last century, was still decorated when Mr. Turveydrop's pupils—or rather, Mr. Turveydrop's son's pupils—assembled in it with the lyres which had formed a part of the original scheme. Happy possessors of the first edition of *Bleak House* will recollect Mr. Hablot Browne's treatment of the dancing class. Everything that Mr. Browne did was clever, and the design of the dancing class is no exception to the rule. Still, from the point of view of subject, "Phiz" made the mistake of making the pupils too young—in his drawing they are quite little children—and from the point of view of accuracy, he neglected to permit us to trace in the features of the elder Mr. Turveydrop that resemblance to George IV. on which the elder Mr. Turveydrop prided himself. Mr. Charles Green has a bevy of graceful damsels, in the costume of the decade between 1830 and 1840—which must be the period of the story; and, with his back to the mantelpiece, surveying the scene with pompous self-satisfaction, he has a Mr. Turveydrop whose exterior recalls that of Mr. Turveydrop's late lamented sovereign. The younger Mr. Turveydrop has the dwarf violin with which the dancing master of the day used to be provided. The drawing will have the complete finish—it has already the quiet humour—characteristic of Mr. Green.

DURING the past year Mr. William Muir has produced for his subscribers, through Mr. Quaritch, fifty copies each of Blake's *America* and *Europe* during the past year; and he hopes to issue his *Urizen*, *Song of Los*, and *Gates of Paradise* in 1888.

THE STAGE.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S RETURN.

THOUGH the production of the "Globe Ladder" at the Globe last week may not have played any conspicuous part in making intimate the union some of us desire between the stage and high literature, it has certainly served the purpose of bringing back to the leading actor and actress in characters so tremendously suited to them—it has re-introduced us to a company excellently organised and complete for the purposes for which it was brought together. When an actor so popular as Mr. Barrett re-appears after so long an absence, the precise nature of the play is a quite so important a matter as it is upon occasions which are in themselves less interesting. The public wanted to see Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mr. George Barrett and the rest of the troop again; and so long as there was afforded due opportunity for the display of their art, the literary merit of the piece in which they appeared was rather of secondary consideration. Mr. Wilson Barrett has made his reputation both by acting in melodrama and by acting in high poetic plays; and if for the moment he has elected to appeal to us in a part which recalls the "Silver King" rather than in a part which recalls or vies with Hamlet—Macbeth and Coriolanus, by the bye, are surely within his range, and should some day be attempted—we may rely on his not long forgetting the due development of the more strictly intellectual and poetic side of his art. Indeed, I am delighted to be told that a revival of "Hamlet" itself—at *matinées* once or twice a week—is to be undertaken somewhat soon. The return of Mr. Barrett, then, means not simply the return of the successful interpreter of more or less sensational and domestic drama, it means the re-establishment, by a highly intellectual actor, of a place of entertainment and instruction, to which even the most fastidious playgoers must enjoy to resort. This is a time at which Mr. Barrett's services in the past—his services to the stage and his personal achievements in his art—have especial need to be remembered. He has a very large and influential public to welcome him with cordiality. Lovers of thoroughness and completeness in theatrical work are glad to see him back.

The actor himself has had a hand in the composition of the new play. The secrets of collaboration—whether they be of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Meilhac and Halévy, of M. Erckmann and M. Chatrian, of Mr. Besant and Mr. Rice—are not to be too curiously enquired into; but doubtless it is the practical stage experience of Mr. Barrett, the sense of construction which that develops, and his unsurpassed knowledge of what an audience will respond to, here, and in America, and in the North, that have given value to his collaboration with a writer not only so facile, but so observant as Mr. Sims. The two workers have produced together what is more or less of a melodrama. But of melodramas or so-called sensational pieces there are at least two kinds: the kind that relies for its success wholly upon the dexterous re-arrangement of ancient material, the continued presentation of the hair-breadth 'scapes and moving incidents by flood and field; and the kind that,

ile claiming a generous allowance of these ngs, makes provision also of fresh char-er, and fresh experience, and sets forth the ry in a dialogue from which verve and mour are not banished. It is to this ter kind that the "Golden Ladder" belongs. is a good instance of this latter kind. It surely a fresh thing on the stage, though it not a fresh thing in a novel, to make a eral clergyman the hero of the story. en, in the characters of Severn, Peranza, d Jim Dixon, there are separate studies of llainy — of which Peranza, a Greek ad-nturer (the least pronounced) is the most ccessful. Then, again, cockney humour d cockney generosity of thought and deed e studied afresh in the persons of Mr. and rs. Peckaby, the suburban pastrycooks— r. Sims, of course, being rather of Dickens's inion than of Mr. Gilbert's as to the lative amounts of virtue claimed as a birth-ght in—so to put it—Grosvenor Square and e Dials. Matching the realism of several nong the character-sketches is the realism the scenery. Hampstead Heath on a inter's night — a part of it which was lustrated more than once by the brush of onstable—is here newly studied by an ex-llent scene-painter, Mr. Hann. And Mill-ank is presented with a fidelity to which sör Griffiths — its historian — would, I any, not decline to bear witness. Much, hen, has been done intelligently for the uccess of a piece constructed mainly, it is rue, upon familiar lines.

It is a distinct merit of the "Golden Ladder"—as regards its performance at the Globe Theatre—that it offers to the leading actor, the leading actress, and the most sympathetic comedian of the company, parts which bring out admirably all of the qualities these artists can display in a piece of the kind. Mr. Wilson Barrett's light was rather hidden in "Clito"; Miss Eastlake's rather hidden in "Claudian." Here the talent of neither is in any degree eclipsed. Mr. Barrett's clergyman is a being we should all of us accept. Whether he vows allegiance to the nine-and-thirty articles; or whether he talks of the church as "she," and is a stickler for ritual; or whether he holds that modern Christianity consists in providing Whitechapel with classical music, nobody greatly cares, because, in any case, he is a manly fellow, a friend, and a patriot. The different phases of his character—the priest as a lover, the priest as an Englishman, the priest as the succourer of *soi-disant* suburban workmen, the priest as husband of a woman wrongly accused of crime of violence—Mr. Barrett exhibits with equal naturalness and force. He does a very great deal (both as to look and bearing) as well as it is possible to do it—better than it is wont to be done; and that includes what one cannot but feel to be the most difficult thing of all—the reading of the letter from Frank Thornhill's imprisoned wife. In real life nobody would have to read such a letter aloud: nobody could do it. Life—even the most unfortunate and adventurous — sometimes spares people the difficulty which the exacting stage insists on their surmounting.

Miss Eastlake's love scene is full of natural touches, such as instinct suggests to rightly endowed womanhood. They have their

charm—and she looks admirably; but the actress is to be praised the most for her performance of the scene behind the prison bars. The imagination must be a potent one which deals successfully, and not conventionally, with this situation. Visits to Millbank, under special protection, may afford hints, but cannot accomplish the work. To Miss Eastlake's art belongs the credit of conducting such a scene with truth and a pathos which moves. Mr. George Barrett's Peckaby—the sunshiny tradesman with a speciality in "cough drops" and a general reputation upon Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday—makes the brightness of the play—gives it the relief it requires—and is an excellent foil to the various and pertinacious villainies which Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, and Mr. Charles Hudson (the Tetrarch who, they thought in America, resembled Mr. Irving) perpetrated with so much of energy, so much of artistic goodwill. And the quite minor parts are played with ability—not with genius that would be wasted, but with the capacity which the oversight of a manager like Mr. Wilson Barrett has always (let it be said to his credit) perceived to be necessary. The piece lacks nothing that adequate interpretation could bestow upon it.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

TWO MUSIC COMPOSERS.

Early Letters of Robert Schumann. Translated by May Herbert. (Bell.) These letters, originally published by his wife, commence with the school days at Zwickau, the composer's native town, when he was learning Homer and Sophocles. The letters to his mother are particularly attractive. His love, respect, and veneration for her are reflected in every line. The one on a "Mother's Love" is a little poem. The dull life and dark end of Schumann come strangely to one's mind on reading the lines in which he speaks of the debt which he owes his mother for preparing for him "a bright, cloudless future." The letters from Heidelberg, Switzerland, and Italy contain many graphic descriptions of persons and things; and sage, and, at times, melancholy remarks, which one would hardly expect from a boy still in his teens. In a long letter to Wieck, written at Heidelberg in 1829, we see how soon in life he became an ardent admirer of Schubert—"my only Schubert." "Which way to choose" was a difficult problem for him to solve at the age of twenty. With confidence, not conceit, he says: "My genius points towards art." Again, in another place, he writes: "If I were to stick to law, and become a clerk, I should shoot myself for weariness." Of special interest to the musical reader are the letters in which Schumann mentions his own compositions. With reference to an unfavourable criticism of his *Intermezzo* by Reilstab, he remarks: "Opposition only strengthens one." He was right; but if a man happen to be foolish, opposition may only strengthen his folly. It is the strong man who profits by antagonism. The last part of the book contains extracts from letters to Clara Weick, from 1837 to 1840, the year of their marriage. It is scarcely necessary to add that they are deeply interesting. We will close this brief notice by two short quotations: the one concerns the man, the other the artist. He says, speaking of Jean Paul's "Flegeljahre": "When you come to this passage: 'I say, Walt, I am sure I love you better than you love me.' 'No,

screamed Walt, I love you best,' then think of me."

And again:

"Don't be afraid, my dear Clara, you shall live to see my compositions come into notice, and be much talked about."

The translator deserves high praise for the clear and easy manner in which she has discharged her task.

Johannes Brahms. By Dr. Hermann Deiters. (Fisher Unwin.) The author of this book claims a thirty-one years' acquaintance with Brahms, and may, therefore, be naturally expected to write something worth reading. And we find, indeed, that he has thoroughly studied the composer's works; and, while entertaining the highest opinion of Brahms, never allows his enthusiasm to interfere with his judgment. He perceives in the master's early period a "lavish expenditure of strength," and later on intellect seems to him sometimes to outweigh imagination. He discovers even in the third Quartette "certain affectations of obscurity." Then, again, he prudently remembers that he is dealing with a composer whose race is not yet run; so he adopts the tone of an advocate rather than of a judge. The biographical part of the work is extremely short, for the simple reason that Brahms' life has been altogether uneventful. Dr. Deiters naturally commences the artistic career of Brahms by giving Schumann's famous "New Paths" article, which appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* in 1856, hailing the young composer as "one of the elect." He explains the profound impression made upon Schumann by the fact that Brahms was, from the first, no mere imitator but a distinct individuality. The pause in Brahms' artistic career after his Op. 10 in 1856 is remarkable. His next work, the Piano-forte Concerto in D minor, was not produced till 1859. It was a time of study and meditation. The two Serenades for orchestra (Op. 11 and 16) are justly described as neglected. We wonder that Mr. Henschel has not revived them. Dr. Dieters speaks of Brahms' peculiarity in grouping variations, and giving them a closer relationship. This he certainly did, but Beethoven was the pioneer. With reference to the German Requiem, which he rightly describes as Brahms' grandest effort, our author says: "The composer alone can say if the impulse was due to personal experiences." We cannot name our authority, but we have always understood that the work was written while Brahms was mourning his mother's death. Dr. Dieters is very enthusiastic about Brahms' songs, which are indeed the finest since Schumann. He reminds us how much Brahms recalls Schubert in charm of melody, Schumann in truth of detail, and Franz in neatness of elaboration, but adds that he is still "independent and original." A true remark, and well expressed. The book has been well translated by Rosa Newmarch, with the exception of a somewhat confused sentence on p. 25. The German appeared in 1880, so the lady has added a chapter giving a brief account of Brahms' latest works. She speaks of the Fourth Symphony as first performed at Meiningen under the direction of Dr. Bülow and Brahms himself. We cannot understand how both can have directed the first performance. Again, concerning the recently published Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 99), she says: "That a work in F major should have its slow movement in F sharp, is, we believe, without parallel in music." We would remind the lady of Schubert's Fantasia in C (Op. 15), the slow movement of which is in C sharp minor. At the end of the volume is a complete catalogue of Brahms' works.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

NOTES OF FRANZ LISZT IN YOUTH.

EXTRACTED FROM A CONTEMPORARY JOURNAL.

(Written November, 1832, to March, 1833.)

Hotel Westminster, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

"November 14.—We had the pleasure of hearing Liszt, the celebrated pianiste, perform in a private room. We were as much astonished as delighted with his playing, which differs from anything we ever heard. He appears an extraordinary being, and full of talent, independent of his musical genius. He has fine features and a most expressive and constantly varying countenance; but looks delicate, as if his mind were too powerful for his frame. When at the pianoforte, he seems completely abstracted from this world and its concerns, and transported to an ideal world of his own. His memory or imagination appears to supply him with some tale of interest or romance, which he clothes in a musical garb; and doubtless music speaks as clearly and intelligibly to his mind as painting or poetry does to that of others; indeed, before hearing him, I had not imagined that anything but the human voice could so express deep feeling.

"November 17.—We went to meet Liszt a second time, and found him extremely complaisant and accessible. He played from memory Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' which he called 'un de mes chevaux de bataille.' He supposed it to have been composed under the influence of jealousy; and no language could better have described sudden transitions of feeling, from anger to despair and gloom, with intervals of softer emotions, than did his playing. It was wonderful; and his countenance changed with each expression of the music, being at times quite farouche and wild, as if he had been really actuated by the passions he was illustrating. He afterwards played a number of variations upon a given subject, and then entered into conversation. He talked of his own talent and that of others, speculated upon the nature and exciting causes of genius, and gave us a very interesting insight into his own character. I should think he described himself exactly when he said, 'Si j'étais cordonnier, je ferais les souliers avec passion.' In the evening we met the Comte and Comtesse de Boissey, M. de Lagny, and M. de Gioray, all of whom belonged to the best Parisian society. M. de Lagny told me that Liszt at thirteen was as wonderful as he is now at twenty-two; and that, though music was his reigning passion, his talents were extraordinary to whatever he applied them. As an instance of their being so considered, he mentioned a remark made by the Italian singer, Catrucco, who had seen him in his childish days, and which was as follows: 'Quand j'ai vu Liszt, je me suis dit "Voilà un enfant," quand je l'ai entendu parler, j'ai dit "Voilà un homme," quand je l'ai entendu jouer, j'ai dit "Voilà un Dieu!"'

"On the 12th of March we went to a concert given jointly by Liszt and Manuel Garcia, and heard some fine music for full orchestra, and some distinguished solo performers; but none of them were so extraordinary or full of interest to me as that of Liszt. It gives one a sort of melancholy feeling to hear and see him play that one can with difficulty shake off. He is much wasted away since we first saw him, and his mind evidently wears out his body. When first he made his appearance this evening he seemed so languid as scarcely to have the power of moving, and the first few notes he struck partook of this languor; but, when once his fingers are on the instrument, his genius obtains the complete mastery over his frame, and he is as entirely absorbed and insensible to what is passing around him as a person in a feverish dream. Indeed, I doubt whether a kind of temporary insanity does not come over him; for at times the fury with which he strikes the pianoforte, and with which his whole countenance and demeanour correspond, resembles that of a person fighting with some dreadful phantom—and then a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream, and the expression of his countenance and the mournful shake of his head are most touching. He is a most interesting being, but one little fitted to encounter the hardships or transact the business of the world he lives in. We heard that he was in a state of complete exhaustion after his performance of this evening."

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